

See Jane Play, See Dick (Run)



We girls can do anything—

One day I decided that Barbie would wear Ken's leisure suit. My brother said "Cathy you don't know anything – Barbie wears dresses." Barbie, as far as I was concerned, could wear whatever the hell she wanted. My brother, along with my mother and my friends, insisted that I didn't know what I was talking about. Luckily, I didn't play with my mother and as far as the others, I was a tomboy and could physically overpower them. So I got my way, Barbie could cut her ridiculous hair, wear a leisure suit, go to work, and leave Ken home to change Kenny Jr.¹

For(e)play

No, no, don't apologize. I think that's a fair question – you just want to know how I feel. There's nothing wrong with that. So, how do I feel ... I know, give me your hands and I'll show you. Okay, okay, I'll be serious. You want to know what all this means to me, right? Well, I guess if I had to pin it down right this second I'd say something like this:

It is not surprising that the contributors to theories of estrangement are often those who have experienced the estrangement of academe, the canon, and theory itself. Because I profess feminism to undergraduate students, I'm interested in looking at the effects of the feminist professor as she plays down, plays out, or plays up her estrangement in the classroom. In an institution that centres theories of estrangement, yet excludes estranging theories and estranging praxis, which play – if any – constitutes an emancipatory strategy for feminists?

But that's just how I feel right now. The other day I read that "it is better for women to avoid stating things precisely,"² so don't make me say it. Let's just do it, okay?

All work & no play makes Jane

Play is nothing new to women. And the recognition of women's play is nothing new to feminists. Ever since Simone de Beauvoir articulated that woman is "a product elaborated by civilization," feminists have exposed and revolted against the gendered play dictated by patriarchy. In *Of Woman Born*, for example, Adrienne Rich describes her frustration with "acting the part of the feminine creature" as girl, as woman, and particularly as mother. Similarly, in "The Laugh of the Medusa," Helene Cixous insists that we stop playing "the false woman who is preventing the live one from breathing." One of the most impassioned denouncements of women's compulsory play comes from *The Female Eunuch* where Germaine Greer rejects the ideal of the Eternal Feminine:³

Maybe I couldn't make it. Maybe I don't have a pretty smile, good teeth, nice tits, long legs, a cheeky arse, a sexy voice. Maybe I don't know how to handle men and increase my market value, so that the rewards due to the feminine will accrue to me. Then again, maybe I'm sick of the masquerade. I'm sick of pretending eternal youth. I'm sick of belying my own intelligence, my own will, my own sex. I'm sick of peering at the world through false eyelashes, so everything I see is mixed with a shadow of bought hairs; I'm sick of weighting my head with a dead mane, unable to move my neck freely, terrified of rain, of wind, of dancing too vigorously in case I sweat into my lacquered curls. I'm sick of the Powder Room I'm sick of being a transvestite. I refuse to be a female impersonator. I am a woman not a castrate.

With few exceptions, feminists from the second wave don't want to play anymore. Like Greer who wrote *The Female Eunuch* back in 1970, we're sick of playing at something we're not and of playing according to someone else's rules. Instead, we want to displa(y)ce the patriarchal games devised for women.

In the feminist's classroom (as in her texts), that displa(y)cement takes the form of playing down play altogether and playing up our resistance to play instead. In "Taking Female Students Seriously," Rich advocates such a pedagogy of displa(y)cement. Identifying the impact of feminine conditioning on female scholars, she claims that "[a]s women teachers, we can

either deny the importance of this context in which women students think, write, read, study, project their own futures; or try to work with it. We can either teach passively, accepting these conditions, or actively, helping our students identify and resist them."

Playing (with) ourselves

Paradoxically, however, through our efforts to displa(y)ce patriarchal ideals and the very notion of an ideal for women, we've (unintentionally) constructed a new ideal for women to play up to: the ideal of the Eternal Feminist. Many women find this ideal about as unnatural, almost as compulsory, and consequently just as problematic as the ideal of the Eternal Feminine. Janice Williamson explains that as feminists "[w]e ask ourselves how we measure up to feminist ethical standards, standards which are often non-specific, unspoken, and certainly ideal. There are preconceived notions about what feminists are supposed to look like, how we are supposed to behave or dress, and what kind of language we should speak." It appears that the letter "y" is central to theories and pedagogies of displa(y)cement. Rather than liberating women from all play, such theories cement women to displaying the Eternal Feminist; rather than denounce play altogether, they simply expect dis/play rather than feminine play.

