

Chapter 1 : FROM ROUSSEAU TO PROUST by Havelock Ellis | Kirkus Reviews

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An Essay on the Immediate Data of Consciousness. Role and Nature"] was supervised by Henri Delacroix. Many newspapers, including *Le Petit Parisien*, announced the event on 25 May. Thousands, including journalists and curious spectators, showed up, unaware that what they were witnessing was a stunt involving a Lindbergh look-alike. The two became inseparable and lifelong companions, initiating a romantic relationship, [26] though they were not monogamous. He took it a second time and virtually tied for first place with Beauvoir, although Sartre was eventually awarded first place, with Beauvoir second. Because of poor health he claimed that his poor eyesight and exotropia affected his balance Sartre was released in April According to other sources, he escaped after a medical visit to the ophthalmologist. Sartre third from left and other French journalists visit General George C. He then wrote *Being and Nothingness*, *The Flies*, and *No Exit*, none of which were censored by the Germans, and also contributed to both legal and illegal literary magazines. In his essay "Paris under the Occupation", Sartre wrote about the "correct" behavior of the Germans had entrapped too many Parisians into complicity with the occupation, accepting what was unnatural as natural, writing: The Germans did not stride, revolver in hand, through the streets. They did not force civilians to make way for them on the pavement. They would offer seats to old ladies on the Metro. They showed great fondness for children and would pat them on the cheek. They had been told to behave correctly and being well-disciplined, they tried shyly and conscientiously to do so. Some of them even displayed a naive kindness which could find no practical expression. Sartre himself always found it difficult when a Wehrmacht soldier asked him for directions, usually saying he did not know where it was that the soldier wanted to go, but still felt uncomfortable as the very act of speaking to the Wehrmacht meant he had been complicit in the Occupation. They were emblematic of how the dilemmas of the Occupation presented themselves in daily life". Cut off from the rest of the world, fed only through the pity or some ulterior motive, the town led a purely abstract and symbolic life". One day you might phone a friend and the phone would ring for a long time in an empty flat. You would go round and ring the doorbell, but no-one would answer it. If the concierge forced the door, you would find two chairs standing close together in the hall with the fag-ends of German cigarettes on the floor between their legs. If the wife or mother of the man who had vanished had been present at his arrest, she would tell you that he had been taken away by very polite Germans, like those who asked the way in the street. And when she went to ask what had happened to them at the offices in the Avenue Foch or the Rue des Saussaies she would be politely received and sent away with comforting words" [No. In the book he tries to explain the etiology of "hate" by analyzing antisemitic hate. Sartre was a very active contributor to *Combat*, a newspaper created during the clandestine period by Albert Camus, a philosopher and author who held similar beliefs. According to Camus, Sartre was a writer who resisted; not a resister who wrote. In, after the war ended, Sartre moved to an apartment on the rue Bonaparte which was where he was to produce most of his subsequent work, and where he lived until It was from there that he helped establish a quarterly literary and political review, *Les Temps modernes* *Modern Times*, in part to popularize his thought. He embraced Marxism but did not join the Communist Party. For a time in the late s, Sartre described French nationalism as "provincial" and in an essay called for a "United States of Europe". If we want French civilization to survive, it must be fitted into the framework of a great European civilization. I have said that civilization is the reflection on a shared situation. But I do not doubt either that it was begun by the North Koreans". As we were neither members of the [Communist] party nor its avowed sympathizers, it was not our duty to write about Soviet labor camps; we were free to remain aloof from the quarrel over the nature of this system, provided that no events of sociological significance had occurred. In, Sartre visited the Soviet Union, which he stated he found a "complete freedom of criticism" while condemning the United States for sinking into "prefascism". About the Hungarian revolt of, Sartre wrote: Only it did it badly and that is worse than not to do so at all". He

