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**Meursault the Stranger – Absurd Hero *Par Excellence***  
Abstract

*Meursault the Stranger* is adapted from the author's thesis, *A Study of Camus' Notion of the Absurd and its Mythology in Catch-22 and Slaughterhouse-Five*, completed under the guidance of Dr. Elaine Safer in December 2007 for a Master in Liberal Arts from the University of Delaware in January 2008. The essay does not cover the scope of the thesis but represents the interdisciplinary framework that informs it: Camus' distinct notion of the absurd as the product of a paradox created as insatiable human desire for significance confronts an indifferent universe. What is Camus' counsel? Sustain the paradox! Live within the absurd! His hero does so, rejecting eternal values to render life meaningful by making it his own. Thus, Camus creates a mythology of the absurd that even today permits a reader to be an initiate in a rite of passage from social illusion to absurd reality.

**Meursault The Stranger: Absurd Man *Par Excellence***

While Camus claimed that there was no formal philosophy of the absurd, to some degree he formalized his unique brand of absurdism. Camus's approach is humanistic; he looks at the absurd "from a practical and human angle."<sup>i</sup> He sets aside all existing systems of thought, including formal logic,<sup>ii</sup> and attempts a fresh start with "the basis on which a [new] metaphysics might...be established."<sup>iii</sup> His primary consideration is the problem of suicide. As David Galloway states, in the absurd world, "man must decide either to live or to die. If suicide is eventually rejected as a solution to [his] absurd situation, he is left with the problem of how he should live."<sup>iv</sup> As we shall see, Camus' solution is lucid observation of the absurd and the inevitable encounter from which it emerges at "the very meeting point of that efficacious but limited reason with the ever resurgent irrational."<sup>v</sup> We must neither avoid the absurdity we encounter in faith, nor to attempt to solve it with logic, but accept that while we will always seek to reconcile the incongruence of human desire and natural reality, we will never succeed. Indeed, we *should not* succeed, but find a way to live within Camus' "odd trinity"<sup>vi</sup> and make our choices on the basis of the reality the trinity reveals, maintaining the paradox it creates; "[living] the tensions and conflicts it involves...refusing alleged solutions that turn out to be nothing more than evasions."<sup>vii</sup>

Camus brings these difficult concepts to life in *The Stranger*, the second of three works in which Camus intentionally develops his ideas of the absurd, and which I propose give us the foundation of a modern absurd mythology. I suggest Meursault's journey from social illusion to absurd reality is a rite of passage, involving the three classic stages through which an individual acquires a new status: a separation,

transformation, and reintegration.<sup>viii</sup> These stages have also been described in terms of proximity to the transforming threshold implies: “preliminal, liminal and post-liminal.”<sup>ix</sup>

Following Mircea Eliade’s definition of myth as the embodiment of society’s ideals,<sup>x</sup> I propose the two terms of the absurd paradox--human desire for significance (the imagined) and the indifference of the world (the real) mark the boundaries of absurd speculation, the metaphysical journey the absurd hero undertakes in an awakening, questioning struggle, and, in the case of Camus’ Meursault, acceptance of life within his prison cell that stands for absurd existence. And if we so choose, we too can participate in this rite. As we read, we follow Meursault on his journey and we, like Meursault, can attempt to make absurd sense of non-sense and form a vision of society that spans the fantasy (preliminal) – reality (liminal) gap.<sup>xi</sup>

Cruickshank describes Meursault as “a symbolical figure representing man’s metaphysical status as an outsider, a being who does not feel he belongs—and who does not seem to belong—to the world in which he has been placed.”<sup>xii</sup> In other words Meursault symbolizes marginality. I argue that this perspective of Meursault leads to a characterization of Meursault as different (not ordinary) and as a failed man (morally culpable in some way). Thus, Cruickshank and others, including Germaine Brée who finds Meursault more central to his community, describe Meursault in terms that infer what Camus claims Meursault is not, “a piece of social wreckage.”<sup>xiii</sup> My position addresses a point Camus makes that has puzzled me; that Meursault is “the only Christ we deserve.”<sup>xiv</sup> If so, and if, as the prevailing view suggests, Meursault is an alienated and failed man, we deserve alienation and failure. I do not think this is what Camus means.

