

Chapter 1 : Albert Camus (Author of The Stranger)

Camus's Stranger Retried to derive from his practice of the law. The pre-Chute Camus is quite different, of course, from his hero Clamence, but the two have a.

Part 1[edit] Meursault learns of the death of his mother, who has been living in a retirement home. At her funeral, he expresses none of the expected emotions of grief. Rather than expressing his feelings, he comments to the reader only about the aged attendees at the funeral. He later encounters Marie, a former employee of his firm. For Raymond, Meursault agrees to write a letter to his girlfriend, with the sole purpose of inviting her over so that Raymond can have sex with her but spit in her face at the last minute as emotional revenge. Meursault sees no reason not to help him, and it pleases Raymond. While listening to Raymond, he is both somewhat drunk and characteristically unfazed by any feelings of empathy. In general, he considers other people either interesting or annoying, or feels nothing for them at all. Raymond asks Meursault to testify in court that the girlfriend has been unfaithful. On their return they encounter Salamano, his curmudgeonly old neighbour who has lost his abused and disease-riddled dog, who is maintaining his usual spiteful and uncaring attitude for the dog. Meursault is surprised to learn about the negative impression of his actions. Later, he is taken to court where Meursault, who witnessed the event while returning to his apartment with Marie, testifies that she had been unfaithful, and Raymond is let off with a warning. Later, Meursault walks back along the beach alone, now armed with a revolver which he took from Raymond to prevent him from acting rashly. Disoriented and on the edge of heatstroke, Meursault shoots when the Arab flashes his knife at him. It is a fatal shot, but Meursault shoots the man four more times after a pause. He does not divulge to the reader any specific reason for his crime or what he feels, other than being bothered by the heat and intensely bright sunlight. Part 2[edit] Meursault is now incarcerated, and explains his arrest, time in prison, and upcoming trial. His general detachment makes living in prison very tolerable, especially after he gets used to the idea of being restricted and unable to have sex with Marie. He passes the time sleeping, or mentally listing the objects he owned in his apartment. He pushes Meursault to tell the truth, but the man resists. Later, on his own, Meursault tells the reader that he simply was never able to feel any remorse or personal emotions for any of his actions in life. The dramatic prosecutor denounces Meursault, claiming that he must be a soulless monster, incapable of remorse, and thus deserves to die for his crime. In prison, Meursault awaits the results of his appeal. While waiting to learn his fate, either his successful appeal or execution of his death sentence, Meursault meets with a chaplain, but rejects his proffered opportunity of turning to God. Meursault says that God is a waste of his time. Although the chaplain persists in trying to lead Meursault from his atheism or, perhaps more precisely, his apatheism, Meursault finally accosts him in a rage. He has an outburst about his frustrations and the absurdity of the human condition, and his personal anguish without respite at the meaninglessness of his freedom, existence and responsibility. He expresses anger about others, saying that they have no right to judge him for his actions or for who he is, that no one has the right to judge another. At night in his cell, he finds a final happiness in his indifference towards the world and the lack of meaning he sees in everyone and everything. His final assertion is that a large, hateful crowd at his execution will end his loneliness and bring everything to a consummate end. Other instances are shown. Meursault is also a truthful person, speaking his mind without regard for others. He is regarded as a stranger to society due to his indifference. As Meursault nears the time for his execution, he feels a kinship with his mother, thinking she, too, embraced a meaningless universe. Her brother and friends try to take revenge. He brings Meursault into the conflict, and the latter kills the brother. Raymond and Meursault seem to develop a bond, and he testifies for Meursault during his trial. Marie Cardona was a typist in the same workplace as Meursault. Marie, like Meursault, enjoys sex. She represents the enjoyable life Meursault wants, and he misses her while in jail. Masson is the owner of the beach house where Raymond takes Marie and Meursault. Masson is a carefree person who likes to live his life and be happy. Salamano is an old man who routinely walks his dog. He abuses it but is still attached to it. When he loses his dog, he is distressed and asks Meursault for advice. None of the Arabs in The Stranger are named, reflecting the distance between the French colonists and indigenous people.

