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Sławomir Masłoń

Between Pleasure and Pleasure:
Fools and Knaves Making Their Reading Lists

The essay was chosen because it concerns matters which may perhaps have more universal appeal than specialist issues that are mostly academic daily bread. It also puts 4th compactly, and I think in a more accessible manner than usual, a number of critical ideas which have been for quite some time fundamental to my understanding of literature and culture, but which are not so often addressed directly in my other works.

In his 7th seminar entitled *The Ethics of Psychoanalysis*, Jacques Lacan makes a distinction between two types of intellectuals, which fits very well the two opposing attitudes taken in the controversy concerning the matters of the canon in contemporary academia. The distinction is a Shakespearean one between the fool and the knave. "The 'fool' is an innocent, a simpleton, but truths issue from his mouth that are not simply tolerated but adopted, by virtue of the fact that this 'fool' is sometimes clothed in the insignia of the jester. And in my view it is a similar happy shadow, a similar fundamental 'foolery,' that accounts for the importance of the left-wing intellectual."[1] The position of the fool is the one from which a proper diagnosis is put forth, yet its performative force is dissipated by its announcer wearing the costume of a jester. In other words, the fool speaks from a position of safety, that is, he does not want to pay the price for the truths he pronounces, to bear its consequences (e.g. the left criticises relations founded on money, but what it mainly demands is just more money for this and that).

The knave is distinct from the fool by being "your Mr. Everyman with greater strength of character."[2] "Everyone knows that a certain way of presenting himself, which constitutes part of the ideology of the right-wing intellectual, is precisely to play the role of what he is in fact, namely, a 'knave.' In other words, he doesn't retreat from the consequences of what is called realism; that is, when required, he admits

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[1] *The Seminar of Jacques Lacan, The Ethics of Psychoanalysis, 1959—1960, Vol. Book VII*, ed. Jacques-Alain Miller, trans. Denis Potter (New York: Norton, 1997), 182.

[2] Lacan, *The Ethics of Psychoanalysis*, 183.

he's a crook."³ Rather than trying to avoid mentioning the unpleasant things that we tend to hide from ourselves, the knave openly admits that he does them (e.g. "one has to torture the Islamic prisoners to get information out of them for the higher purpose: the good of the American people") and tries to present his crookedness as honesty.⁴ The fool would like to change the system he criticises, but without relinquishing his own (privileged) position in it; the knave admits that in order to maintain the system as it is we have to close our eyes and allow certain things to happen which go against the letter of the fundamental laws which such system adopts.

From the position of the so called "politics of difference" — including that of multiculturalists, feminists, queer theorists, etc. — the notion of the Western canon, that is, its prevalence on the syllabuses, is attacked mainly on grounds that may be called legalistic. Drawing a parallel between the legal system and cultural politics, these critics argue that since in all democratic countries citizens are formally equal and have the right to be represented by appropriate forums (e.g. the parliament), all identities should also be treated as formally equal and have the right to be represented (e.g. in the reading list). The supremacy of the so called Dead White European Males on the lists may be said to function as property census used to function in parliamentary elections, when only the possessors of relatively high economic capital (or cultural capital, in the case of the canon) were allowed to participate. It has been claimed that because citizens should be treated as equal, not only should their identities also be acknowledged as such, but that — since there is no neutral standard of evaluation — the social practices and artefacts such identities create should be treated as equal too. In other words, these practices should not be evaluated as being better or worse when compared with other identities or cultures. This attitude is presented as the only way to build a society full of respect (all identities should be treated with equal deference) and tolerance. By familiarising themselves with works presenting the point of view of a given identity, other identities will understand it better, which will lead to more tolerant attitudes.

The opposing view can be best summarised in an epigram ascribed to Saul Bellow: "When the Zulus produce a Tolstoy we will read him."⁵ The view blatantly asserts the supremacy of the western canon: a book by Tolstoy is held to be objectively a much more valuable cultural product than, for instance, a Zulu myth; or: a Beethoven quartet must be considered more refined than banging the drum, however complicated the rhythm of the latter. In other words, the Zulus may be

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³ Lacan, *The Ethics of Psychoanalysis*, 183.
⁴ Slavoj Žižek, *The Ticklish Subject: The Absent Centre of Political Ontology* (London: Verso, 2000), 206.
⁵ Charles Taylor, "The Politics of Recognition," in: Amy Gutmann, ed., *Multiculturalism* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1994), 42. Taylor remarks that he has no idea whether Bellow really made this remark.

nice people, but they have not produced anything worth reading by somebody who is not a specialist in Zulu culture. We are not inclined to read the Zulus, because we do not find much interest in what they write about — their literature may be important to them, but it is not to anyone else, while our canon is of universal interest as the admiration for Shakespeare for instance around the world is supposed to show.

