


Bringing it closer: the literary experience from Roland Barthes and Maria Gabriela Llansol / *Exercícios de aproximação: a experiência literária a partir de Roland Barthes e Maria Gabriela Llansol*

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ABSTRACT

This article brings closer Barthesian writing style and Llansolian textuality, the theoretical corpus, and the literary body, from three areas: language, style, and writing, aiming to draw from these writings the point at which language, freeing itself from servitude and power, vibrates. Barthes regards language as fascist since it requires to be said in a single way as it is invested by the signs of power. If even in the intimacy of a subject, language comes into the service of a power, and if there is no way to get rid of it by being outside of it, it is within language itself that a revolution must take place. For these authors, literature begins with the existence of a loss, to go beyond what defines it, broadening its domains. From the notion of writing style, literary writing can be thought of as the complex graph of a practice marked by the rhythms of the body and the grain of the voice, where language babbles, stutters, cheats. Stripped of their meaning, words chain a pre-existing chant to language, etching, in a kind of architectural effort, an intensity that leads the discourse to a differentiating movement.

KEYWORDS: Language; Literature; Writing style.

RESUMO

Este artigo aproxima a escritura barthesiana e a textualidade llansoliana, o corpus teórico e o corpo literário, a partir de três lugares: a língua, o estilo e a escrita, para extrair dessas escritas o ponto em que a língua, liberta da servidão e do poder, vibra. Para Barthes a língua é fascista, pois obriga a dizer de um único modo, investida que está pelos signos do poder. Se mesmo na intimidade de um sujeito a língua entra a serviço de um poder, e se não há um modo de livrar-se dela colocando-se fora dela, é no interior mesmo da linguagem que uma revolução deve acontecer. Para esses autores, a literatura começa no lugar de uma perda, para avançar para além daquilo que a define, alargando seus domínios. A partir da noção de escritura, o literário pode ser pensado como o grafo complexo de uma prática marcada pelos ritmos do corpo e pelo grão da voz, lugar em que a língua balbucia, gagueja, trapaceia. Desvestidas de sua significação, as palavras encadeiam um canto preexistente à linguagem, inscrevendo, numa espécie de esforço de arquitetura, uma intensidade que conduz o discurso a um movimento diferenciante.

PALAVRAS-CHAVE: Língua; Literatura; Escrita.

1 Barthes and the Writing style scene

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In a short essay about the writing style, Barthes, asking himself of writing is, to think about the writing style's dimension – this Literature thing –, operates with three categories: language, style and writing, going through what is called as “writing degree zero”. Considering this “zero” less as an idea of beginning, or origin, and more as the place that we could imaginarily think about all Literature, let's define, therefore, the white space on a sheet of paper or the body's gesture that writes. Let's consider, in parts, each one of these words.

Language is defined as the body of prescriptions and habits, the common speaking state. The shared language is the testimony of a historical place to which we are constantly projected to welcome or refuse it. Passing through the speaking, the language, however, doesn't give any form to it, not even feeds it: it is “like an abstract circle of truths outside of which alone the solid residue of an individual *logos* begin to settle”¹ (Barthes, 13). Therefore, for some writers, it is only “a human horizon”, “it is the geometric locus of all that he could not say without losing the stable meaning of his enterprise and his essential gesture as a social being.” (Barthes, 13). Place of loss, therefore, of its socio-historical function, despite having it as a measure.

Considering the lacanian discussions about language, Jean-Claude Milner (2006) presents three suppositions, trying to demonstrate that *lalangue*² is a node that refers to the symbolic, imaginary and real registers. It's in language thickness that these registers connect themselves, by pure contingency, revealing the movements and faces of a language that is the same and another.

Language is symbolic, as we have seen with Barthes, a place of intercrossing of discernment, prior to any property, based on what the author calls A Symbolic One. By the fact of being able to incarnate this One, language becomes the object of the linguistic science, the place of representative properties, and also the grid that discerns them. However, language is not limited to the integrality of what its science represents. Precisely because it is its object, language rules the scientific purpose and places itself beyond the theories presented. Language touches the symbolic, not because it is represented by it and defined in its limits, but, instead, language is symbolic, to the extent that it goes beyond the theoretical representations that define it. For the linguistic theories, language cannot be considered a formless flow. Although it is impossible to

¹ All quotations and passages have been translated by the translator of this article. Translator: Julia Branco.

