

Chapter 1 : Editions: Nausea by Jean-Paul Sartre | LibraryThing

Sartre was a great novelist and NAUSEA is his masterpiece. As a philosopher, he was a major influence, but his vision was dubious, a "romantic rationalism", as Iris Murdoch characterized it. He does better fleshing out his ideas into fiction, especially in this modern classic (Penguin applies the term properly this time).

Going back to my college days, my reading of this work has always been decidedly personal. Thus my observations below and, at points, my own experiences relating to certain passages I have found to contain great power. I no longer knew where I was; I saw the colors spin slowly around me, I wanted to vomit. Like Roquentin, I wanted to vomit. When the other players ran out to take the field, I remained seated. Then, calmly walking over to the equipment room, I turned in my uniform and pads. When I walked away I felt as if I shed an ugly layer of skin, a repugnant old self. I felt clearheaded and refreshed; I had a vivid sense of instant transformation. There are no beginnings. Days are tacked on to days without rhyme or reason, an interminable monotonous addition. When I left the office: I am at the end of the Rue Tournebride. Shall I cross and go up the street on the other side? I think I have had enough: I have seen enough pink skulls, thin, distinguished and faded countenances. The scene was grim, the vast majority of men and women having a hangdog, beaten down look. I was ready to leave. Roquentin has this feeling not only at the end of the day - he has it all the time. No wonder Roquentin feels the Nausea. I was once in conversation with an older person who actually told me, as a way of discounting my position on a political matter: Curiously, a few years later, thanks mainly to all the scotch, this know-it-all was in very bad shape. I maintained a noble silence. Doors of houses frightened me especially. I was afraid they would open of themselves. I ended by walking in the middle of the street. Now it was inscribed on the paper, it sides against me. It was there, in front of me; in vain for me to trace some sign of origin. Anyone could have written it. I would have had to lean over or bend my knees. I was no longer surprised that he held up his nose so impetuously: Admirable power of art. From this shrill-voiced manikin, nothing would pass on to posterity same a threatening face, a superb gesture and the bloodshot eyes of a bull. Thoughts are the dullest things. How many people are trapped in their own thinking, continually reliving painful episodes of their past? Roquentin is one such example in the extreme. They are there, grotesque, headstrong, gigantic and it seems ridiculous to call them seats or say anything at all about them: I am in the midst of things, nameless things. All inanimate objects and situations are encroaching on what he perceives his intellectual and spiritual freedom. Does Nausea sound disturbing? Jean-Paul Sartre, , French philosopher and author of a number of classic works of literature.