So, from one point of view, we have the denial of Dead White European Males as the standard against which other cultures should be measured: this standard is perceived as not neutral but oppressive, because it is founded on identifications that denigrate the Other (western culture with its traditional associations: white as an angel, black as a devil, etc.). From the other perspective, this standard is presented as the only working measure of excellence (both moral and formal), which simultaneously always finds other cultures wanting (a characteristic verdict is pronounced by E.M. Forster in *A Passage to India*: Mediterranean culture is order, Indian culture, in spite of its seniority, is muddle).

The conflict we are discussing is the conflict of identities and therefore of values — which means that it is undoubtedly a political conflict. But in this context a question arises: even if literature cannot escape promulgating values, that is, identities, is literature primarily a species of political activity? In other words, although we can agree that in some way everything, including literature, is political, we may ask ourselves whether everything in culture should be *politicised* in a simple way. Although literature, in a more or less open manner, always voices political positions, can or should it be reduced to its political message in the wider sense of values presented in it? This problem is, of course, as old as political criticism — one need only recall Marx's problem with ancient Greek tragedy: although it necessarily expressed the values of the society long dead and gone (relations of production based on slavery, etc.), he freely admitted that it none the less moved him.

If we look at our problem from this angle, the uncanny identity of the positions of the adversaries in the debate will clearly appear.[6] Both perceive literature (and the reading list) as conducive to or destructive of formation of a certain identity, whether this identity be feminist, gay, black, Muslim, Eurocentric, etc. or any hybrid of them. Minority groups demand the inclusion in the syllabus of texts in which they can recognise their own values, while the dominant group wants to prevent the purity of their identity from being diluted or soiled, in the name of maintaining the "standards."

A thousand and one activities, however, can be conducive to a given group identity formation, activities much more popular than reading (itself a minority activity nowadays, seemingly), and therefore of greater significance for the group. To provide an example: gay pornography may be good for gay identity:

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[6] This is, of course, also Lacan's constatation: "After all, a crook is certainly worth a fool, at least for the entertainment he gives" (Lacan, *The Ethics of Psychoanalysis*, 183).

Having been reared in the bosom of Jesus, it happened that I never saw gay porn until I began graduate school. I had had sex with men for years on the side, but I didn't think I was gay. I thought I was just wicked. The first porn images I saw, in a magazine belonging to a friend, set me suddenly to think, "I could be gay." Why did those pictures trigger my recognition when the years of sleeping with men somehow didn't? It's because the men in the pictures were not only doing what I wanted to do, they were doing it with a witness: the camera. Or rather, a world of witness, including the infrastructure for producing, distributing, selling, and consuming these texts. This whole world could be concretised in places like Christopher Street or Times Square, but also in a formal language of pornography. In order for the porn to exist, not only did some of its producers have to have gay sex, they and many others had to acknowledge that they were having it. What is traded in pornographic commerce is not just speech, privately consumed. It is publicly certifiable recognition. This is part of the meaning of every piece of porn, and what is difficult to communicate in the dominant culture is that the publicity of porn has profoundly different meanings for nonnormative sex practices. When it comes to resources of recognition, queers do not begin on a level playing field.[7]

This argument about the form of recognition due to a minority group can generally be applied (*mutatis mutandis*) to all groups demanding recognition for their identity and it is also used in the battle for the reform of syllabuses. What, however, makes such arguments applicable to the everyday public sphere (e.g. against outlawing pornography, etc.) but misses the point as far as syllabuses are concerned? Obviously, not a moral point that pornography is bad as such, because, for instance, it commodifies the human body. Neither can it be the aesthetic claim that pornography in itself belongs to the regions of low culture, and is not refined enough to be admitted into the canon, because pornography *can* become canonical, as the example of Sade shows. Therefore, to make it more concrete, our consideration of the uses and abuses of the canon can be reformulated in an exemplary manner: what makes for the canonicity of Sade's pornography and what does gay pornography as presented above lack?