became an eminent supporter of the FLN in the Algerian War and was one of the signatories of the Manifeste des Inconnus. In the late 1940s, Sartre began to argue that the European working classes were too apolitical to carry out the revolution predicated by Marx, and influenced by Frantz Fanon stated to argue it was the impoverished masses of the Third World, the "real damned of the earth", who would carry out the revolution. In Sartre's 1948 book *What is Literature?*, Sartre renounced literature in a witty and sardonic account of the first ten years of his life, *Les Mots* *The Words*. Literature, Sartre concluded, functioned ultimately as a bourgeois substitute for real commitment in the world. He was the first Nobel laureate to voluntarily decline the prize, [73] and remains one of only two laureates to do so. He said he did not wish to be "transformed" by such an award, and did not want to take sides in an East vs. West cultural struggle by accepting an award from a prominent Western cultural institution. Jean-Paul Sartre in *Thoughts* in Venice in 1945. Though his name was then a household word as was "existentialism" during the tumultuous 1940s, Sartre remained a simple man with few possessions, actively committed to causes until the end of his life, such as the May strikes in Paris during the summer of 1948 during which he was arrested for civil disobedience. I would like [people] to remember *Nausea*, [my plays] *No Exit* and *The Devil and the Good Lord*, and then my two philosophical works, more particularly the second one, *Critique of Dialectical Reason*. Then my essay on Genet, *Saint Genet*. As a man, if a certain Jean-Paul Sartre is remembered, I would like people to remember the milieu or historical situation in which I lived, He suffered from hypertension, [82] and became almost completely blind in 1955. Sartre was a notorious chain smoker, which could also have contributed to the deterioration of his health. Sartre was initially buried in a temporary grave to the left of the cemetery gate. Sartre says that if one considered a paper cutter, one would assume that the creator would have had a plan for it: Sartre said that human beings have no essence before their existence because there is no Creator. We need to experience "death consciousness" so as to wake up ourselves as to what is really important; the authentic in our lives which is life experience, not knowledge. Taking a page from the German phenomenological movement, he believed that our ideas are the product of experiences of real-life situations, and that novels and plays can well describe such fundamental experiences, having equal value to discursive essays for the elaboration of philosophical theories such as existentialism. With such purpose, this novel concerns a dejected researcher Roquentin in a town similar to Le Havre who becomes starkly conscious of the fact that inanimate objects and situations remain absolutely indifferent to his existence. As such, they show themselves to be resistant to whatever significance human consciousness might perceive in them. He also took inspiration from phenomenologist epistemology, explained by Franz Adler in this way: Any action implies the judgment that he is right under the circumstances not only for the actor, but also for everybody else in similar circumstances. Hence the "nausea" referred to in the title of the book; all that he encounters in his everyday life is suffused with a pervasive, even horrible, taste—specifically, his freedom. No matter how much Roquentin longs for something else or something different, he cannot get away from this harrowing evidence of his engagement with the world. He attended plays, read novels, and dined [with] women. And he was published. By forging Mathieu as an absolute rationalist, analyzing every situation, and functioning entirely on reason, he removed any strands of authentic content from his character and as a result, Mathieu could "recognize no allegiance except to [him]self", [98] though he realized that without "responsibility for my own existence, it would seem utterly absurd to go on existing". Mathieu was restrained from action each time because he had no reasons for acting. Sartre then, for these reasons, was not compelled to participate in the Spanish Civil War, and it took the invasion of his own country to motivate him into action and to provide a crystallization of these ideas. It was the war that gave him a purpose beyond himself, and the atrocities of the war can be seen as the turning point in his public stance. He continued to write ferociously, and it was due to this "crucial experience of war and captivity that Sartre began to try to build up a positive moral system and to express it through literature". Here he aligned the journal, and thus himself, with the Left and called for writers to express their political commitment. He envisaged culture as a very fluid concept; neither pre-determined, nor definitely finished; instead, in true existential fashion, "culture was always conceived as a process of continual invention and re-invention. It is this overarching theme of freedom that means his work "subverts the bases for distinctions among the disciplines". Sartre systematically refused to keep quiet about what he saw as inequalities and injustices in the world. In the late 1950s Sartre supported the Maoists, a movement that rejected the authority of

established communist parties. His attempts to reach a public were mediated by these powers, and it was often these powers he had to campaign against. He was skilled enough, however, to circumvent some of these issues by his interactive approach to the various forms of media, advertising his radio interviews in a newspaper column for example, and vice versa. A similar occurrence took place the next year and he had begun to receive threatening letters from Oran, Algeria.