As explained above, I see in Camus’ work on the absurd the foundation of an

absurd mythology, an embodiment of an absurd world's "ideals" the hero must fully acknowledge if he is to free himself from the thrall of "the motionless world of [his] hopes" and remain within the absurd.<sup>xv</sup> Furthermore, I propose *The Stranger* is an early absurd myth with, at its *center*, Meursault, an ordinary man standing for an ordinary community that is distinguished from a larger society by its defenselessness against the inevitability of death in a life it leads without "eternal values."<sup>xvi</sup> De-emphasizing Meursault's marginality also permits a better understanding of Camus' conception of Meursault as a character whose detachment and indifference signify not a failed, but an absurd man:

He who, without negating it, does nothing for the eternal. Not that nostalgia is foreign to him. But he prefers his courage and his reasoning. The first teaches him to live without appeal and to get along with what he has; the second informs him of his limits. Assured of his temporally limited freedom, of his revolt devoid of future, and of his mortal consciousness, he lives out his adventure within the span of his lifetime.<sup>xvii</sup>

My point is best understood if we consider the mythic landscape of *The Stranger* as a social structure enclosing a community that supports Meursault.

In addition to being an absurd man, Meursault is one of the Algerian working class, "tawny gods"<sup>xviii</sup> who live on the fringe of wealthier Algiers and who judge and assess on the basis of the reality they struggle with. While with them more of a natural reflex than conscious decision, the tawny gods closely resemble all those who have accepted and draw strength from the absurd to whom "life means....[n]othing much else for the moment but indifference to the future and a desire to use up everything that is given."<sup>xix</sup> Meursault is the voice to and of the tawny gods he symbolizes and who are Camus' intended audience: "those who have no religious, metaphysical, or philosophical system

of belief to which they can relate their acts, and whose acts thereby lose their relevancy.”<sup>xx</sup> This fringe community is both a refuge for those who live life without meaning and the potential source of a new absurd ethos that makes this meaningless life worth living because “[i]t makes of fate a human matter, which must be settled among men.”<sup>xxi</sup> Here, Meursault is an “honest man, . . . even decent [man]” who “[has] been good to [Salmano’s] dog.”<sup>xxii</sup> In the larger community, positive appearances are paramount and negative truth offends. Here, Meursault, “a poor and naked man enamored of the sun that leaves no shadows,”<sup>xxiii</sup> will be condemned as a man without a soul or “moral principles” because he did not cry at his mother’s funeral.<sup>xxiv</sup>

In this context Meursault becomes a central figure in an absurd myth, a catalyst of the absurd. He draws and redirects the eyes of Camus’ audience: those for whom living has “become a senseless mechanism pervaded by a paralyzing sense of its nothingness.”<sup>xxv</sup> Meursault struggles with his desires, limitations and the reality they confront, and is the focal point for our struggle with our desires and limitations and the reality they confront through him. And to come back to the point that has puzzled me, Meursault is, thus, “the only Christ we deserve,”<sup>xxvi</sup> and this story an absurd counterpoint to the Christian story. Instead of the “ur-Christian rite” where Christians are separated from God in this fallen world are offered a way back to God through Christ, we have an “ur-absurd rite” where humans alienated from this failed world are offered a way to live fully within it through Meursault.

In this light, Meursault may be an outsider but is no stranger and his chief features, detachment and indifference, are manifestations not of his failure as a man, but of his chief absurd characteristic, his inability to live by anything other than what

Camus calls a “negative truth,” the art of *not* lying, a *sine qua non* of absurd reasoning, because without it “no conquest of ourselves or of the world will ever be possible.”<sup>xxvii</sup> And for Camus lying is “above all, to say *more* than is true.”<sup>xxviii</sup> If Meursault is estranged from his community it is only because he cannot play the game of make-believe, the game all play “everyday, to simplify life.”<sup>xxix</sup> Instead Meursault “says what he is, he refuses to hide his feelings and immediately society feels threatened.”<sup>xxx</sup> From this perspective, we are better placed to see Meursault as an absurd man around whom Camus builds a “plot” akin to a metaphysical rite of passage from sensibility to awareness of the absurd.