Chapter 2 : Twentieth Century Classics – A Series of Series

*Find helpful customer reviews and review ratings for Nausea (Twentieth Century Classics S.) at www.nxgvision.com
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Characters[edit] Antoine Roquentin – The protagonist of the novel, Antoine is a former adventurer who has been living in Bouville for three years. Antoine does not keep in touch with family, and has no friends. He settles in the fictional French seaport town of Bouville to finish his research on the life of an 18th-century political figure. But during the winter of a "sweetish sickness," as he calls nausea, increasingly impinges on almost everything he does or enjoys: Even though he at times admits to trying to find some sort of solace in the presence of others, he also exhibits signs of boredom and lack of interest when interacting with people. Antoine does not think highly of himself: I cannot even decide whether it is handsome or ugly. I think it is ugly because I have been told so. He eventually starts to think he does not even exist: Was I a mere figment of the imagination? After meeting with him, Anny makes it clear that she has changed a considerable amount and must go on with her life. Antoine clings to the past, hoping that she may want to redefine their relationship, but he is ultimately rejected by her. Highly disciplined, he has spent hundreds of hours reading at the local library. He often speaks to Roquentin and confides in him that he is a socialist. At the end of the novel he is revealed to be a pedophile. Literary genre and style[edit] Le Havre: It is widely assumed [3] [7] that "Bouville" in the novel is a fictional portrayal of Le Havre , where Sartre was living and teaching in the s as he wrote it. The critic William V. But, on the other hand, the words are there like traps to arouse our feelings and to reflect them towards us He saw this as crucial because he felt that "narrative technique ultimately takes us back to the metaphysics of the novelist. From the psychological point of view Antoine Roquentin could be seen [16] as an individual suffering from depression, and the nausea itself as one of the symptoms of his condition. His seemingly special circumstances returning from travel, reclusiveness , which goes beyond the mere indication of his very real depression, are supposed to induce in him and in the reader a state that makes one more receptive to noticing an existential situation that everyone has, but may not be sensitive enough to let become noticeable. Roquentin undergoes a strange metaphysical experience that estranges him from the world. His problems are not merely a result of personal insanity, without larger significance. Rather, like the characters in the Dostoevsky and Rilke novels, they are victims of larger ideological, social, and existential forces that have brought them to the brink of insanity. Castanea sativa Hayden Carruth wrote [3] in of the way that "Roquentin has become a familiar of our world, one of those men who, like Hamlet or Julien Sorel , live outside the pages of the books in which they assumed their characters Camus told a friend that he "thought a lot about the book" and it was "a very close part of me. He writes firmly [3] that Sartre, "is not content, like some philosophers, to write fable, allegory, or a philosophical tale in the manner of Candide ; he is content only with a proper work of art that is at the same time a synthesis of philosophical specifications. The humanity of man consists in the For-itself, the masculine component by which we choose, make projects, and generally commit ourselves to a life of action. The starting-point is subjective because humans make themselves what they are. Most philosophers consider subjectivity to be a bad thing, particularly when it comes to the motivation for action Sartre responds by claiming that subjectivity is a dignity of human being, not something that degrades us. The basis of ethics is not rule-following. A specific action may be either wrong or right and no specific rule is necessarily valid. What makes the action, either way, ethical is "authenticity," the willingness of the individual to accept responsibility rather than dependence on rules, and to commit to his action. Despair, the existentialist says, is the product of uncertainty: In his [3] "Introduction" to the American edition of Nausea, the poet and critic Hayden Carruth feels [3] that, even outside those modern writers who are explicitly philosophers in the existentialist tradition, a similar vein of thought is implicit but prominent in a main line through Franz Kafka , Miguel de Unamuno , D. But suffering is everywhere in the presence of thought and sensitivity. Sartre for his part has written, and with equal simplicity: It means that, first of all, man exists, turns up, appears on the scene, and only afterwards defines himself. If man, as the existentialist conceives of him, is undefinable, it is only because he is nothing. Only afterwards will he be