² Lacanian neologism which will be resumed during this text. We can find this neologism in the book *O Seminário, livro 20 – Mais, ainda* (1972 – 1973)

know their entire structure, these theories work with the idea that there is an intrinsically traversed structure of discernment.

Knowing that there is a structure does not exempt language from also being a flow without a form, after all, it is impossible to go back to the chain of synchrony of the various symbolic elements - some symbolic - that, when articulated, give body to language. The attempt to go back to the chain of causes and effects, articulating themselves in a succession, until one can operate with a discernible cause of language, leads it beyond what its science aims at. While trying to discern its cause, the contingent event in which the verb became flesh in order to establish from it the impossible narrative of its origin, language, which is not pure cause of itself either, becomes a particular fact of pure discernment: the symbolic.

Under the name of speech are integrated the questions and answers about language. It is there that language is inserted in the rings of the representable, and can be thought of as a relationship: relationship between the subjects, between the named thing and the name, between significance and reference. However, this relationship that has been provided by language does not exclude the issues around it: "is there resemblance, analogy, or simple encounter between the thing and the name?"; "is there connaturalness among speaker individuals?"; "do they form one community: society or another?" (Milner, 31). All these questions ask for answers that, sometimes, can only be offered by an imaginary language that predicts possible relationships in the impossible space of infinite combinations, a place where the language stops being flow to become consistency: the imaginary meaning. Linked to the symbolic, language operates with terms by association, in order to give meaning and significance to the incessant flow of a language that is not reduced to discernible spacing and communication.

Thing and name, sound and meaning, syntax and semantics, meaning and form, we always end up pairing two existences and describing their connection. And, in conclusion, we make speech itself the fundamental cement of every association between speaking beings: we know the place where the notions of sign and communication have taken here. (Milner, 36)

As long as the effects of communication and the discernibles written in the form of signs - arbitrarily or necessarily - do not exhaust what is impossible in a language, it - the language - touches the real. No matter how many times these sayings are multiplied, there is something in them that cannot be said. A noise, an insistent rumour rounds language in what should be a saying, producing not only a delay or a deprivation in language but also something more, an excess that says beyond all enunciation and that escapes the subject, throwing it to the

strangeness of the spoken/written word. In this *lalangue*³ space, it becomes an infinitely multiplied point, a place where contingency and contact operate, duplicating, in itself, the symbolic, imaginary and real registers.

In the ambivalence that surrounds its existence, making it at the same time a swelling and an emptying, two antinomic figures are constituted: the ideal language and the ideal of the language. The first tries to make the body of inherited signs and the symbolic universe, which inhabits it and is inhabited by it, the place marked by all univocality: the symbolic One. This, the one that orients the theories that have the clarity and the definition as a horizon. In this ideal place, everything would be said by a language without mistakes and coatings, in a complete approach of things and names. And, in the absence of every out-of-language - existing in the language itself - any set of cuts would bring with it its own univocality. Besides, this One should respond to an injunction of reality, establishing a cut that would delimit the synonymy of the symbolic One and the imaginary One, having as effect the effectiveness of a language in which everything would be said, over all things, without losses and excesses and on any occasion. This collage of language with an ideal, as a point in the infinity, would give it all the predicates of perfection and universality. The demand for structural univocality, immanent to language itself, makes it possible to exist in it a first data that always aims the possibility of an unambiguous signification, assured by a defined and unbroken structure, prior to the myth of Babel⁴, in which the wanting was conjugated with the way in which it is said, reaching, in this way, the horizon of a "pure Language".⁵

For Milner, there is nothing new about the fact that every language has been stuck to an ideal point. After all, it is because all languages have this horizon as their limit that they all become distinct and perfect, abundant and universal. However, in the attempt to say the whole thing, to align it, language reveals the nothing that inhabits it, its night, its unspeakable. It tells the word that cannot be filed, the empty line of its vibratory ripple, its essential solitude. The unique