Chapter 2 : Interview: Fred Vargas | Books | The Guardian

This important theoretical work by Paul de Man sets forth a mode of reading and interpretation based on exemplary texts by Rousseau, Nietzsche, Rilke, and Proust.

Adamsberg is a man who values intuition as much as logic, and while there seems to be nothing suspicious in the disinterred plot, his nagging hunch that foul play has occurred - the menacing sense of "shade" that haunts him - is not unfounded. Turning to a subordinate, he explains: We need a specialist, an interpreter, someone who can hear the sound of the earth. She is a distinguished archaeologist who has written important works on medieval social structures and on the epidemiology of the plague. She is also a vociferous and persistent critic of the French political and judicial systems as a prominent supporter of the fugitive Italian writer Cesare Battisti, exiled from France and currently in custody in Brazil, who is accused of committing terrorist offences in Italy in the s. But Vargas is now best known as a crime writer. Her stories of Adamsberg negotiating his rural Pyrenees roots with his job in a Parisian murder squad - in the latest novel, he places a pebble from a village stream on the desks of his wearily perplexed staff after a trip home - have not only topped the French bestseller lists, but stormed the English-speaking world. In , she picked up the International Dagger for *The Three Evangelists* *Debout les morts* , and last year she repeated the triumph - an unprecedented double - with *Wash This Blood Clean from my Hand* *Sous les vents de Neptune* Speaking in the offices of her French publisher in a courtyard just off the Place de la Bastille in Paris, Vargas exudes the focused intensity of the proselytising political activist. But she says her roles as scientist, campaigner and novelist are essentially separate. As a historian, I know that decisive victories in social and political problems are not made by authors. The novel serves other purposes, which are just as important and deep in their own way, but they are different to politics. Theirs are the voices that never move and never change. But at the back are basses" - more low humming - "making a noise that comes from eternity. But for me they represent all village people, and by extension some sense of elemental humanity. He forbade television, and from the "thousands" of books in the house he would "authorise" what the children could read - mostly myths, folk tales and 17th-century baroque poetry. And many of them were too old for children, although I did love the myths. And our house was also full of primitive arts and masks and this surrealist fascination with death and decay. Thank God my mother was a chemist who helped us keep our heads on our shoulders, because a surrealist atmosphere is really not so good for children. So my brother did history - as father would have liked - but another type of history. I went into science and then writing. He was a wonderful writer, but thought that detective stories were the silliest thing imaginable. That is a bit sad. And he would have been right, and I would have stopped writing, so it is strange how it worked out. The prize was publication, but she says "it was a very bad book. My ambition was to find some music in the language, but I made the mistake of thinking the plot had no importance. Now I hope I also put in a good story, but I still believe even the best story is nothing without having music in the writing. He was so criticised at the time when compared to Voltaire, whom I never liked. But in the French language, his writing achieved the most beautiful music. But when he spoke of himself, he spoke of the whole world. Most writers today just speak of themselves. She began to write the first drafts of new books during her three-week summer holidays, and followed this routine until four years ago when she took a break from archaeology. I had always been interested in the economic story of the Middle Ages, the Roman times and the 16th and 17th centuries. I wanted to paint a picture of economic life, but also cultural life, involving hunting and eating habits. Show me what someone eats, and I will show you who they were. I had all this time in front of me to work on another book. Three weeks later, it was finished. The problem never was me having to work in this way, the problem was me. I take time to correct and change the books, but my first drafts still take three weeks. Something more urgent had come up. And I will continue to shout that there is something rotten in the state of France and Italy and everywhere in Europe. But I do this with reality. With facts and with interviews and with protest. When I write about archaeology, I use science. My novels are something else again. But we are not like all the other animals and cannot live with just a pragmatic and realistic life. So we invent a second reality, similar but not identical to ours, into which we escape to confront

these perils. But not in my novels. It becomes too precise. But I see links between her and the mythology I read when I was young, and I think she was conscious of it, too. Like her, I want to tell a story that identifies and deals with the dangers we face. Instinctively we feel better and can sleep soundly. Then, in the morning when the sun comes up, we can again face the world and move forward.