At one level, *The Stranger* is simply the story of an ordinary, naive man who is unwittingly involved in a senseless murder. At another level there is no plot, only a recording of events that occur in succession, not in sequence.<sup>xxxi</sup> At yet another level there is a framework that provides mythical order to the fragmentation of Meursault’s temporal experience. In *The Stranger* an overarching figurative pattern communicates a force that creates the story’s tendency “to move inexorably of its own momentum.”<sup>xxxii</sup> As Brée points out, we *do* have a sense of something driving Meursault toward a “carefully laid trap.”<sup>xxxiii</sup> For Brée, the shifting perspective creates this underlying inexorable drift,<sup>xxxiv</sup> but fate is an equal prime mover of events and provides the reader with a unique appreciation of the main plot: Meursault’s encounter with the great force that lies behind his “whole absurd life,” the “dark wind” that rises “toward [him] from somewhere deep in the future.”<sup>xxxv</sup>

Meursault encounters death three times at key points in the story: in the

beginning (his Mother's), in the middle (the Arab's) and in the end (his own). At each of these moments, there is a marked change in vocabulary from "severe and sober prose" to abundant metaphorical expression<sup>xxxvi</sup> in which the silent universe comes alive.

Following the inertia of Meursault's vigil over his mother's body, the sun climbs fast in the sky and "the countryside [buzzes] with the sound of insects and the crackling of grass," and the hearse "picks up speed."<sup>xxxvii</sup> On the day of the murder, a day so recently "anchored in a sea of molten lead,"<sup>xxxviii</sup> the same sun makes Meursault's forehead hurt and is implicated in the shooting of the first bullet.<sup>xxxix</sup> As Meursault faces his own death, he, the acted upon, takes action. Something snaps. "[W]e're all elected by the same fate," yells Meursault.<sup>xl</sup> He understands that everybody is privileged and all are condemned in an indifferent universe, and what was oppressive becomes benign and *sooths* Meursault's heated brow, "[s]mells of night, earth, and salt air [*cool* his temples]"<sup>xli</sup> As such, the larger framework implies an inevitable encounter with fate; an intrusion that is reminiscent of the ancient notion of a rite as that moment when divine reality intersects and becomes temporal reality, shedding light in a time out of time.

Within this larger framework, Meursault's journey spans the two parts of the story separated by the shooting of the Arab. Part One focuses on the social reality Meursault will be separated from. Part Two expands the lens to reveal the larger world of failed values that represents the imaginary reality Meursault is separated from and struggles with in a prison cell that symbolizes the absurdity of the human condition.

Part One teems with people, things and daily doings. But at the center of this activity is an indifferent, languid Meursault, through whose eyes we observe "families

out for a walk,”<sup>xliii</sup> the five o’clock street cars with their “gangs of fans from the local soccer stadium,”<sup>xliiii</sup> children crying, movie-goers spilling out on the street<sup>xliiv</sup> from one decaying room furnished with “saggy straw chairs, a wardrobe, whose mirror has gone yellow.”<sup>xliv</sup> Here also is our setting up for a fall. We can only be as mesmerized as Meursault by the mind-numbing routine in which are the seeds that lead to the collapse of his stage set: “Rising, streetcar, four hours in the office or the factory, meal, streetcar, four hours of work, meal sleep, and Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday according to the same rhythm.”<sup>xlvi</sup> The sound of shots that kill the Arab and Meursault’s tragic confession that he has “shattered...the exceptional silence of a beach where he had been *happy*”<sup>xlvii</sup> shake us. We discover the dull drip of every day life punctuated with love, violence and the loneliness of an old man and his dog has been *happiness* to Meursault.

