



ORIGINAL ARTICLE

## THE NOTES

### On Neuroqueering Reading as Writing, Voicing, Playing, Loving and Trans-Late/ing

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#### Abstract

This essay is an attempt to find something.

From the concepts of "Notes" and "Bad Reading", it is a poetical search for a way of thinking and living (I think).

It was first written in the context of Neuroqueer Theory, but considered to be too "mad" for the context. I got the suggestion to submit it to a Mad Studies context instead. I do think this background story is of interest, and I might want to add something to the context, but I am not sure what, yet, and I might never be. The Notes, are still in process, and can change.

#### Keywords

Mad studies,  
Neuroqueer, reading,  
notes, poetry

#### History

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Sitting down hearing rain heavy on windows noting windows bathing in rain how do these windows feel about water: a body glass meeting a body of water but one of these bodies will probably be referred to in language as surface (Merriam Webster says "sur-" means "over: SUPER-: above: up<sup>1</sup> but the French word "sur" has many more meanings: about, to,

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<sup>1</sup> [Sur- Definition & Meaning - Merriam-Webster](#) (i first thought her name was Miriam, i first thought "Guinness World Records" was named "Gunnel" (a common name for old Swedish ladies and the name of one of my grandmothers friends, the friends she called "my girls" when talking about them and later in my teenage coming-out-as-queer-process I liked to feel the connection to this girl gang of hers, imagining what they were doing when they were together i felt the world girls made them timeless and intimate in a lovely way, what they were doing was textile work, collective crafting raising money for the church, i imagine now the sensory-sensual-sexual-text/ile/uual being togetherness and i think about my grandmothers loneliness now that everyone else are dead and i also wonder: did they come visit her when she was in mental hospital (she told me about being in-patient when i was one, to make a connection or comfort through genealogies or just to say "sometimes one is here, this is also a place" but she never actually said much about her experience), i think

over, at, upon, onto, with, across, along, against, after, before – still not being able to capture the surrrrrrrriness of the French (?); the *face* is the FACE, .....) valuable because of its qualities as opaque. ....

Trying to find a STRUCTURE for this text and feeling a violence being done to [INSERT: who is doing the violence, who is being hurt (the similarities of the words *hurt&heart*, *yeaah??*) and how does the violence feel; is it me being violent or being abused, the nuances of violence (did you know, in Swedish the word for *violence* = “våld”, is *sursimilar* to the word for *care* = “vård”, this always makes me .....)]

Okay.

I ended up thinking about the loss when a text is transposed into finished text. The loss of the notes. And I want to STAY WITH THE NOTES.<sup>2</sup>

### 1. The Bad-Reader-Method

I try to propose a reading method that I call the *Bad-Reader-Method*. It suggests one can/could/should *read bad* or embrace the bad reading. Reading *bad* might refer to:

1. misunderstanding the text;
2. misinterpreting the text (according to the author's intention, the public/academic/carefully-good-read opinion, or some intrinsic quality in the text (*how it wants to be read*);
3. non-proper reading, surface skimming, non-focused;
4. not-reading.

I am mostly interested in the last two versions. When I come about a text that I feel I might be interested in, I immediately frighten. I am afraid of reading the text *because the title is SO GOOD-WONDERFUL-JUST-GORGEOUS-GENIOUS-AMAZINGLY-TERRIFYINGLY-INTERESTING*; the title makes my bodymind (Dychtwald 1986) move, starts a thought-feeling process, that *does* something, and I don't want the actual reading of the text to stop the flow and make me understand that the flow was wrong. Or I might have heard a rumour of a text that creates a similar flow. And I want to stay. I am overwhelmed *before*, and I

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about the naming and renaming and mis-under-standing of names through hearing or writing, i heard and felt a name earlier known to me, that is a kind of violence to the named one i know, but it still made me feel something and as long as my re-naming is restricted to book titles, maybe thats alright?

<sup>2</sup> FEARS: of excluding people by allowing messiness and un-clearness; of reproducing ideas of anything that cannot be spoken of, put into words, as a fetish of a found etc etc; of accidentally plagiarizing people I really want to not-plagiarize (because I don't like them or because I really want to credit them, but end up stealing) because my process-process has a problem with ideas of ownership and still don't know what to think... and more.

want to stay in the before.<sup>3</sup> I compare this to: José Esteban Muñoz (2009) use of Ernst Bloch's not-yet-there-concept: the potentiality, the queerness in the future, what cannot yet be known (also as, in my case, a choice of staying in the un-knowing), to Donna Haraways *staying with the trouble* (2016),<sup>4</sup> to Sascha Kagan's formulations around "staying in the unfolding" (2022) – which refers to Arawana Hayashi's (2021) use of the expression, trying to trace the thought through bodies of texts and writers trying to follow the words and its bendings with every leap into a new con/text i don't know what happens but i'm just trying, staying with the trying i don't know what they actually mean by using the words i don't understand (under-stand, stand under, placing over, under, over<sup>5</sup> //// this is also the

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<sup>3</sup> in Swedish the word for *before* = "innan", is similar to the word for *(the) membrane* = "hinnan", this always makes me high: *HINNAN* is a concept I found in one of my neuroqueer mini-collectives, it is a word for talking about the sensation of being in a kind of inbetween, of being, not really "behind a veil" which is a very tiresome metaphor, but still feeling a *thing* being between any kind of perceiving *subject*-thing that might be called *me*, and a world that seem ungraspable, and in *HINNAN* this place we refer to as *HINNAN* this is not a hindrance or a limit or a place for hatred and sadness but a place for fascination and enchantment and potential, it means staying at the surface not psychoanalysing the shit out of our mothers\* it is also a protection a *glow* and a portal that is not a real portal made as a portal but a sneaky portal that can occur anywhere, like *innan*, it invites our words to other-worlds.

<sup>4</sup> Haraway writes from the Anthropocene (arguing for, multispecies collaborations as response to the Anthropocene crisis, arguing for, sym-poiesis/making-with, instead of auto-poiesis/self-making: i under-stand it as, a collective storytelling, and i think the auto and the poetry is central and, and, and...) ; about human-more-than-human-post-human Things, and there is something about the more-than-human, i sometimes come back to Rosi Braidotti, writing from a posthumanist, feminist perspective, that

because my gender, historically speaking, never quite made it into full humanity, so my allegiance to that category is at best negotiable and never to be taken for granted. (Braidotti 2006, 130)

and i'm not sure exactly which gender is mine/Rosi's but i take it to my trans-heart/hurt.

Maybe, i also want to refer to an autistic story-telling perspective, and literary scholar Anna Stenning, who notes that

in connection to cognitive theories about autism in general, autistic people have been denied characteristics that are commonly considered part of what it is to be *fully human*, including empathy, morality, a sense of self, imagination, narrative identity, integrity; introspection, self-hood, personhood; rhetoricity, gender, meaning-making (Stenning 2020, 108, my italics),

& there is something here (whether the fully-failed humans are autistics or in *other*-ways neuroqueering) that i struggle with, the conviction that

humanity as a category is perhaps limiting, damaging, reducing

Nevertheless, my practice my life and the life of most people i know of and most contexts they-we inhabit and the positions (of power/lessness/) is undeniably within the framework of humanity,

which forces me to relate to the concept. & keep asking

WHEN CAN ONE CHOOSE TO ABANDON HUMANITY & WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LEAVING AND BEING LEFT OUT

<sup>5</sup> the swedish word "under" also weans "wonder" or miracle.

