



The Space of Literature

Maurice Blanchot , Ann Smock (Translator) , Sündüz Öztürk Kasar (Translator)

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The Space of Literature Maurice Blanchot , Ann Smock (Translator) , Sündüz Öztürk Kasar (Translator) Maurice Blanchot, the eminent literary and cultural critic, has had a vast influence on contemporary French writers—among them Jean Paul Sartre and Jacques Derrida. From the 1930s through the present day, his writings have been shaping the international literary consciousness. *The Space of Literature*, first published in France in 1955, is central to the development of Blanchot's thought. In it he reflects on literature and the unique demand it makes upon our attention. Thus he explores the process of reading as well as the nature of artistic creativity, all the while considering the relation of the literary work to time, to history, and to death. This book consists not so much in the application of a critical method or the demonstration of a theory of literature as in a patiently deliberate meditation upon the literary experience, informed most notably by studies of Mallarmé, Kafka, Rilke, and Hölderlin. Blanchot's discussions of those writers are among the finest in any language.

The Space of Literature Details

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Sabina says

“Literarni prostor (L’espace littéraire, 1955) je eno najpomembnejših esejskih del znanega francoskega romanopisca, literarnega kritika in filozofa Mauricea Blanchota (1907 – 2003). Blanchot je prehodil precej burno politično pot: od pripadnika skrajne desnice in celo antisemitskih pogledov v času med obema vojnama do udeleženca odporniškega gibanja med drugo svetovno vojno, naprotnika vojne v Alžiru in politike generala De Gaula pa vse do simpatizerja upornih ultraleviških študentov v maju ’68. Intelktualno se je oblikoval ob intimnem prijateljevanju z Emmanuelom Levinasom in z branjem Heideggerovega traktata *Bit in čas*. Veliko se je družil tudi z Georgesom Bataillem, obudoval je zlasti njegov esej *Notranja izkušnja*. Po vojni je urejal številne literarne revije (L’Arche, Les Temps Modernes, Critique, Nouvelle revue française) in postal ena vodilnih intelektualnih osebnosti druge polovice 20. stoletja. Njegove zbirke esejev, zlasti *Ognjeni delež* (La part du feu, 1949), *Literarni prostor* in *Prihodnja knjiga* (Le livre à venir, 1971), so močno zaznamovale francosko literarnoestetsko in filozofsko kritično mišljenje – naj so se slkicevali, mdr., R. Barthes, J. Derrida, M. Foucault, G. Deleuze in J. Lacan. Svojim literarnim sopotnikom (zlasti G. Bataillu in M. Durasovi) in njihovemu skupnemu spogledovanju s komunizmom se je v osemdesetih letih oddolžil s knjigo *Prihodnja skupnost* (La communauté inavouable, 1983). Blanchotova zadnja knjiga esejev – *Glas od drugod* (Une voix venue d’ailleurs, 2001) – je posvečena opusom Louisa-Renéja des Foretsa, Michela Foucaulta in Paula Celana.

Blanchotova kritično-teoretska misel epistemološko pripada literarni hermenevtiki: na daleč se izogiba biografskim in družbenozgodovinskim premisam pozitivistične literarne vede. Izvirni prostor književnosti, njeno sporočilo in pomen odkriva v obzorju, ki ga zarisuje večplastni, ambivalentni in neprosojni jezik poezije. Resnico literarne govornice išče ne v neizrekljivemu, v negotovih blodnjah po labirintu jezika, v slutnjem dotiku presežne izkušnje smrti. Osrednja metafora, ki jo Blanchot rad uporablja pri označevanju pesniške izkušnje spoznavanja in izrekanja sveta ter lovekovega položaja v njem, je zato metafora Orfejevega pogleda čez rame nazaj na Evridiko. Pesnikovo uzrtje “realni” predmet pogleda res vrne iz luči biti v temo ne-bitu, a prav to zrenje v zenico smrti in nič je hkrati najvišja zvestoba pesniški poklicanosti – uzreti resnico ne v njeni dnevni, oprijemljivi, uporabni obliki, ampak približati se ji v njeni krhki začnosti, zastrtosti, tujosti, neizrekljivosti: “ne zato, da bi ji daroval življenje, marveč zato, da bi v njenj oživil vso polnost smrti”. Izkušnja smrti, ki je nedostopna racionalno-logičnemu diskurzu, je potemtakem tisti odlikovani prostor pesniškega (in s tem vsakršnega leposlovnega) jezika, tisti privilegirani “literarni prostor”, kjer prihajata v svetlobo dneva tema nič in iz zamolka tišine stvariteljska beseda. To je prostor, kjer se na ozadju smrti vznika življenje. Ni naključje, da so osrednja imena, okrog katerih Blanchot v Literarnem prostoru vzpostavlja svoj suvereni in avtonomni “teritorij literature”, prav Mallarmé, Kafka, Rilke in Hölderlin.”

Kljub vabljevemu opisu mi knjiga ni bila všeč. Mogoče jo bom poskusila prebrati še kdaj drugič.

stefi says

I am always reading this book...the writing of the "constellations of doubt" - writing as close as possible to the desire for language itself.

Nicholas Mennuti says

If you ever wanted to understand why all your writer friends are congenitally depressed -- Blanchot knows why. The writing project will almost always be an inevitable failure and you can never truly die. So French it hurts...Just read it.

?élanie M. ?????? says

Blanchot et moi: une nouvelle histoire d'amour!

Gerardo says

A ces jours, je n'ai jamais lu un livre de critique littéraire qui se soit inspiré de façon si profonde à l'existentialisme de Heidegger.