Chapter 3 : French - Grammar, vocabulary & literature | St. John's College

L'intertextualité entre l'œuvre de Marcel Proust et de Jean-Jacques Rousseau a été commentée par bien des critiques depuis la première publication de la recherche du temps perdu. Annie-Claude Dobbs, par exemple, a d'ailleurs un parallélisme entre l'ouverture de la Recherche et celle des.

Additional Information In lieu of an abstract, here is a brief excerpt of the content: In sum, students of both philosophy and literature will find things of interest here. Within the limits to which they are always bound, this anthology manages to discuss with some rigor a wide range of writers, texts, and topics. Among the best contributions are Riffaterre writing on a Balzac short story, Jauss on reader replacing text as authority figure, Eugene Vance on medieval poetics, and J. Miller on labyrinthine "lines" of narrative. The differences among these pieces are attractive, and it would be wrong-headed to try forcing them into one interlockingjigsaw puzzle. But if the essays share a common feature, it is that in their varying ways they all put in question the still pervasive doctrine of "the one inherent meaning of the text which the reader has to uncover" p. And that remains an argument worth mounting. New Haven and London: We may have thought that rhetoric is essentially an ornamental part of writing. Asserting a claim, a writer tries to be persuasive. Or a statement is made, but only metaphorically or ironically. Fiction merely seeks to sound convincing. Philosophy aims at showing us the truth, while rhetoric seeks only to persuade us to believe one thing or another. Such distinctions depend on believing we know how to interpret a text. But how do we know how the rhetoric of a text should be taken? As de Man puts it, the manuscript "may point back. Thus reflecting, we may find the intuitive distinction between factual claims and how those claims are presented unclear. Texts may never quite mean what they seem to mean. And this "arbitrary power play of the signifier. The Birth of Tragedy, for example, offers a theory of language and "a rhetorical praxis that puts these statements into a question" p. Vertigo is easily produced here. Is this review deconstructing itself, unravelling as quickly as I write it out? De Man is a supersubtle reader, and what he has to say "if I may use those words literally" is fascinating and important. But at the risk of seeming Shorter Reviews hopelessly obtuse, I confess to finding this book almost unreadable. First, though de Man seeks a general theory of reading, it is hard to tell how his intricate accounts of these particular texts are to be generalized. Is this just Nietzsche exegesis, or a claim about any metaphysics? Second, finding an overall structure here is difficult. One could bypass many occasional obscurities "and there are many" if the destination were clearer. Third, many of his issues are not unfamiliar. For example, the conventions required for social contracts, or to make possible language, have been widely discussed. But, perhaps because de Man undermines the distinction between what is said and how it is said, relating his account to others is hard. Is Allegories of Reading also to be deconstructed?

Chapter 4 : My Strange Friend Marcel Proust

Background. Proust was born in the Paris Borough of Auteuil (the south-western sector of the then-rustic 16th arrondissement) at the home of his great-uncle on 10 July , two months after the Treaty of Frankfurt formally ended the Franco-Prussian War.

