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AllΦaBeet: A Glimpse into a Multilingual Writer's Kitchen

How does a multilingual writer create a poem with several languages, writing systems, visual elements, and sounds? Good question. Frankly, I have no idea. As a researcher, I have been trying to map out my multilingual creative processes for many years. But I still cannot say for sure exactly how they happen; there are so many aspects which remain hidden, although I try to follow the whys and wheres of every little ingredient I use. A creative process is confusing and chaotic. Every poem and every book is different. My creative work develops and transforms with each new topic. As a writer, I accept the possibility that maybe we will never know in detail how the creative processes happen. There seem to be endless processes within one author, and several of them are running at the same time. Creative processes cannot be isolated from the writer's everyday life. Life itself is a creative process for those who permit it.

(Con)Fusion Cuisine

I have always read and written in several languages, ever since I cracked the code *pähkinä* 'nut' [Finnish] of the азбука 'alphabet' [azbuka, Bulgarian] as a child, and embarked on the exciting reading and writing journey that I am still exploring. For many years, I tried to conform to national language, school and publisher standards, and I kept my *tellär* 'languages' [Tatar, Latin script] separated. Publishers refused to accept more than a word or two in another language, and they always insisted on translations. Anything else was too exotic. In a food book I co-wrote, *Sultanens auberginer,* 'The Sultan's Aubergines' (Swedish, 2003), only some names of dishes could appear in the original *dil* 'language' [Turkish], although the book contains *berättelser* 'stories' [Swedish], *muistoja* 'memories' [Finnish] and recipes from all continents.

Readers found these and my other minimalist excursions into other languages fascinating, but too complicated to understand, especially when I brought in 語言 'languages' [yǔyán, Chinese Traditional] too far away from what they considered to be "normal", that is their mother tongue, English, and maybe *Französisch* 'French' [German] or *allemande* 'German' [French]. But my world has never been this kind of normal – to me monolingualism has always seemed mystifying. My personal bubble, or the dimension I live in, is far more *skomplikowany* 'complicated' [Polish]. It is like an onion in which there are many layers.

So I started to hide multilingual elements in monolingual texts, just like lots of other authors have done before me. Tatar speakers laugh when they see the names of the characters in my novel *Molnvandraren* and *Pilvivaeltaja,* 'Cloud Wanderer' (parallel writing in Swedish and Finnish, 2006). Others need a dictionary to find out that Aunt Berenggi [bäräñge, бәрәңге, Tatar Latin and Cyrillic scripts] actually means 'Aunt Potato'.

Towards Фридом 'Freedom' [English, Cyrillic script]

After leaving the *Universität* 'university' [German], I gave up trying to be conventional. There were three main reasons for this drastic turn. Nobody had the right to tell me anymore *so geht es nicht* 'that's not how it works' [German], that I cannot not write or do like that (that being *mehrsprachig* 'multilingual' [German] and looking at the *világ* 'world' [Hungarian] from a multicultural perspective).

The second reason was that I finally re-identified myself publicly as a multilingual and multicultural person. I really could not be anything else with this *brokiga* [Swedish] *bunte* [German] *kirjava* [Finnish] πολύχρωμος [polýchromos, Greek] 'multicolored, colorful' background and life of mine. But to explain to the world what it means to be multilingual requires terminology. I began discovering new words for describing my polyglot situation after meeting Johanna Domokos in 2012. As a multilingual scholar and writer, Johanna encouraged me, the writer, to think more deeply about the thirty-something languages I already had stored in my brain.

Back then, I never imagined that I would end up as a multilingualism scholar as well. I just felt very relieved. I could finally tell all those people who were baffled or scared by my multiple languages why I did not fit into their monolingual forms and norms. But why should I always explain myself, as if I was doing something wrong? I turned the argument around. Now I tell anybody who cares to listen that the majority of humanity is multilingual, and that I belong to that majority.

The third reason for my change of direction was that I had established a publishing company. I could decide for myself what to do and publish. At this time, I was also teaching creative writing to multilingual groups in several countries. We had a lot of fun mixing languages. To make the discussions more interesting, I started to write mixed language poetry. *Polyglotta Sabirica* (2015) marked a new era of *libertate* 'freedom' [Romanian] in my writing.

