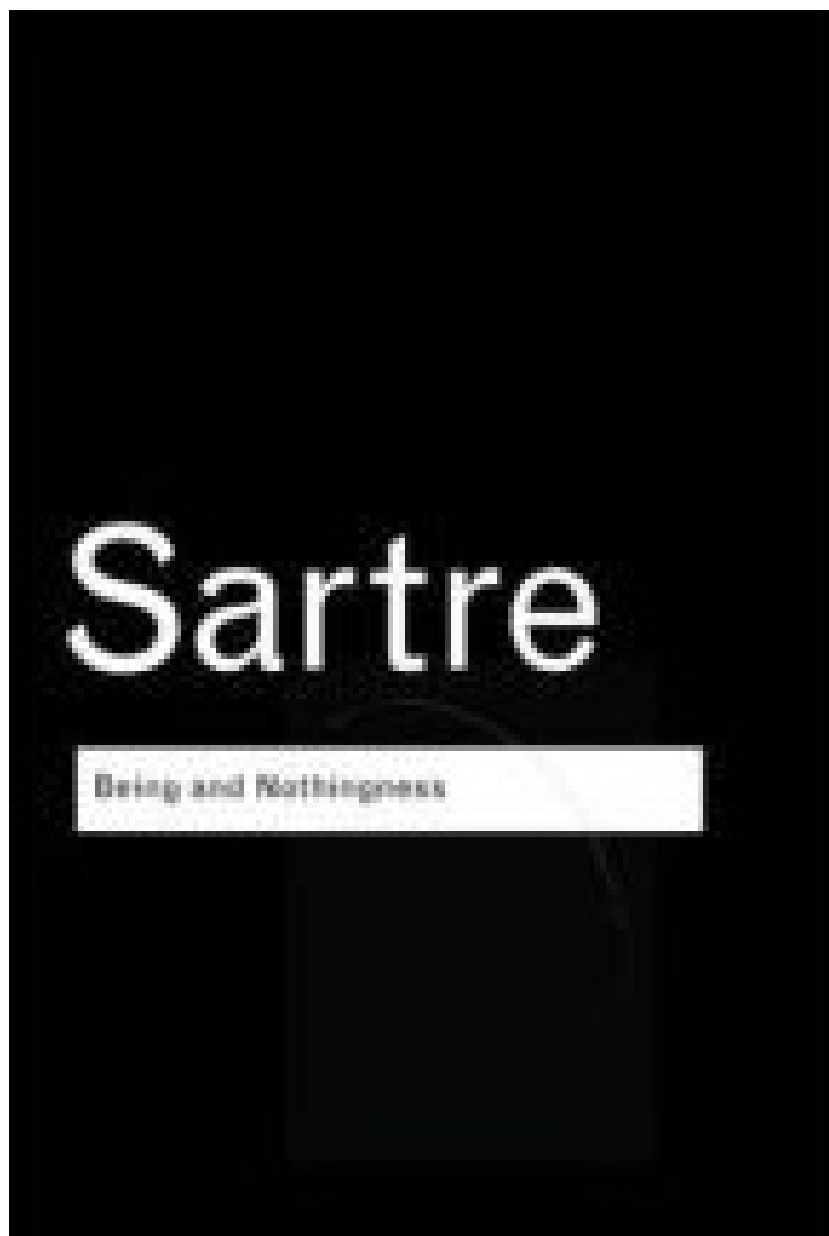


Being and Nothingness Book PDF Download



**By:
Jean-Paul Sartre**

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What people Say:

Tyler

One of the more cold-serious works I've read, this treatise exerts a strange power that forces readers onward despite the dense subject matter and clunky English translation.

The subject is man's experience of reality. Here you have a rigorous scouring of the subject resulting in a proof of human freedom so thorough you'll never fool with hard determinism again. Every aspect of consciousness is traced in all its implications. After reading this there seems little more to be said about the basis i

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The scope of the book treats conscious thought in isolation. You need a fairly good philosophical vocabulary to read it, as well as a highlighter. Even then, some of the points are so abstruse you have to pause and think, often on each paragraph. Joseph Catalano's

is a valuable companion. Those considering reading this book may want to read Catalano alongside it.

As with many existential works, this study tends to ignore external influences on thought. Sartre does pose the problem of the "situation limit" to human freedom, but without exploring it in any detail. As a result, the outward, natural necessity that provides the context for human freedom receives scant attention. Thence comes the sense of a human consciousness unbounded in its freedom.

Sartre's characterization of the human mind possessing "absolute freedom and absolute responsibility" takes on a metaphysical aura; this, as much as anything, accounts for the book's ability to engage one's feelings. The reading of this work is actually more rewarding than what one might learn from it. What an intriguing effect for such and academic work.

Ian "Marvin" Graye

[The Stone Roses]

It helps to have read Heidegger's

before this volume that some describe as a companion, others as a critique (it's both, actually).

Heidegger writes like someone who is a reader; Sartre like someone who is both a reader and a writer. This is not to deny that Heidegger is a good writer. Just that Sartre is a better one.