³ *Lalangue* is a Lacanian neologism that appears translated into either *alanguue* or *lalanguue*, although some commentators on Lacan's text choose to keep the word in its original spelling because they consider it untranslatable. The notion of *lalanguue* appears for the first time in "O aturdito" but it is in the "Mais, ainda" seminary that Lacan explores its consequences. In it, *lalanguue* appears associated with "lalation", the onomatopoeic domain, the flow of the language beyond meaning, producing a satisfaction in/of language that does not depend on meaning. Being in opposition to structured language and its communication function, *lalanguue* communicates through everything that carries the effects of affection. For Lacan, language would be that which scientific discourse elaborates to handle with what I call the *lalanguue*.

⁴ About this, see Derrida, 49-52.

⁵ Immaterial, sensitive language, of which all languages are reflections. In it we find the real possibility of translation, its orientation and, following the direction of this desired but impossible horizon, the languages shine in a solitary celebration. About this, see Walter Benjamin's essay "A tarefa do tradutor."

thing about this venture is that, trying to achieve the ideal point, infinitely, it does no more than imagine it, making the ideal the place of an impossible and of all languages a resistant and insistent trail: "from the edges of the paper on which we read slide the tears we don't see." (Llanson, 78).

The ideal of language, another antinomic symbol, is of a different order from the first. The synonymy is also its subject matter, but, more than the Symbolic One, provided by the articulation to the imaginary, it is by the Real One that it is built. In this place, language is called to find again, going through the ways of its distinctions and forms, its infinite constellations, the instant of a real nomination. Through the lexicons and syntaxes, exceeding by a lot the univocal and shareable meanings, letting the noises that speak to it flow and covering the invisible tracks of a language in a state of departure, it wants to produce, even if only for an instant, "a name that is One and which says 'One real'" (Milner, 37-38). In this place, in a word, an absolute is opened and illuminated, to follow in its abyssal and solitary event. A glowing moment, lasting in the gesture of a *there is* which reveals the radical externality of language. This instant without duration, just because it happened once, establishes a character of eternal contingency and another temporality, in which the word becomes "the presence of things before the world is, the perseverance of things after the world has disappeared, the stubbornness that remains when everything disappears and the stupor of what appears when there is nothing" (Blanchot, 316). Therefore, the things are not separated from themselves, neither are they destitute to be known, submitted and communicated. The figuration of a sense, of a *pas de sens* - in the tension of language that makes non-sense a step of sense -, free from all meaning, reveals that the event presents the reality of things, with its unknown existence, but fully real.

"The language is Portuguese, but the thought is expanding." (Llansol, 51) a quote from Portuguese writer Maria Gabriela Llansol resembles Barthes words. Yes, language is this body of prescriptions that carries the history of affections, of solitary struggles, drawing a familiar horizon, but being constantly driven by the geometry of bodies, impelled, in itself, there, far away, by what is its "familiar stranger", its "zero degree", language gossips: *lalangue*.

This Lacanian neologism reveals a language and the object, opening the field where *lalangue* presents itself as the disjunct word of the structure of language, a speaking prior to its grammatical ordering. A *lalangue* language that does not want to communicate anything, being outside the significant structure and remaining below the communication. Surrounded by affections and the effects of misunderstandings, *lalangue* cannot be completely understood by

language, inscribing itself in the body with its materiality and its verbal residues. This is what places it in the sphere of real and allows it to approach to the impossible to be written in a significant architecture. This resistance, this affection, composes and undoes each of the words that speak in the body of language, and, despite its diversity, the real encounter is possible, an encounter in which *lalangue*, for a short moment, sparkles.

Under the name of style, an autarthic language is formed, at the same time autonomous in relation to the systems, but completely rooted in a corporal lexicon, in the discreet noises that imprint cadence and flight, rupture and melody, to the body of the *lalangue*. Deposited in it, written in it, these noises gain the density of words and things; they operate, silently, in the raw state, erasing language in all its prescriptions. Without reference to History, the noises make language a form without a destination, a product of a pulse, not of an intention, marking the vertical and solitary dimension of a thought constantly driven by the memory enclosed in the body and by the fragments of a reality foreign to language.

