<<忏悔录>>

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内容概要

法国近代最具影响力的文学家、思想家让-雅克·卢梭出身于平民阶层,一生得罪不少权贵,树敌太多,既无好友可与倾诉,于是效法前贤圣奥古斯丁自叙平生,于1764年末开始撰写《忏悔录》,其间又经历流亡英国和潜逃回法国种种变故,大约于1770年完竣。

作者以破除旧的礼法、崇尚自然为旨归,直笔无隐,一一揭露出上流社会体面、风雅背后的种种虚伪与丑恶,对平民阶层自然纯朴的风貌则给予了热忱的歌颂,从而改变了社会的伦理思维和人生理想, 预示了浪漫主义时代的到来。

尽管法国当局一不准卢梭再发表文章,二不准其在公众场合朗读这部"披肝沥胆地暴露自己"的书,但二百余年来,卢梭的这部《忏悔录》已被译成各种文字,成为"世界三大忏悔录"之一。



作者简介

作者:(法国)卢梭 (Jean—Jacques Rousseau) 卢梭(Jean-Jacques Rousseau),(1712-1778)was a major philosopher,writer,and composer of 18th-century Romanticism. His political philosophy heavily influenced the French Revolution,as well as the overall development of modern political,sociological and educational thought. His Confessions,which initiated the modern autobiography,and his Reveries of a Solitary Walker were among the pre-eminent examples of the late 18th-century movement known as the Age of Sensibility,featuring an increasing focus on subjectivity and introspection that has characterized the modern age.

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书籍目录

INTRODUCTION

BOOK I

BOOK II

BOOK III

BOOK IV

BOOK V

BOOK VI

BOOK VII

BOOK VIII

BOOK IX

BOOK X

BOOK XI

BOOK XII



章节摘录

版权页: Every night,after supper,we read some part of a small collection of romances which had been my mother's. My father's design was only to improve me in reading, and he thought these entertaining works were calculated to give me a fondness for it; but we soon found ourselves so interested in the adventures they contained, that we alternately read whole nights together, and could not bear to give over until at the conclusion of a volume. Sometimes, in a morning, on hearing the swallows at our window, my father, quite ashamed of this weakness, would cry, "Come, come, let us go to bed; I am more a child than thou art." I soon acquired, by this dangerous custom, not only an extreme facility in reading and comprehending, but, for my age, a too intimate acquaintance with the passions. An infinity of sensations were familiar to me, without possessing any precise idea of the objects to which they related-I had conceived nothing-I had felt the whole. This confused succession of emotions did not retard the future efforts of my reason, though they added an extravagant, romantic notion of human life, which experience and reflection have never been able to eradicate. My romance reading concluded with the summer of 1719, the following winter was differently employed. My mother's library being quite exhausted, we had recourse to that part of her father's which had devolved to us; here we happily found some valuable books, which was by no means extraordinary, having been selected by a minister that truly deserved that title, in whom learning (which was the rage of the times) was but a secondary commendation, his taste and good sense being most conspicuous. The history of the Church and Empire by Le Sueur, Bossuett's Discourses on Universal History, Plutarch's Lives, the history of Venice by Nani, Ovid's Metamorphoses, La Bruyere, Fontenelle's World, his Dialogues of the Dead, and a few volumes of Moliere, were soon ranged in my father's closet, where, during the hours he was employed in his business, I daily read them, with an avidity and taste uncommon, perhaps unprecedented at my age. Plutarch presently became my greatest favorite. The satisfaction I derived from repeated readings I gave this author, extinguished my passion for romances, and I shortly preferred Agesilaus, Brutus, and Aristides, to Orondates, Artemenes, and Juba. These interesting studies, seconded by the conversations they frequently occasioned with my father, produced that republican spirit and love of liberty, that haughty and invincible turn of mind, which rendered me impatient of restraint or servitude, and became the torment of my life, as I continually found myself in situations incompatible with these sentiments. Incessantly occupied with Rome and Athens, conversing, if I may so express myself with their illustrious heroes; born the citizen of a republic, of a father whose ruling passion was a love of his country, I was fired with these examples; could fancy myself a Greek or Roman, and readily give into the character of the personage whose life I read; transported by the recital of any extraordinary instance of fortitude or intrepidity, animation flashed from my eyes, and gave my voice additional strength and energy. One day, at table, while relating the fortitude of Scoevola, they were terrified at seeing me start from my seat and hold my hand over a hot chafing-dish, to represent more forcibly the action of that determined Roman.



编辑推荐

ROUSSEAU recognized the unique nature of the Confessions, it opens with the famous words: I have resolved on an enterprise which, has noprecectent, and which, once complete, wiu have noimitator. My purpose is to display to my kind a portrait in every way true to nature, and the man Ishall portray will be myself, Some scholars believe that is prediction was wideoff the mark. Not long after publication many otherwriters (such as Goethe, Wordsworth and De Quincey) wrote their own similarly-styled autobiographies. However, Leo Damrosch argues that Rousseau meant that it would be impossible to imitatehis book, as nobody else would be like Jean-Jacques Rousseau. I HAVEENTERED upon a performance which is without example, whoseaccomplishment will have no imitator. I mean to present my fellow-mortals with a man in all the integrity of nature; and this man shall bemyself. I know my heart, and have studied mankind; I am not made like any one I have been acquainted with, perhaps like no one in existence; if not better, I at least claim originality, and whether Nature did wisely in breaking themould with which she formed me, can only be determined after having readthis work.

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