At this point Meursault is transitional. He has not “[accepted] the absurdity of everything around [him],”<sup>xlviii</sup> but has taken steps that his inability to lie will prevent him from retracing. In Part One, Meursault is trapped in a meaningless void with a thin veil between him and a truth he would, but simply cannot, see. As absurd hero he must pierce this veil and reveal the absurd truth it obscures that will make a temporally limited life worth living by restoring to his acts their lost relevancy. He must demonstrate how not to become a victim of “the dark wind...rising toward [us all]”<sup>xlix</sup> by embracing the absurdity, death, it brings, by living fully within its limits. He must show his audience how to turn a natural absurd reflex into a conscious absurd decision.

In Part Two we lose all sense of time; we shift to another world where “[t]ime is manipulated in such a way that we...realize more fully Meursault’s withdrawal from

temporal existence...into more speculative and timeless self-awareness.”<sup>1</sup> Indeed we could say Meursault’s expanding self-awareness becomes the new space in which he roams as his physical freedom is withdrawn.

First is a bewilderment that Camus suggests comes before an awakening to the absurd: “weariness tinged with amazement...that comes at the end of the acts of a mechanical life, but at the same time...inaugurates the impulse of consciousness.”<sup>li</sup> Meursault cannot not take the examining magistrate “very seriously.”<sup>lii</sup> “He struck me as being very reasonable and, overall, quite pleasant....On my way out I was even going to shake his hand, but just in time, I remembered that I had killed a man.”<sup>liii</sup> As the absurd walls of his prison cell close in on him “one of Maman’s ideas” surfaces—“after a while you could get used to anything.”<sup>liv</sup> Meursault’s natural instinct to make do with what he has allows him to acquire the thoughts of a prisoner: he walks, he receives visits from his lawyer. In his own words, “[he manages] pretty well.”<sup>lv</sup> He desires women and cigarettes but becomes used to these deprivations too and they are not the punishment they are meant to be.<sup>lvi</sup> More difficult encounters come as Meursault enters the liminal stage of his ritual.

There is nostalgia. It is hard to match Camus’ account of the pain and pleasure that fuse in a wave of nostalgia that overcomes Meursault as he reflects in “the darkness of [his] mobile prison...[on] all the familiar sounds of a town [he] loved,” on a time when he felt “perfectly content.”<sup>lvii</sup> There are “the things [Meursault] never liked talking about;”<sup>lviii</sup> symptomatic of his growing awareness that death is imminent and he has no control over his fate. Meursault shows us exactly what Camus means by an absurd man’s struggle that “implies a total absence of hope (which has nothing to do with despair), a

continual rejection (which must not be confused with renunciation), and a conscious dissatisfaction (which must not be compared to immature unrest).<sup>lxix</sup>

Meursault's struggle begins as he learns to live in total absence of hope, which for one who waits to hold Marie's *body* in his arms is a promise of the only immortality worth having: "a feeling alive once more in the soul" where we have "eyes to see," "hands to touch" and "skin to feel the night's caress."<sup>lx</sup> For Meursault, Marie is this hope. Throughout the story she brings light into Meursault's life. That this light is representative of a temporal hope he harbors becomes apparent in his description of her first and last visit. Meursault is standing "gripping the bars, [his] face straining toward the light."<sup>lxi</sup> Marie, for her part is "[a]ready pressed up against the grate, "...smiling her best smile for [him],"<sup>lxii</sup> as ever a beautiful presence, "with her striped dress and her sun-tanned face."<sup>lxiii</sup> She shouts he must have hope. He responds, "Yes,"<sup>lxiv</sup> but rejects this hope. There was a time he searched for a face in the darkness of the stone walls of his cell, a face "as bright as the sun and the flame of desire—and it belonged to Marie. [He] had searched for it in vain." Now "it [is] all over"<sup>lxv</sup> and "has nothing to do with despair."<sup>lxvi</sup> Hereafter, Meursault engages in "a continual rejection" that will move him of his own accord, "toward definitive awakening at the end of which must come "the consequence: suicide or recovery."<sup>lxvii</sup>