The Arab the brother of the mistress of Raymond is a man shot and killed by Meursault on a beach in colonial Algiers. Critical analysis[edit] In his analysis of the novel, Carl Viggiani wrote: In reality, it is a dense and rich creation, full of undiscovered meanings and formal qualities. Daoud explores their subsequent lives following the withdrawal of French authorities and most pied-noirs from Algeria after the conclusion of the Algerian War of Independence in Some scenes and passages the murder, the conversation with the chaplain should also be revised. The manuscript was then read by editors Jean Paulhan and Raymond Queneau. Gerhard Heller , a German editor, translator and lieutenant in the Wehrmacht working for the Censorship Bureau offered to help. The book was eventually published in June 1945, 4, copies of it were printed.

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Lucid, severe, and engaging, *The Stranger* nevertheless is a tendentious work, one that knows too well what it is about, and what its effect upon the reader will be. We need not consider Camus the most authentic spokesman of aesthetic solitude in the century just past—that distinction belongs to Franz Kafka, rightly considered by W. Auden to have been the Dante of his age. Kafka, desperate for happiness, found next to none. Camus, who thought of himself as happy, can seem a minor moralist when compared to Kafka, or to Freud. And yet Camus became the most representative intellectual of the s, both in France and throughout the West. He stood for individualism: And yet time has dimmed Camus, particularly as a literary artist. Is Camus now more than a nostalgia, and is *The Stranger* still a poignant and persuasive narrative? A period piece can have its own value, but time at last will efface it. Returning to it in , I was rather disappointed; time seemed to have worn it smooth. Then it seemed tragic, though on a minor scale, an aesthetic dignity I could not locate in *Tragedy*, in , clearly is too large a notion to apply to Meursault. And yet Camus presents Meursault, extreme though he be, as a valid self, one that ought to survive. This is a subtle test for the reader, since Meursault is just barely sympathetic. Though he never feels, or expresses, remorse for the murder, Meursault changes as he undergoes legal judgment and approaches execution. Everything had been all the same to Meursault; he had seemed incapable of wanting anything very much, or wanting it more than another thing. Camus makes Meursault into someone we are in no position to judge, but that is an aesthetic risk, because can we still care when we are not competent to at least reach for judgment? To see that even Meursault ought to be allowed to go on, is to see again the obscenity of capital punishment. The United States, these days, executes on a fairly grand scale. Texas alone, guided by Governor George W. Bush, incessantly takes away human life. In , *The Stranger* ironically becomes a strong parable against the death penalty. Meursault is not as yet an impressive person as his book closes, but he has begun to change, to feel, to choose, to will. It came to us from the other side of the Equator, from across the sea. In that bitter spring of the coal shortage, it spoke to us of the sun, not as of an exotic marvel, but with the weary familiarity of those who have had too much of it. We remembered, while reading this novel, that there had once been works which had not tried to prove anything, but had been content to stand on their own merits. But hand in hand with its gratuitousness went a certain ambiguity. In *The Myth of Sisyphus*, which appeared a few months later, Camus provided us with a precise commentary upon his work. These categories do not apply to him. The absurd is both a state of fact and the lucid awareness which certain people acquire of this state of fact. What is meant by the absurd as a state of fact, as primary situation? Chance, death, the irreducible pluralism of life and of truth, the unintelligibility of the real—all these are extremes of the absurd. These are not really very new themes, and Camus does not present them as such. They had been sounded as early as the seventeenth century by a certain kind of dry, plain, contemplative rationalism, which is typically French and they served as the commonplaces of classical pessimism. Was it not he who put reason in its place? Would he not have wholeheartedly approved the following remark of Camus: By virtue of the cool style of *The Myth of Sisyphus* and the subject of his essays, Albert Camus takes his place in the great tradition of those French moralists whom Andler has rightly termed the precursors of Nietzsche. As to the doubts raised by Camus about the scope of our reasoning powers, these are in the most recent tradition of French epistemology. You explain the world to me by means of an image. I then realize that you have ended in poetry. Camus shows off a bit by quoting passages from Jaspers, Heidegger and Kierkegaard, whom, by the way, he does not always seem to have quite understood. But his real masters are to be found elsewhere. The turn of his reasoning, the clarity of his ideas, the cut of his expository style and a certain kind of solar, ceremonious, and sad sombreness, all indicate a classic temperament, a man of the Mediterranean. But Camus would probably be willing to grant all this. The absurd, to be sure, resides neither in man nor in the world, if you consider each separately. Thus, the absurd is not, to begin with, the object of a mere idea; it is revealed to us in a doleful illumination. If we are able to refuse the misleading aid of religion or of existential

