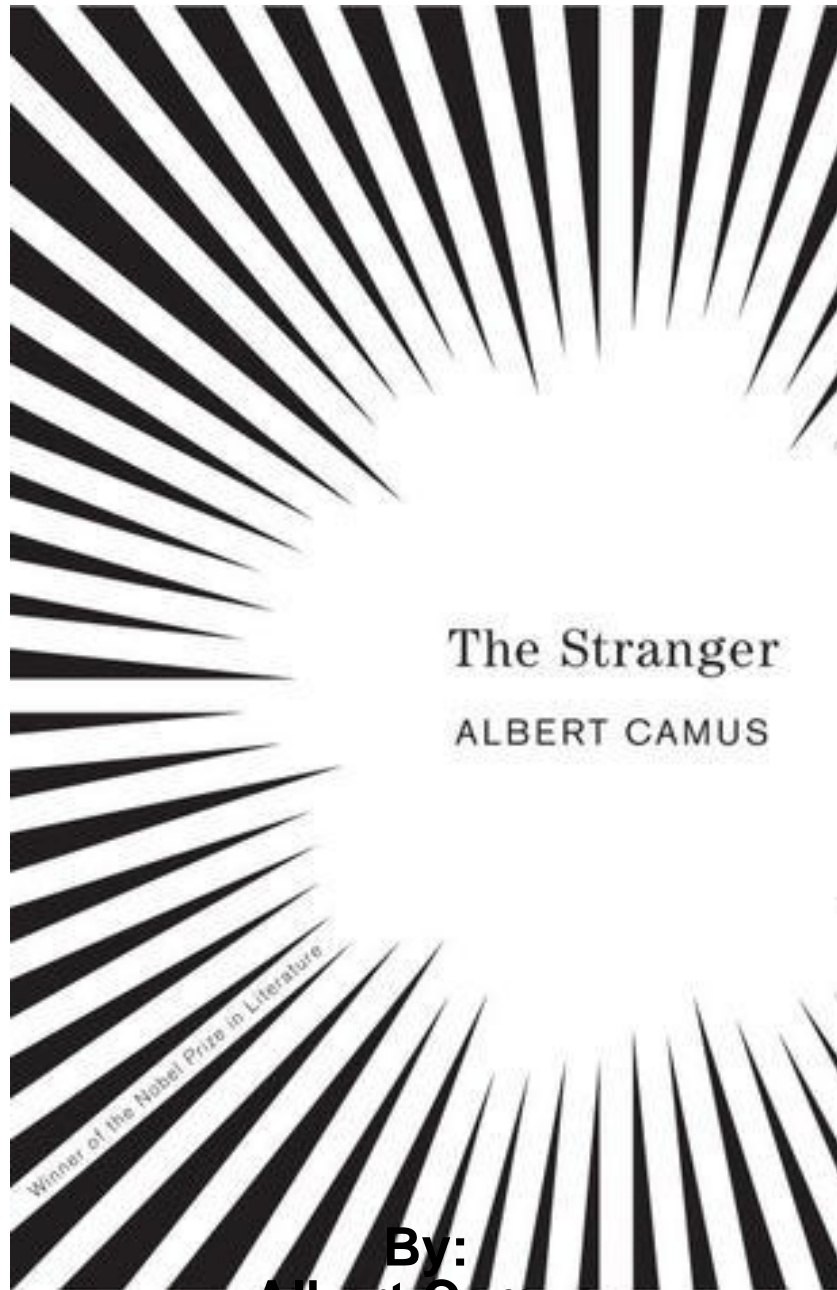


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## What people Say:

### Trevor

I don't know what to do with these stars anymore. I give stars to books and then I think, "god, you give five stars to everything, people will think you are terribly indiscriminating" so then I give four stars or even three stars to some books. Then I look back and it turns out that that I've given four stars to

and honestly, how could I possibly have thought it was a good idea to give that book less than five stars? It is the absurdity of human conventions that has us doing s

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Now, that is what is called a segue, from the Italian "seguire" to follow.

For the last thirty years I have studiously avoided reading this book. I have done that because for the last thirty years I have known exactly what this book is about and there just didn't seem any point in reading it. In high school friends (one of them even became my ex-wife) told me it was a great book about a man condemned to die because he was an outsider.

Later I was told that this book was a story about something much like the Azaria Chamberlain case. A case where someone does not react in a way that is considered to be "socially appropriate" and is therefore condemned.

But after 30 years of avoiding reading this book I have finally relented and read it. At first I didn't think I was going to enjoy it. It didn't really get off to the raciest of starts and the character's voice "it is told in first person" was a bit dull. He is a man who lives entirely in the present, how terribly Buddhist of him "although, really there doesn't seem to be all that much to him.

My opinion of the book began to change at his mother's funeral. I particularly liked the man who kept falling behind in the march to the cemetery and would take short cuts. Okay, so it is black humour, but Camus was more or less French "so black humour is more or less obligatory.

I really hadn't expected this book to be nearly so funny as it turned out. I'd always been told it was a ponderous philosophical text "and so, to be honest, I was expecting to be bored out of my skull. I wasn't in the least bit bored.