As a polyglot writer, I decided at first to experiment with substituting *Wörter* 'words' [German] *et* 'and' [French] *části* 'parts' [Czech] of words. James Joyce did exactly that in *Finnegans Wake,* but I did not read his book until recently. Working with words, morphemes or changing the spelling was, however, too safe and easy. I soon felt dissatisfied and wanted bigger challenges.

Then I began playing with different alphabets and scripts. This was nothing new. I picked up the idea very early from a scholar in disguise, Georg August Wallin

(1811–1852), a Finland-Swedish Orientalist. He wrote his Swedish-language notes in Arabic letters during his years in Egypt and the eastern Mediterranean in the 1840s. Already as a teenager, I did not want anybody to be able to read my diary, so I wrote in different languages. During my field research journeys in Europe and Asia, I developed this technique further and started using different alphabets, for instance Cyrillic for English and Korean Hangul for Swedish.

Writing in another alphabet or even mixing in Chinese characters was also too simple. My next step was to introduce grammar into the game. From here it was just a short hop to mixing all levels of language, from the phonetic level through morphemes and syntax to the semantic level. I did precisely that in a poetry collection about Anthropocene, *Wan Sun* (2021), and the mixed poetry and prose work *MoonSoon mišmaş* (2023). I continue to explore multilingualism in different ways, as *shkrimtar* 'writer' [Albanian], *istražívač* 'researcher' [Croatian, Serbian, Bosnian], and издател 'publisher' [Bulgarian]. I draw inspiration and ideas from the wells of everyday life in a dozen languages or so, reading both fiction and scientific literature, listening, watching; and from meetings with multilingualism scholars. Practically daily I discover new pathways and develop further techniques for multilingual writing.

Fig 1. Scripts. Picture: Sabira Ståhlberg 2022

Decoding Multilingual Poetry

As a researcher, I know that decoding can be difficult and time-consuming without a key. Very few people in this world are able to read my poems without consulting dozens of dictionaries in both modern and extinct languages. That is why I nowadays provide English translations and keys to languages and references in my books.

How understandable are my references? Some are obvious, like allusions to world politics or plastic litter on the beach. Others are hidden, but their visibility or invisibility does not reduce the reading experience. The same poem can be read and understood in many ways, and it resonates differently with every reader. References are like popcorn: we start with a grain of maize and heat it up, and

suddenly it pops into another shape. We can never predict what form it will take. Sometimes it might be safer to use maize flour instead of making popcorn, and to prepare a maize porridge or cornmeal mush, *mămăligă* [Romanian], *polenta* [Italian], качамак / kačamak [kachamak, Bulgarian / Serbian]. Just do not forget to add some cheese, cream – or chili pepper! – to give it more character.

How much translation, self-translation or narrative about a poem is needed for the reader to enjoy it? That is difficult to answer. I often find that a translation is less rich in taste and less juicy than the original poem. A translation or narrative might also be too little for one reader and too much for another. If the writer explains too much, the poem becomes *platt som en pannkaka,* 'flat like a pancake' [Swedish]. If there is too little information to help the reader, the poem might turn into a *мишмаш* 'mishmash' [Bulgarian], a quick fried dish with paprika, tomatoes, eggs and *сирене* 'white cheese' [sirene, Bulgarian].

My measure is my *maga tilfinning* 'stomach (gut) feeling' [Icelandic] and my taste buds. I have to be satisfied. Not the reader, nor the researcher. *Moi-même* 'I myself' [French]. I use intuition and experience for choosing the amount of translation and explanations I provide for each poem. As a scholar, I could try hard to prepare a neat, ready-made explanation about writing a multilingual poem. But it would be a limited scholarly analysis, just the stem, not the paprika itself. As a writer, I find it much more inspiring to create a poem and see what happens along the way.

Preparazione [Italian]

Fig 2. Paprika. Bulgarian words for paprika: chushka, paprika, piperka
Picture: Sabira Ståhlberg 2022

To me, writing a multilingual poem is like cooking. There is a suitable Swedish expression, *koka ihop*. It means literally to 'cook something together', 'cook up' or 'concoct'. But the expression also means to 'make up' or 'invent' a story, koka ihop en historia. Why is multilingual writing like cooking?

Firstly, both are creative processes. I read *oppskrifter* 'recipes' [Norwegian] but seldom follow them. *Opskrifter* 'recipes' [Danish] are for *innblástur* 'inspiration' [Icelandic]. I probably do not need to mention that a lot of experimenting is going on in my *kök* 'kitchen' [Swedish].