The first thing to note is that Sade's writing does not aim at recognition at all. It is not directed at the reader who would recognise his own image in the text, whether it be an actual or an ideal one — its aim is precisely the reverse of that: to shake the foundations of the reader's identity, of *every* reader's identity. Sade addresses his text to everybody, not to some imagined libertines who could recognise their hyperbolised image in his work. This *universal* address, however, has

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⁷ Michael Warner, "Zones of Privacy," in: Judith Butler et al, ed., *What's Left of Theory? New Work on the Politics of Literary Theory* (New York: Routledge, 2000), 102—103.

nothing to do with what is usually criticised as the fake universality of Man but is, in fact, the discursively neutralised image of the values of western European middle classes. Sade addresses everybody, but only to wreak havoc with their identity. In his writing all established values are painstakingly dissected and dissolved, but not in order to produce a chaotic vertigo of destruction (which would be something akin to dadaist babble, yet devoid of its vaudeville appeal), but rather to create a new kind of reader, to produce a space for him in a dimension of the impossible beyond the confines of conceivable reality (for Sade, it is the place where the more a victim is tortured the more beautiful she becomes). This is not done by placing the familiar 18th-century subject within a rational or irrational utopia and presenting its consequences in conventional language. In order to realise his attempt to "say it all," Sade invents a new variety of French, which displaces the reading subject from the position he has learned to assume, the position his cultural identity identified as the one to take with respect to the text he reads. And this is why reading Sade is ultimately not much fun, in contrast to the jubilant but insipid pleasure of recognising oneself in gay porn or any other identity-enhancing discourse. One cannot experience reading Sade as pleasure precisely because one *cannot* identify with his protagonists, and this is also why his texts are not exciting or sexually stimulating; they are rather the opposite. In a certain sense they are boring; but with precisely the same boredom which Sade demands from his libertines: the climax of Sadean experience is an apathetic state in which the torturer performs the torture, yet — contrary to what is usually imagined as Sadean ideal — does not derive any pleasure from what he does. He performs his activity not for his own pleasure but for the sake of showing, making happen a dimension of the impossible, a dimension in which the cause and effect rules of nature become suspended, a dimension which from the point of view of causality is impossible, but which nevertheless appears.[8]

What we encounter here is a difference which Kierkegaard, in a different context, tried to describe distinguishing between reminiscence and repetition. Reminiscence is the Socratic scene of reading where you try to identify the truth of who you already and "really" are — to acknowledge yourself as gay in the spectacle with which you identify, or to acknowledge yourself as British in certain traits of character or behaviour which British culture presents as essentially British, etc. In this sense, the notion of reminiscence summarises the whole identity formation logic, whether multiculturalist or Eurocentric. In contrast to this, what constitutes the core of repetition is an encounter with a traumatic event that comes from the outside and which hits you at the very centre of your identity. Kierkegaard's prime example here is, of course, faith. Faith does not obey the logic of cause and effect because

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[8] One should not imagine such beyond as "mystical" but just as a realm in which laws that we consider as "natural" or "rational" are suspended. In other words, it is the realm in which our "common sense" is no longer at home. Sade's ideal is, of course, the crime so great that it interrupts the eternal return of Nature to itself, of its cyclical generation and disintegration.

one can never be argued into belief; it is always a blind leap beyond one's conscious control. Yet the image we encounter here is not the gentrified one which is usually circulated as something good for one's identity, morality, "humanity" and digestion, but faith at its most traumatic and therefore amoral, inhuman and unstomachable, which we encounter in God's demand that Abraham sacrifice his son or in the story of Job.[9] The point is, of course, that although ultimately Abraham did not have to kill Isaac and prosperity was returned to Job, they did not come out of their experiences as the same men. In a sense, Abraham did kill his son, because he took the conscious decision to do it and in doing that he had to kill the very kernel of his identity, because for him his son stood for the highest good. Abraham did the impossible (within his horizon of values) and, in order to be able to do it, he had to destroy his identity. Therefore, after the fact, he enters a new dispensation: he has to rebuild his identity again from scratch.

