

THE WORDS BY Jean Paul Sartre — Geo. Brazillier, NY 35)

Part I-Reading

p.15-(JPS's father)"sought refuge in death."

"Dying is not easy."

(of p.23:"My luck was to belong to a dead man." Hence no superego?????)
p.16"I was put out to nurse not far away & I too applied myself to dying, of enteritis & perhaps of resentment." "double death-struggle."

p.17:Anne Marie "chilled with gratitude" p.19:"As luck had it, he (JPS's father) died young..

..Dying isn't everything: one must die in time." But no one in my family was able to make me curious about that man." (his father again) When his mother remarries, JPS does get some of his father's books that defunct was of so little concern to me that I sold the bks."

p.21:"I was given to understand that I was a child of miracle. That accords, beyond a doubt, for my incredible levity. I am not a leader, nor do I aspire to become one. Command, obey, it's all one...Never in my life have I given an order without laughing, without making others laugh. It is because I am not consumed by the canker of power: I was not taught obedience."

p.26:"And besides, I was a good child: I found my role so becoming that I did not step out of it. Actually, my father's early retirement had left me with a most incomplete Oedipus complex. No Superego, granted. But no aggressiveness either."

p.27:"They (grandmother & mother) believe in God long enough to enjoy a toccata."

p.29:"he (grandfather) would look for wisdom in my jumbled talk, & he would find it. I later laughed at this folly; I'm sorry I did; it was the working of death." "It was not truth, but his death that spoke to him through my mouth. It is not surprising that the insipid happiness of my early yrs. sometimes had a funereal taste. I owed my freedom to a timely death, my importance to a very expected decease. But what of it! All the Pythias (p.30) are dread creatures; everyone knows that. All children are mirrors of death."

p.30:"Only one mandate: to please; everything for show."

p.34:"My grandfather believes in Progress; so do I: Progress, that long, steep path which leads to me."

p.39:from 1905 to 1914. "If one is defined only by opp., I was the undefined in person."

p.40:"Happily, there is no lack of applause. Whether the adults listen to my babbling or to The Art of the Fugue, they have the same arch smile of enjoyment & complicity. That shows what I am essentially: a cultural asset."

p.40:"I began my life as I shall no doubt end it: amid a book." "it had the world's infinite richness, its variety." "I launched out into incredible adventures."

p.51:"It was in bks. that I encountered the universe: assimilated, classified, labeled, pondered, still formidable; and I confused the disorder of my bookish experiences with the random course of real events. From that came the idealism which it took me 30 yrs. to shake off."

On p.54, JPS suddenly says "Even now—1963—that's the only family rel. which moves me."
(brother-sister) Then, in fn., offers "discreetly incestuous" rel. which attracted
him in fantasy and "Trace of this fantasy can be found in my writings: Orestes
& Electra in The Flies, Boris & Ivich in The Paths of Freedom, Frantz & Leni in Altona.
The last-named are the only ones who go the whole way. What attracted me about this
family bond was not so much the amorous temptation as the taboo against making love:
fire & ice, mingled delight & frustration; I liked incest if it remained platonic."

p.59: "I had found my religion: nothing seemed to me more important than a book. I re-
garded the library as a temple. Grandson of a priest, I lived on the roof of the
world, on the 6th floor, perched on the highest branch of the Central (p. 60) tree:
the trunk was the elevator shaft... Every man has his natural place; its altitude is
determined neither by pride nor value: childhood decides. Mine is a 6th floor in Paris
with a view overlooking the roofs. For a long time I suffocated in the valleys; the plain
overwhelmed me: I crawled along the planet Mars, the heaviness crushed me. I had only to
climb a molehill for joy to come rushing back: I would return to my symbolic 6th fl.; there
would once again breathe the rarefied air of belles-lettres....

"Today, April 22 1963, I
am correcting this mss. on the 10th floor of a new bldg: thru the open window I see a
cemetery, Paris, the blue hills of Saint Cloud. That shows my obstinacy. Yet everything
has changed. It was not a matter of setting myself above human beings: I wanted to
live in the ether among the aerial simulacra of Things."

**on p.63 there is a statement comparing 1905-14 to what his grandfather gave him
as ideas: "I started off with a handicap of 80 yrs."

p.69: "I have reported the facts as accurately as my memory permitted me. But to what
extent did I believe in my delirium? That's the basic question, & yet I can't tell."

p.72: "The playing at culture cultivated me in the long run."

p.84: "Play-acting robbed me of the world & of human beings. I saw only roles & props."

p.113: "When I examine my life from the age of 6 to 9, I am struck by the continuity
of my spiritual exercises. Their content often change, but the program remained
unvaried. I had made a false entrance; I withdrew behind a screen & began my birth over
again at the right moment. the very minute that the universe silently called for me."

Part 2 - Writing (p.139)

p.144: "This new activity was destined in every way to be an
additional imitation. My mother was lavish with encouragement. She would bring visitors
into the dining room so that they could surprise the young creator at his school desk. I
pretended to be too absorbed to be aware of my admirers' presence. They would withdraw
on tiptoe, whispering that I was too cute for words, that it was too-too charming."