//i steal the "under-stand" from Ester Martin Bergsmark's *voice under* (2023) : i will dive into that concept later.

////in swedish "understand" is "förstå" : "stå" literary translates "stand", but "för" is not equal to "under", but "pre-" or "before", which makes me think the understanding seems to suggest rather a kind of prejudice, as if the understanding precedes the listening....

potentiality of the notes!! The unfinishedness in the writing of a text//// I also compare this reading, especially THE OVERWHELMING: i am often so overwhelmed by the reading (on *fusing* with the text: need to distance not to be absorbed, to stay partly intact, unhurt<sup>6</sup>) that

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<sup>6</sup> I take the word *fusing* from an autistic context, but i want to broaden the perspective. I first encountered the word in Ralph Savarese's *See it feelingly: Classic novels, autistic readers, and the schooling of a no-good English professor* (2018), where he writes:

Though you wouldn't know it from prevailing stereotypes, autistic do experience this emotion and quite intensely. In fact, it often overwhelms them. Stephen Shore, for example, speaks of "fusing" with another's suffering, whether real or imagined, of being so attuned to the pain that it becomes his own.

(Savarese 2018, Shore 2003)

(And i don't really know how to read the text in relation to it's author. I note that Savarese's book is written from a clear *parental perspective* – a perspective criticized by Remi Yergeau (2018). This implies an outsider's perspective and an orientation towards a neurotypical audience – marked by the use of 'you' and 'them' in the quote. At the same time, Savarese highlights autistic reading as valuable and relevant to a broader understanding of literature. There is a contradiction here: who can/could/should talk about the autistic experience? Where is the line between authenticity and fetishization? The line between tenderness and care, and violence? I know it is important, but i am also strategically ignoring where the text comes from, i take it from Hélène Cixous (yes i *take* it, not all of it but some of it) writing:

Nor is the point to appropriate their instruments, their concepts, their places, or to begrudge them their position of mastery. Just because there's a risk of identification doesn't mean that we'll succumb. Let's leave it to the worriers, to masculine anxiety and its obsession with how to dominate the way things work-knowing "how it works" in order to "make it work." For us the point is not to take possession in order to internalize or manipulate, but rather to dash through and to "fly." Flying is woman's gesture-flying in language and making it fly. We have all learned the art of flying and its numerous techniques; for centuries we've been able to possess anything only by flying; we've lived in flight, stealing away, finding, when desired, narrow passageways, hidden crossovers. It's no accident that *voler* has a double meaning, that it plays on each of them and thus throws off the agents of sense. It's no accident: women take after birds and robbers just as robbers take after women and bird (1976).

: need to take the language, steal it run away, maybe there was something in it anyway, *i don't know*)

In *this text*, *fusing* means a form of dissolution between subject and object. The *fusing* experience is questioning the possibility of demarcating individuals and bodies. The *fusing* takes place through feeling, and can occur in encounters with people but also (when i write-think about it) in encounters with non-human animals, with things – or, as in Savarese's case, with texts.

I use the *fusing* in a sexual-textual context together with Hanna, we wrote (2022):

This peculiar collection of letters works with our writing subjects as moments of memories. Reliving sexual moments—renaming sexual moments as sexual moments. Writing becomes an act of embodied and embrained tension and *fusing*. Maybe the text will revive in your hands—by reading it, you will write another version with us, of you. We are sensory strangers fucking through texts. Come play with us.

*A note on Voices: This text is a dialogue. There are two voices (and their sub-voices, the voices they quote and paraphrase, the multitude in their vocalizations). But as a reader you might be confused by them. Because they are not separate. Writing together, we feel, is like, sort of, a t/s-exual act. Bodies fusing. Brains fusing. The result is: Two is One and One is Many. The effect of blurring is what we aim for. I feel that your experience becomes mine. There might be an ethical problem with this: I might believe that "I" understand "you," while in fact I violently reduce your being into a part of me. This is a risk we take. Because we believe that the Voices of the I-you-we are many more that those of the I and the You. We believe in confusion as a source of knowledge. I hope you, dear Reader, might feel the same.*

I don't know but i think the way we try to write as h/anna is a *fusing* practice that diverges from the *fusing* of Shore and of Savarese and it is a stealing and a running away...

i cannot continue, with Rita Felski's AFFECTIVE<sup>7</sup> reading that also shows the fem(me)ininity-part of [INSERT WHATEVER IT IS THAT I TRY TO EXPLAIN HERE] ; also Tove Solander's (2012) *strategic*<sup>8</sup> *misinterpretations* (on reading Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari and using their theories without knowing if one actually understands)<sup>9</sup>; also comparing to Carolyn Allen's (1996) micro-reading only the moments<sup>10</sup> (as a queer reading strategy, to being able to

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<sup>7</sup> Felski writes about a risk-filled and somewhat dangerous reading, in 2 ways. In *Uses of Literature* (2008):

And yet reading is far from being a one-way street; while we cannot help but impose ourselves on literary texts, we are also, inevitably, exposed to them. To elucidate the potential merits of such an exposure, rather than dwelling on its dangers, is to lay oneself open to charges of naïveté, boosterism, or metaphysical thinking.

And in *Literature After Feminism* (2003):

Don Quixote and Emma Bovary are both foolish readers. Their stories remind us of the perils that await the intemperate lover of fiction. As readers ourselves, we are asked to think of our activity as both a poison and a cure: through the act of reading we will discover the dangers of certain ways of reading. [...] Increasingly, scholars are interweaving political analysis with a keen interest in the power of pleasure, fantasy, and imagination. Feminist scholarship, while keeping a firm grip on critical analysis, has clearly overcome its fear of feeling. In this respect, it is far ahead of most other forms of contemporary criticism.

I get caught up in *the danger, the fear and the risk*. To dare to be naïve and metaphysical, to read with the knowledge that the text can both hurt and heal you – perhaps both at the same time (because this is also sort of what happens in Toni Morrison's reading in *Playing in th Dark* (1992): Morrison writes about loving the white American literature that she knows hurts her anyway – can one perhaps think of reading as a form of bdsm?). Felski also allows the reading to merge with the reader: in the reader, the critical analysis will be next to, wind its way into, pleasure, imagination and emotion.

<sup>8</sup> Though i feel resistance towards the WAR-LIKE quality of the word *strategy* : i think about it more like *Fate&Coincidence&Chance&* : what one *by chance* happened to read in the wor(l)d at that particular moment (not really a freudian slip in reading perhaps but a magical accident... or a kind of Agents Against Agency (Rachev (2016): [New Materialism](#)) or intra-action-thing (Barad 2007))

<sup>9</sup> Solander is also referring to Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick's *Touching Feeling* (2003), and their reading of Deleuze which is explained as an interpretation/understanding that does not seek to go under, further or beyond, but stay on the surface, or next-to, the text, not slipping into causal explanations or dualistic thinking. Through this Solander describe their version of queer theory as optimistic-critic (which still is at risk at praising that kind of resistance and subversion that is recognized and approved by normative orders), and they point out the important thing as finding what in a text that is inspiring and useful (i could say something about the risk of seeing art as a useful thing... as well as the inherent risk of usefulness, as in good-for-humanity, but i DON'T KNOW...)