Suicide for Camus can be physical or philosophical, and is committed in a destruction of the absurd by elimination of either one of the two terms (desiring mind and unreasonable universe) of the "odd trinity." Camus describes the effort of recovering, as accepting the "odd trinity," and "[b]eing able to remain on [a] dizzying crest."<sup>lxviii</sup> As Cruickshank puts it, realizing "the existence of the dilemma...and also the fact that no system or creed can eradicate it,"<sup>lxix</sup> Thus it is with Meursault.

At the end of the day when “sounds of the evening...rise up from every floor of the prison in a cortege of silence,”<sup>lxxx</sup> Meursault remembers “what the nurse at Maman’s funeral said. No, there [is] no way out,”<sup>lxxxi</sup> but he cannot curb his desire to try. He contemplates then rejects a completely irrational escape, “a leap to freedom, out of the implacable ritual, a wild run for it that would give whatever chance for hope there was.”<sup>lxxii</sup> Likewise he appeals to the irrationality of the logic applied to his case; none of it makes sense, only disproportion that the “insolent certainty” that is his death sentence is passed “by men who change their underwear.”<sup>lxxiii</sup> Several times he imagines himself a “free man standing behind a cordon of police—on the outside as it were” watching an execution take place<sup>lxxiv</sup> and then rejects his fantasy to face death.<sup>lxxv</sup> All is to no avail. Fear of death and desire to live in the guise of “dawn and [his] appeal”—the ever resurgent irrationals—ever rise to plague him.<sup>lxxvi</sup> He mounts a nightly vigil for footsteps that never come. And “when the sky [turns] red and a new day [slips] into [his] cell” Meursault discovers his mother was right: “you can always find something to be happy about.”<sup>lxxvii</sup>

As he pierces the veil of absurdity that cloaks his existence, Meursault rejects the eternal for the temporal: he “[grabs] the chaplain by the collar of his cassock,”<sup>lxxviii</sup> proclaiming the chaplain “[seems] so *certain* about everything....And yet none of his certainties [is] worth one hair of a woman’s head.”<sup>lxxix</sup> Meursault reaches a conscious dissatisfaction when he is content with the barren vision of an absurd world because “at least [he has] as much of a hold on it as it [has] on [him].”<sup>lxxx</sup> Meursault’s fate becomes his own as he enters his third and final stage of his long journey, accepting that “nothing matters and [he] knows why.”<sup>lxxxii</sup> “In the dark hour before dawn, sirens blasted. They

were announcing departures for a world that now and forever meant nothing to [him].”<sup>lxxxii</sup>

As Meursault embraces this new “data of his experience”<sup>lxxxiii</sup> his negative truth shows up as bedrock of absurd reasoning. Cruickshank sums up *The Stranger* as a story that “hinges on a failure to explain.”<sup>lxxxiv</sup> As important is the failure to distinguish what is and what is more than what is: “the regular hiatus between what we fancy we know and what we really know, practical assent and simulated ignorance.”<sup>lxxxv</sup> Camus states [a]ll systems of morality are based on the idea that an action has consequences that legitimize or cancel it.<sup>lxxxvi</sup> The system of justice we witness in *The Stranger* places equal weight on the idea that an action has *antecedents* that legitimize or cancel it. What has Meursault’s display of grief or lack of it to do with the murder of the Arab? Nothing, but all press the question as to whether or not he felt any sadness on the day of his mother’s funeral. As Meursault struggles with his task and acquires an absurd consciousness, he becomes the absurd that is the product of his opposition in negative truth to standards of positive appearance and an inability to understand the difference. His task has been to pierce the veil of habit, and reveal the absurd in a conscious acceptance of what is, while consciously desiring more. This he has done. And in the struggle, as with Sisyphus it is with Meursault. He has “paid for the passions of this earth.”<sup>lxxxvii</sup> “His scorn of the gods, his hatred of death and his passion for life [have] won him that unspeakable penalty in which the whole being is exerted toward accomplishing nothing.”<sup>lxxxviii</sup> But “[t]he struggle itself toward the heights is enough to fill a man’s heart”<sup>lxxxix</sup> It restores relevance to Meursault’s acts, and through him to the acts of those he represents and makes his and their lives worth living. We leave Meursault in his prison cell, the “wondrous peace of