In addition to the literary magazines with which he was associated, and in which he published while at school *La Revue verte* and *La Revue lilas* , from to he published a regular society column in the journal *Le Mensuel*. In *Les plaisirs et les jours* , a compendium of many of these early pieces, was published. This book was so sumptuously produced that it cost twice the normal price of a book its size. That year Proust also began working on a novel, which was eventually published in and titled *Jean Santeuil* by his posthumous editors. Many of the themes later developed in *In Search of Lost Time* find their first articulation in this unfinished work, including the enigma of memory and the necessity of reflection; several sections of *In Search of Lost Time* can be read in the first draft in *Jean Santeuil*. Following the poor reception of *Les Plaisirs et les Jours*, and internal troubles with resolving the plot, Proust gradually abandoned *Jean Santeuil* in and stopped work on it entirely by . Through this reading he refined his theories of art and the role of the artist in society. To compensate for this he made his translations a group affair: During the first part of the year he published in various journals pastiches of other writers. These exercises in imitation may have allowed Proust to solidify his own style. In addition, in the spring and summer of the year Proust began work on several different fragments of writing that would later coalesce under the working title of *Contre Sainte-Beuve*. Proust described his efforts in a letter to a friend: The rough outline of the work centered on a first-person narrator, unable to sleep, who during the night remembers waiting as a child for his mother to come to him in the morning. Present in the unfinished manuscript notebooks are many elements that correspond to parts of the *Recherche*, in particular, to the "Combray" and "Swann in Love" sections of Volume 1, and to the final section of Volume 7. Trouble with finding a publisher, as well as a gradually changing conception of his novel, led Proust to shift work to a substantially different project that still contained many of the same themes and elements. *In Search of Lost Time*[edit] Main article: Graham Greene called Proust the "greatest novelist of the 20th century",[citation needed] and W. Somerset Maugham called the novel the "greatest fiction to date". He later wrote to Proust apologizing for his part in the refusal and calling it one of the most serious mistakes of his life. The book was translated into English by C. Scott Moncrieff , appearing under the title *Remembrance of Things Past* between and Scott Moncrieff translated volumes one through six of the seven volumes, dying before completing the last. This last volume was rendered by other translators at different times. Enright the title of the novel was changed to the more literal *In Search of Lost Time*. In Penguin undertook a fresh translation of the book by editor Christopher Prendergast and seven translators in three countries, based on the latest, most complete and authoritative French text. Personal life[edit] Proust is believed to have been homosexual, and his sexuality and relationships with men are often discussed by his biographers.

Chapter 5 : Confessions (Rousseau) - Wikipedia

If some Victorian writers show a growing recognition of something at stake in sexual love which cannot be defined in purely ethical terms this is distinct from the continental myth of romantic passion as illusory and in conflict with social being. It is a passionate ethic and is therefore different.

First Person Marcel Proust in Cabourg, One of my most beautiful childhood memories is of a woman, pretty as a paint shop, who was strolling along the streets of the VIII^e arrondissement. She wore a hat with ostrich plumes and metal loops, perched atop a tall wig. Her dress was of puce silk, trimmed with black and white lace and a train that was spotted with mud. She was shod in high patent-leather shoes. She was truly magnificent. Naturally, I wanted to speak to her but, used to teasing and insults she was often treated like a freak, she turned her head imperiously and, seeing me persist, smacked me with her handbag. She walked at a breathless pace. During this pursuit I noted what a neighborhood celebrity she was, what an aura she had. People stopped to watch her go by. Jean Giradoux admired one of her rivals and named her The Madwoman of Chaillot. It was in this same period, during my vacation at Cabourg, that I met a man whose singularity attracted me and I wanted, as was my custom, to make his acquaintance. One of my friends, older than I, introduced me to the man, who sometimes strolled through the casino in the evening. His name was Marcel Proust. I felt the same amazement and sympathy as for my strange friend of the VIII^e arrondissement. Marcel Proust always managed to astonish me. Towards six in the evening, at sunset, a rattan armchair was brought out onto the terrace of the Grand Hotel of Cabourg. It remained empty for a few minutes. Then Marcel Proust slowly drew near, parasol in hand. He watched inside the glass door for night to fall. When they passed near his chair, the bellboys communicated with signs, like deaf-mutes. At first they spoke of the weather, the temperature. At this period it was "Marcel Proust feared or seemed to fear the sun. But it was noise that most horrified him. Fascinated, I came close for a better look, and he spoke to me because he had heard I was the son of one of his budding young girls. I can see her eyes, the only ones I can say were truly violet. His smile was young, his eyes deep, his gaze weary, his movements slow. Of course, I was unaware of his writing. He never mentioned his work, even though this was the time when he was writing *A la recherche du temps perdu*. No one, for that matter, seemed to suspect it. He did, however, ask a lot of questions. Sadly, I remember only a few. They seemed childish to me. The cook recited it. Marcel Proust slipped him a banknote. What do you call a Cronstadt hat? My jaw would drop, listening to him. Sometimes you found him seated at a big table. He would offer those who approached a glass of champagne. When he called for cigars for his friends, you knew he was about to leave. The cigar smoke makes me cough. He seemed to be in a hurry to get back to his room and the silence. People were starting to talk about him. But he went out less and less. I spotted him one night at the Boeuf sur le Toit. He was terribly changed. I went to say hello and sat down in front of him. He was feverish, overwrought even. He spoke in a low voice. He asked if I had been back to Cabourg. I talked about Cabourg a little. He withdrew on tiptoe. A few months later, I sent him the *Les champs magnetiques*, which had just appeared. A driver asked if I would come speak with Monsieur Marcel Proust, who was waiting in a car outside. I said yes, of course, though I lived only a half flight up. Marcel Proust was muffled up in the back of a taxi. He apologized profusely, too profusely for my liking, for having disturbed me. Marcel Proust did not hesitate to employ superlatives. I thanked him and took my leave. He had once again succeeded in astonishing me. His extreme courtesy, excessive, was perhaps overbearing. Reprinted by permission of City Lights Books.