Style is a "phenomenon of a germinative order" and "composes its opacity based on a certain experience of matter" (Barthes, 14-15). For Barthes, style is outside of art, it is the writer's thing, its splendor, its prison, that is, functioning outside the pact that links the writer to society, or to History - after all, the elements of each one of them participate there only in a fragmentary way and detached from their initial signifiers - the style becomes a phenomenon of density, a silence that opposes the communicational function of language. "The style is a variation of the language, a modulation, and a tension of the whole language towards an outside." (Deleuze, 176).

Barthes describes the poetry of Rimbaud, René Char and Mallarmé as places "saturated of style" (Barthes,16). Marked by their difference, what we read in these authors is the free language and its double of flesh. It is something that is written outside the social norms of the language, printing on it other words, foreign, living, unrelated thing-words. For Blanchot (2011), this modern poetry would only be recognized as art by reference to an intention of poetry. What is the poetry intention? Is it the intention to mean, to seek meaning, the desire to search the real and to represent it? Or is it the desire to present it? The intention of poetry persists, although poetry, itself, through its step of sense (*pas de sens*), always advances further, beyond the supposed sense. The intention of poetry is, therefore, always a state of promise and an impossibility of realization. In this paradox, without solving/realizing its intention, the poem advances to the infinite of the verb to come. Somehow, the idea of art, delimited in the context defined by Barthes, points to an aesthetic characterized by relationships of reciprocity.

However, we know that Art, as it is Literature, if considered as something beyond its institutions, advances out of the pacts of language, towards what Barthes called "the pleasure of the text". This Barthesian double genitive allows us to read pleasure as the fruition of the subject which observes and reads taken by the effects of the text and the work, but also as an enjoyment of the text itself, by the persistence in it of a pulsional language, anarchic, without possible pacts, that traces, with its object (stilu), "a body in writing".⁶

When marked and wounded by what remains of the style and its sharp point, the body is not exhausted in the trace that defines it, the wound does not exhaust the body that suffers it, but, on rather, makes it a living, a living that is more pointy, more wounded, more devoted to a kind of "unachievable joy" and, at the same time, does not stop coming to the presence of bodies opened to it. In this place, it is the genetic and destructive power of certain words and of some semantic families that form their tufts, giving language a singular tone and making it the place of total ex-timidity. In its language, another deeply violent language, linked to the density of the images and the sound of the affections, it measures the rhythms of an insistent writing.

Between language and style there is a place for another formal reality: the writing style. For Barthes (2006), language and style are the natural product of time and precede any problem of language. They are blind forces that act on the bodies, printing on them their power and their dispersion. As a reality that is realized in form, the writing style is the place where the gaze is suspended as an object, in which the writer is singularized and committed, because it is there, in the gesture of seeking the form that writes the axioms and the movements of the bodies, without dividing them, that language becomes a scandal and the style a cut. The first gesture of the writer is to choose the commitment of its form: either assuming or refusing the writing of its past. However, to refuse or assume the writing of its past is an exercise that goes to the same point: the need to establish literary forms, more or less coincident and shareable, visible in all its norms, making the form a simple decorative instrument of literature, which does not threaten its structure. But if, on the opposite, the form, by assuming the exercise of experience with living and literary matter, can be the way to exist of a silence without refusal, losing its recourse to ornamentation and elegance, its responsibility will not be that of producing a spherical world.

The Literature begins with the writing style, that is what Barthes will say later in his book *The pleasure of the text*. Instead of being a socially preferential mode of circulation and without limiting itself to the management of technical and ritualistic resources that would take language to

⁶ The "body in writing" is an important figure in the work of Maria Gabriela Llansol, because it points to the materiality of writing in its conjunction and disjunction with the body.

a high degree of perfection, the writing style, which inaugurates the "literary space", drags the language out of the guarantee systems, makes it a "lalation", a rustic and dense language, marked by the discontinuity and by that which escapes to representation. Cursive sign of language enjoyment. The writing, for a certain literature, is still the sacred temple, defined by a threshold that imposes on us a mode of use of language, sometimes foreign to the spoken language, but that makes of its presence and manipulation the nomination for the literary. To assume these uses, to share them in the field of writing, indicates that the writer accepted the linear and logical time of narration, giving oneself to a kind of invisible servitude to the clear signs of this art. In that case, it would be a matter of making writing a clear or discreet ceremonial in which, regardless of what is to be expressed and the way in which it is done, the presence of certain elements of the speech would have the function of announcing that what is written belongs to the literature.

