

<<巴尔扎克传>>

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作者：茨威格

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内容概要

巴尔扎克，举世公认的现实主义小说艺术大师他是一位力量惊人，从不疲倦的工作者，经穷所有伟大都不能避免的那种充满风暴和斗争的生活。

他用如椽之笔征服了世界，他给人世间创造第二个完美的天地，无与伦妇的《人间喜剧》在人类文化历史上树起了一座划时代的丰碑把现实主义文学推上了一新高峰，在最伟大的人物中间，他是一第的一个在最优秀的人物中间，他是出类拔萃的一个他的理壮丽的、独特的，成就是永远说不尽的。他是《人间喜剧》诸多人物中最奇特、最有趣、最浪漫，也最富有诗意的一个。

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作者简介

茨威格，梦一般的音乐之都维也纳蕴育出的文学天才，一位深邃的世界主义者与和平主义者。用生命去感知并促进个体之间、民族之间的相互理解，对求知世界、个人命运充满无尽好奇与创作的激情。心理分析的方法悄无声息地融入他的作品中，探寻人类内心深处跌宕多变的激情，

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scribbling, and it was the worst kind of prostitution since it was practiced cold-bloodedly and solely with a view to making money quickly. He may, to begin with, have been swayed only by impatience to achieve his freedom, but once he had sunk deep enough and become used to easy profits, the descent grew steeper and steeper. He allowed his talents to be misused for lesser rewards, despite the large earnings he drew from his novels, and there was no literary iniquity that he could not stomach. He was a harlot serving simultaneously two or three literary pimps. Even when his *Cbouans* and *La peau de chagrin* made him an outstanding figure in French literature, he continued--like a married woman secretly visiting a maison de rendezvous to earn some pin-money--to frequent his former low haunts and degrade the famous Honore de Balzac to the status of a cheap hack for the sake of a few hundred francs. Today, when his cloak of anonymity has become somewhat threadbare, we know that Balzac shrank from no literary sin. He patched other men's novels with scraps of his own and barefacedly stole other writers' plots and situations for his own works. With adroit impudence he undertook every kind of literary tailoring, in which the purloined material was pressed, lengthened, tamed, dyed, and modernized. He supplied anything for which there was a demand, whether in the way of philosophy, politics, or causeries, always ready to meet his clients' wishes, a brisk, skillful, unscrupulous workman, on call at any time and prepared to switch over to the production of any article that happened to be in fashion. It is pathetic to think of the kind of people with whom he associated in these dark years. He was the greatest storyteller of his age, yet he was nothing but the hireling of the scabbiest hole-and-corner publishers and wholesale book-hawkers of Paris. All this because he lacked self-confidence and was blind to his real destiny. It must forever remain a unique phenomenon in the annals of literature that even a genius like Baron Munchausen's feat in drawing himself up from the swamp by his own pigtail. Some taint did, it is true, cling to his garments, a certain sickly perfumed odor from the dissolute haunts of literature he had been wont to frequent. *Semper aliquid haeret*. No artist can descend so deeply into the sewers with impunity. The lack of scruple demanded by the sensational novel, its lack of veil-similitude and its gross sentimentalities--these were elements that Balzac could never again wholly eliminate from his novels; but it was above all the glibness, the haste, the slick writing, habits contracted during the days of mass production, which dehumanely affected his style. Language is a jealous master and avenges itself inexorably on every artist who even occasionally treats it with unconcern. Balzac awakened too late to a sense of responsibility, and after he had reached maturity he would desperately go through his manuscripts, galleys, and page-proofs ten or twenty times; but it was too late to hoe out the weeds which had been allowed to take root with such impudent lunacy. If Balzac's language and style remained irredeemably defective, it was because he had been untrue to himself in the decisive years of his development. In the ferment of his mind the young Balzac vaguely perceived that he was degrading his true self. He never put his name to any of these works and later on, though with more audacity than success, he stubbornly disowned them. To the only intimate of his early years, the sister who had loyally supported his youthful ambitions, he refused even to show *Liberite de Biragre*, "because," as he said, "it is a real piece of literary coquetry." He gave her a copy of *Laelo*, on condition that she should "not lend it to a living soul, not even show it to anyone, and not talk about it, so that the copy does not go the rounds in Bayeux or anywhere else and damage my business." The word he used, *commencer*, proves decisively with what complete lack of illusion Balzac regarded his writing at this time. He was bound by contract to supply so many folios to the printer, and the quicker the better; all that mattered in the calculation of his fee was quantity, and all that mattered to Balzac was the payment of his fee. In his impatience to start on a new tome as quickly as possible he cared so little for the artistic problems of composition, style, unity, and originality that he made his sister the cynical proposal, since she was not overburdened with work at home, that she write the second volume of *Le vice des Ardennes* with the help of a short synopsis while he dashed off the first. Hardly had he set up his factory before he was looking round for cheap hands. While acting as a "ghost" for others he was trying to enlist the services of a similar unseen collaborator for himself. Yet in the few lucid intervals that came to him during his brutish labors he was pricked by a conscience that was not entirely atrophied: "Oh, my dear Laure, I bless every day the good fortune which allowed me to