Secondly, both provide vast possibilities to create new combinations and tastes. Fusion cuisine brings together ingredients and cooking techniques from different regions and traditions. Multilingual writing does the same with languages.

Thirdly, both writing and cooking contain the wonderful elements of *keşif* 'discovery' and *keyif* 'pleasure, joy, delight' [Turkish]. Not only the guest at the table, the reader, but also the cook, the writer, is enriched with new insights and experiences.

So where do we begin? Anyone who cooks knows that preparation is important, but the idea is the basis. All poems start from an idea, a word or an expression. Without an idea, we quickly get into *Teufels Küche,* 'the devil's kitchen' or a 'hell of a mess' [German]. It does not matter if the idea is realized or not, but without an idea the poem will be empty and dry like uncooked *penne* 'diagonally cut pasta' [Italian].

A poem about food would be suitable when discussing cooking and writing. Immediately the expression *poftă bună* 'enjoy your meal' [Romanian] floats into my mind. I like the sound of it and instantly remember a delicious fish dish I had on a boat on the Danube River, and the voice of the waitress, light and merry, wishing a pleasant meal (her face I cannot remember, only the *sonor* 'sonorous' [Romanian] cadence of her voice). *Poftă bună* is fresher in sound and taste than the overused *bon appétit* [French]. The expression could stand for itself in the poem. It can be the title, an appetizer, a main course or dessert. In the beginning, when starting to write a poem, everything is possible.

When I began writing mixed poems, I still suffered from *correctitis* [English invented word, 'correct language syndrome'], the syndrome of trying to keep to correct language. Yet mistakes crept in. Only after the first book did I realize that the errors were creative. A typing error could open the door to a new wor(l)d. It was like adding the wrong spice and finding that it actually made the dish more tasty.

Listening to people talk gives me new ideas. A *Lapsus* 'lapse, slip, mistake' [German] can become the seed for a poem. A friend recently said a funny word, *aufstrudeln,* when talking about someone whose life had been thrown into chaos. I immediately noted this fascinating Austrian word, 'to swirl, whirl, mix up', for future use. Do you see before your inner eyes the *Strudel,* the rolled Viennese pastry? *Strudel* also means 'a vortex, whirlpool'. But *aufstrudeln* does not exist in a German dictionary. In Austria *abstrudeln* means 'to struggle, toil, work hard'. With the prefix *auf-* 'up, on, above' the verb *strudeln* sounds much stronger than the diminishing *ab-*. *Aufstrudeln* means to 'mix, swirl, whirl up'. Let's put it into the poem we are creating and see how it will behave.

Writer's Brain Bran

Now, the question is how (much) do multilingual writers' knowledge, experience and skills influence the writing and the choice of words and languages? Few poems are quick stir-fries or fast food. Although I might write a poem *wikiwiki* 'quickly' [Hawaiian], that does not mean that I have not been fermenting or marinating the topic, or turning the formulations around in my mind like *shish kebab* 'grilled skewers' [original Arabic] for days or weeks, before I can deliver them on paper or screen. Many poems need to be boiled and also baked before they become edible at all. The polyglot poem mostly *muhii* 'stews, brews' [Finnish] in the author's head long before it is served to the reader.

All languages are active simultaneously in the brain. Yes, I think in many languages all the time. This is the simple answer to the ten-billion euro/dollar question everybody asks. For a multilingual it is natural to think in many languages. I have an enormous *whare pukapuka* 'library' [Maori] in my brain. This collection is being expanded ever since my birth, through listening, reading, and experimenting. No language is excluded; words or expressions often pop up even in languages that have been in disuse for a long time. Similarly, all knowledge, experience, skills, thoughts, questions, impressions, impulses, feelings, intuition, and lots of other conscious and unconscious processes are active in the brain when a poem is being cooked.

This is the moment when I tell the field researcher in me to sit down and observe quietly, because I usually go for the adventures. Many writers like to play safe and use only languages they "know" – whatever that means. Always using the same ingredients and techniques for poetry probably feels pleasant and comfortable. But we cannot live forever on French fries, *Pommes,* and sausage, *Wurst* [German]. Alternating ketchup, mustard and mayonnaise does not change anything except adding a new flavor.

