SAINT SHERYL †

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Abstract

Critic of a “purely impure” philosophy of our age. Corporate diversity and one of its central figures and cornerstone texts: Sheryl Sandberg and *Lean In*. 
In *The Second Sex*, de Beauvoir writes of Christine de Pizan\(^1\) that she was the first woman to “take up her pen in defense of her sex”.

Sheryl Sandberg picked up her pen to climb the corporate ladder.

**Saint Sheryl**

The troubles of Saint Sheryl are many, and shared by few.

Growing up, Saint Sheryl was not poor. She did not lack. Born into the 10%, she betrayed her class for the 1%.

Saint Sheryl was not black – as she soon recognized when looking at herself in a mirror, where others saw different, and were made to be different\(^2\).

She had no cause.

Saint Sheryl’s troubles were of some other nature, her predicament else.

In previous decades, it was the fashion of members of her class to send their offspring to Africa or India — afterwards, they could enter a career in banking or marketing with good conscience; or take over the family business\(^3\).

She picked up her pen, she made her voice heard – not “in the defense of her sex”, as Simone de Beauvoir had put, but a career at Facebook.

She raised her arm with an open fist, for a check.

Saint Sheryl... Saint Sheryl.

The corporate, 21st century, power woman incarnate.

Head-splitting book, if not pepper perfume and Gucci high heels.

*City of Ladies* is to de Pizan what Sandberg is to *Sex in the city*.

She did not lack, in short, except in the qualities that count.

And, reading *Lean In* feels like putting one’s head inside a toilet bowl. “... I was running the online sales and operations groups at Google.”, it opens.

‘Internalizing the Revolution’ she has the folly to call her introduction:

"I had to rush to make an important client meeting. Google was growing so quickly that parking was an ongoing problem, and the only spot I could find was quite far away."

Such and similar were the problems of Saint Sheryl...

"At the bottom of a toilet”, she says, is how one feels constantly while reading her book – a *magnum opus* of opal value.

Saint Sheryl has a philosophy of her own : her own.

But, even her own book she couldn’t write alone...

A purely impure spirit!

That such philosophy would one day become dominant, Marx could have never dreamed, no more than de Beauvoir. Emancipation through corporations and (personal) greed.

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\(^1\)13th-14th c. writer.

\(^2\)As recalled by James Baldwin in *I am not your negro*.

\(^3\)The empress of the Bahlsen business is highly representative of such youths, and young capitalists.
The troubles and buffooneries of Sheryl Sandberg were recounted here and traced back to her childhood, and wealth. Both made her blind.

Dumb like her barbies – said someone I know.

Meanwhile, Saint Mark liked his plastic soldiers so much his physiognomy⁴ made him look just like one.

And, why go on? She has already earned her title as the “Typhoid Mary of surveillance capitalism”...

“A woman is not born one” de Beauvoir wrote for us too.

In her paradise-less quest, Saint Sheryl has finally reached that other list. 100 before 50.

For her, a grave before a funeral we dug with a pen.

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⁴Popular 19th c. theory according to which information about the moral values or worth of a person could be gathered by looking at their exterior appearance. (Cf. Balzac novels.)