However, there is something in the writing style that goes beyond this threshold, that insists on presenting itself outside the norms and secrets of this temple, and, without concealing its presence, indicates that writing is rather to question oneself about servitude in this place, opening oneself to the confrontation of all languages, to extract from them its transparent brilliance, where the precepts fall asleep and the powers that alter conventions and codes live, invisible. For Barthes, to write is to destroy the temple before building it, it is at least to exceed its threshold, is to write without writing, taking literature to its "zero degree", point of absence that welcomes its essence: the disappearance.

2 Llansol Textuality

"There is no literature. When one writes, it is only important to know in which real one enters, and if there is an appropriate technique to open the way to others" (Llansol, 55), writes Maria Gabriela Llansol. Placed in this place of non-existent real⁷, literature presents, through form, things in are belonging to the real: there is no literature, but the real is, absolutely. In opposition to the idea of movement, what is certain is that there is an unshakable core that, even if it moves in the space of a time, it will never reach the end, it is what there is: what is there in the

⁷ The "real-non-existent" is a figure of the Llansolian work that appears, several times, close to another: the "existent-non-real". In an interview with João Mendes, Llansol says that she is excused from saying that the world, to which the text appeals, does not exist, because that is what she knows since the beginning. After all, those who speak misunderstand reality and existence. "There is a lot of real that cannot exist, and there is a lot of existence that does not have (and has never had) any reality. Most of what exists is *hallucinated misery*" (Llansol, 31-34).

morning, in the afternoon, at night, through the months, through time, through space. Open to this infinity of the end, literature, always directing itself to its disappearance, exists in spite of everything.

To say that "there is no literature" does not imply the denial of the literary, but the refusal of a certain universalizing model of the literary. After all, for Llansol it is important to know "what is real, and if there is an appropriate technique to open paths to others". And if we consider, with Barthes, that literature is the glow of the real, we have to admit, then, we will have to admit, then, that it is the entry into various reales that certain literatures, certainly, seek to operate. After all, if "the essence of literature is to escape all essential determination, all determination that stabilizes it or to accomplish it" (Branco, 25), as Blanchot notices, literature only exists in the plural, in the singularity of a writing, as pure event. Or, as Mallarmé intended: "Yes, that literature exists and, so to speak, alone, except for everything" (Mallarmé, 104-108).

Precisely there, in this place where the non-literature makes its movement, where the dispersion takes form and an appearance of unity, making the writing style an experience of what is without agreement, without right and without understanding, it, the literature exists. It is not as a defined and secure reality, not even as a precise mode of activity. It exists, only and lonely, in this emptiness left in relief, as that which is not discovered, verified or justified. As what we only approach, by deviating, we only capture, going beyond it, in the vacancy⁸ of a search that is not concerned with saying what it essentially is.

In the formulation of the concept of writing, Barthes operates with an instance prior to writing itself, bringing it closer to a pulsional scriptural gesture, marked by the rhythms of the body and the grain of the voice. Uncovered by their meaning, the words enchain a pre-existing chant to language, inscribing, in a kind of architectural effort, an intensity that leads the discourse to a distinctive movement, linked to the enjoyment of language. In this experimentation of language, proper to the writing style, the writer would have his historical and cultural bases shaken, would place itself in a state of pure loss, of crisis in relation to language, by experiencing the limits of the body, of the Other's body, of its own body, capturing language in its point of letter, on its coast between the sayable and the impossible to say: between silence and rumor. Following its "intention of poetry", the writing, in its formal reality, is splendid and "always seems to be out of fashion"; "anarchic, becomes essential", "singular in relation to time or men" (Barthes, 8-9), is always solitude.

⁸ The word *désœuvrement*, used by Blanchot, is translated here as vacancy. In the book *Uma voz vinda de outro lugar*, the word *désœuvrement* is translated as inaction.