A poem needs to be varied to be healthy. Without variation, it becomes as boring as the plastic wrap on a sandwich, or plastic chopsticks. I never stop exploring new pathways, because I am curious, not afraid to get lost, and I want to explore and experiment. I am not a settled farmer or gardener, but a language nomad and hunter-gatherer. My languages are like flocks of animals roaming freely over the wide *cmen* 'steppe' [Ukrainian] grasslands. When needed or I feel like it, I hunt up or gather other languages, and explore and experiment with them.

Ingredientler [Turkmen]

What ingredients or languages, and spices or visual elements go into the pot, pan or oven tray of a poem, and in what amounts? It all depends on the format, size, topic and content. Should the food poem be a 俳句 'haiku' [Japanese]? No, I am

thinking of something a bit longer. Let's make it simple, however, and decide on the use of let's say five languages for a start.

Which languages should be in the poem, then? We can always add or remove languages, but at least a bit of *carne* 'meat' [Portuguese, Spanish, Romanian] and *kapusta* 'cabbage' [Polish, Slovak], капуста [Ukrainian, Russian, Belarusian], káposzta [Hungarian], *kupus* [Serbian, Croatian], *kapısta* [Mishar Tatar], кәбестә [Tatar, Cyrillic script], and maybe *rote Bete* 'beet root' [German].

I would like to add some ginger to give the poem more tang. The Korean *saenggang* sounds more interesting than the Chinese *jiāng* or *shēngjiāng*, or Japanese *shōga*. Then we would have a beetroot or cabbage dish with a gingery twist. But the poem can still become something completely else.

Fig. 3. Ginger. Picture: Sabira Ståhlberg 2022

The choice of languages, vocabulary, grammar and sounds really depend on the topic. The question of topic and contents are tricky. It might take days – and sleepless nights – to decide about them. They are like quality *zeleni čaj* 'green tea' [Slovenian, Croatian, Bosnian, Serbian]. Green tea has a pure, clear taste. Its exquisite flavors change with each pouring of hot water over the tea leaves. A multilingual poem should be the same. Of course, it could be just a play with words and structures, but then it feels like chewing-gum. One can blow bubbles and play around with a *kauwgom* 'chewing gum' [Dutch], but when it loses its flavor, we spit it out. Creating only one layer in a poem is like adding sugar or honey – or, even more horrible, milk! – to 緑茶 'green tea' [lǜchá, Chinese Simplified; *ryokucha*, Japanese], which completely destroys the taste. The reader needs something more, some added value. The topics and thoughts should open up like a flowering tea bundle when one pours hot water over it. The reader should be able to read the poem over and over again and find new dimensions and flavors every time.

Kokkamine 'Cooking' [Estonian]

When the preparations are made, the tools are on the kitchen table, and the ideas are in place, the next question is about techniques. What techniques can we use for preparing a tasty and rich literary and audiovisual experience for the reader? The traditional divisions in linguistics can be employed, starting from phonemes and morphemes, and reaching the syntax and semantic levels. Some usual techniques are:

- *Visual: letters, alphabets, scripts, spelling, fonts, layout*
- *Audio: sounds, phonetic, melody, musicality*
- *Vocabulary: words, word parts, invented words*
- *Grammar, syntax, structure*
- *Semantic and symbolic meanings*

I use also the visual means modern technology offers, such as different fonts and layout options. I always read a new poem aloud to hear its rhythm and melody. If it is not musical enough, I edit it. The topic is trickier, as it can be hidden in any fold of the brain or dimension of the mind: memories, impressions, trains of thought, or in the dialogue with oneself or others, insights, feelings, symbols, meanings, research – in other words: anywhere.

After thinking about this food poem for several days – and nights – I find that I am stuck on the topic of strudels. I am constantly remembering strudels I have eaten and baked, and people with whom I have eaten them in Vienna and elsewhere.

Fig. 4. Strudel cousins. Picture: Sabira Ståhlberg 2022

I have looked at recipes and found endless variations of fillings and feelings. I have followed many trains of thought about apples, raisins, whirlpools, and what rolling or folding a strudel could possibly symbolize. I have also done background research about strudels. Vienna learned to prepare this and many other dishes from the Ottomans; the oldest strudel recipe was recorded in 1696. The Ottoman Empire was the neighbor of the Habsburg and later Austro-Hungarian (1867–1918) Empires for some four hundred years. The Strudel belongs to the Börek family.