something, and he will have made what he will be. David Drake mentions [26] that, in *Nausea*, Sartre gives several kinds of examples of people whose behavior shows bad faith, who are inauthentic: To be free is to be thrown into existence with no "human nature" as an essence to define you, and no definition of the reality into which you are thrown, either. To accept this freedom is to live "authentically"; but most of us run from authenticity. In the most ordinary affairs of daily life, we face the challenge of authentic choice, and the temptation of comfortable inauthenticity. Finally, for Sartre, political commitment became explicitly Marxist. In it he recast his prewar works, such as *Nausea* into politically committed works appropriate to the postwar era. Marxism was not, in any case, always as appreciative of Sartre as he was of it. Matthey describes [20] their objections: Marxism was a very potent political and philosophical force in France after its liberation from the Nazi occupation. Marxist thinkers tend to be very ideological and to condemn in no uncertain terms what they regard to be rival positions. They found existentialism to run counter to their emphasis on the solidarity of human beings and their theory of material economic determinism. The subjectivity that is the starting point of existentialism seemed to the Marxists to be foreign to the objective character of economic conditions and to the goal of uniting the working classes in order to overthrow the bourgeoisie capitalists. If one begins with the reality of the "I think," one loses sight of what really defines the human being according to the Marxists, which is their place in the economic system. Only the bourgeoisie have the luxury to make themselves what they are through their choices, so existentialism is a bourgeoisie philosophy. Consciousness is not related to the world by virtue of a set of mental representations and acts of mental synthesis that combine such representations to provide us with our knowledge of the external world. Our consciousness of an object does not inhere in the object itself. Thus in the early portions of the novel, Roquentin, who takes no attitude towards objects and has no stake in them, is totally estranged from the world he experiences. The objects themselves, in their brute existence, have only participation in a meaningless flow of events: This alienation from objects casts doubt for him, in turn, on his own validity and even his own existence. Roquentin says of physical objects that, for them, "to exist is simply to be there. What changes then is his attitude. The absurdity becomes, for him, "the key to existence. Once language collapses it becomes evident that words also give a measure of control and superiority to the speaker by keeping the world at bay; when they fail in this function, Roquentin is instantly vulnerable, unprotected. Elveton mentions [32] that, unknown to Sartre, Husserl himself was developing the same ideas, but in manuscripts that remained unpublished. He says, "for Sartre, the question of being was always and only a question of personal being. The dilemma of the individual confronting the overwhelming problem of understanding the relationship of consciousness to things, of being to things, is the central focus" of *Nausea*. In , just as Sartre was finishing *Nausea* and getting it to press, he wrote an essay, *The Transcendence of the Ego*. He still agreed with Husserl that consciousness is "about" objects or, as they say, it "intends" them "rather than forming within itself a duplicate, an inner representation of an outward object. The material objects of consciousness or "objects of intention" exist in their own right, independent and without any residue accumulating in them from our awareness of them. These flashes appear seemingly randomly, from staring at a crumpled piece of paper in the gutter to picking up a rock on the beach. The feeling he perceives is pure disgust: As the novel progresses, the nausea appears more and more frequently, though he is still unsure of what it actually signifies. However, at the base of a chestnut tree in a park, he receives a piercingly clear vision of what the nausea actually is. Existence itself, the property of existence to be something rather than nothing was what was slowly driving him mad. He no longer sees objects as having qualities such as color or shape. Instead, all words are separated from the thing itself, and he is confronted with pure being. Carruth [3] points out that the antipathy of the existentialists to formal ethical rules brought them disapproval from moral philosophers concerned with traditional schemes of value. Roquentin first points out how his version of humanism remains unaffiliated to a particular party or group so as to include or value all of mankind. However, he then notes how the humanist nonetheless caters his sympathy with a bias towards the humble portion of mankind. Roquentin continues to point out further discrepancies of how one humanist may favor an audience of laughter while another may enjoy the somber funeral. In dialogue, Roquentin challenges the Self-Taught Man to show a demonstrable love for a particular, tangible person rather than a love for the abstract entity attached to that person i. In short, he concludes that such humanism naively

attempts to "melt all human attitudes into one. The kind of humanism Sartre found unacceptable, according to Matthey, [20] is one that denies the primacy of individual choice. But there is another conception of humanism implicit in existentialism. This is one that emphasizes the ability of individual human beings to transcend their individual circumstances and act on behalf of all humans. The fact is, Sartre maintains, that the only universe we have is a human universe, and the only laws of this universe are made by humans. Carruth writes [3] that, on publication, "it was condemned, predictably, in academic circles, but younger readers welcomed it, and it was far more successful than most first novels.

Chapter 3 : Editions of Nausea by Jean-Paul Sartre

Nausea (Twentieth Century Classics): Jean-Paul Sartre Jean-Paul Sartre's first published novel, *Nausea* is both an extended essay on existentialist ideals, and a profound fictional exploration of a man struggling to restore a sense of meaning to.