<sup>10</sup> Allen has suggested a form of intertextuality as an erotics of citations, where micro-reading is central. From the view of a lesbian readership, Allen writes in *Following Djuna. Women Lovers and the Erotics of Loss* (1996) about "intertextuality as an erotics of citation" (14). Here Allen places citation within the framework of a (queer) desire. In *Following Djuna*, Allen writes about the tradition and genealogy that she traces to Djuna Barnes *Nightwood*. It is a tradition of stories about "obsession about the loss of a lover" (2) and the "dark side" of lesbian desire (16). Allen uses the expression "erotics between women" (3) for the cases where lesbianism is not an identity, and she uses a method that (partly) consists of starting from the "'girl's girls' who may also have husbands" and "micro-read only the narratives within each text that engage affective exchanges between women as lovers" (17). Furthermore, Allen writes the reader into the lesbian literary tradition: "In performing it (erotics between women) readers project, identify, remember, imagine, fill in, and reshape ... they are ... both the subjects and objects of textual desire" (11).

embrace the *moments* of un-unhappiness thus making sense of the strategic unhappiness-queer-theme (ahmed)) TO CHOOSE to read badly, to choose. But it is also not A CHOICE. It is my limited capacity; it is a way of pointing out my situatedness in *this bodymind with its limitations*. I am not doing neutral. My non-neutrality is political. But it is also an actual physical-mental limitation. I cannot-cannot-cannot. I have reached my limits of attention, my attention-span is full, my capacity is EXHAUSTED<sup>11</sup> (Clarice Lispector says in an interview i watch on youtube: *for the moment i'm dead. i am speaking from my tomb*: i often feel so seriously deadly tired, i often feel so sad and abandoned from the world) it is a way of TAKING CARE OF MYSELF: of embracing the pleasure of reading BADLY : if i were to read everything i would probably need a lot more of drugs-medication<sup>12</sup>.... also: resistance to

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What I do with this: finding reading as a sexual practice, finding fantasy, staying in a limited space-time, playing, playing with dark sides like I cannot stand the light as I enlightenment feeling sadness&badness as a joy-joy and erotics repeating citations, following, following.

<sup>11</sup> In swedish i would use the word UTARMAD, literary translated as sort of out-of-arms (which does not mean unarmed, i think just being the border of trans-late, i feel tired tired ; sometimes my left upper arm is icky and it's a special kind of pleasure with this thing i cannot control don't know if i like or dislike may-be pain-play *yeah*.

<sup>12</sup> Madeleine Ryan writes in *A Room Called Earth* (2021) :

A friend once told me that I already live in a fantasy, so I have no need to 'do' drugs. The experience that I already have of the world is so psychedelic and sensual. (46)

In my memory i re-phrased it as the brain being a rollercoaster, i don't know if that's relevant to know but now i just pointed that out.....



some parts, some quotes<sup>16</sup> that seemed to stick, get sticky, get stuck (sometimes it's the words everybody else also pick) and i repeat..... &/but maybe this is a perfect illus(trat)ion

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concerns *non-human* it comes from *The Ecological Thought* (2010), something about *ecocriticism-ecology-but-also-time-relation* there was something here that called to my neuro/queer relationality (?) :

I use the phrase 'strange stranger' because Derrida's notion of the *arrivant* is the closest we have as yet to a theory of how the mesh appears up close and personal. The *arrivant* is a being whose being we can't predict, whose arrival is utterly unexpected and unexpectedly unexpected to boot. The strange stranger is not only strange, but strangely so. They could be us. They are us. [...] Our encounter with other beings – and with our being as other – is strange strangeness. [...] Strange strangers are uncanny in the precise Freudian sense that they are familiar and strange simultaneously. Indeed, their familiarity is strange, and their strangeness is familiar. Strange strangers are unique, utterly singular. They cannot be thought as part of a series (such as species or genus) without violence. Yet their uniqueness is not such that they are utterly independent. They are composites of other strange strangers. We share their DNA, their cell structure, subroutines in the software of their brains. They are absolutely unique and so capable of forming a collective of life forms, rather than a *community*. [...] Yet because of strange strangeness, this choosing cannot be a totalizing grip, or final pinning down. Collectivity is 'to come', in the sense that it addresses the *arrivant*, who is necessarily to come, evanescent and melting to the exact same extent as she, he, or it (how can we tell for sure?) is disturbingly 'there'. (Morton, 2010, 275-278)

<sup>16</sup> One day I read Petra Fransson's thesis in acting: *Omförhandlingar. Kropp, replik, etik [Renegotiations. Body, Speech, Ethics.]* (2018). It is about how Fransson, as an actor, with his body, takes on post-dramatic drama, and specifically Elfride Jelinek's plays. ***I tried to write what I thought (this part comes from another text that then was never written-finished : re-using as a work of grieving (?))***. What I need, which I glimpse in Fransson, is on the one hand this body approach: *how could I write about rape without touching the body, how could I read about rape without experiencing that I have a body, without recognising that there is a difference between body and body*. This is partly a form of frame of understanding, a way of approaching the text being read.

Fransson writes:

None of what follows is really mine. Only the thought that tries to hold it together and the choice to utter it at all, insofar as the thought and the choice can be a human being's. (p. 13)

Fransson formulates their exploration and starting point as follows:

How can bodies be renegotiated through dramatic response?

More precisely, between the acting body and the poetic dramatic response. The work is based on the possibility of this relationship and wishes to problematise notions of body and text as dichotomies.

I don't believe in communication. I believe in labour, not communication. I don't believe in describing or explaining, I believe in acting. I believe in thinking. I believe in feeling. Writing is thinking and feeling (pp. 15-16).

Fransson talks here about believing, and about starting from one's own belief in one's work. To establish one's faith in a *statement*, and start from there. When I read this statement, I am both frightened and fascinated, and feel: *can I do this? And: could I do that?* There is, of course, a difference between the literary science and the artistic, acting thesis, as well as the literary science and the artistic reading. Nevertheless, I think there is an aspect of necessity in establishing my position in relation to the text I am reading. For I cannot be neutral. Fransson writes about consistently using other people's language, and no longer knowing if she has any of her own. Her textual world consists of Simone de Beauvoir, Hannah Arendt, Virginia Woolf, Judith Butler, Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak, Sarah Ahmed, Ingeborg Bachmann, Marlen Haushofer and Sylvia Plath, but also of the language of supervisors, teachers, colleagues and friends. I read it as a description of reading and writing as a form of parasitism that results in a simultaneously unpleasant and irresistible dissolution of the self. Spivak refers to Jacques Derrida who says: **"I should express myself in a language that is not my own because it is more just."** (1994/2005, p. 9) With this use of another's language, a dimension of the text that the reader usually does not have access to is made available to her. According to Fransson, this is an idea that "moves away from romantic, patriarchal and colonial notions of genius, authenticity and consolidated subjectivity

of the *trying* of the constant urge in me to perform something that *makes sense* that does the Right Thing in the Right Way, being comprehensible, etc, and at the same time the urge to just *fuck up...*)

I will use the badreadermethod...

combining associations.... RECOGNIZE THE PROCESS: AS POWER  
INSTANCE (?), INTERNALIZED POWER (?), TRYING TO DO PROPER RESEARCH...  
WHAT THEY TOLD ME...