The Eternal Feminist ideal is particularly problematic for the feminist professor. In the classroom, we find ourselves (situated as the) acting Eternal Feminist, playing role model for dozens of aspiring Eternal Feminists. While, as Williamson points out, the feminist professor is "supposed to be preeminently a non-contradictory subject," at all levels, the feminist professor can only be contradictory.

At the first and most obvious level — as woman — she contradicts the gendered notion of the professor. Recent studies of the student ratings of university-level instruction reveal that to match the ratings of male instructors, female instructors must display stereotypically feminine behaviour. When both sexes provide the same level of professional instruction, students of both sexes give their female instructors significantly lower ratings. Only when female instructors begin to act feminine (by smiling or making social contact with their students) do their ratings increase; interestingly, when male instructors adopt the same feminine behaviour, their ratings are not affected. Another study reveals that besides displaying feminine characteristics, female instructors must work harder to convince their students that they possess the masculine qualities associated with the professorial role. One study concludes that female

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And the recognition

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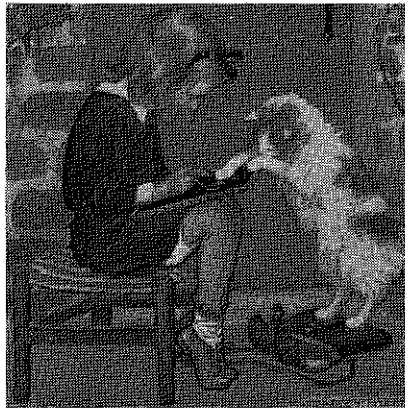
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instructors must do more to convey confidence and decisiveness than their male colleagues.

While reinforcing that our notion of the professor is gendered, these studies also point us to a second level of contradiction for the female professor. As we've seen, to achieve as professor, a woman must significantly play up both femininity and masculinity. She must simultaneously demonstrate qualities that are "posed in opposition, in tension, in conflict," playing both sides of a "couple engaged in a kind of war in which death is always at work" (Cixous, *Castration*). As Cixous' definition suggests, in logocentric society the either/or exclusionary nature of the binary opposition insists that one term can only exist by silencing its opposite: the female professor's femininity can only exist to the exclusion of her masculinity; her masculinity can only exist to the exclusion of her femininity. By embracing both sides of this dichotomy, the female professor further embraces contradiction.

When the female professor plays acting Eternal Feminist, she is (ef) faced with three more contradictions. In her attempt to achieve as female professor, the feminist professor deviates from her pedagogy of displa(y)cement by playing out the same feminine qualities that she denounces. Similarly, the professorial masculinity she must play out often directly contradicts feminist values. Applying Barbara Johnson's observation about female writers to feminist professors, we can see that it is not enough to be a feminist teaching to resist the naturalness of female and feminist effacement in the subtly



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male pseudo-genderlessness of pedagogy.⁴ Finally and perhaps most problematically, despite her feminist convictions, her idyllic intentions, and her doctorate, the feminist professor cannot leap out of her patriarchal context to become an a-contextual ideal. Barthes notion of "the impossibility of living outside the finite text" means that, to some extent, woman is always already situated within the patriarchal context. As woman, the feminist professor is too female. As acting Eternal Feminist, she is too feminine, too phallic, too contextualized, and, of course, too contradictory.

The ideal of the Eternal Feminist poses similar problems for other feminists. In their journals, many of my students express discomfort with the ideal and their ability to play it. The following excerpts convey a unanimous skepticism:

I don't think I'm a feminist really. Maybe a mild one. I certainly try to make myself equal but not anything that I would have to do publicly. I think almost every woman has a little bit of feminism in them, especially now as women's roles are beginning to change, and women are less confined to traditional jobs.