philosophies, we then possess certain basic, obvious facts: This exile is irrevocable, since he has no memories of a lost homeland and no hope of a promised land. If I were a tree among other trees. I would be this world against which I set myself with my entire mind. It is preposterous reason which sets me against all creation. This explains, in part, the title of our novel; the stranger is man confronting the world. The stranger is also man among men. But that is not all; there is a passion of the absurd. The absurd man will not commit suicide; he wants to live, without relinquishing any of his certainty, without a future, without hope, without illusion, and without resignation either. He stares at death with passionate attention and this fascination liberates him. Since God does not exist and man dies, everything is permissible. One experience is as good as another; the important thing is simply to acquire as many as possible. For this man, everything is lawful. The stranger he wants to portray is precisely one of those terrible innocents who shock society by not accepting the rules of its game. He lives among outsiders, but to them, too, he is a stranger. And we ourselves, who, on opening the book are not yet familiar with the feeling of the absurd, vainly try to judge him according to our usual standards. For us, too, he is a stranger. Your hopes were disappointed. The Stranger is not an explanatory book. The absurd man does not explain; he describes. Nor is it a book which proves anything. Thus, the very fact that Camus delivers his message in the form of a novel reveals a proud humility. This is not resignation, but the rebellious recognition of the limitations of human thought. The Myth of Sisyphus is just that, and we shall see later on how we are to interpret this parallel commentary. But the existence of the translation does not, in any case, alter the gratuitousness of the novel. He wants us, on the contrary, to be constantly aware of its contingent nature. This novel might not have been, like some stone or stream or face. It is a thing in the present that happens, quite simply, like all other happenings in the present. The work of art is only a leaf torn from a life. It does, of course, express this life. But it need not express it. And besides, everything has the same value, whether it be writing *The Possessed* or drinking a cup of coffee. Art is an act of unnecessary generosity. And that is how we must accept it, as a brief communion between two men, the author and the reader, beyond reason, in the realm of the absurd. The reader would have been convinced along with the character, and for the same reasons. Or else, he might have related the life of one of those saints of the Absurd, so dear to his heart, of whom he speaks in *The Myth of Sisyphus*: Don Juan, the Actor, the Conqueror, the Creator. But he has not done so, and Meursault, the hero of *The Stranger*, remains ambiguous, even to the reader who is familiar with theories of the absurd. We are, of course, assured that he is absurd, and his dominant characteristic is a pitiless clarity. Besides, he is, in more ways than one, constructed so as to furnish a concerted illustration of the theories expounded in *The Myth of Sisyphus*. What we call a feeling is merely the abstract unity and the meaning of discontinuous impressions. I am not constantly thinking about the people I love, but I claim to love them even when I am not thinking about them—and I am capable of compro- An Explication of *The Stranger* 9 missing my well-being in the name of an abstract feeling, in the absence of any real and immediate emotion. Meursault thinks and acts in a different way; he has no desire to know these noble, continuous, completely identical feelings. For him, neither love nor individual loves exist. All that counts is the present and the concrete. If the desire is there, it will be strong enough to make this sluggard run at full speed to jump into a moving truck. Nevertheless, this lucid, indifferent, taciturn man is not entirely constructed to serve a cause. Once the character had been sketched in, he probably completed himself; he certainly had a real weight of his own. If there were a grace of absurdity, we would have to say that he has grace. He does not seem to pose himself any of the questions explored in *The Myth of Sisyphus*; Meursault is not shown rebelling at his death sentence. He was happy, he has let himself live, and his happiness does not seem to have been marred by that hidden gnawing which Camus frequently mentions in his essay and which is due to the blinding presence of death. He is there before us, he exists, and we can neither understand nor quite judge him.

Chapter 3 : Der Fremde () - IMDb

L'Étranger (The Outsider [UK], or The Stranger [US]) is a novel by French author Albert Camus. The theme and outlook are often cited as examples of Camus's philosophy of the absurd and existentialism, though Camus personally rejected the latter label.