A strudel can hide something like a memory or a feeling inside. It can be made with a sweet filling – or feeling – or salty with cheese and spinach, or just cheese, for example. A strudel is like people. At first, we see only the surface, but then we discover something more inside. Strudel is often made with puff pastry by modern, time-pressed cooks (not in Austria, I am told), but can also be prepared with thin filo pastry like its cousins from the Börek family.

So I will write a poem about a strudel. I identify three main methods for poem preparation. To make it easy, we could use the *turta* 'pie' [Turkish] method with a matrix language, for example English. That requires preparing the pastry first and then filling the crust with fruit or berries, words and elements from other languages.

The *meze* 'snack, appetizer' [Turkish] method goes a step further. There are several languages, olives, pastries, vegetables, fishes and meat served in separate bowls or on small plates. We take bits of words, expressions and beans here, and a bit of grammar, bread and mushrooms there, and let their tastes blend in the mouth.

The third and most advanced is the *güveç* 'casserole, hot pot, crock, stew' [Turkish] method. Now, a Balkan, Anatolian or eastern Mediterranean *güveç* in an earthenware pot contains usually at least five and mostly some ten to fifteen ingredients. It is cooked in the oven for several hours. The ingredients can mostly still be distinguished, but tastes, textures and colors have blended beautifully.

Fig. 5. Methods. Picture: Sabira Ståhlberg 2022

The *turta* and *meze* poems are easiest to prepare and analyze. The *güveç* method requires experience, knowledge and flexibility. An old pot, which has collected flavors for many years and generations is better than a new one for preparing *güveç*. In fact, the only way to become skilled in multilingual poetry cooking is to cook more poetry.

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Now it is time to write the poem. The possibilities for combining different elements are almost endless, but I have chosen a simple strategy to make them clearer (my multilingual writing is usually much more chaotic and random). To illustrate what I just explained about methods, I will write the first line in pie crust English before

it is multilingualized. I will add visual and audio effects to it, too. The second line is an appetizer table, where I play with vocabulary and grammar without a matrix language. The third line is an earthenware pot with meanings and references in layers or mixed. I should say here that this poem is being created while I am cooking. It was not prepared beforehand.

Line 1: Pie
Touch a tower of apples and they will roll

I am thinking about the pile of apples I need to peel and cut into cubes for the filling of the strudel. The pile of apples can also have symbolic meaning: when you start something, you never know where you will end up. Apples tend to roll all over the floor when they escape.

How can we make the line more interesting by adding other languages or fillings? I would substitute the word "apples" with the Chinese *píngguǒ,* which is a word I have always liked the sound of. "Touch" and "tower" make up a nice alliteration in English, but I would use the Spanish *torre* instead of "tower" to give it a more rrrolling sound. Then, "and" is a word which appears too often in English, so maybe Hungarian *és* could contribute some more melody to the line? I like "will roll" for the sound, so here I would just change "roll" into Cyrillic letters.

Fig. 6. Apples. Picture: Sabira Ståhlberg 2022

For Chinese, there are two possibilities, traditional and simplified characters. For this poem I will use the simplified script, because it reminds me of the signs of apple sellers I often saw in the north and northwest while traveling in China, and the enormous juicy apples originating in the desert oases of East Turkestan.

In the first *turta* or pie strategy line I already played a little with vocabulary. But for the *meze* or snacks method, there is no matrix language, just a lot of little dishes. I am thinking in different languages from the start. Some German would be a good beginning. Can you see the apples dancing and hopping, *tanzen,* when they roll over the floor? They are happy, *joyeux,* a French word which sounds joyful.

But we need a bit of grammar play here, too. To the English "avoid" I add the Turkish verbal present ending *-yor*. It sounds almost like a melody with the plural

-lar, and both roll nicely on the tongue. The verb should be at the end of the sentence if we followed Turkish grammar, but I will leave it here, at least for the moment.

The next word, *skalkniv* in Swedish, sounds cruel enough with a long, open *aaah* in *skal* and a long *eeeeh* in *kniv*. We can glue a suitable Finnish partitive ending to soften it. Partitive is one of fifteen cases used for Finnish nouns.

Fig. 7. Peeler. Picture: Sabira Ståhlberg 2022

What happens to apples or events when they start rolling in life? At some point they are gathered up, peeled and cooked into a sweet filling together with raisins and sugar for a strudel. In real life, after something happens which destroys the apple (or ivory) tower we have built for ourselves, we might emerge from the ruins with scars and bruises. Yet, we have usually gained a new consciousness about ourselves, people around us, and the world.