Chapter 6 : Paul de Man - Wikipedia

Paul De Man deploys his deconstructive method in readings of works by Proust, Rilke, Nietzsche and Rousseau. The book appears to be organized such that the farther one progresses in one's reading, the more complex De Man's discussion becomes.

Early life[edit] Paul de Man was born in Antwerp , Belgium, to a prominent and cultivated upper-class Flemish family. His uncle Henri de Man Dutch: Hendrik was a famous socialist theorist and politician, who became a Nazi-collaborator during World War II. The marriage proved unhappy. The stillbirth of a daughter two years later pushed her into intermittent but lifelong suicidal depression. She was psychologically fragile and had to be watched. The family walked on eggshells and "Bob" de Man found solace with other women. In contrast to Rik, who was backward and a failure in school, Paul dealt with his difficult home life by becoming a brilliant student and accomplished athlete. He was enrolled in the Dutch-speaking cohort of boys admitted to the prestigious and highly competitive Royal Athenaeum of Antwerp. He took no courses in literature or philosophy but developed a strong extracurricular interest in both as well as in religious mysticism. In , his brother Rik de Man was killed at the age of 21 when his bicycle was struck by a train at a railroad crossing. He wrote for student magazines and continued to take courses in science and engineering. For stability he turned to his uncle Henri as a patron and surrogate emotional father, later on several occasions telling people Henri was his real father and his real father was his uncle. They lived in a menage a trois until August , when Baraghian left her husband. Paul married her in , and the couple had two more sons together. Some believed that he used his influence to secure his nephew a position as an occasional cultural critic for *Le Soir* , the influential Belgian French-language newspaper. Later he contributed to the Flemish daily *Het Vlaamsche Land*; both publications were violently anti-Semitic when under Nazi control. As a cultural critic, de Man would contribute hundreds of articles and reviews to these publications. His writings supported the Germanic ideology and the triumph of Germany in the war, while never referring directly to Hitler himself. In spite of that he maintained friendships with individual Jews. After this, de Man went into hiding; the Belgian Resistance had now begun assassinating prominent Belgian pro-Nazis. He had lost his protection in late , when Uncle Henri, mistrusted by his collaborators on the right and himself marked for death as a traitor by the Belgian Resistance, went into exile. De Man spent the rest of the war in seclusion reading American and French literature and philosophy and organizing a translation into Dutch of *Moby Dick* by Herman Melville , which he published in Henri de Man was tried and convicted in absentia for treason ; he died in Switzerland in , after crashing his car into an oncoming train, an accident that was almost certainly a suicide. From there he wrote to his friend Georges Bataille , a French philosopher, and through him, he met Dwight MacDonald , a key figure on the New York intellectual and literary scene. McCarthy recommended de Man to her friend, Artine Artinian , a professor of French at Bard College, as a temporary replacement while Artinian spent the academic year of 1950 in France as a Fulbright fellow. By December [], de Man had married one of the advisees, a French major named Patricia Kelley, and when the first Mrs. She, however, surprised him when she left the eldest boy with him, while he surprised her when his first check proved worthless. De Man married Kelley a first time in June , but did not tell her that he had not actually gotten a divorce and that the marriage was bigamous. They underwent a second marriage ceremony in August , when his divorce from Baraghian was finalized, and later had a third ceremony in Ithaca. Academic career[edit] The de Mans moved to Boston, where Paul earned money teaching conversational French at Berlitz and did translations assisted by Patricia de Man; he also gave private French lessons to Harvard student Henry Kissinger , then running a small center and publication of his own. During the following decade, he contributed nine articles to the newly established *New York Review*: In his essay "Criticism and Crisis," he argues that because literary works are understood to be fictions rather than factual accounts, they exemplify the break between a sign and its meaning: But since this necessarily occurs in the form of a crisis, they are blind to what takes place within themselves. He said that the study of literature had become the art of applying psychology , politics , history , philology or other disciplines to the literary text, in an effort to make the text "mean" something. Form