From ancient times to vanguard attempts, the literature has been refining in the representation of something. What's that? I will say brutally: the real [...] the literature is categorically realistic, since it always has the real as an object of desire; and I will say now, without contradicting myself, because I use the word in its familiar conception, that it is also obstinately: unrealistic; it believes that the desire for the impossible is sensible. (Barthes, 22-23).

Believing that the desire for the impossible is sensible, we open ourselves to the gesture of the Llansolian writing style: the one that "does not stop not writing itself"⁹ and that ends up making letters, inhabiting us by everything that has to do with the effects of affections. The text slides into what is written and in it the words persist, in the melody that beats in each one of them, ready to be thrown up, in short and syncopated notes. It is in language, in the borders of a written language, that the real presents itself, because every "language is in itself the ultimate term of the differentiations that are possible for it" (Milner, 36). The foreign words always remain in it, making the (dis)conjunction of the antinomic figures of the language respond to the silence of things. There always remains the vibration of the word, its physical value, its pulsional density, its body written on a path of water, which counts, where it does not say, the invisible and the impossibility of saying it. Not external to language, and therefore, not being able to be said by it, the real is presented in this place where the words take on a libidinal brilliance.

The desire of this Literature, its impossible, is not the synonymy of the imaginary One or the place of the equivalences between the named thing and the name of the supposed relations between signification and reference. Neither is that the desire for the symbolic One, which is marked by every demand for univocity, the intersecting of discernment, prior to every property and founding it from a seam. What it seeks, its impossible desire, revealed in the piled up folds of the language, is the infinitely multiplied point where, from the imaginary speech and the symbolic universe that inhabits it, realizing in it the dotted drawing of the network of its paradigms, the real *lalangue* erupts: breath made of an affectionate body.

I remember saying
when I get to Herbais, my language will definitely lose its possessive.
Because it's useless. The language that would become there clear and green,
would no longer be attached to a territory; (Llansol,29).
[...]

⁹ Lacan defines the impossible from modal categories as that which "does not stop not writing", and articulates it to the real of writing: "writing interests me, since it is through these little pieces of writing that we historically enter the real, in other words, that we stop imagining" (Lacan, 14 and 66).

And, today, I know that this language had become my only firm point - my anchor: my real; the knot of certainty of my body with the world. (Llansol, 126).

In the wiped trail from the earth by the letter that persists, language is called upon to rediscover, walking the paths of its distinctions and forms, its matter, its existence. Crossing the lexicons and syntaxes, it wants to produce, for a short moment, the place where all the bodies sparkle, illuminated by the words that are pronounced in the silence of a single flash. In this movement, without surrendering to a closed totality, and in the impossibility of stopping one's own sense, language exceeds what it keeps, inaugurating a space without time, a beyond, in which the flash of an apparition blends with its disappearance, marking the evanescent place of the coexistence of all things approached in their multiple differences.

The sense is a point in the infinite and, being only a direction to be followed by the gaze, it opens to a beginning of sky.

It was a night of deep affection,
after a conflict that had marked me; there was no wind
at night,
but I thought about the wind drifting, and lifted up my head to see where it
came from in the sky; I first came across the blue ink, no stars, and then with
the cold and sparkling stars themselves that brought me closer to the space
where I wanted to stay. Then I was lifted up to the sky, always with my head
inclined backwards.

My head, looks.

Distinctly, all the stars of the Big Dipper - the four of the trapeze, the tail, and,
following what they had taught me at School, I saw the Polar Star.

With childhood reversed over

my head - and almost without me in the face of a sky principle in my
firmament – *I trembled with the delicious affection of the world;*

I couldn't stop looking up, quitting breathing at night, whispering that I was
creating a ground-like language for the polar star.

The four stars which sustained the brightness of the Big Dipper possessed
the splendor of an animal suspended from its scene. Without the possession
of the self in the sky, I don't know what to do with my childhood. The enduring
animal of the earth begins the night, and is the first of my affections to go out
into the world;

[...]

I looked deep into the ground in that night, with the same expression of
gaze that I had raised to the sky;

[...]

The night passed, deep, through the world, [...]