Hebatollah Hegazy Hebatollah M. Hegazy 1 Hebatollah M. The Outsider creates his own set of rules and lives them in an unsympathetic environment *ibid.* Hence, he becomes alienated from his society because of being viewed by most people as odd, *i.* Josephson and Josephson Feuer pinpoints that alienation is a metaphor for the frustration human beings encounter in varying social situations *ibid.* It can also be related to a variety of human states such as powerlessness, loneliness, apathy and a loss of values *ibid.* The research investigates the presence of two strangers in the novel: To start with, the novel tells the story of an outsider named Meursault who is an emotionally detached, amoral young man. He, at the end of part I of the novel, kills an Arab man, also an outsider, whom he barely knows, without any discernible motive, and he feels no remorse at all. Because of his crime, Meursault is deemed a threat to society and is sentenced to death. His indifference to life and Hebatollah M. Hegazy 2 society sets him apart and makes him a stranger. His disinterest in social interactions and his lack of emotional attachments create a great sense of loneliness and boredom in him. He seems to have no place in the world. At the end of the novel, Meursault finds peace with himself and the society which persecutes him because he becomes sure of the fact that the world is indifferent to him as he is to the world. Actually, Meursault does not care if he lives or dies. He is not even angry at the injustice of being executed for a murder he did not intend to commit, and he is not interested in confessing his sins before he dies. Under such circumstances it is clear enough that everything is absurd. For most this was a counsel of despair" *ibid.* In fact, the nature of the European crisis lies in the impossibility of finding a rational justification for moral values which were neither religious nor political *ibid.* He believes in the meaninglessness of life and behaves accordingly. Society, nonetheless, attempts to impose rationale explanations for his irrational actions; otherwise, society feels threatened. Thus, people approach Meursault as a stranger, *i.* He approaches life from a different perspective; he is "the fictional Hebatollah M. As far as the Arab stranger is concerned, he can be seen as an outsider, which proves that the condition of solitude and alienation has implications for the whole of the human race. The Arab is depicted as a shadowy figure who has almost no story in the novel. He fights with Raymond on the beach and is killed by Meursault at the end of part I of the novel. In fact, explicit reference to national fracture is repressed, but it is manifested in the form of unaccountable acts such as gratuitous crimes, conjugal abuse as well as domestic and social autism *ibid.* In the study under question, both strangers, Meursault and the Arab, will be spotted light on with respect to their sense of estrangement and dissociation. Firstly, as for the stranger Meursault, Girard has always pictured him "as a stranger to the sentiments of other men. Love and hatred, ambition and envy, greed and jealousy are equally foreign to him" Little clerks are, indeed, potential and actual victims of our modern societies. Like the other members of his class, Meursault is vulnerable to a multitude of social ills, ranging from war to racial and economic discrimination. Meursault is a little bureaucrat devoid of ambition and, as such, he cannot be singled out for presentation. The only real threats to his welfare are those he shares with every other little bureaucrat, or with the human race as a whole. However, his attitude towards this sort of life is different from the rest of the group. Hence, he is seen as "the incarnation of unique qualities rather than the member of a group" *ibid.* Being a nihilistic individualist, he approaches life differently. According to the above-mentioned dictionary, the term "nihilism" is defined as "the belief that nothing has any meaning or value" as well as "the idea that all social and political institutions should Hebatollah M. Hegazy 5 be destroyed". Thus, this term denotes a general mood of pessimism and despair at the pointlessness of existence which has no objective meaning, purpose or intrinsic value Pratt Nihilist generally assert that objective morality does not exist and that no action is logically preferable to any other in regard to the moral value of one action over another *ibid.* In fact, nihilism is often associated with the philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche who describes nihilism as the "will to nothingness" and argues that it will eventually destroys all moral and religious convictions *ibid.* He sees that a