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Sartre wrote while Heidegger's ideas were still fresh. He agreed with many, disagreed with some, fine-tuned others, and finished the project that Heidegger set himself, but failed to complete.

Naturally, Sartre accomplished something that was different from what Heidegger had intended at any stage of his career. Two philosophers, at least two opinions.

Nathan "N.R." Gaddis

A few years ago I read about half of

(finally!). Back in school days I thought I was cutting my philosophical teeth on Sartre and the others known as existentialists. I'm quite certain I was making most of it up. It was time to play catch-up and read Sartre's work which I believed to have already assimilated. It evolves that I had moved quite a distance beyond Sartre's existentialism. But I did not finish my reading for external reasons and it remains on my shelf for that

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But mostly I'm posting this note in order to remove a chip from my shoulder. My claim here is that Sartre is

existentialist; and his existentialism is merely a portion of his work; and that it is the least important of his work. What I mean is that Sartre was a phenomenologist. His contribution to twentieth century philosophy was not the development of "the philosophy of existentialism" but rather his continuance of and contributions to the phenomenological researches begun by Husserl, carried further by Heidegger, contributions by Merleau-Ponty, Gadamer, Ricoeur, ETC. Sartre is perhaps the lesser philosopher. But as

he was indubitably a giant on the French landscape. But, see, my claim is that he was more "intellectual" than "philosopher." And his existentialism had more to do with his status as intellectual than as philosopher; don't hold too tight to that distinction.

But, let it be said, Sartre is perhaps the noblest figure of the twentieth century in regard to the question of atheism in so far as he was the only thinker to that time who fully realized the consequences brought on by the death/disappearance of a transcendental guarantee frequently known as "God"; existentialism was perhaps nothing more than a response to this question.

Let it be further said, that I don't have too much to say about the literary grouping known as "existentialist," for writing such Sartre was also rather well known, along with de Beauvoir, Sarraute, and someone named Camus. I quit reading these things about the time I began to understand philosophy.

So then as to Sartre being the only existentialist. Here's what I think happened, and which has caused more than two centuries of the history of philosophy to be misunderstood by the popular mind. A popularizer of philosophy, or a few, but mostly Walter Kaufman, read Sartre. His reading of Sartre allowed him to see similar themes and issues and orientations in philosophers from earlier eras; but without having read Sartre he would not have seen these things in other thinkers. This is a case similar to Kafka's writing causing us to retrospectively find kafka-esque elements in writers who preceded Kafka, although we had never seen those things before or taken them as kafka-esque; and we find a whole series of kafka-ism preceding the thing itself. With a popular book or two; overnight we suddenly had an entire history of existentialist thinkers--Heidegger became one, so did Nietzsche and Kierkegaard, even back to Shakespeare and Pascal. Reading Sartre certainly causes us to read these thinkers in a new light, but to assimilate them to something like "existentialism" is simply uninformative at best, misleading at worst. Depend upon it--anyone calling Heidegger an existentialist does not know the first thing (they are learning! patience!) about twentieth century philosophy. Anyone who believes that Kierkegaard or Nietzsche were

existentialists!!! (and they absolutely were not and never could be "postmodernists") --they were Hegelians, as is Sartre in his better moments.

peiman-mir5 rezakhani

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Phillip

(Update Jan. 2015) I am beginning 2015 by rereading one of my all time favorite books for the 15th time, this time in the original language. It is about time.

When I say read it in the original language it is more like a first- or third-grader sort of doping out a newspaper article that is too advanced for him. I know some of the words. I know the English translation so well that I have a good Idea of what is passing before my eyes. But it isn't really reading in the usual sense.

I am studying Fr

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I am studying French for the second time. The first time was a disaster. I don't know what to say. Right now I am making progress. I thought it would be good to read a couple of pages per day as a form of immersion as part of the process. And in the end, the primary reason I am studying French is because I want to be able to read the book in its original language.

I have been through this before. It is about like 30 years ago when I reread the book all of those times in English. Sometimes it really was just the words passing over my eyes. But I would understand a little and then a little more until I came to be able to read it like any other book. So, I am optimistic. My goal is to have gotten through the French course by the end of the first week in September. My expectation is that I will pick up more and more as I learn more about the language and maybe have the reading comprehension of a 4th or 5th grader by the end of the calendar year.

I picked up this book in the summer of 1985. Over the next three years I read and reread it seven times. Once I realized it was going to be a multiple reading event I started varying my approach with each pass by dividing the book up into chunks and reading them in different orders. During my sixth run-through I did it backwards. I started with the last page of the book and read each page until I got to the title page. After that, I really had the content down and during the seventh I was able to comprehend everything like I would any other book during the first read through.

Why would a 21 to 24 year-old be motivated to do such a thing? Because it intrigued me. During each reread I picked up a little more. I liked what I saw, and during each pass I held more of the over-all picture in my mind. What he wrote was and is important to me. Because in the end, I believe Sartre was right more often than not.