The Big Dipper walks in the sky, a frog gave me the privilege of catching it,
the morning was to be served. (Llansol, 37-39)

The light that draws the gaze, guided by the star that shines alone at the edge of a constellation, makes the movements of the head that, after rising to the sky, towards its deepest night and the brightness that stands out in it, returns to the ground, knowing that the lasting animal that begins at night, having lost its childhood in that sky, is the first of the affections that go to the world.

once upon a time there was an animal called writing, which we were forced to find on the way; one would say, first, the matrix of all animals; second, the matrix of plants; and third, the matrix of plants, the matrix of all existing beings. Consisting of fleeting signs, it had thousands of landscapes, and one face, neither alive, nor immortal. Nevertheless, its encounter with time had pacified the terrifying speed of time, emptying the sandy substance of its image. (Llansol, 160).

Beneath her feet, perhaps she has seen the stars, the glow of a night of drifting wind, and, with the sky opened over the ground, the steps of this one-sided animal - *neither alive, nor immortal* - and its infinite landscapes: the writing. Drawing the trace of a writing that rises to the skies and makes turns to earth, moebianously, this literature recaptures, within the writing, the scripture that precedes it, returning to the literary experience its condition of affection by creating vibrant places to which one can ascend by rhythm, within a sparse and incomplete tissue. Place of silence and absence of proportion. A place of unmeasurement, where what stands out is the body in its living immanence.

Composing a literary corpus and guided by the real, the writing style, instead of engaging in representative work, which has in verisimilitude its resource and its form, opens itself to the desire to present the real through the gesture of giving each object the place that belongs to it, understanding that this is a rule of immanent justice and that "writing is the only art that allows it" (Llansol, 18). Because the objects, the images without memory, the names and the surface of the bodies, all of them, are there, all scattered in this world, waiting for the look that highlights them and the hands that set them in motion.

Bright bodies, living words transposed to the clear surface of the book, the experience written in intervals scratched on the white sheet, the word, this launched into the sky of a second language, out of power, all written without the use of metaphor. The metaphor, it tells us,

is in place of, while this book exists. The metaphor is a world that reduces culture. When we use a metaphor, we're bringing together watertight things, we're creating an appearance. In the world, as I feel it, these associations of similarities do not exist. There have been no metaphors since my first books. (Llansol,15)

For this literature that operates in a world where there are no relations of similarity and that does not want to abandon itself to the imposture of language, by the gesture of creating appearances in order to provide a sense for the glow scenes that inhabit space and disperse through time, because each body knows its thickness and its desire for metamorphosis, the real brings the element that can conjugate them. The line that connects the different shining scenes is the line of "body in writing", which is undone and remakes in its infinite readings, resisting the dissolution in the undifferentiated of the other discourses that are destined to pre-established circuits.

Conjugated by a writing that does not abandon the body, the text prints a pulse, a rhythm that follows a wide breath of systole and diastole, giving to see the voices - without dispersing them or making them unified - of a lineage that searched, in writing, the crossing.¹⁰ Bringing them together without each body having to undo itself in another, metamorphosing them, without hierarchy or rupture, this body that writes can evoke things, translate them into the web of emptiness and absence, make them manifest by their distance, without breaking the emptiness, because the body's vocation is to extract silence as the "invisible center of its true meaning" (Blanchot, 69).

I would also say, with Blanchot, that, in this literature, all things are said, shown and revealed as a body of poetic word, spacing and expanding in the indeterminate emptiness of a space that, because it is not imaginary and, therefore, does not support any consistency, can thus become imaginative¹¹: the landscape uncovered. The forces brought together in a real force

¹⁰ In an interview with João Mendes, Llansol presents the lineage, made up exclusively of solitaires, that gives life to *the edenic space*, from *the unexpected encounter of the diverse*. Constituted by Eckhart, João da Cruz, the beguines, Dickinson, Rilke, Pessoa, Nietzsche, Hölderlin, Espinosa, among others, next to the animals and vegetables, all of them become figures of the work, being approached by the line of glow highlighted in each one of them. They are men and women who have risked their identity, in a position to contest the course of events, so that language would stop slipping into pure games of words and would mean the real again. The interviewer concludes that one cannot make a brilliant balance of this lineage, after all "Rilke could not get his body into the poem", "Nietzsche went crazy", "Hölderlin went mad". To which Llansol answers: "in fact it is not a brilliant balance, but it can prove to be a balance full of teachings. [...]The goal was to find passage, for them and for others, not to be shattered and imploded on the reefs of the crossing" (Llansol, 35-36).