I like to consider myself a liberated woman — able to think for myself, make my own decisions, and be regarded as an equal to my male counterpart. Yet complications arise when I find myself enjoying a door being held open or a compliment being given. Does this make me a part-time feminist?

I wouldn't say that I'm a feminist. I don't know enough about it to be one. I believe men and women should be treated equally and should be independent. Does the belief in these two ideas make me a feminist? How does someone become a feminist? Does it well up within until an individual can no longer

contain it? Does it come from being forced to be independent? Does it come from a bad marriage or a good education? This is a question I would like to have answered. If feminism comes from a good education can I expect to be a feminist after four years of university?

Am I a feminist? I've never really thought of myself as an actual feminist but now that I think about it I guess I sort of am. I mean, I'm not really into women's liberation and changing such statements as "mankind" to "humankind," but I strongly believe that women should be treated with equal respect.

Those who aspire to the ideal of the Eternal Feminist more fully discuss the guilt associated with playing the feminist. One student guiltily confesses to hating being a woman during a painful yeast infection and pap test. Another apologizes to me for her low body image and resulting bulimia. Another relentlessly criticizes her "betrayal" of feminism for making the assumption that her surgeon would be male and for questioning the competence of a female surgeon. To conclude a full page of self-criticism, she writes: "I brag about being open-minded only to turn around and stab women-kind in the back. I feel I have done a great disservice to women in general. . . . it appears that I have a lot of work ahead of me in order to knock out all of society's unjust attitudes from my system."

When confronted with the impossible ideal of the Eternal Feminist, these women simply cannot measure up. Unlike the Eternal Feminist, these feminists don't make scenes in public; they like having doors opened for them; they enjoy compliments from men; they haven't experienced a bad marriage or a good education; they don't love their cunts every minute of every day; they see the image of the Eternal Feminine as more natural and certainly more beautiful than the image they see in the mirror; they punish not praise the uniqueness of their bodies; they find themselves operating according to the same patriarchal attitudes that they denounce. Consequently, they describe themselves as *mild, part-time, not actual, sort of feminists*. Like their professor, they don't merely resist or denounce play; instead, they contradictorily and secretly and guiltily find themselves playing according to two antithetical ideals — the patriarchal ideal of the Eternal Feminine and the feminist ideal of the Eternal Feminist.

It's only fun if someone loses an I

The above examples point us to the way the recording of Woman's experience in THE FEMINIST DISCOURSE differs from women's experiences as recorded in dis/course. To demonstrate

that difference, let me include one more passage from a student's journal:

I've decided to do my own little part for the feminist movement. By using the word "cunt" regularly, you depower the word. Since it is one of the ugliest words used today, and it makes a normal part of the female anatomy seem dirty, stinky, rotten, and offensive, I've decided to include it in my vocabulary. I started with my boyfriend. I turned to him and said "My cunt is itchy." Now my roommates and I say it all the time — "Would you please move your cunt out of the way?" or "How's your cunt?" or "I banged my leg, I'm



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glad I didn't hurt my cunt." A good friend of mine at work has adopted my new word and we have fun with our cunt talk. Once at the bar [we work at] I sat next to her and said "Hi Kim, how's your cunt?" and she said "Terrific, how's yours?" A male co-worker [who is] one of the biggest flirts and women users at our restaurant was behind the bar and overheard us. He looked at us and said "What did you say?" We roared out laughing and he replied "Holy fuck you guys are retarded," then he shook his head, glared at us, and stomped away. You see, Kim and I look pretty much like "good girls," we wear make-up and try to dress well. That guy obviously didn't expect these feminine young girls to use the word "cunt," only whores use that word.

When I initially recorded this quote, I ended it here. Undoubtedly, this conclusion is a "good" one: it demonstrates that my student recognizes society's Eternal

Feminine/Whore dichotomy; she understands the relationship between that dichotomy and our discussion about women reclaiming their cunts; and she knows that her play (or "cunt talk" as she calls it) is subversive. With this conclusion, her anecdote would deserve full marks, and for bringing it to your attention, so would I.

