The name of one of my ongoing projects is "poetical queer". It is a project in which I try to fictionalize theory and theorize fiction (inspired by writers such as Luce Irigaray, Hélène Cixous, Gilles Deleuze, Rosi Braidotti, Monique Wittig, Inger Christensen, Eldrid Lunden). "Poetical queer" contains a description (i.e. a manifest) of how to successfully pierce language and queerify grammar. To queerify one's language is synonymous with taking the etymology of queer (as deviant, perverse) seriously. This is the main point of "poetical queer".

"Poetical queer" is a project about style which aims to go beyond the old fashion view of form as separated from content, and an understanding of genres as separate entities. "Poetical queer" asks us as material-semiotic workers at university, to take those affective forces behind thought – proposed by Gilles Deleuze – seriously: to re-think and re-organize our texts not as slaves of hierarchical phallogocentric thought, but as writers of multilinguism; of texts, of reality, of sunshine. You write "vision" and things start to happen.

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**Languages; transversal as X-rays**

I have been heavy and had much selecting. I saw a star which was low. It was so low it twinkled. Breath was in it. Little pieces are stupid.

I want to tell about fire. Fire is that which we have when we have olive. Olive is a wood. We like linen. Linen is ordered. We are going to order linen.
Language as science, working with the body; those expressions which we are made of. I’ll put it different – now – this is not my language, not even close to my language, or close to me, but yes, I may be locked in; in to it. This odd structure, not close to my belly, not even (neither, nor) close to the music or the peal in my fingertips. If this is science, I don’t know. It’s far from (though it may stream, ring, little bells) my belly and all of my fingertips, made of flesh, close to the belly. *Picture*: a yellow yellow basket made of flesh.

Almost a week ago, when I was travelling in Spain, I wrote down some thoughts while sitting down in a sun chair (those moments you pretend that you are Thomas Mann or just someone else who was writing a long time ago; you could have been Nietzsche up in the mountains – yes, you would probably have been a man). I sat very close to the the Mediterranean Sea. My body was warm; my feet, fingertips and si my belly was warm. I was thinking of my conference paper, of writing (I drank water, ate som bread with jamon and tomatoes), of kids playing in the sand, their mothers and their absent fathers, I was thinking a little of poetry, science, sleep, but before I fell asleep I wrote someting down; short pre siesta lines:

A language, por favor, which
has a gay face, is gay, face, a language transversal – as/
within/without the face /---/ theory
as its best: memory transversal,
with science, with its own
Schicksal as math
1+1= dos
one plus one = 2
The numbers and the letters
of which our skin was made

Now the sunset, now
the sea, Mittlemeer, alas
swimming without eyes, under
the water: starfish, algae
and millions of stones – eyes

Water; con gas, sin gas
A letter under the lettuce
An eye in the omelette
Let us begin with no guns,
Granada, Alhambra or just
in ourselves; the center of the
very peripheral/ sight as it looses
not a face but a fuck of
life and becomes science.

*

The way I was told science
was not in the arms of my
language, the arms of my mother-
father-sister,brother, no blood
was spilled. The birds, as I
understood them, was silent
and science was outspoken

I visited a friend in Spain, a Swedish poet, and we talked about poetry, life (of course), food, men/women, money, scholarships. Titles of books. The heat, the flies, the mosquitoes and the cikadas. And we had a discussion concerning writing essays, writing cultural articles for newspapers, for magazines. I told her about my work situation as a Postgraduate student (how to combine it with writing poetry, writing reviews, having a girlfriend, i.e. having a life) and I think she asked me if I was afraid of loosing my language (maybe I asked myself, maybe I was the one who was afraid) while working at the University. What will happen to your poetical language? Is it possible to write the way you would like to write (not the ideal, of
course, but as close as you can get)? Is it possible to postulate that you view style as an inherent component of theory of knowledge? Poetry as epistemology?

I think it is, I said, yes, it must be possible. It has to do with being true to one’s most intimate scientific beliefs. And life/beliefs. To look upon language as a high and a low bridge, as transformations, X-rays, as "you’re just a pain in the ass” ”I miss you” ”My name is Hanna and here I am”. Those hands are mine. This warm and cold thought of café con hielo, not of iced coffee (iskaffē), but of café con hielo; the very image that comes with the words, now when I am writing this in my flat in Stockholm. Not only are there performative sentences which promise to change reality, but language in itself can balance on (and become) the threshold between the material and the semiotic. That I can. This is the way I view poetical language, and, in fact; science when it reaches me because it teaches me. And I do want to know things. I do, for instance, want to know this:

We simply need new forms of literacy in order to decode today’s world /---/ Theory is corporeal, bodily, literal, figurative, not metaphorical. One cannot know properly, or even begin to understand, that towards which one has no affinity. Intelligence is sympathy. (Rosi Braidotti, Nomadic Subjects)

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At the end of June I participated as a reviewer in a debate in Aftonbladet, which examined what questions literary criticism of today ought to raise, and also: how to write (the different styles of) critique. My opinion was, that the reviewer in the review – in addition to being aware of which political/identity platforms she or he is writing from – ought to transform her/his process of reading and understanding into writing. In short: critique as a form of epistemology. The reviewer should not be some guide of knowledge, but instead show the very way she/he puts her/himself into play with literature – this way you might even risk loosing yourself. Your face. The intense belly.

This is, as I already mentioned, also how I look upon the writing of poetry; as an act in which you deal with what you do not know or what you did not know you know. But also, to freely quote the poet Paul Celan, the awareness (always) of the fact that this could be said in another manner. In a different way. Another style. Those words beside/beyond and beside beyond (beyond beside). You are forced to say it over and over again, because (exactly) the
redundance of language is both the gun and the magic hand of sun (those X-rays) pointing at your head, your mouth. Splash. Splash. And the unfolded heat.

Scientific texts are, from my perspective, as their best, not only sentences and lines put together in a vertical composition in a book or a report. Those kinds of texts become only a sign of what someone already has been thinking; the very result of the thinking process itself, dressed up (or locked up) in a prose which moves from a to b, c, d (e, f, g). The researcher must, just as the poet, have half of her/his thoughts (rhizomatic) in her/his hand, from which the language spreads into the world; material semiotic, transformal grammar (gram, gramophone, gramsci) in a literal sense.

I’m aware of the fact that scientific prose, the texts, differ from subject to subject, from disciplin to disciplin, and from country to country. If I was a Postgraduate student from France (oui, risque d’incendie – and sadly my perspective is eurocentric, maybe a little American), studying literature or philosophy, I would probably not even consider writing a paper like this, my question would be localized somewhere else; not in this neurotic separation of genres common to Sweden:
In a review you ought not to write as an academic. Academics cannot write a prose which people can understand. You must, as well, avoid writing only descriptive, or shake your text into a cocktail of tastes, or turning it into a tragic piece of poetry (just breathing foggy adjectives).
As an academic you should not (dis)organize your text as a poet, nor sell youself out as a journalist.
Being a poet is problematic (not only financially), since you do have something to say but your text always runs the risk of being interpreted as pure imagination, as anti-theory, an unconscious crime; as an object of knowledge which someone may read through theories (the very same you read yourself while writing).

This is, at the same time, both anti-intellectual and anti-emotional. Most of all it is a culturally organized lobotomy; an effective way to harm those writing-thinking-feeling-nerves which could, rhizomatic,

Why not set them free?
* 

UND KRAFT UND SCHMERZ
und was mich stieß
und trieb und hielt:

Hall-Schalt-
Jahre,
Fichtenrausch, einmal,
die wildernde Überzeugung,
daß dies anders zu sagen sei als
so.

(Paul Celan, *Schneepart*)

My proposal: a transversal language, a rhizomatic language, and yes it has to do with genres and the possibility to commit transgressions (*to walk the line*, as Dolly Parton sings), but not only by writing transversal (X-rays) through genres, not at all only; mostly mostly mostly by writing at all, viewing the text (as Hélène Cixous does) as a metonymy for the body. Which is to write at all, to be worthy of the writing, this verb in almost any language, this act in any sense, this KRAFT UND SCHMERZ which shows the very process of thinking/sensing the world, and yes, it is poetry, theory of knowledge and even the central task of the text of the reviewer: I am here, always aware of *daß dies anders zu sagen sei als so*, but here, again, walking the line, committing a walk, a thought, a feelosophic maneuver (“Write yourself; your body must make itself heard”).

This morning I woke up with text under my eyelids; it could have been the texts/ornaments of Alhambra. Texts close to (but forbidden as) pictures which I cannot read. I think it must happen, to wake up with these foreign signs under the skin (tatoos in my mouth; ears), the transgression of signs; becoming skin-sign-insight, becoming, and not being able to stay

to. be. ment. to. be.
becoming, cumber, cummin, cumulo-nimbus, cumulus, cuntent

and writing Cows, writing Caesars
and a happy cow under which you can live
The sun of udder, spread over the milky way

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Hanna Hallgren (Fil. Mag.)
Doktorand
Tema Genus
Institutionen för Tema
Linköpings universitet
581 83 Linköping
Sverige

Postgraduate student
Dept. of Gender Studies
Linköping University
S 581 83 Linköping
Sweden