true nihilist would believe in nothing; therefore, our existence, action, suffering, willing and feeling have no meaning *ibid*. Consequently, nihilism can be equated with the situation which obtains when everything is permitted. This tone of indifference persists throughout the novel. He enjoys eating and drinking, sunbathing and going to the cinema; he lives in the present. For instance, it exhausted him because he had to sit up all night, but did not otherwise affect him. The next day, he goes swimming and begins an affair with a girl called Marie. In almost half a page, he outlines the development of the relation as follow: She turned toward me. Her hair was in her eyes and she was laughing. I hoisted myself up next to her. I let my head fall back and rest on her stomach. I had the whole sky in my eyes and it was blue and gold" *ibid*: Meursault "has no intellectual life, no love, no friendship, no interest in anyone or faith in anything" *ibid*. Thus, when Marie asks him if he loves her, he answers indifferently: Hegazy 6 when she asks him if he wants to marry her, he promptly agrees: Actually, he does not attach importance to anything to the extent that he becomes friendly with a pimp named Raymond and does not care about the way he will be viewed by others as a result of this friendship: As a nihilist, Meursault is also devoid of ambition and full of pessimism; thus, he angers his boss by not responding with sufficient enthusiasm to a promotion: I had no ambition, and that this was disastrous in business" *ibid*: Eventually, he finds himself involved in a feud between the pimp and an Arab. A day spent lounging on the beach culminates in the shooting of the Arab by Meursault, and he finds himself on trial for murder. Meursault does not weep, protest or show any interest in what he has done. His best chance of acquittal lies in showing himself overwhelmed by this terrible accident, but, from the beginning, his indifference disconcerts his questioners starting from his own attorney to the judge who are also horrified by his disinterest in the proceedings which will determine his fate. Not once during the preliminary hearings did this man show emotion over his heinous offense. I would have liked to have tried explaining to him. My mind was always on what was coming next, today or tomorrow. Actually, "the presentation of the trial as a parody of justice contains at least an implicit indictment of the judges" Girard He, in other words, presents "the death of the protagonist as the evil fruit of an evil collectivity" *ibid*. Meursault is convicted and sentenced to death, but his condemnation and sentence are almost unrelated to his crime. Meursault displays that according to the prosecutor: My callousness inspired in him a horror nearly greater than that which he felt at the crime of parricide. And according to him, a man who is morally guilty of killing his mother severs himself from society in the same way as the man who raises a murderous hand against the father who begat him. Hegazy 8 worst *ibid*. Since he cannot premeditate a successful career in Paris or marriage with his mistress, he cannot premeditate murder *ibid*. Meursault, who does not believe in God and does not feel remorse for his crime, seizes the chaplain by the collar and pours out his irritation: I started yelling at the top of my lungs, and I insulted him [the chaplain] and told him not to waste his prayers on me. I was pouring out on him everything that was in my heart, cries of anger and cries of joy. But I was sure about me, about everything,. I had been right, I was still right, I was always right. I had lived my life one way and I could just as well have lived it another. For the first time in a long time I thought about Maman. Nobody, nobody had the right cry over her. And I felt ready to live it all again too. As if that blind rage had washed me clean, rid me of hope; for the first time. I opened myself to the gentle indifference of the world. Finding it so much like myself- so like a brother, really- I felt I was happy and that I was happy again. The truth is that "indifference really belongs to the collectivity; intense concern should be the lot of the lonely and miserable hero" *ibid*. What is depicted in the novel is the opposite, *i*. The death sentence gives Meursault a pretext to express his despair. This is manifested in his reflections during the trial: It took me some doing on my part to understand that I was the cause of all the excitement" Ward It also appears clearly in the following quotation on the eve of his execution: Meursault is an outsider as he lives in a world of his own which contrasts with the unauthentic world of other men. He "dies because society makes it impossible for him to live according to his own lonely, infinitely superior way" *ibid*. Secondly, like Meursault, the Arab is also a stranger owing to being one of the colonized Algerian Arabs. His voice is effaced.

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Chapter 7 : The Stranger (Camus novel) - Wikipedia

By Arthur Scherr After reading the first sentence of Albert Camus's masterpiece The Stranger, many readers and critics conclude that its protagonist, Meursault, is either a fool, a madman, or a callous boor: "Today, maman died.

Chapter 8 : Tables of Contents for Albert Camus's the Stranger

Although a relatively minor character in Camus's novel L'Étranger, Marie Cardona, the protagonist Meursault's lover, was the author's favorite creation.

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