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towards an ethics where the realisation of the self can only take place through the other" (p. 18). Fransson relates this to Jelinek's textual work: "I think that Jelinek's consistently close dialogue with other works of art is such an attempt at justice; to force one's own language to dissolve and come into being through the other's" (p. 45). In concrete terms, this implies an ethical justification for quotes rather than references; it is an emphasis on the other's exact formulation as relevant to the experience and accessibility, and perhaps thus also a reference to the agency of language, or words and word combinations, where the exactness of the formulation is what creates the meaning. This position can be compared to that of Olof Lagercrantz who, in *Konsten att läsa och skriva [The Art of Reading and Writing]* (1985), argues that one should avoid direct quotations because one cannot be completely sure that one has really appropriated the content unless it is formulated in one's own words. Lagercrantz argues that a quote must be thoroughly analysed beforehand so that there is no doubt about the interpretation, and that he himself is terrified of quotes because they "come from someone else" and "push me aside" (p. 113). An interesting conflict arises here: Lagercrantz seems to stand for a text more grounded in the individual author - at the same time he points out how an analysis clarifies an interpretation, and thus puts his finger on the fact that the quotation also requires an interpretation, and that this is possibly made more visible through the reference. I am forced to ask myself: Does the use of quotations imply a non-interpretation? Is such non-interpretation possible? Is it concealed and submerged by the use of quotations? Does the collective aspect of the quotation hide the author of the concrete text and make this authority implicit?

With this non-native language, a collective aspect of narrative, of speech, of text and communication is also activated. Speaking as a separate person, as well as owning language, claiming to have a language, becomes impossible. Language thus creates a kind of necessary collective. It is impossible to imagine a self without another - which by extension makes the self itself a collective instance established through language. I will try to examine this in more detail, but I want to stay with how Fransson tries to grasp the relationship between the self and others, between the self and the collective, the self and language, through acting. Fransson writes that:

I think of acting as a dialogical and renegotiating practice. I think about desire and possible existence (p. 19).

Rather than considering stage performance as a work with the aim of highlighting and bringing stories to life, I want to emphasise it as a social and political becoming where the performing body can look at itself and have an opportunity to turn towards the other in a political space, to negotiate the becoming of the subject together with and through the other. (p. 31)

There is in this, I think, a duality or ambiguity. On the one hand, it implies a form of devotion to the other, an acceptance of the limitation, porosity and impossibility of the subject, which manifests itself in one direction towards another. On the other hand, it is the subject to be made or negotiated, together with and through the other. Does this mean that a total turn towards the Other is impossible, because the subject's need for becoming stands in the way?

(?)<sup>17</sup> (?)<sup>18</sup> To Read a Text as "The Bible"... The Dangers & Risks of *NOT*  
*READING* (my kind of non-reading & other kinds) ALSO: JUST MENTION-ING; THIS  
 DOING I DO, I THINK IT ALSO RE-PRODUCES *STUFF* : COULD IT STILL BE UNDER-STOOD AS  
*RESISTANCE* : THE THING WITH *WHOM* I MIS-INTER-PRET (& *WHOM* I MIS-INTER-PRET *ON*  
*PURPOSE* & *WHOM ACCIDENTALLY* IS MIS-UNDER-STOOD : NOT UNDER-STANDING  
 Right&Wrong : THE UN-DEFINED RISKY *do i feel nostalgic about some kind of misery*  
*queer past* ; are all my sexual perceptions possible to dis-miss as *Trauma...*<sup>19</sup>

## 2.

### **Voice Under (part 1)**

Filmmaker Ester Martin Bergsmark (2023) writes in their dissertation on queer film:

**Meanwhile, queer is radical untamed care and desire.**

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<sup>17</sup> | *May Tomorrow Be Awake* (2022) Chris Martin writes:

For many of my nonspeaking students, this poetic voice is virtually synonymous with their intrinsic voice. In other words, the linguistic patterns they use to communicate outside of poetic writing are the same linguistic patterns they use to communicate within their poems. Whereas my "poetic voice" is much different from the one I use to construct this line, their voices remain consistent across genre or context.

I think of the *poetic* as the *only*, i wonder if this is relevant, did they diagnose me as artist or autistic did they  
 WHAT DID I DO WITH THEM WHAT IS NOW MY VOICE AND THE GAZE OF THE VOICE is there ever  
 a truth (in voice in gaze invoice sorry)

<sup>18</sup> Nina Lykke (2009) use the concept of Poetic Truth (from Hywel D. Lewis (1946) & Wallace Stevens (1957)) in a Gender Studies context and the context-concept has been repeated from then on by book i read in Swedish, my notes from Lykkes *Genusforskning – en guide till feministisk teori, metodologi och skrift* goes:

Instead of aiming at classical objectivity, it (the = rhizomatic science) aims at a poetic truth...  
 Is not a knowing process that digs deep--- open to passion and affectivity, not (only) logic, rationality...  
 Poetic truth : ethical & aesthetic effect - as opposed to generalizable & objective - is "unique"... A new angle, the feeling "aha, just like that, hadn't thought that before"...  
 The writing process as an exploratory method... The personal rhythm of speech, pauses etc, poetically integrated and contextually situated in its individually specific uniqueness...  
 Haraway's *OncoMouse* as an example of poetic truth, working in a literarizing way... Haraway describes it as "articulating" H: scientific text can never be representative, but is actively creative, performative...

I STILL DON'T KNOW WHERE THIS TAKES THIS TEXT (i still write *know*)

<sup>19</sup> Clementine Morrigan (2017):

Queer theories of anti-futurity are *maddened and crippled* by reinserting disability, trauma, and child abuse into analysis of queer time. The queer temporalities of the traumatized mind, including dissociation, amnesia, hypervigilance, and ongoing disorientation in time, are explored. *Resisting the imperative of a cure, the queer time traveling of trauma is positioned as a means of queer and mad world-making, and as a commitment to justice.*

## 3.

***Process fail process fail know un-know anti-know now fail under late oh.***<sup>20</sup>


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<sup>20</sup> This text started as a different one, with the proposal of doing this:

I LOVE YOU AS A TEXT: An Invitation to NeuroQueer Literary Studies, Reading and Writing  
 NeuroQueerly  
**Anna & Hanna**

Anna: I like you as a person Hanna, but I like you better as a text.

Hanna: Is it possible to love an adapted self? A self that one knows is a fraction of the full capacity? Can you love without understanding? What does it mean to be loved as an adapted self? What does it mean to love the self with the full capacity, which can only exist in the textual space? What does it mean to be loved as the self with full capacity? And know that all love other than the love of the self with the full capacity is the love of someone else, a cherished hope of someone one could possibly become. I love the world as it comes to me. I love you the way you come to me. Right now.