The effects of the difference between two understandings of what should be included in the canon (identity enhancing vs. identity dissolving) can also be illustrated by referring to the difference between two orientations in psychoanalysis: the dominant American ego-psychology and Lacanian psychoanalysis. The main aim of the former is also a kind of "recognition" — it is directed at the strengthening of the ego in order to produce a strong "autonomous" identity. As in our example of gay pornography, knowing what you want and who you are is supposed to boost your self-respect and therefore make your life better. For Lacan, however, every ego is the effect of misrecognition. As he presents it in his famous essay "The Mirror Stage as Formative of the *I* Function as Revealed in Psychoanalytic Experience,"[10] the child jubilantly identifies with its image in the mirror (its ideal ego) but this is a false identification — the child identifies itself as whole while it is not in control of itself. After birth, the child at first experiences itself as painful chaos, finds it impossibe to coordinate itself, so when it sees its image in the mirror it experiences the narcissistic delusion of mastery. The problem with such ideal identification (as with every militant identity) is that it results in aggression vented at everything that disturbs it, and since the identification is false and because of that it will never be more than imaginary (nobody is ever a hundred percent gay, English or "ethnic;" the very reflexive presence of such categories in the mind of their users testifies to their distance in respect of them), ultimately any other identity is perceived as a threat to this identification. Therefore one will always blame one's relative "shortage" of identity on others (other identities), because they are experienced as getting in the way of one's identification. They "steal" the enjoyment of identity that rightfully belongs to me: while I always feel "out of sync" with my ideal ego, others seem to me to wallow in their, for instance, ethnic "substance" eating their strange (disgusting) food, cultivating their strange (enervating) habits, etc. Taking it to the

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[9] Slavoj Žižek, *The Ticklish Subject*, 212.
[10] Jacques Lacan, *Écrits*, trans. Bruce Fink (New York: Norton, 2006), 75—81.

academic level, one can be sure that the "ethnic" will claim that he cannot form his proper identity (strong ego) because he has to internalise works which are at odds with his values, while the "Eurocentrist" will complain that he is not able "catch up" with his proper self, because he is forced to study or teach works that do not live up to western standards.

Aggression both against the canon and against replacement of the canon has the same logic, a logic which is based on the feeling of horror experienced on finding out that there is in each of us something which does not allow us to become our-selves, that there is some foreign body inside us that prevents our coinciding with our image — in short: something that Hegel called negativity and which is universal for humanity, at least in its modern form. And it is precisely here that great litera-ture is located: in the void within the subject which separates the subject from itself.

To present this problem from a different perspective, it is easy to notice that the more a work relies on identity the sooner it becomes dated. Those passages of Dickens, for instance, with which his contemporaries identified the most (and such identification went all the way: they cried abundantly, men and women alike,[11] when they read the descriptions of deaths of his child characters[12]) are for us completely unreadable — the reaction may be laughter, but more often embarrassment. What is still alive ("canonical") in Dickens are both his most haunting, that is, "fantastic" images (e.g. Miss Havisham wedding party room)[13] and, and chiefly, his eccentrics and those villains whose singularity comes mostly from their specific ways of using language — in this, they denaturalise the realist decorum: they come out not as psychological "identities" but rather as anomalies of discourse.

This is why the attempts at "political" (which is ultimately "moral") disci-plining of the canon will never accomplish their aim: whether it be Zhdanovian, religious multiculturalist or any other kind of censorship, it will always evaluate works according to the identities they identify, and therefore some will be praised as enhancing a particular kind of self (Catholic, Islamic, communist, etc.) while others condemned as perverting it. Additionally, another rather popular practice, which is the other side of the same coin of identification, can be used: a supposed critique of a given identity will be conducted on the level of values — for instance, feminist writers employing perfectly phallocentric language will rewrite "canoni-cal" plots from the feminist perspective in order to "criticise" phallocentrism of the original, etc.

What marks the canonical is, however, an attempt at the dissolution of identity. And because an identity rests on the imaginary identification with a discourse, it

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[11] Daniel O'Connell threw *The Old Curiosity Shop* out of the train window because he could not help sobbing.

[12] Characteristically those and other "heart-felt" passages are often written by Dickens in a kind of fake blank verse, which makes them even more ludicrous for the contemporary reader.