Nausea can perhaps be best described as an existential horror novel. At the time Sartre was writing this book, horror movies had entered their golden age. *Frankenstein*, *Dracula* and the *Mummy* were frequent visitors to the silver screen, and turning into what, nowadays, we would call brand franchises. Even so, the terror of his story was all the more pernicious for its lack of external referents—because of its very pervasiveness, it could offer no escape. For the narrator of *Nausea*, Antoine Roquentin, a failed historian, the horror is everywhere—so much so that everything surrounding him can produce a queasy sense of nausea. Physical objects leave him disgusted. When Roquentin picks up a pebble on the seashore, it produces "a sort of sweetish sickness. Far worse is the vegetative world: Even the processed products of trees fill him with dismay—when he sees a piece of paper on the ground Roquentin finds himself incapable of picking it up. They are glassy, soft, blind, red-rimmed, they look like fish scales. But Sartre was not a admirer of the fashionable schools of psychology—indeed, his critique of Freud in *Being and Nothingness* stands out as one of his most important contributions to modern thought. I feel it out there—everywhere around me," Roquentin insists. All of us are familiar, of course, with plots about daunting obstacles, terrible consequences, and frightening conditions—those are the very building-blocks of fiction. But has any novelist ever tried to write a tale in which everything and everybody including the narrator! Nonetheless, Sartre seems aware that an entire novel about the nauseous and disgusting might be too much for even the most tolerant reader. So he inserts a number of set pieces into his book, some with very little connection to the larger story—but invariably suitable for Sartre to address a favorite subject or embark on a polemical attack. The self-taught man is an ardent humanist, and provides a convenient target for Sartre, who in his later writings would mount a full-scale attack on humanism never quite convincing, unlike his assault on Freud. Here, too, the scene is poorly integrated into the larger plot, but provides Sartre with an excellent platform for his views on the falsifications of history and biography. The fact that Sartre, in later years, would focus on biography, history, drama and other areas that he savagely attacks in this early work, add a special frisson to the proceedings. In general, Sartre is more committed to philosophy than to fiction, even here in the pages of his greatest novel. His horror story ends with a way out of the nausea. I am less than convinced by this turnabout in our suffering Mr. Roquentin, but as a longtime jazz lover, I am secretly pleased at the cure for the existential nausea. I would love to hear the jazz record that trumps Freud, cures the ill, and solves existential angst. Some have suggested that Sartre is referring to the famous Sophie Tucker recording of "Some of These Days," but the context of the novel suggests a different version. Sartre specifically mentions that the vocalist is African-American, and it is unlikely that he would make that assumption when listening to the Ukrainian-born Jewish singer Tucker. The Tucker track also features a shrill clarinet that could hardly be mistaken for a sax. So let me suggest that jazz writers who want to cite a fashionable philosopher switch over to Sartre, who frequented jazz clubs and listened to the music with a sensitivity to its inner emotional meaning. Sartre called jazz "the music of the future" and made an effort to get to know Miles Davis and Charlie Parker, and listen to John Coltrane. His writings on the subject are more atmospheric than analytical, but it is likely that Sartre saw jazz as the musical manifestation of the existential freedom he described in his philosophical texts. Jazz musicians, he once explained, are "speaking to the best part of you, the toughest, the freest. Ted Gioia writes on music, literature and popular culture. His latest book is *Love Songs*:

Chapter 4 : Bookmarks Nausea (Twentieth Century Classics) : Jean-Paul Sartre

Nausea (Twentieth Century Classics S.) by Baldick, Robert. Paperback. Acceptable.

Chapter 5 : Furniture Archives - 20th Century Classics

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Chapter 6 : Designer Stool Archives - 20th Century Classics

Author: Baldick, Robert. Nausea (Twentieth Century Classics S.). Book Binding: Paperback. Each month we recycle over million books, saving over 12, tonnes of books a year from going straight into landfill sites. | eBay!

Chapter 7 : How Sartre Cured Existential Angst with a Jazz Record

Nausea (Modern Classics) Nausea (Twentieth Century Classics S.) by JEAN-PAUL SARTRE See more like this. Jean-Paul Sartre / Nausea / First/1st UK Edition HCDJ

Chapter 8 : New Classics Series – A Series of Series

Get this from a library! Nausea. [Jean-Paul Sartre; Robert Baldick] -- French writer who is horrified at his own existence. In impressionistic, diary form he ruthlessly catalogues his every feeling and sensation.

Chapter 9 : Nausea by Jean-Paul Sartre

Editions for Nausea: (Hardcover published in), (Paperback published in), (Paperback published in), (Paper.