Queer theorist Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick distinguishes (and blurs the distinctions) between a paranoid and a reparative reading practice (1997). They argue that paranoia tends to take over the reading, being a strong theory that aims to unveil the text and make visible the structures underneath. From a paranoid point of view, the reader needs to be smarter than the text. A reparative reading questions the paranoia; what if the text wants you well? what if you refuse to read the text as a tool for brainwashing? Both tendencies are, for Sedgwick, deeply rooted in queer politics. As a queer reader, you need sometimes to go for a critical position bordering the paranoid, but sometimes you need to embrace and go for a reparative love reading. As a neurodivergent reader, this is even more to the core of the language-thing-text-reading-writing-playing-hurting-subverting-experiment. In medical discourse and everyday speech, language and writing have been used to harm neurodivergent people. The dangers within language are obvious. But still, as neurodivergent readers and writers, we argue that language is also, *the only thing that we actually feel through that we love that we trust that can carry us that we can carry*. This article uses an autoethnographic or auto-theoretic method (Fournier, 2021) to circle around and through layers of writing and reading within a neurodivergent reader context (consisting of two Autistic academics/readers/writers acknowledging their ADHD traits), using neuroqueerly reading/writing strategies of play and (anti(?)-)critique and trans-lation(c.f. Nygren, 2022) to make the point that: *the text is a relationship, the words are a sense of their own*. We will situate our text in the borderlands of queer literary studies (Stockton, 2022) and neuroqueer theorizing (Walker, 2021), inviting to a possible Neuro Queer Literary Studies where both the experiences of reading and writing neuroqueerly are central. The analysis is based on our collective reading and the writing of a novel by one of us (Nygren, in press). The work with language works within the fields of risk and emotionality, happiness and sensosexuality, care and questioning, and acknowledgment. Using a collective method means questioning the self as a concept (a concept that was never truly ours) but still reinstating us as a place for a voice to be raised. The auto-reading-writing challenges the boundaries between academia and art, as well as the boundaries between life and fiction, life and text, body and performance, sense and sensibility. We don't always *know* what we do (we do not always trust the concept of knowledge), but we *do*.

I want to recognize this. Because of the bad-reading-writing-noting-method that I still think is the one I try to stay with? Because i need to *mourn* what did not happen (because *mourning* and *morning* is like the same word?)? because i want to give some cred : because:

I write with Hanna, she reads my texts. We wrote collectively, now this is written alone. Erin Manning says: one is *Always More Than One* (2013) I somehow feel I am more than two when writing. I still write i. what to do with the I?

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Trying to *do with the "I"* (the Swedish "i" means: "in", "inside", "within", i think of something surrounded by something something enmeshed and entangled...) i will turn to Remi Yergeau, Lauren Fournier and José Esteban Muñoz:

Y (in the context of autism, diagnosis, storying, 2018):

What autism provided was a discursive framework, a lens through which others could story my life. [...] My very being became a story, a text in dire need of professional analysis. This, my body, this was autism—and suddenly, with the neuropsychologist's signature on my diagnostic papers, I was no longer my body's author. [...] With no small irony, I write this book in equal parts as a rhetorician and autistic activist [...] My dual positionality is no small irony because I have, at many junctures, been told that autism precludes me from being rhetorical, much less a rhetorician. I have been told these things by a range of persons, including colleagues and therapists. [...] Rhetoric's function as a precondition for humanness or personhood is typically and deeply connected to how we conceive sociality, or our modes of relating and relatedness with our (neurotypically human) surrounds. In this way, rhetoric is, as Craig Smith makes clear, "involved in the most important decisions of our lives, it is ontological; that is, it concerns the why we exist and how we exist. [...]"

*I think of irony the story the iron the body the being told*

F writes (in the context of feminism and art):

With an approach that is itself at times autotheoretical, I provide a working history and theory of the autotheoretical impulse— moving among close reading, feminist analysis, self-reflective anecdotes, and reparative forms of critique. I consider the present-day politics, aesthetics, and ethics of the autotheoretical turn in culture, looking at the tensions that arise between intersectional, transnational feminisms, on the one hand, and advanced late capitalism and neoliberal imperatives surrounding the "self" on the other. [...] Artists turn to autotheory both for its innate troubling of dominant epistemologies and approaches to philosophizing and theorizing and for its capacity to make space for new ways of theorizing and understanding their lives. Through their practices, artists and writers shed light on theory and philosophy as ambivalent sites of desire and difficulty, attraction and frustration, stubborn ossification and malleable, iterative transformation. Autotheory reveals the tenuousness of maintaining illusory separations between art and life, theory and practice, work and the self, research and motivation, just as feminist artists and scholars have long argued.

*I think of illusion late capitalism feminism twins under-standing capacity.*

I wrote: what's the difference between feminism and autism.

M writes (in the context of queer and race):

The version of identity politics that this book participates in imagines a reconstructed narrative of identity formation that locates the enacting self at precisely the point where the discourses of essentialism and constructivism short-circuit. Such identities use *and* are the fruits of a practice of disidentificatory reception and performance [...] The fiction of identity [is simple for a majority subject, a minority subject must] interface with different subcultural fields [to activate a] sense of self [...] Narrative of identity [i NOT only social construction and NOT only essentialism] Identity as site of struggle [...] Disidentification as a strategy that resists a conception of power as being a fixed discourse.

*Sorry for sometimes integrating my notes in the quote i think about the construction of essentialism and the word AND &&&&&*

I: I write this text as a longing for be-longing outside of an I as a longing for being a cat, as a rhetorical instance I do call myself autistic sometimes but mostly as a miss-spelling of artistic. I do feel happy but sometimes I am sad. I don't think I have an identity, therefore: dis-interested in identity politics, I don't write as an *identity* but as *aut-OH!*-something.

## 4.

**BERGSMARK : VOICE UNDER 2020)**

In this essay I introduce the term voice-under, a tool I use to explore and better understand the queer potential of film. My creative practice revolves around finding ways to depict a queer reality. *If the superimposed voice narrating the story is the voice-over*, then what I am exploring is the voice-under: *a voice of other, parallel truths. I listen to the dump and the trauma, the rubbish and chewing gum, my friends and my little toe. I listen to the warm fear. What might a film look like that depicts trauma and injuries without holding on to them? What will we hear, if we stop listening to the loudest voice? Could it make visible to us small, crawling feelings, glimpses of another world? Instead of voice being used to stand for something essentialist, I see voice as a productive concept that looks at relations and its touches.*

the / a

voice

*under*

could (per-hap<sup>21</sup>s) be heard through-with-in a *bad reading*

*the bad as an erotic reading*

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<sup>21</sup> Haptic :

*Haptic* felt its way into English in the 19th century as a back-formation of haptics, a noun which was borrowed from the New Latin *hapticē* (meaning 'science of touch,' and derived ultimately from the Greek *haptesthai*, meaning 'to touch') in the 1700s. *Haptic* was originally a medical synonym for tactile. By the 20th century, it had developed a psychological sense, describing individuals whose perception supposedly depended primarily on touch rather than sight. Although almost no one today divides humans into haptic and visual personalities, English retains the broadened psychological sense of *haptic* as well as the older 'tactile' sense. ([Haptic Definition & Meaning - Merriam-Webster](#))



as i referred earlier to Allen's lesbian readings i felt being *after* out-of fashion maybe, the text is from 1996, and i was never a woman reading my love for "women" as

*word-ing it*                    i said « like-love-desire *GIRLS* »

word-ing them grrrrrils guuuurlls glirrrr lirr *i don't know*

reading Allen's lesbianism through-with-in the even more o-o-o-old Monique Wittig:

*lesbians as not women*            *lesbianism as pre-gender*<sup>25</sup>

trans-scending-gendering by coming toooooo late

also means ;

not having the time to *finish* ; never reaching The End                    but STAYING

(voice-under as bad-reading might mean *refusing to cope until the end, resisting the end, staying staying staying in a not-yet*)<sup>26</sup>

#### 4.

#### Writings to barb:

On the Becoming and war-inside:

When being diagnosed with anorexia I was constantly told my actions where not My Actions, it was the Sickness Acting/Speaking. That made me feel 1: what feels like me/my action/my feelings-thoughts/my body – they say it's not me – there is an enemy inside, but I don't feel the presence of someone else, I am my enemy... 2: the "I" that I don't feel, who is that? A strange thing that

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<sup>25</sup> Monique Wittig (1992) writes:

The refusal to become (or to remain) heterosexual always meant to refuse to become a man or a woman, consciously or not. For a lesbian this goes further than the refusal of the role 'woman.' It is the refusal of the economic, ideological, and political power of a man.