[13] It is perhaps characteristic that Miss Havisham is precisely another character with which it is impossible to identify because of her extremity.

can be undermined by another discursive practice. This is why politically incorrect or even distasteful authors like Céline, Pound or Eliot can be considered canonical while most of the contemporary politically correct authors can only be made into sectarian obligatory reading: as is the case with gay pornography, which can be of interest only to gays, such works can be found interesting only for a given "sect" (feminist, Afro-American, Eurocentrist, etc.), because they aim at producing an idealised image in it (the idealised image may also be the image of the idealised victim), and since other groups' (dominating or not) affects are not invested in these images, members of such groups will find them either simply boring (irrelevant) or ridiculous.

In contrast to that, Sade's pornography, or pornology as Deleuze calls it, like the political pornology of e.g. Céline, do not primarily operate on the level of ideas (identities to identify with) with which we are presented or which are contested, but attempt to dissolve us as readers with stable identities (e.g. stable reading habits). In order to displace our liberal-tolerant identity (also an effect of self-congratulatory misrecognition), their main strategy is to create, by inventing a new variety of discourse, a linguistic space beyond all identifications that have been so far possible in the language. By engaging in such a literary experience we find that we are more (or other) than our identity, more (or other) than the image with which we have identified so far. During such traumatic experiences we do not dissolve into chaos (we do not lose language, we do not become autistic) but find out who we are, that is, we discover that we truly are this gap in ourselves which allows as to turn into somebody else; in other words, that *we are free* — what Rimbaud expressed by writing "I am the Other." Stating it yet another way: a space beyond the possible/nameable appears, which is also the space of an (im)possibility of myself — and this is the space which does not belong to my identity. I encounter my identification as a contingent creation of language, which an encounter with a truly new discourse puts into perspective, that is, presents as *identité manquée*, as false identification. An antagonism that never allows us to become ourselves asserts its rights primarily in language because it is language itself that is the scene of our sticking out of ourselves: something that simultaneously is us (we express our identity in language) and is a foreign body in us (language is transindividual, something that comes to us from outside).

A number of works in the western canon can be treated as universal in the above sense, because they put the expression of negativity in language in the centre of attention. We owe the theoretical formulation of the foregoing premises to Romantic authors who abandoned the model of ancient Greece and claimed that the perfect work of art proper to modern times had yet to be created, so in them the canonical consciousness became consciousness for-itself. Yet as in-itself this consciousness had been present since at least the beginning of modernity. Despite all avowed attempts at reminiscence, in the sense of emulating what was claimed to be the unsurpassable perfection of the ancients, as the achievements of, among oth-

ers, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton and Goethe show, repetition (the "traumatic" use of language) becomes what counts as the measure of the canonical. Hence it is rightly said that Romanticism puts art in the place of God and establishes the aesthetic as a religion — this religion is the proper heir of the traumatic God of Abraham.

Therefore the root of what the knaves present as the priceless gem of western cultural identity, to be defended against the onslaught of barbarity (e.g. popular culture), turns out to be a nothing, the empty place of a lack of identification. This nothingness at the core has always resulted in the ferocious attack which western identity mounts against itself. In other words, what both multiculturalists and Eurocetrists are not prepared to tackle is the fact that *what makes the work canonical is its successful attack on the canon*. So, paradoxically, there was a grain of truth in Eliot's seemingly mandarin concept of tradition: although in general he could serve as the arch-example of the Eurocentrist identity (his pathetic identification with Virgil, etc.), his emphasis on the impersonality (escape from identity) of great works cuts close to the bone. This relinquishing of identity, however, does not result, as Eliot asserted, from the identification with "the mind of Europe — the mind of his own country — a mind which [an artist] learns to be much more important than his own private mind."[14] What is more important than "his own private mind" for the writer is not an identity greater than his own, which is still an identity nevertheless ("the mind of Europe"), but the lack of identity, a lack he or she can put to work to bring "the mind of Europe" or tradition into question.

One might even go further and claim that every work worth calling canonical is written in a language that is largely incomprehensible to its contemporaries, yet because of this it bores into their reading habits of perception and makes them uneasy because its primary effect is to make the impossible shine through the work, to open up the space of the unnameable. After their encounter with the trauma of such work, the critics start to mend the hole it has torn in our habits with their interpretations. That is, they try to weave the new work into the tapestry of culture, to tell us "what it means," and to a greater or lesser extent they often succeed, but every work worth its canonical status, if reapproached carefully, retains some traumatic material which resists gentrification. Even in very "identity-bound" authors, as the example of Dickens has shown, such places can be found, and they are what make for the experience of reading.