Finally, it is time for the *güveç* method. I let the previous lines inspire the next line. In a haiku poem, the third line should bring in a surprise or change. This poem is however no haiku in form, although it could be one in spirit because it contains the seasonal word "apples". They point to autumn. The poem also shifts our perspective about an everyday situation, which is typical for haiku poetry.

After some language play and adding the verb *aufstrudeln,* I let my imagination run wild. I am mixing words and elements, combining them in different ways, adding odd prefixes and suffixes, and changing the spelling, too. At first, I put a Cyrillic л 'l' in the middle of the English 'as' and make it *als* 'as' [German]. Then I use the French article *la* for the Bulgarian (feminine) word борба 'struggle, fight'. But to strengthen the feeling of struggle, I add a Greek word with the same meaning, which in English associates with 'agony'. The next word is Austrian, here comes *aufstrudeln* with an English verbal suffix. Probably the reader next recognizes the Russian loanword from Turkic languages for raisins, repeated twice in different alphabets and languages.

I cannot resist the word *glimlachen* 'to smile' [Dutch] – it is too close to English and Swedish *glimmer* not to receive an extra syllable. The common word 'and' is replaced with the usual but not too conspicuous word in Slavic languages, *i*. I always put in Uygur somewhere in my poems for political reasons; here it is the dough, reminding me of the tasty Uygur breads I have eaten and happy moments spent over dinners, breaking the bread and talking about life and the world. Mainly for rhythm

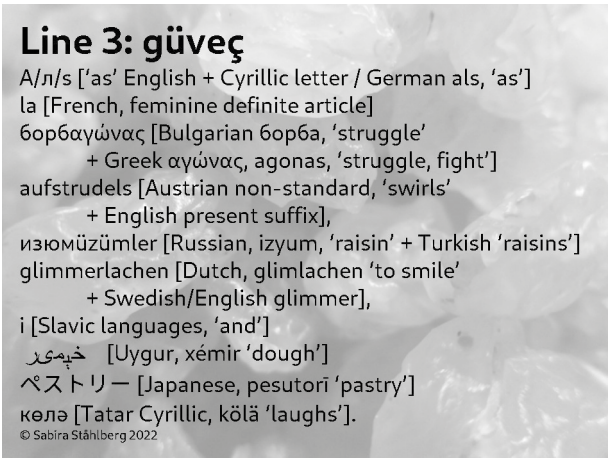

Fig. 8. Raisins. Picture: Sabira Ståhlberg 2022

and phonetic reasons the Japanese (loan) word for pastry is added. I want to end the poem abruptly, because of the sudden laugh, so the Tatar word for laughing comes in handy.

The raisins are smiling and the pastry laughs aloud at the funny situation when the apples are running away from the peeler. Maybe the pastry is a bit puffed up – it is a puff pastry, after all – and looking down at the anarchist apples, it laughs condescendingly, because it knows that it will eventually wrap both apples and raisins inside itself. The three final lines reflect the futility of building any kinds of towers for safety. In Buddhism, Hinduism, Jainism, Sufism, and some other religions and philosophies everything is *anicca* [Pāli], *anitya* [Sanskrit], impermanent and transient. Having fun and laughing while we live here and now is an essential part of the human experience.

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Let's take a look at what we have so far:

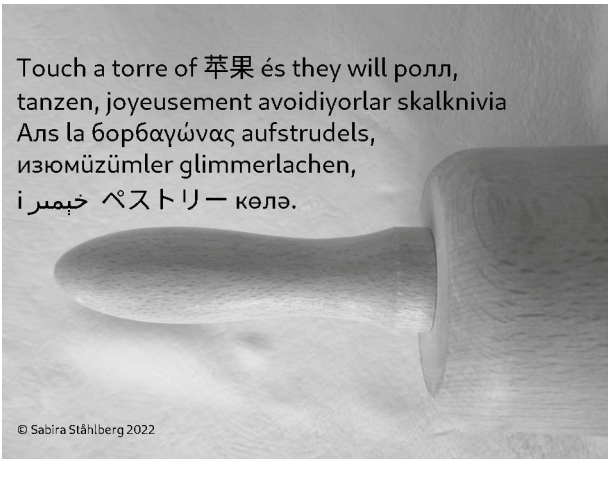

Fig. 9. Pastry. Picture: Sabira Ståhlberg 2022

Apparently, the original plan of five languages is far exceeded. There are some fifteen languages in the poem. The meat, cabbage and beetroots I thought of in the beginning do not fit in anymore, so they will be put into another poem some other time. But where did *poftă bună* 'enjoy your meal' [Romanian] disappear? Now my *sensación de la tripa* 'gut feeling' [Spanish] says that this expression should stand at the end of the