*& when i read this and some other stuff by them i thought of my lesbian chosen family and how they are not women how they are in the INNAN-THE BEFORE : THE NOT-YET-CONSCIOUS-NOT-YET-HERE-FUTURE-THING & how this sort of connects my lesbian community-continuum to a neuroqueer practice as being in a before a past inside a future & vice versa*

Yes did u see : moni-que(er)

<sup>26</sup> In swedish the word is SLUT (end) or SLUTA (as the verb, to end/finish) the end is SLUTET, in plural SLUTEN these words SLUTET/SLUTEN can also be trans-lated as "locked" or "closed" (*ett slutet rum* = a closed/locked room) suggesting the very word of o-SLUT non-ending is an open-ness *yes yeah hey*

they say is there or what??? 3: I feel (at least) like 2 – I, and not-I, the healthy-I, that they were talking about, and the sick-I that just hurts itself.

Doctors, and parents, talked about (Swedish) “mitt friska jag”, My Healthy/Well I. frisk-fisk. The misspelling spoke more to me than the well-being (the being here as a being, a thing/creature) that I did not understand and that just made me cry...

So, by this I mean: I recognize the metaphor of war.

It also has similarities with the rethorics about autism: the discussion of “people with autism” vs “autistic people/autistics/autists” : when (non-autistic people, mostly but not only) want to separate the person from the autism.

I think, when living as *aut* (or what ever this can be called) it's not really possible (at least that's my feeling) to really do this separation, and yet, it is also impossible to ignore the medical words, the medical discourse (because it acts on physical, mental, economic, social etc etc levels) so the feeling is: STRANGE. And it can never stop, never just BE, it stays a becoming-process working in different directions always struggling, windling, tracing, following, loooosing, finding, folding, unfolding, edging, failing, falling, bubbling (just trying out words here, some of them I'm not completely sure the meaning of!)

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I did find this poem of mine:

no the child can't get a grip of the adult psychology

like the mother, the market is whimsical

humour are troublesome

SEE MY EYE MY EYES ARE CLOSED MY MIND IS OPEN MY MOUTH IS OPEN MY  
EYES ARE CLOSED MY SORE IS THROAT MY TUMMY IS EMPTY MY HEART IS  
HURT MY EYE IS A LID MY EYE CAN'T LOOOOOOK AT UUUUU MY HANDS ARE  
EYES MY

the flimsical freedom of the nerd

sunky

masochism

mass-oh-schism

dead and blind

who is actually this "self" and how to like them?

touchy abstractions

bliss

blush

plus

size

murderous bittersweet

body-heavy

so embarrassing so sorry so softened so sophisticated

GLOWING

O

Other

O meta-death, metaphors are living dead

O a-lien

O zzzzz-oh!-mbie

### **NUMBER (??????):**

Ooooo.

I describe my way of doing as:

*do-do-do-do*

and then maybe regret

and then say sorry

and then change

and change again

### **NUMBER (????????????????):**

my name is Anna. my surname starts with N. putting these together makes “AnnaN” or “Annan” or “annan”, which is the Swedish word for “Other”, which gives it from my name, to my brain, that I have some kind of otherness, that I need to, need to, be with.

I read and read. When I read, I am no longer human. I don’t have to be. Written language may be typically human, but it doesn’t have to be neurotypical. I read and I become a tree. I

read and I become a cat. My allies have never been humans. I like people better through their texts than through their presence.

## NUMBER (????????????????):

[insert from notes from h/anna writings i think]

There is a ~~monotropic~~ working with the strangeness (or weirdness) in *Nightwood*, where the narrator's gaze on the characters seems to take the position of a stranger/the weird one looking at a stranger/another weird one, almost putting them on the border between the human and the non-human, where the body and its surroundings are sometimes fusing, in "unexpected" ways:

"Her legs had the specialized tension common to aerial workers; something of the bar was in her wrists, the tan bark in her walk [...] In her face [when walking on the ground] was the tense expression of an organism surviving in an alien element."  
(*Nightwood*, p. 11-12)

*Merging body and thing, living in another element, monotropic trapeze existence. As a child, I loved climbing door frames, pressing my hands and feet against the frame and making my way up to the ceiling. Loving to occupy that position, both the top-down view it gave me and how other adults viewed me with amused amazement, being called a monkey, I enjoyed it. Describing the people in this way does not imply a descriptive diagnosis of them as autistic, but as through a gaze that experiences the pleasure and existence of the bodies as neurodivergent, in these neuroqueer-poetic terms. Paying attention to fusion and alienation.*

The reading of the aerial worker's body thus, triggers the imagination and memory of the reader (me), reading this bodiness in the same way as Allen suggests the lesbian reader can read lesbian micro-narratives: "project, identify, remember, imagine, fill in, and reshape [being] both the subjects and objects of textual desire" (11). The episode does not explicitly/neurotypically a (sexual) desire, but a neuroqueer desire for the world, a world where the fusing with the world (fusing with the queer parts of it: being in the "wrong" place/space, i.e. in the air, not on the ground) through the position of the stranger/aerial worker-trapeze dancer/alien/monkey. <sup>27</sup>

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<sup>27</sup> more-than-human: going back to braidotti and the gender thing thinking of Joanne Limburg's (2021) *letter to Weird Sisters* thinking of (chosen) alliances: am i (longing for) a Sister(hood) or a Weird(ness) *can i even use the words...* i think i read in Judith Butler something of "perform human" and they also wrote:

VULNERABILITY

**NUMBER XX:**

VOICE-UNDER & TRANS-LATE...

voicessssssssssssss IN TRANS-LATION

28

PLAY IN THIS ... ???

THINKING OF VOICES IN READING&WRITING IN THE BETWEEN OF :  
READING&WRITING

DO I HEAR MY OWN VOICE (*is it a thing to own*)

HANNAS READING: WHAT IT DOES WITH THE VOICE<sup>29</sup>

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<sup>28</sup> Walter Benjamin (1997) writes:

Not only is every effort to relate art to a specific public or its representatives misleading, but the very concept of an ‘ideal’ receiver is spurious in any discussion concerning the theory of art, since such discussions are required to presuppose only the existence and essence of human beings. [...] No poem is meant for the reader, no picture for the beholder, no symphony for the audience. [...] But what then is there in a poem — and even bad translators concede this to be essential — besides a message? Isn't it generally acknowledged to be the incomprehensible, the secret, the ‘poetic’? That which the translator can render only insofar as he — also writes poetry? [...] **Translation is a mode.** [...] The translatability of linguistic constructions would accordingly have to be taken into consideration even if they were untranslatable by human beings. [...] Nonetheless the translation is later than the original, and in the case of the most significant works, which never find their chosen translators in the era in which they are produced, indicates that they have reached the stage of their continuing life [Fortleben]. The notion of the life and continuing life of works of art should be considered with completely unmetaphorical objectivity.