More importantly, however, the unedited conclusion to this journal entry reads "It was pretty funny at the time, but maybe we got carried away. Maybe things got out of hand." By cutting out these two lines to carefully remove any indication of insecurity, uncertainty, or contradiction in accordance to my role as acting Eternal Feminist, I rendered her cuntclusion a conclusion. My own act of castration — my attempt to render her messy and potent(ially problematic) recuntstruction a squeaky clean reconstruction — typifies the castration subjected to feminist discourse as it is prepared for THE FEMINIST DISCOURSE. Similarly, it typifies the necessary castration of the aspiring Eternal Feminist.

Analogous to its impact on woman in her entirety and on women generally, the impact of THE FEMINIST DISCOURSE on the cunt is, in many ways, extremely positive. In the hands of feminists, the cunt has finally begun to come alive. Feminists have personified the cunt; they've rendered the passive object an active subject; they've remembered what phallogentric society has dismembered; they've made the hole whole.⁵ While such efforts have been invaluable in enticing women to reclaim their cunts, this reconstruction is too static to reflect women's cuntflicting experiences. THE FEMINIST DISCOURSE, like the patriarchal discourse of femininity, presents and promotes only a systemic sanitization of women's messy experiences. While patriarchs created women's alleged need for feminine deodorant spray, we feminists are still (figuratively) spraying it through our squeaky clean approach to denouncing it. Like the ideal of the Eternal Feminist, our "fresh and natural" scented DISCOURSE serves to de-naturalize women from themselves and from feminism.

As we profess feminism, I propose that we stop cleaning up our acts. To do so, we need to admit to our estrangement by telling our students that as women and as feminists we find ourselves always already playing. It is time that feminists cuntaminate THE FEMINIST DISCOURSE with contradictory experiences such as those described by my students in dis/course. In 1991, *The Female Eunuch* invites a sequel called *The Feminist Eunuch*. Twenty-one years after Greer's impassioned denouncement of the Eternal Feminine, we need an equally impassioned denouncement of the Eternal Feminist:

Maybe I couldn't make it. Maybe I do have a pretty smile, good teeth, nice tits, long legs, a cheeky arse, a sexy voice. Maybe I do know how to handle men and increase my market value, so that the rewards due to the feminine will accrue to me. Then again, maybe I'm sick of masquerading the masquerade. I'm sick of pretending eternal sisterhood. I'm sick of belying my own context, my own contradictions, my own complicity. I'm sick of peering at the world through false dichotomy, so everything I see is either politically correct or phallogentric; I'm sick of weighting my head with a dead certainty, unable to implicate myself, terrified of implicating the others, afraid of thinking too vigorously in case I implicate us all. I'm sick of the Guilt. I can only be a transvestite. I refuse to be a feminist impersonator. I am a woman and a castrate.

Although my pla(y)giarism advocates the Death of the Eternal Feminist, it does not advocate the death of feminisms. I am simply calling the static and idyllic feminist identity into question. As Jane Gallop explains in *The Daughter's Seduction*:

... any identity will necessarily be alien and constraining. I do not believe in some "new identity" which would be adequate and authentic. But I do not seek some sort of liberation from identity. That would only lead to another

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form of paralysis — the oceanic passivity of undifferentiation. Identity must be continually assumed and immediately called into question.

To Gallop's assertion that "any identity will necessarily be alien and constraining," I would also add that it will necessarily be insightful. While the feminist identity has been both alien and constraining (indeed, cuntstraining), it has also offered insights into ourselves and our contexts that other identities could not. I believe it is crucial that we as feminists be the ones to call our identities into question; otherwise, we risk losing our insights, our political voice, and our power (however marginalized our power might be) to statements like this one:

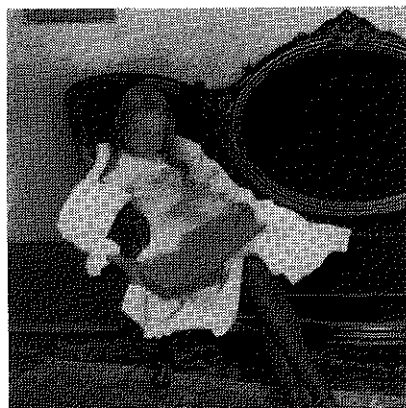
Feminism is nothing but the operation of a woman who aspires to be like a man. And in order to resemble the masculine dogmatic philosopher this woman lays claim — just as much claim as he — to truth, science and objectivity in all their castrated delusions of virility. Feminism too seeks to castrate. It wants a castrated woman.