La poésie, c'est-à-dire l'art de créer à travers la langue, est en contact avec le néant, donc la mort. Mais, cela n'est pas une chose négative, parce que c'est dans le néant que le poète peut être libre. En effet, n'étant plus lié aux contraintes du réel, l'homme peut fonder son propre monde. En plus, dans le monde né de la réflexion de l'écrivain les objets sont montrés hors de leur sens utilitaire, pour devenir leur propre essence. L'objet, dans l'art, est sa propre essence, parce qu'il s'éloigne du réel.

La littérature est l'expérience de l'éternel commencement, parce que l'être lu est la finalité du texte et chaque lecture devient une nouvelle origine du sens contenu dans la langue du travail artistique. C'est pourquoi la poésie est à la fois un élément lié à la mort et, mais aussi un élément situé au-delà du temps : elle meurt à la fin de chaque lecture, mais une autre lecture est toujours possible. L'Object littéraire est éternel, mais son sens se renouvelle à chaque lecture. Donc, la fin du texte, son contact avec la mort, ouvre toutes les possibilités : la mort dit qu'il y a toujours la possibilité d'une négation, donc de pouvoir choisir entre la présence et l'absence. Sans la mort, il n'y a pas de choix : tout est sans fin, contraint à être uniquement sa propre essence.

Enfin, il y a toujours la nécessité d'un final : sans la fin, le texte ne peut pas rejoindre son sens plus propre. Tandis que la lecture n'est pas finie, le récit peut devenir ce que l'on veut : mais c'est le final qui dissipe chaque ambiguïté, parce qu'il dit comment les choses sont passées.

Don Socha says

Very significant with regard to thoughts on Blasé or distinctions between words and things (See Foucault's The Order of Things).

Michael A. says

challenging in more ways than one

Alex Obrigewitsch says

Anyone who writes or is interested in writing should read this work immediately. It shocks me how little Blanchot is known and discussed (even in academia (and especially outside of France)).

A figure of great thought and importance, dwelling on the margins of society (both physical and intellectual)

Darina says

This is not a book about literature as much as about life's challenges: loneliness, death, artmaking, etc. Blanchot's thoughts are dense, rambling and not so clear but a good exercise for the mind. Some of the writers examined here include Kafka, Mallarmé, Dostoevsky, Rilke and Hölderlin.

Open Books says

A beautifully written analysis of the phenomenon that is so important to all of us here.

Nina says

In order to balance out the seven Harry Potter books I have on my page, I realized that I should probably start giving myself credit for all the smart-person reading I've done. It's just...who wants to read a review of theory when they can read a review of Harry Potter...besides Erez?

So, Blanchot is the intersection of the soul into the academy. He is that space that allows for irresponsibility, for anxiety, for the honest shadow that says we only half-know what we are doing. His concept of "Fascination" has burned in my brain for seven years and inspired poems, an experimental novel, short stories...and even a literary magazine.

He is easier to digest than Deleuze and Guattari and more poetic than Benjamin...although they do both share a wonderful mysticism.

Some day I'll go back to grad school and maybe then I'll study B-dog in a structured way. For now, I read him on my own terms and am probably better for it.

Joe says

Art and Action (Political)

"Whoever acknowledges effective action in the thick of history as his essential task cannot prefer artistic action. Art acts poorly and little. It is clear that if Marx had followed the dreams of his youth and written the most beautiful novels in the world, he would have enchanted the world, but he would not have shaken it."

(213)

This as opposed to a pre-enlightenment art which could participate in eternal or sacred time. Desacralized, art can only be utilitarian (part of the world of means and purposes) and in comparison to all other courses of action, pretty shitty at being utilitarian.

Usefulness in Refusal

And so art finds its place where “art withdraws into the most invisible and the most interior—into the empty point of existence where it shelters its sovereignty in refusal and the superabundance of refusal” (215).

In Glorifying the Self, Un-limiting the self, the Artist Affirms the Will, Power, and Useful Destiny of Man

“If he discloses the profundity of inner life, if he restores its richness, its free movement...the more this self becomes deep, insatiable, and empty, the more powerful is the advance of the human will, which already in the heart’s intimacy (but with a still unperceived intention) has posed the world as a set of objects that can be produced and are destined to usefulness” (217)

The Poem as Making then Casting Out Its Author

“Inspiration is not the gift of the poem to someone existing already, but the gift of existence to someone who does not yet exist” (227)

The poem “dispossesses” the poet who writes it. “The creator has no power over his work.”

The Space of the Poem. Poem as other.

What the work creates is “not another world, but the other of all worlds, that which is always other than the world” (228)

“Always it says, in one guise or another: beginning”

Art Without the Gods. Art in a desacralized world.

“What will become now of art, now that the gods and even their absence are gone, and now that man’s presence offers no support?” (233)

Art as repetition (and repetition aligned with failure)

“Beginning again, repetition, the fatal return—everything evoked by experiences where estrangement is allied with the strangely familiar, where the irremedial takes the form of an endless repetition, where the same is posed in the dizziness of redoubling, there is no cognition but only recognition.” (243)

Art and the beginning, alpha

“But where has art led us? To a time before the world, before the beginning.” (244). Utopia.

Language and the Absence of the Sacred – the loss of the evoking word

“It seems that art owes the strangest of torments and the very grave passion that animate it to the disappearance of the historical forms of the divine. Art was the language of the gods. The gods having disappeared, it became the language in which their disappearance was expressed, then the language in which this disappearance itself ceased to appear. This forgetfulness now speaks all alone.” (246)

“the double absence of the gods who are no longer and who are not yet. The poem’s space is entirely represented by this and, which indicates the double absence, the separation at its most tragic instant” (247)

Richard says

Socrates, a man I deeply respect, hated sophists. But then again, he never read Blanchot.

vi macdonald says

4.5

Amyem says

<http://www.bookcrossing.com/journal/1...>