I wrote in my notes

ON TEMPORALITY & CONTINUATION... FUTURE... FUTURE...

AA ???? ?

THIS: IS IT THE NON-HUMAN-NESS OF

LANGUAGE ???? ?

<sup>29</sup> NOTATIONS:

somewhere from erotics... of citation... reader-power: how it is sort of, oriented towards FUTURE... & POSSIBILITY... reading as changing writing

This: what Hanna’s reading is doing with *what i wrote*, circling .....

was thinking of NARRATIVE: as possibility & restriction how i feel a tiredness close to death by narratives of “female autistics” how it makes sense to read both as diagnoses how i also see a need for this in *contexts* how i wonder what is “needed” in what worlds how i feel like living in different worlds where different words are needed and i always mix up fuck up the languages and they LOOK at my speech  
tiredness as sadness

ASSOCIATION AS STRATEGY – THE NON-STRAIGHT ANSWER...

WORD: future & possibility. “communication”

Kagan writes:

Sedgwick argued against the assumption that “to make something visible as a problem” would be a significant step toward the solution of said problem. But including other readings requires



**NUMBER:::**

note:

this text has its starting point in an autistic context and this does not mean i don't recognize other aspects of NeuroQueer/ness-Theory, but the autistic thing was an « entrance » in my « case » and

there is something abrasion (??)

i don't know what in me-my-text that is diagnosed and what is *wild*

AND THAT I AM SO INTERESTED IN THIS:

THE FACT THAT IN AUTISM IT IS POINTED OUT: NOT DISEASE.

WHAT TO DO WITH ILLNESS

WORKING WITH SURREALISM...

NOTES:

fluidity: fluidity of

and/or transcend

IDENTITY VS AUTO!!!???

TO READ INTO THE FUTURE

FOLLOW

able to meld

initially contradictory

separate and shift between

re-meld again

FUTURE & MELDING

MORE THAN

WRITING-READING AS *MATERIAL CULTURE*

*...queer as not about who you're having sex with, that can be a dimension of it, but queer as being about the self that is at odds with everything around it and has to invent and create and find a place to speak and to thrive and to live."*

**bell hooks**

WHERE-WHAT IS THE BODY IN THE BODY

THE PARALLEL KNOWING THAT ARISES FROM A KIND OF FASCINATION WITH ONE'S OWN FUNCTION. ....

**DISRUPTION**

mad curiosity

malicious. important.

literally.

chaotic

SILENCE

*WHAT DID U MEAN BY THAT*

*WHAT DID IT COST*

*FOR U*

*I SAID*

*I DID NOT SAY*

*I SAID NOT*

in-----venting.

loss,

compromise;

WITH

WITH

WITH

WRONG

error as eros

fail as

listen

WHAT DID I NOT READ IN ORDER TO WRITE THIS<sup>30</sup>

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<sup>30</sup> My thought at the moment:

Writing as communication vs writing as experience (?) I remember learning to write at the age of five-six, how it totally made the world into a World. Something it had not been before. But writing then was not communication. I wrote and wrote but it was not readable to anyone but me. For example: I did not put spaces between the words. Like the words wanted to be together... (now, my computer has a tendency to "do something" with my texts, I think it's a mistake/fault/whatever, what happens is: when I close and open documents on my computer, the computer writes the words together, so when I re-open the document, all the words are put together, no spaces. I can't help but becoming emotional about this. Like the words want to be together, and I feel like doing violence when correcting and separating them...). so. Writing for me is a way of experiencing the world. So is reading. Writing for me is poetry. That sometimes mean, people don't get

DISORDERING DEFINITION DIAGNOSES DISSOCIATION...

FUSING & PLAGIARISM

WORK WWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW

NEGATIVE

WHAT TO DO W *NATU-RE*

easier to recognize than that creatures?

unfolding.

imagined,

want to say

*UNDER*

---

what I write. I also, don't always feel so interested in being understood by people, I rather connect with the words.

Writing is physical: moving the hands, but also "physical" in how the computer makes signs of my movements... i think that for me means, I am not alone in the writing, something is in the writing, making a mess out of it sometimes: i think sometimes there is something magical or unpredictable or... i don't know, in things like spelling mistakes.

I write poetry. I write prose.

I write as making love. I feel pleasure and satisfaction when writing. It is my best feeling.

I write by hand, sometimes I use my left hand (I'm right-handed) to create another temporality. I write on my computer and on my phone. I write in the morning (computer), in the night (phone), in the day (by hand/computer – notes, all the time notes), in the evening (hand/computer – i love to do art works with text, like fanzines for example).

I struggle a lot with academic writing. I often feel that I don't know how to make an argument, I don't know how to structure. I know that I do know. I know I have done it before. But still, I always feel like a failure trying to do it. I feel like I'm betraying myself sometimes, I feel like my mind wants to stick with the text that is not totally comprehensible, because that text speaks to me, it remains a stranger and makes me curious. When I feel like I totally understand, then I feel bored (or frightened that I hurt the text by not remaining curious about it). I think this might be sort of, the opposite to research, or the point of research. I want to reach less knowledge... Learning backwards... I think of this in ethical terms also, knowing that I don't know... it applies to the content as well as form of the text.

a note on THE NOTES from the future process of the process: i wrote in the abstract or the letter to the journal:

It was first written as a chapter for an anthology of Neuroqueer Theory, but the editors decided it was too "mad" for the context, and suggested I submitted it to a Mad Studies context instead, which is why I now reach out to you (I do think this background story is of interest, and I might want to add something to the context if you share that thought). the journal asked me: "does the manuscript fully engage with Mad Studies literature (including via direct citation), frameworks, theories, and praxis?" & it did not & this note is an answer, a try to meet not a goal but a meeting between ...

the note is an add on add in adderall additional adverted advertisement it is an addictive addition w addisons adidas (the diagnosis as a brand that is not meant as branding but emotional support because of complex subject-identity-building-processes never had adidas only wish for not wanting them (& i think of Muñoz (1999) ; "the fiction of identity" ; "sense of self" ; "site of struggle").

this is a note that makes me think OF ADDING A NEW DIAGNOSIS, WHAT IT MEANS TO ME MEANS TO ME HOW IT MEANS TO ME IS MEAN TO ME...): like there is a privilege i feel in being autistic compared to being anorectic in terms of *how* people want to *cure* and how i am being asked to simply, comply...

what is the difference i thought btw neuroqueer & mad what is the point of naming and phraming and call the context a family a clique a team a community i thought & i did not at all re-member (as in not-being-a-member-of ?) what MAD means (to me) but i did some reading-finding

Davies, who writes (together w Others) that

*mad poetic writing can methodologically be used as a form of resistance to epistemic injustices and epistemological erasure*