My belief is, therefore, that you cannot contest the canon in a stronger way that by the strategy the canon uses against itself and this is precisely what identity politics activists, whether hegemonic or not, do not want to see. Instead they adopt the position of a hysteric: they behave as if they contested the Master (the canon, the "establishment") but such contestation is not contestation at all because it simply takes the shape of bombarding the Master (who is thus acknowledged as

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14 T.S. Eliot, "Tradition and the Individual Talent," in: Graham Martin and P.N. Furbank, eds., *Twentieth Century Poetry: Critical Essays and Documents* (Milton Keynes: The Open University Press, 1975), 81.

the Master) with demands — with demands that *He do the work for them*. In other words, rather than write a work that would forcibly shake the foundations of the canon, that would *displace* the works they find questionable, oppressive or disgusting, they call for police activity to lock away things that are unpleasant from their partial standpoint.

In order to show that I am not just "doing theory" without reference to practice, let me briefly present one example of a writer whose writing practice largely corresponds with the ideas I have tried to put forth. One of a few genuinely feminist writers of fiction I am aware of is Elfriede Jelinek, who in a sense performs a Woolfian programme but in a more successful and less self-delusive way. Virginia Woolf's predicament is famous: there are no precursors of feminine writing, the whole tradition is male (the women who have written tried to imitate men), so the female voice has to be invented from scratch. That is what Woolf tried to initiate — she invented a language more "liquid," ethereal and supposedly maternal, less rational and matter-of-fact than the "male" Victorian language she inherited. This is undoubtedly her aesthetic achievement, but, of course, the point of misrecognition here is that "more ethereal and less rational" (another way of saying "weak and hysterical") were precisely the terms in which male Victorian tradition identified femininity as such. This goes to show that Woolf, in spite of her critical stance, became the victim of (mis)identification with the male fantasy of the feminine in her culture. Therefore her achievement is ambiguous — she invented a language for a virtual product of male fantasy. And such a feat clearly comes back with a vengeance as the omnipresent transcendental signifier, to which her prose refers all the time, in the shape of the Truth hidden behind the surface of phenomena, which can be grasped by feminine artistic practice or intuition.[15]

Jelinek's problem is the same as Woolf's (there is no feminine writing, despite the feminists' practice of the last forty years; even Ingeborg Bachmann does not qualify[16]), yet she identifies with no image: she cannot find a place for her in language, there is no point of imaginary identification for her as a woman there. Therefore her writing becomes an attack on language (on language as the tool producing identities, *especially* female ones) — she ploughs through it and wreaks havoc in signification, she disorganises language as the space of figures which enable domination (yet another name for identification). And the effect is unmistakable: an impossible (atopic) dimension of *écriture feminine* shines through in its terrible splendour. But

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[15] The ruminations of Mrs Ramsay in *To the Lighthouse* may serve here as one of the well-known examples: "there is a coherence in things; a stability; something, she meant, is immune from change, and shines out […] in the face of the flowing, the fleeting the spectral, like a ruby; so that again tonight she had a feeling she had once today, of peace of rest. Of such moments, she thought, the thing is made that remains for ever after." Virginia Woolf, *Orlando, Mrs Dolloway, To the Lighthouse* (London: Chancellor Press, 1994), 359.

[16] Interview with Elfiede Jelinek by Riki Winter in: Kurt Bartsch and Günther Höfler, eds., *Dossier* 2: *Elfiede Jelinek* (Graz: Droschl, 1991).

there is nothing nice to it, it is neither beautiful nor comradely, it is not the place to engage in sisterly activity of quilt-making. It provides for a painful and excruciating reading as it fits a transforming experience: to experience what it is to write as a woman is like finding yourself at great altitude without an oxygen bottle. If a language is to stand up against the prehistory of (male chauvinist) oppression,[17] which has to be primarily incarnated in the very form of the language itself, nothing pleasant can be expected from it — and there we see it: *écriture masculine* in convulsions. Thus the unnameable shines through.

Source

Sławomir Masłoń, "The essential (political) appendix: on art, garbage and matters of the canon, in: Masłoń, *Stating the obvious: Celon, Beckett, Nauman*, Katowice, Wydawnictwo Uniwersytetu Śląskiego, 2012, 109—117.

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[17] For Jelinek, the infamous German and Austrian past is never far away from discursive male domination.