poem. I want to add some Cyrillic letters, especially the nicely rounded ф 'f' and б 'b' as well as the often confusing н 'n' for those only acquainted with Latin script, to remind us that the Cyrillic alphabet was used for Romanian far into the nineteenth century. The result is *Рофтă бунă!* [Latin-Cyrillic script mix].

Ultimately a title also has to be discovered or created, or if there was an idea before, it needs to be revised to reflect the poem. I see now not only *Strudel,* but also the word *strut* in it. Another possibility could be *Strauss,* the Viennese composers, or *Strauß* 'ostrich' [German]. *Strausdel* or *Strausel* would be a nod to Vienna, but it does not look as interesting as *Strutel,* so I will opt for the latter one. Maybe the apples or the dough are strutting, or the whole poem struts like a peacock? There are endless possibilities for interpretation.

A topic can be dealt with in innumerable ways. Every person writes differently. If another person writes a multilingual poem about a strudel or *strutel,* this writer would choose other languages or another content which refers to something in their life or way of thinking. The poem would be something completely different. Also, next time I write about a strudel, it will be dissimilar to this occasional poem.

Fig. 10. Time to eat. Picture: Sabira Ståhlberg 2022

This multilingual poem contains several conscious and unconscious methods, strategies and techniques. The more complicated and complex it becomes, the slower it will be read by you. Still, it reads fluently, despite the fact that it is full of mixed words, writing systems and grammar in languages from various language groups. All cooks perform actions they cannot explain, because these actions have become automatic or they are intuitive, or "just feel like that" is the way to do it. There are several parts of the process I have carried out without explaining, because I am unable to explain them.

What looked like a vegetable pie at the beginning turned into a strudel with raisins, apples and a whole lot of languages and spices. Is it edible at all? Can the reader digest it? I do not know. That is up to each reader. I just hope everyone can enjoy the poem – and have a good laugh.

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Abstract

In the multilingual writer's kitchen, poems are cooking. How does the author deal with several languages and how are word and language choices made? This article discusses the journey of the author from standardized, socially accepted monolingual norms to free multilingual writing, factors which might influence the writer in the writing process, and how the writer explains or creates references to the multilingual text, as well as the importance of language nomadism and variation in polyglot writing. Three strategies are identified on the basis of cooking techniques: in the turta *or pie strategy, the author writes a monolingual text and then fills it with multilingual words; in tthe* meze *or appetizer method, writing is multilingual from the beginning; and in the* güveç *or hot pot strategy, writing is both multilingual and mixed from beginning to end. This study is an artistic-scholarly effort to discern and explore the creative processes and strategies of a multilingual author.*

Keywords: cooking, polyglot poetry, writing strategies

AllΦaBeet: betekintés egy többnyelvű író konyhájába
Rezümé

Vers készül a többnyelvű író konyhájában. Hogy birkózik meg a költő több nyelv jelenlétével, és hogyan választ a szavak és nyelvek között? Jelen írás azt mutatja meg, hogyan jut el a költő a standard, társadalmilag elfogadott egynyelvű normától a többnyelvű szabad önkifejezésig,

milyen tényezők befolyásolhatják az alkotás során, és hogyan magyarázza vagy kommentálja a többnyelvű szöveget és a poliglott költészet nyelvi nomádizmusának jelentőségét. Az alkalmazott főzési eljárás alapján három stratégia különíthető el: a pite-stratégia azt jelenti, hogy a költő megír egy egynyelvű szöveget aztán megtölti többnyelvű szavakkal; a mezze-módszerrel írt szöveg már kezdettől fogva többnyelvű; a güvecs-stratégia lényege pedig az, hogy a szövegben az elejétől a végéig jelen vannak és keverednek is a többnyelvű szavak. Jelen írás megpróbálja feltárni és elkülöníteni a többnyelvű szerző kreatív eljárásait és szövegalkotási stratégiáit.

Kulcsszavak: többnyelvűség, szövegalkotási stratégia, recept