&

*considering poetic writings as starting places for imagining new futurities and a plurality*

&

*Bruce (2017) : a trembling, swelling, bursting movement that disrupts Reason's supposedly steady order and tidy borders'. ... Eales and Peers (2021) & Peers (2018) : poetry provides mad and disabled people with an opportunity for flourishing 'in the face of that which would render our most basic needs undesirable, untenable, unreasonable, or "special"'... Smith (2018) & Kalathil and Jones (2016) : 'aesthetics of disruption' ; potentially unwelcome in the neo-liberal ethos.*

&

*B... listens for ghosts, madpeople, outcasts, and disembodied voices that trespass, like stowaways, in modernity; it perceives the expressive potential in the so-called rants and raves of madpeople; it is poised to find message within messiness and philosophy within 'pathology'; and it respects the peculiar vantage points of those who are askew. (Bruce, 2017)*

&

*pathological sensitivity.*

SÅ STÖR-IG (Stören is the name of a fish called Sturgeon : STÖR means To Disrupt : STÖRIG means Annoying : my love my love my love

POETRY AS A GATEWAY TO A NEW FUTURE AND PLURAL MANY MANY.

TO RHYME AS KNOWLEDGE. THE WORDS. THE RHYTHM AS IF GOING CRAZY IT'S DANCE: POETRY DANCE... THAT IT'S A TEXT THAT MAKES LOTS OF LINE BREAKS THAT IT'S AS IF ALSO, LIKE USING AND ALMOST MIMICKING ITSELF ALLOW ITSELF TO THIS SLIGHTLY SKEWED...

I FEEL A STRONG UNCONCENTRATION.

AND A STRESS

I DON'T KNOW.

I AM AFRAID OF WHAT I HAPPEN TO DO IN THAT FEELING.

WHAT CAN BE DONE WITH THE FEAR.

then i find Smilges (XXX) on neuroqueer literacies thinking of reading, noting :

understanding of what constitutes literacy and of who can be literate ...a model of *neuroqueer literacies* that displaces reading as the primary, most esteemed meaning-making practice ... an intentional and strategic positioning of neurodivergent meaning-making practices in response to an ableist model of reading pedagogy that is predicated on the exclusion of disabled bodyminds : Literacy includes reading but is not limited to it. : requires no less than a total paradigm shift in how we approach meaning-making ... more ethically attending to who deciphers meaning, how they decipher it, and what can store meaning worth deciphering.

BUT IF I AM INTERESTED IN **READING**: WHAT DOES THAT MEAN: THAT IT IS NOT, *LITERACIES*, THAT IT IS, I THINK, SOMETHING OTHER THAN **UNDERSTANDING** THAT IT IS, AS RELATIONSHIPS, THAT IT IS, AS STIMMING WHICH DOES NOT MEAN UNDERSTANDING BUT WHICH IS ABOUT ALIEN INTIMATE RELATIONSHIPS WITH PLAY WITH ART WITH DISCOMFORT AND PLEASURE

DO I MEAN, A KIND OF ANTI-MEANING-MAKING. swedish : meaning = mening. TO BREAK APART *MENING* :

*MENINGEN*: MEN + INGEN (ingen = no-one, none) : *MEN MENINGEN HAR INGEN MENING BÄR INGEN MENING* // BUT THE MEANING HAS NO MEANING CARRIES NO // MEN TRANS-LATES **BUT**... – IF THINKING ENGLISH MEN, AS A "MEN" MEN AS GENDER IS ALSO ATT ODD WITH ITSELF, INSIDE THE WORD, LIKE HIDDEN IN TRANSLATION, THERE IS OPPOSITION, THERE IS A BUT... (ALSO A BUTT O.C.) BUT MEN ARE MEN BUT MEN ARE ALSO NOT-MEN AND MEN ARE... AND *-ING* ARE THE TRANS-LATION OF THE *-ANDE* (ande = spirit), BUT THERE IS A SPIRIT IN THE *MENING* THAT IS FREE FLOWING, FLYING, RUNNING A-WAY...

THIS IS LIKE A PARALLELL TO... A KIND OF ANTI-DEEP READING (?), THIS IS THE SURFACE, THAT DOES NOT MOVE DOWN DOWN DOWN, BUT FLIES A-WAY AND IT IS MOVING HORIZONTAL TOO TO THE HORIZON OR TOWARDS IN A ZICZAC MOVE-MEN-T...

I DONT KNOW IF MAYBE (MEN) WE ALSO THINK THE SAME, BUT DIFFERENTLY ABOUT MEANING... THE MEANING IS ALSO SO MEAN... MEAN GIRLS MEAN NO-THING MEAN YOU ARE SO MEAN...

IS MY MEN-INGEN BUT-NO-MEN...– A MADDENING OF NEUROQUEER MEANING MAKING, MADDING THE ALREADY QUEER (**MAD, MEANS, ALSO BEING DEPENDENT ON BEING PATHOLOGIZED ON INSTITUTIONS USING THE PATHOLOGIZING AS A PARTY-TRICK-STER, A JOKE NOT-SO-FUNNY BUT LAUGHING MADLY...**)

----- & then i thought : is my mad-bad reading a rhizomatic reading, like a mind-map of landscaping wor(l)d-building drawing like the investigation board from a tele-vision crime series (at least in swedish the word *utredning* (investigation of a murder or other crime) is the same as the process of diagnosing (investigation of mind, the non-normal-mind as a crime, madness as immorality and murder, neurodivergence as a threat against society, family & friends...) using the tools of the doctor-police as inverted investigation or something... & then i think about the words on the page: Davies including their NOTES (!) as a source of knowledge(-making)/method & my memories of right after finishing the first version of this paper reading phil smith's *WRITHING WRITING: MOVING TOWARDS A MAD POETICS* (!) w the happy-frightened feeling of OMG-THIS-IS-

MY-SECRET-TWIN-OH-NO-MY-TEXT-WAS-ALREADY-WRITTEN-NOW-I-AM-AXI-DENT-ALLY-PLAGIARIZING-----  
 the feeling of a joyful fear – the thoughts of what is a format and what is a formality / the meta-formally-formats-  
 as-metaphorical-phoren-sic-s the question of WHAT IS AN ACCESSIBLE TEXT FOR WHOM... & the embracing  
 embarrassment fraternizing w failure NOT KNOWING WHAT I KNOW AND WHAT I DO NOT KNOW ONLY MY  
 NOT-KNOWLEDGE AS MY BASIS OF KNOWLEDGE A CONTINUING SEEKING OF UN-KNOWLEDGINGNESS YES

& on spelling & mistakes : I live with the love for miss-spellings: I work with Spells, the magic spells and rituals  
 of witches, the magic, dark and blooming. I work with the (love for) miss-spellings as un/knowledge un/making  
 un/production. The spelling of wor(l)ds, finding hidden things in miss-takes. The misspelling is a i-miss-u-so-  
 much-i-put-spell-on-u-thing that means a leaking of loss and belonging and silent message next-the-mind. The  
 misspelling is a miss-take that takes care in different dangerously loving different ways.<sup>31</sup>

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<sup>31</sup> THE FISH IS A FISH IS A FISH IS NEVER A FISH FEELING GOOD : this is an example of my work : <https://landing.vda.lt/journal/article/view/7/22>

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