## Ryan R

The book is simply written and a rather quick read, but the depth Camus manages to convey through this simplicity is astounding. I think a problem a lot of people have with this book is that they fail to look beyond the whole "what is the meaning of life" message. While an interesting question, the book raises so many other philosophical questions beyond this. What I found the most interesting of these is "what truly defines humanity or makes someone human?" During Meursault's trial, he is const

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Also it raises the question of whether much of our emotion is created by ourselves or the expectations of others to exhibit certain emotions in a given sitatuion. The book is also an indictment on people's efforts to dictate other people's lives. We are constantly told what is right and as a means to justify our own sense of "what it means to be human". We often impose these characteristics upon others, expecting them to fulfill similar traits and characteristics, as they have been already imposed on us. It is in a way, a self-justification of our actions as right or "humanly". Constantly, Meursault is being told he must live and/or act a certain way, whether it be by the judge, his lawyer, or the priest. Once he doesn't conform to these measures, he is marginalized and called "inhuman"; this is an attempt on the part of the others to rationalize their own ways of life and understandings. If they manage to declare him "inhuman", it allows them to call themselves human and justify their own means of living.

In the end, this book is one that raises many more questions than it answers, but in true philosophical fashion, they are really questions without answers.

## Glenn Russell

Albert Camus's 1942 classic. Here are the opening lines: "Mother died today Or, maybe, yesterday; I can't be sure. The telegram from the Home says: YOUR MOTHER PASSED AWAY. FUNERAL TOMORROW. DEEP SYMPATHY." A telegram, not a personal phone call or someone on staff from the old people's home actually making the hour trip in person to inform her only son, but a terse three line businesslike telegram "cold, insensitive, almost callous; a telling sign of the mechanized times.

Then first-person narrat

Albert Camus's 1942 classic. Here are the opening lines: "Mother died today Or, maybe, yesterday; I can't be sure. The telegram from the Home says: YOUR MOTHER PASSED AWAY. FUNERAL TOMORROW. DEEP SYMPATHY." A telegram, not a personal phone call or someone on staff from the old people's home actually making the hour trip in person to inform her only son, but a terse three line businesslike telegram "cold, insensitive, almost callous; a telling sign of the mechanized times.

Then first-person narrator, Monsieur Meursault, has to deal with his manager so he can attend his mother's funeral: "I have fixed up with my employer for two days' leave; obviously, under the circumstances, he couldn't refuse. Still, I had an idea he looked annoyed, and I said, without thinking: "Sorry, sir, but it's not my fault, you know." Ha! Camus's subtle irony, a statement on how death is an irritating inconvenience in the urbanized modern world of shipping offices, where time is money and the highest value is utility and efficiency.

Then, when Meursault sits beside the Home's keeper in the room with his mother's coffin, we read: "The glare of the white walls was making my eyes smart, and I asked him if he couldn't turn off one of the lamps. "Nothing doing," he said. "They'd arranged the lights like that; either one had them all on or none at all." Most revealing. This is the only time at the Home Meursault actually asks for something. And true to form as archetypal keeper, the answer is standard binary, that is, all or nothing, black or white, on or off; certainly not even considering engaging in a creative solution on behalf of Meursault, who, after all, is the son. Reading this section about the Home's officious keeper and his world of expected behaviors and standardized, routinized procedures reminds me of the doorkeeper in Kafka's tale,

The next day, the day of the funeral procession, Meursault observes, "The sky was already a blaze of light, and the air stoking up rapidly. I felt the first waves of heat lapping my back, and my dark suit made things worse. I couldn't imagine why we waited so long before getting under way." This is one of a number of his remarks on his sensations and feelings, and, for good reason "Meursault's way of being in the world is primarily on the level of sensation and feeling.

Back in the city and after taking a swim with Marie, a girlfriend he ran into at the local swimming pool, there's a clip of dialogue where Meursault relates: "While we were drying ourselves on

the edge of the swimming pool she said: "I'm browner than you." I asked her if she'd come to the movies with me that evening. She laughed again and said, "Yes," if I'd take her to the comedy everybody was talking about, the one with Fernandel in it. Meursault does acquiesce to her request. Big mistake. Turns out, according to society's unwritten rules, taking Marie to Fernandel's farcical comedy on the very next evening after his mother's funeral was a colossal no-no, completely unacceptable behavior.

We are given laser-sharp glimpses of various facets of our enigmatic first-person narrator as he moves through his everyday routine in the following days and evenings, routine, that is, until the unforgettable scene with the Arab on the beach, one of the most famous scenes in all of modern literature. Here are Camus' words via Stuart Gilbert's marvelous translation:

The Arab didn't move. After all, there was still some distance between us. Perhaps because of the shadow on his face, he seemed to be grinning at me.

I waited. The heat was beginning to scorch my cheeks; beads of sweat were gathered in my eyebrows. It was just the same sort of heat as my mother's funeral, and I had the same disagreeable sensations especially in my forehead, where all the veins seemed to be bursting through the skin. I couldn't stand it any longer, and took another step forward. I knew it was a fool thing to do; I wouldn't get out of the sun by moving on a yard or so. But I took that step, just one step, forward. And then the Arab drew his knife and held it up toward me, athwart the sunlight.

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The same issues are probably at the heart of life, whether or not you believe in a god.

It's interesting that there has been a crime and now Meursault is being "judged".

The judgement is symbolic not only of the justice system, but of God's judgement of humanity.

You would normally expect the defendant to assert their innocence or plead not guilty in the criminal justice system (cue Law and

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