Record Nr. UNINA9910789245703321 Autore Fort Jeff Titolo The imperative to write: destitutions of the sublime in Kafka, Blanchot, and Beckett / / Jeff Fort Pubbl/distr/stampa New York:,: Fordham University Press,, 2014 ©2014 **ISBN** 0-8232-5471-2 0-8232-6144-1 0-8232-5472-0 Edizione [First edition.] Descrizione fisica 1 online resource (496 pages) Collana Perspectives in continental philosophy Disciplina 809 Soggetti Sublime, The, in literature Lingua di pubblicazione Inglese **Formato** Materiale a stampa Livello bibliografico Monografia Note generali Description based upon print version of record. Nota di bibliografia Includes bibliographical references and index. Nota di contenuto Front matter -- Contents -- List of Abbreviations -- Preface --Introduction -- 1. Kafka's Teeth -- 2. The Ecstasy of Judgment -- 3. Embodied Violence and the Leap from the Law -- 4. Degradation of the Sublime -- 5. Pointed Instants -- 6. The Shell and the Mask -- 7. The Dead Look -- 8. Beckett's Voices and the Paradox of Expression -- 9. Company, But Not Enough -- Conclusion. Speech Unredeemed --Notes -- Bibliography -- Index Is writing haunted by a categorical imperative? Does the Kantian Sommario/riassunto sublime continue to shape the writer's vocation, even for twentiethcentury authors? What precise shape, form, or figure does this residue of sublimity take in the fictions that follow from it—and that leave it in ruins? This book explores these questions through readings of three authors who bear witness to an ambiguous exigency: writing as a demanding and exclusive task, at odds with life, but also a mere compulsion, a drive without end or reason, even a kind of torture. If Kafka, Blanchot, and Beckett mimic a sublime vocation in their extreme devotion to writing, they do so in full awareness that the trajectory it

dictates leads not to metaphysical redemption but rather downward, into the uncanny element of fiction. As this book argues, the sublime has always been a deeply melancholy affair, even in its classical Kantian

form, but it is in the attenuated speech of narrative voices progressively stripped of their resources and rewards that the true nature of this melancholy is revealed.