Speaking of "masculine dogmatic philosophers," it was Jacques Derrida who brought us that four-sentence fuck. After encounters like that one, feminists may never walk again. For it to be good for us too, we need to be the ones to play up our contra/diction, to de-sanitize THE FEMINIST DISCOURSE, and to decuntstruct the ideal of the Eternal Feminist.

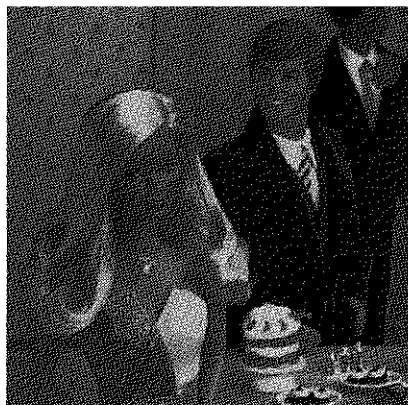
Certainly, postmodernism appears to offer feminists an identity that allows for such a playing up, de-sanitization, and decuntstruction. Because it "riotously

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embraces indeterminacy, fragmentation, decanonization, selflessness, irony, [and] hybridization," as Ihab Hassan put it, and the postmodern perspective allows us to centre contradictory play and de-sanitize THE FEMINIST DISCOURSE. And because the postmodern perspective is as Linda Hutcheon says "paradoxical in its conservative installing and then radical contesting of conventions," it allows us to play up our paradoxical association and dissociation with the patriarchal ideal of the Eternal Feminine and the feminist ideal of the Eternal Feminist. However, as Gallop would insist, the postmodern identity, like any identity, must be "immediately called into question." As we do so, it appears that a feminist identity that



I started

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doesn't down-play our play does not equate with the compla(y)cent parodic(k) postmodern identity.

Daddy says I can play

Postmodernism in academe reminds me of PlayDay in public school. It was more fun than the work days and there were pretty good prizes and we got to see the teachers in their play clothes, but they were still the ones in charge and we still had to be there and be nice all day long and some of the games were just plain stupid. I remember doing three-legged races tied to some nerd hopping across the playground towards Mr. Copeland worrying that I might let the blue team down and hoping that the hunk Robin Sayner and the cute John Thompson couldn't see me and wondering whether this was really any more fun than math

class. Like the institutionalized play I knew in grade school, the institutionalized play of postmodernism regulates and contains our play. In the same way that PlayDay sucked the fun out of three-legged races, the institution of postmodernism sucks the playfulness out of play.

Reminiscent of the systemic sanitization of THE FEMINIST DISCOURSE, the systemic sucking of the THE POSTMODERN DISCOURSE allows us to comfortably advocate discomfort, to profess dis/ease with ease, to offer one (gendered) perspective on diversity, to dismiss the author with authority, and to confidently assert incredulity. Borrowing Barthes' ideas in *Mythologies* about metalanguage, we can see that THE POSTMODERN DISCOURSE is "depoliticized by a general metalanguage which is trained to celebrate things, and no longer to 'act them';" such language "does not deny things, on the contrary, its function is to talk about them." Barthes explains that, by talking about it, metalanguage "constitutes a kind of preserve for myth." THE POSTMODERN DISCOURSE preserves myths of contradiction, multiplicity, subversion, and incredulity.

It appears that while theories of estrangement can exist in a context that eliminates estrangement, estranging theories and estranging praxis cannot. By submissively pla(y)ing her play next to the (para)dic(k) play of the postmodern playboy, the post-feminist professor pla(y)ces herself within a context that plays down the very play that it professes to play up. As playmate to the compla(y)cent playboy, the feminist's necessary power play is reduced to mere powder play; as she plays the postmodern player, she finds herself back in the Powder Room that Greer encouraged us to escape from 21 years ago.