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adopt this free profession, and I am convinced that I shall yet make a good deal of money by it. But now that I am aware of my powers, as I believe., I am indeed sorry at having to expend the flower of my ideas on such absurdities. In my mind's eye I see something beckoning me and if only I could be assured as to my material situation I would settle down to zealous work. Like his *L'ancien* de Rubempré, in whom he later depicted his own fall and eventual self-redemption, he felt a burning sense of shame and stared with a shudder, like Lady Macbeth, at his stained hands: "My attempt to free myself by the bold stroke of writing novels---and what novels! Oh, Laute, how pitifully have my glorious projects collapsed!"

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媒体关注与评论

编者的话 《名人名传丛书》是一大型文化建设工程，在其起步之初，编者，有话告之于读者：
历史是无数人物之传记。

史源于事，事源于人；无人则无事，无事则无史。

马克思、恩格斯有言：“历史不过是追求着自己目的的人的活动而已。”

评述“追求着自己目的的人的活动”，即成传记；解读传记，因而即是解读历史。

无数人物之传记构成为历史，于无数人物之传记之外另求一历史，则无历史矣。

传记是传主成败得失之记录。

传记讲解传主之成败得失，名传讲解名人之成败得失。

讲善恶可也，讲贤不肖可也，讲毁誉可也，但均不及讲智愚、讲成败得失来得根本。

名人之跌倒与爬起、之挫败与新生，其中之“一阴一阳之道”，正是后人入世立足之航标灯、之后车鉴、之警示牌。

解读传记，尤其是解读名人之传记，恰如为自己“主政”请来无数大智大勇之“垂帘听政者”。

名人所作之传记是人文之精华。

名人为名人作传，恰如“酒逢知己”、“棋逢对手”，一举一动，一言一行，均了然于心，尽在不言中。

凡人为名人作传，所以不能上境界，在凡人无以跟上名人之大智大意；名人为名人作传，所以能动人心弦，在名人可以看穿名人之背后，从而能对传主之成败得失，达致“同情之了解”。

酒不逢知己，酒而无味；棋不逢对手，棋而无趣。

读者犹如旁观者，看两强之打斗，自可以锻炼自己、提高自己，而向名人靠近一小步。

名人为名人作传，记录名人之成败得失，从而也就记录了历史。

吾人解读名人所作名人之传记，读懂名人之成败得失，从而也就读懂了历史。

基于以上认识，《名人名传丛书》将尽可能发掘、整理名人所撰名人之传记。

在近年内，将推出中文版名人名传100种、英文版名人名传100种，每种均在原文字基础上，配以精美插图，以收图文并茂、相得益彰之效。

此工程而能完工，将是中国文化建设史上的一件大事。

《名人名传丛书》由名人传记文化研究中心编辑。

该中心在编辑现有名人名传的同时，亦准备推出名人文集和名人研究系列，欢迎赐稿。

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编辑推荐

《巴尔扎克传(插图英文本)》将尽可能发掘、整理名人所撰名人之传记。在近年内，将推出中文版名人名传100种、英文版名人名传100种，每种均在原文字基础上，配以精美插图，以收图文并茂、相得益彰之处。

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