JPS's The Words

p.148: "The writer word also worried me. At times, weary of mild massacres of children, I would let myself daydream; I would discover, in a state of anguish, ghastly possibilities, a monstrous universe that was only the underside of my omnipotence; I would say to myself: anything can happen! and that meant: I can imagine anything... But the imagination was not involved. I did not invent those horrors; I found them, like everything else, in my memory." "In that par. the wgs. world was choking to death: that is what was called 'the sweetness of living.' For want of visible enemies, the bourgeoisie took pleasure in being scared of its own shadow. It exchanged boredom for a directed anxiety. People spoke of spiritism, of ectoplasm..." When I opened Le Matin, I would be frozen with fear." (Wind in the Trees story)

p.153: I was beginning to find myself... I was not yet working, but I had already stopped play-acting. ~~From play-acting~~ The liar was finding his truth in the elaboration of his lies. I was born of writing. "By writing I was existing, I was escaping from the grown-ups, but I existed only in order to write, and if I said "I", that meant "I who write." In any case, I knew joy. The public child was making private appointments with ~~myself~~ himself."

p.159: "Like all dreamers, I confused disenchantment with truth."

p.163: "In short, he drove me into literature by the care he took to divert me from iteven now I sometimes wonder, when I am in a bad mood, ...solely in the mad hope of pleasing my grandfather." "The fact is that I resemble Swann when he has gotten over his love: "o think," he sighs, "that I messed up my life for a woman who wasn't my type!"

p.164: "But the fact is this: ...all writers have to sweat. That's due to the nature of the Word: one speaks in one's own language, one writes in a foreign language. Besides... I loathe my childhood & whatever has survived of it. I wouldn't listen to my grandfather's voice, that recorded voice which wakes me with a start & drives me to my table, if it were not my own, if, between the ages of 8 & 10, I had not arrogantly assumed responsibility for the supposedly imperative mandate that I had received in all humility..." (p.166: "My pride and forlornness were such at the time that I wished I were dead ~~so~~ that I were needed by the whole world.".... "I came to rebellion later only because I had carried submission to an extreme."

p.167: "anxiety dream." p.174: "my heart, my cowardly heart, preferred the adventurer to the intellectual..." p.175: "The anxiety persisted in another form."

p.178-179: The priesthood took mankind in hand, & saved it by the reversibility of its merits.... I still believed in it at the age of 20." p.180: "One writes for one's neighbors or for God. I decided to write for God with the purpose of saving my neighbors... As a writer, my manner did not change: before saving mankind, I WOULD START BY BLINDFOLDING IT... (p.181) In the mankind without a visa which awaits the Artist's good pleasure, one can easily recognize the coddled child who is bored on his perch..." p.182: "I said earlier that as a result of discovering the world thru language, for a long time I took language for the world." void nothing

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p.199 "I tried to live backwards. I became completely posthumous." It was not entirely my fault... that mirage is born spontaneously of culture... p.200 "that's the mirage of the future more real than the present."

p.207: the main ques. is that of sincerity. At the age of 9 I remained far short of it; then I went beyond it."

p.209: "2 yrs. later, I would have been considered cured... But I had gone completely mad. Two events, one public & the other pvt., had swept away the little reason that remained." p.222: I had playmates at last. I stopped writing.
Buffalo Bill

(on p.231 JFS brings in 1948, speed & "power of uprooting.")
(p.238: "I became a traitor & have remained one." "I am unfaithful to my emotions.")

p.239: "I've crossed out my early yrs. in particular; when I began this book; it took me a long time to decipher them beneath the blots. When I was 30...
...I don't hold grudges and I obligingly admit everything; I'm always ready to criticize myself, provided I'm not forced to. In 1936 and 1945, the individual who bears my name was treated badly; does that concern me? I hold him responsible for the insults he swallowed; the fillo wasn't even able to command respect."

p.241: chronological hierarchy p.246 JFS seems to say that, at the age of 10 or so it is "an undated memory" of himself & his mother who are sitting on a bench in the Luxemburg because his mother had asked him to rest from so much running & being overheated. "it's of the highest importance that I start running again. I'm off like a shot. At the end of the lane, I turn around; nothing has moved, nothing has happened. I hide my disappointment behind a screen of words: I assert that, around '45, in a furnished room in Aurillac, this running will have untold consequences." "I feel the speed of my soul."

p.248: "Such were my beginnings: I felt; external forces shaped my flight & made me.

p.250: "the lucid blindness from which I suffered for 30 years... At the age of 30, I executed the masterstroke of writing in Nausea—quite sincerely, believe me,—about the bitter, unjustified existence of my fellowmen & of exonerating my own. I was roquentin; I used him to show, without complacency, the texture of my life. At the same time, I was I, the elect, chronicler of Hell, a glass & a telescope peering at my own protoplasmic juices. Later, I gaily demonstrated that man is impossible... Fake to the marrow of my bones & hoodwinked, I joyfully wrote about our unhappy state. Dogmatic though I was, I doubted everything except that I was the elect of doubt. I built with one hand what I destroyed with the other, & I regarded anxiety as the guarantee of my security; I was happy."

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"I have changed." p.253: For the last 10 yrs. or so I've been a man who's been waking up, cured of a long, bitter-sweet madness... a man who can't think of his old ways without laughing & who doesn't know what to do with himself. I've again become a traveler without a ticket that I was at the age of 7... p.254: one gets rid of a neurosis. one doesn't get cured of one's self...

p.255: concl: "What I like about my madness is that it has protected me from the very beginning against the charms of the 'élite': // If I relegate impossible Salvation to the proproom, what remains? A whole man, composed of all men & as good as all of them & no better than any."