¹¹ Questioned about the *Lisboaleipzig* place, based on the notion of *edenic space*, Llansol says that this space is not related to civilization, since it lends itself to the whole web of uses and customs of princes, of ambitions and hierarchies, excluding animals, plants, the earth and its elements, placing them in the position of instruments and subordination to man. And he goes on to say that "it is easier to say what it contains and how it lives. However, I am

the strength to manifest itself in the living, raise the page to the blue power of a starry sky and inaugurate a literary form that founds the community in the glow.

It is necessary to create a written device, to be resolutely disposed to write text, to force it to create another temporality, where human figures are led to coexist, according to the principle of goodness, with the figures of their lineage and with other non-human figures, in a temporal simultaneity. Not in the temporality of History, but in the temporality of its affections, in the forms that they reveal, in the thoughts that they sublimate, in the trail of the brightness that they leave in the sense that they interrogate. (Llansol, 40).

3 Living between languages: Barthes and Llansol

Dismissing herself from Literature, which relies on the continuous line of memories and buries in the sands of a celestial map the routes of affection and glow, Maria Gabriela Llansol passes to the edge of language to tell in what way she has crossed it, wishing to save herself through it. In these margins, let us bring the Llansolian textuality closer to the Barthesian scripture. Not being out of language, these places draw, in language itself, a powerful place, far from the gregarious power that uses and subdues it. And the writing style becomes, for these authors, a place of permanent language revolution. In this way, a field flooded with the language arises, in which to know oneself through it is part of intimate loves. Here it is a very specific and singular encounter with the written words. This is an encounter on the borders of language, from a new form - ethics and aesthetics, which keeps, in a triple register - the beautiful, the thought, the living - the movement of bodies. In this passage, writing becomes a lover's cause and, by a rarefaction effect, leaves scattered "all the letters... all the petals... when the encounter is simultaneously an attraction of the emptiness". (Lopes,13).

At the edges of language, the text becomes more literary than literature itself. By transgressing the codes that organize it - genres, schools, styles, models -, illuminating the words, what we have is literature becoming literature. In this place, there is a suspicion that, because of being so literary, the texts would have moved away from life, by producing only one

convinced that, if it is a place where the imagination eventually exists, it will never be an 'imaginary place' - it may perhaps be an 'imaginative place': the discovered landscape of which the text speaks. What is said in this way does not clarify anything, but allows us to eliminate a hypothesis". Llansol seems to refuse a dimension of imaginary consistency, which could be given to the place that writes *Lisboaleipzig*, making it a narrative of geographical speculations, but does not abolish the imaginative space. The fact is that, by distinguishing the imaginary from the imaginative, this one loses in consistency, moving away from the nostalgic and elective space, to open up to the dimension of possibility, from what it is in the text and one day will be outside it. (Llansol,17-18).

effect of life, without transforming it. On the opposite, what we are invoked to in these texts is "to think of literature as a horizon of bright scenes, a glowing place where literature is only literary to the extent that it transfigures the experience of life" (Coelho, 263). In the writing style, life returns as real as impossible, out of the rationalizations and enclosures of unaffected thought, renouncing all adherence and any gesture of retention.

We should align the remaining three words in a waiting state: language, style, writing style. We should also align them in a triple register, with the lilac line pulled from inside the blue that holds the polar star. Because, on this edge, the coastline where the letter writes its literary form and the open space beyond literature, language is the one torn from the roof of the mouth; the writing, the exercise of a form, the presentation of the unrepresentable and the pulsation of a body, and the style is object of cut, shattered glass that imprints the color of other temporalities. Since the lilac line was pulled from the blue, we had to look for our context: language. So that there, in this universal space, one could return to a place, to a beginning of sky without any kind of nostalgia: the body of the writing style.

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