ultimately acts as "both a creator and undoer of organic totalities," and "the final insight Many of the essays in this volume attempt to undercut figural totalization, the notion that one can control or dominate a discourse or phenomenon through metaphor. Specifically noteworthy is his critical dismantling of the Romantic ideology and the linguistic assumptions which underlie it. His arguments follow roughly as follows. First, de Man seeks to deconstruct the privileged claims in Romanticism of symbol over allegory, and metaphor over metonymy. He posits that the resistance to theory is the resistance to reading, thus the resistance to theory is theory itself. Or the resistance to theory is what constitutes the possibility and existence of theory. De Man argues that the recurring motive of theoretical readings is to subsume these decisions under theoretical, futile generalizations, which are displaced in turn by harsh polemics about theory. Although much of his work brought to bear insights on literature drawn from German philosophers such as Kant and Heidegger, De Man also closely followed developments in contemporary French literature, criticism, and theory. His book, *Resistance to Theory* was virtually complete at the time of his death. In a collection of essays, edited by his former Yale colleague Andrzej Warminski, was published by the University of Minnesota Press under the title, *Aesthetic Ideology*. Goriely began by extolling de Man, whom he had known intimately in his youth, as "a charming, humorous, modest, highly cultured" *homme de lettres* renowned in Belgian literary circles during their youth. Then the professor dropped his bombshell. He was "completely, almost pathologically, dishonest," a crook who had bankrupted his family. Newsweek juxtaposed a photograph of de Man with another of Nazis on the march. The controversies quickly spread from the pages of scholarly journals [34] to the broader media. This conception entails rather dangerous consequences. On any closer examination, this influence appears to have extraordinarily little importance since one might have expected that, given the specific characteristics of the Jewish Spirit, the later would have played a more brilliant role in this artistic production. It is not even to draw a lesson that he, de Man, learned to draw from the war. The exclusive emphasis on anti-Semitism ignores and politically neutralizes its other constitutive feature in the Nazi period: But put this way, it seems at once clear that DeMan was neither an anticommunist nor a right-winger: Shoshana Felman, recounted that "about a year after the journalistic publication of his compromising statement, he and his wife sheltered for several days in their apartment the Jewish pianist Esther Sluszný and her husband, who were then illegal citizens in hiding from the Nazis. During this same period, de Man was meeting regularly with Georges Goriely, a member of the Belgian Resistance. His critics, on the other hand, point out that throughout his life de Man was not only passively silent but also engaged in an active coverup through lies and misdirections about his past. Ripley, a confidence man, and a hustler who embezzled, lied, forged, and arrearred his way to intellectual acclaim. Menand writes "[h]er book is a brief for the prosecution. But it is not a hatchet job, and she has an amazing tale to tell. In her account, all guns are smoking. There are enough to stock a miniseries. *Essays in the Rhetoric of Contemporary Criticism*."

Chapter 7 : The Confessions by Jean-Jacques Rousseau | blog.quintoapp.com

A much needed survey of French literature "from Rousseau to Proust" with the emphasis on the contribution to literature rather than on the men themselves, except in so far as the psychological aspects affect their work.

Chapter 8 : Jean-Paul Sartre - Wikipedia

From Rousseau to Proust, from Marguerite Duras to George Sand, from Colette to Modiano, gardens appear in novels as representations of the real world, but also as reflections of the imagination. The charmingly erudite first section focuses on history and is devoted to different types of garden from the bible to English parklands; the second.

Chapter 9 : Renoir | THE GREAT CAT

The Album of Marcel Proust, Marcel Proust receives a tribute in this album of "recomposed photographs". Swann's Way Exhibited at The Morgan Library "Why Proust?"