For example, discussing her PlayBook, *Reading Lacan*, one post-feminist explains that the publisher found

the text was not worthy of publication because it demonstrated inadequate command of the subject matter, adding that I even admitted as much. Returning to this issue at the report's end, the reader suggested that I did not sufficiently grasp the Lacanian theory of sexual identification and that I should wait to write about Lacan's theory until I was no longer confused.

Of course, Jane later found a publisher to accept *Reading Lacan*. In its preface, she discusses the text's initial rejection, explaining that "rather than present my mastery I am interested in getting at those places where someone who generally knows the text well still finds herself in a position of difficulty." While she may refuse to play up her mastery over Lacan, however, Jane does play up Lacan's mastery over her by telling us that her approach is "in the spirit of Lacanian reading" and "in the keeping with the French revolution in discourse." In other words, Jane pla(y)ces her play to demonstrate that her play is fair play and consequently worthy of publication. She makes a meta-play which, like the play it describes, is

the kind of play that the professional discourse can (and in this case, should have) legitimize(d).

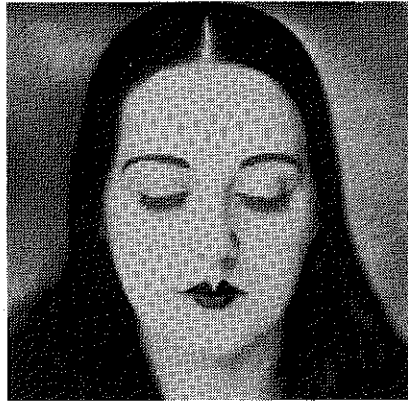
Both the initial rejection of Jane's text and her prefatory remarks about it remind me of a game I used to play called Simon Says. As you may recall, everyone lines up facing the person appointed Simon who stands at the other end of the yard. In that game, you can only move if Simon says *Simon says*. For example, if Simon says *Simon says take three giant steps forward*, everyone should take three giant steps forward. If Simon just says *Take three giant steps forward*, everyone should stay put. And, as eight-year old Rachel MacArthur confirms, "if you don't, you're out." Jane makes the point that her moves have been legitimized in the professional play-ground; that *Lacan says* she should write and publish her text; that *Lacan says* she should foreground difficulty rather than mastery; that the entire French revolution in discourse says so. They all said she could play! While Cornell University Press knows that (or perhaps knew that after Jane reminded them in the revised preface), the first publisher she approached apparently didn't hear the *Simon says*. Perhaps that publisher had appointed some other Simon. Whatever the case, in that game there was no *Simon says*, so as any eight-year old could tell you, Jane was out, fair and square.

Suspecting that Simon didn't say that this Jane's pedagogical play is fair, my students consult their own Simons. For the most part, their Simons – like the other Jane's initial reader – dismiss my play as foul play. In her journal, one student writes "I tried to explain it to my boyfriend and he seems to think it's a 'load of shit.' Now, each Tuesday night, he wants to see my notes to see what we talked about." Another writes "Wow! Hilarious pieces! I showed them to my boyfriend. What a reaction!! His mouth just dropped open: 'More fucking feminist articles,' was what he said. I'm just very glad that he's open-minded. I don't think that this is good stuff for men to read." Appointing grandpa as Simon, another says "The article was vulgar and I would absolutely die if my grandfather ever read it It was an interesting article, but not written for the general public to learn from and enjoy."

Others want me to bring Simon into the classroom. For example, when asked what she would like to hear more about this term, one student requests that I dedicate a class to "men's views on feminism." Another requests that we hear more from the Simons in the class: "I am also curious to know how the guys (the entire four or five in the class) are relating to this. I think its cool that they'd want to be in a Women in Literature class – regardless of the fact that I think they think it is a great pick-up place – the ratio of guys to girls is great!" Despite this student's use of the word "regardless" (she wants to hear more from the men "regardless of the fact" that they are here to pick up women), it's more likely that she wants to hear from them

She said,

"Angela, you are a Goddess!" Then she took my fancy calligraphy pen and on a piece of paper she wrote *GODDESS*, folded it up, and gave it to me.



because of the fact that she believes they are here to pick up women. If they are here to pick up women, they are Simons rather than students. As she witnesses my pedagogy and listens for the *Simon says*, this student will know how to distinguish between fair play and foul play; she will know what play she can indulge in without abandoning her compla(y)cency and what play she must be sure to avoid.

Of course, while feminist play pleases (her sugar) Daddy, it must also dis/ease Daddy. As we compla(y)cently play in his context of the postmodern playground, feminists must cuntaminate that playground by pla(y)cing it in a cunttext. Unless we suck the "dick" out of parodic(k), with all the complicity and subversion that that sucking suggests, that playground will render our potent(ially foul) play fair play.

Play for all

In our efforts to achieve free play or at least a freer play, I suggest that we indulge ourselves and our students in a play for all. As we profess feminism, we need to continue to play down compulsory play for women, but we also need to play up our play — not only as the carefree playmates of the compla(y)cent playboys of postmodernism, but also as dirty players dedicated to messing up the playground that is so quick to render our foul play fair play. In cuntclusion, let me return to where I began, to the play that is already taking pla(y)ce. I leave you with a journal excerpt from a student who may well be the most down-to-earth Goddess in Waterloo:

My friend Karen (who is in this class) and I decided we would get together on the full moon, which happened to fall on the day after the class on Goddess Religion and celebrate our womanhood and the fact that we are goddesses. We got together and talked about how CUNT is beautiful and how we are unafraid and proud of beautiful CUNT. I drew up her birth chart and we looked at that, and then I spilled my guts about the problems I have been having with my boyfriend and how I don't really feel like I have been treated much like a Goddess lately. To

*my surprise, tears came as I told her the story (it is very hard for me to cry), and she hugged me and gave me a back massage. We talked about what I could do to patch things up with Steve and she said, "Angela, you are a Goddess!" Then she took my fancy calligraphy pen and on a piece of paper she wrote *GODDESS*, folded it up, and gave it to me, saying, "Go talk to him." I did, and I told him everything that has been bothering me Since then he has treated me like the Goddess I am. A Goddess appreciates herself enough to not need anyone worship her, but loves herself enough to ask for what she needs, and if she is rejected, she loves herself enough to leave. Well, Steve and I are still together and he has dubbed me the Honourary Goddess of "Black and Tan" beer at the Lion's Brew Pub. I have never had a more bonding experience with a female than I did yesterday with Karen under the fat full moon. ♦*

NOTES

1. Many thanks to the students of the Winter 1991 Women in Literature class at the University of Waterloo for generously allowing me to quote their journals here and throughout.
2. Jane Gallop states in *The Daughter's Seduction* that "[p]recision must be avoided, if the economy of the One is to be unsettled. Equivocations, allusions, etc. are all flirtatious; they induce the interlocutor to listen, to encounter, to interpret, but defer the moment of assimilation back into a familiar model. Even if someone asks for precisions, even if that someone is oneself, it is better for women to avoid stating things precisely."
3. In 1970, Greer defined the Eternal Feminine as "the dominant image of femininity which rules our culture and to which all women aspire." While the physical characteristics of the ideal feminine image have changed since then, the construct is still with us. You know her as the good girl, the nice girl, daddy's little girl, the Ivory girl, the Breck girl, the Covergirl, the girl-next-door; she's the girl of his dreams, the kind of girl he can take home to mom, the kind of girl who makes him wait.

4. In "Gender Theory and the Yale School," Johnson states "it is not enough to be a woman writing in order to resist the naturalness of female effacement in the subtly male pseudo-genderlessness of language."
5. Feminists have transformed the patriarchal cunt — dirty, smelly, ugly, a construct that is surely fucked — into the feminist cunt — beautiful, magical, natural, a construct that Greer insists tastes like "expensive gourmet food." Consider, for example, Monique Wittig's intoxicating descriptions in *The Lesbian Body*.

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