that sleeping summer [flowing] through [him] like a tide.”<sup>x</sup> He is assured of a fate he has made his own, “his temporally limited freedom, his revolt devoid of future, and...his mortal consciousness.”<sup>xi</sup> Meursault is happy<sup>xii</sup> and Meursault lives, and I propose that in his refusal to lie and to die is the ultimate preservation of the absurd paradox, and that Meursault is an absurd, mythical hero *par excellence*.

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Notes

Abbreviations

*Essays*  
*MOS*

*Lyrical and Critical Essays*  
*The Myth of Sisyphus*

<sup>i</sup> John Cruickshank, *Albert Camus and the Literature of Revolt* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1960) 44.

<sup>ii</sup> Cruickshank 45.

<sup>iii</sup> (David Galloway, *The Absurd Hero in American Fiction* (Austin, TX: University of Texas Press, 1981) 8.

<sup>iv</sup> Galloway 8

<sup>v</sup> Albert Camus, *MOS, trans.*, Justin O’Brien (New York: Vintage International Books, 1991) 36.

<sup>vi</sup> Camus, *MOS* 30

<sup>vii</sup> Cruickshank 44

<sup>viii</sup> Avi Sagi, *Albert Camus and the Philosophy of the Absurd* (Amsterdam, N.Y.: VIBS, 2002) 143;

Victor Turner, *Dramas, Fields, and Metaphors*. (Ithaca, N.Y. Cornell UP Paperbacks, 1975) 166.

<sup>ix</sup> Turner 166

<sup>x</sup> Mircea Eliade, *Myth and Reality*. trans., Willard R. Trask. (Long Grove, IL.: Waveland Press Inc., 1963) 185

<sup>xi</sup> Eliade, *The Sacred and the Profane*. transl., Willard R. Trask. (New York, N.Y.: Harcourt Brace & Company, 1987) 205.

<sup>xii</sup> Cruickshank 166

<sup>xiii</sup> Camus, *Essays*, trans., Ellen Conroy Kennedy, ed., Philip Thody (New York: Vintage Books, 1970) 335.

<sup>xiv</sup> Camus, *Essays* 337

<sup>xv</sup> Camus, *MOS* 18

<sup>xvi</sup> Camus, *MOS* Preface

<sup>xvii</sup> Camus, *MOS* 66

<sup>xviii</sup> Camus, *Essays* 86

<sup>xix</sup> Camus, *MOS* 60

<sup>xx</sup> Germaine Brée, *Albert Camus*, (New York: Columbia University Press, 1971) 29.

<sup>xxi</sup> Camus, *MOS* 122

<sup>xxii</sup> Camus, *The Stranger*. transl., Matthew Ward (New York: Vintage International Books, 1989) 94.

<sup>xxiii</sup> Camus, *Essays* 336

<sup>xxiv</sup> Camus, *The Stranger* 101

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- xxv Brée 29  
xxvi Camus, *Essays* 337  
xxvii Camus, *Essays* 336  
xxviii Camus, *Essays* 335  
xxix Camus, *Essays* 336  
xxx Idem  
xxxi Cruickshank 155-6  
xxxii Brée 17  
xxxiii Brée 15  
xxxiv Idem  
xxxv Camus, *The Stranger* 121  
xxxvi Cruickshank 156  
xxxvii Camus, *The Stranger* 16  
xxxviii Camus, *The Stranger* 58  
xxxix Camus, *The Stranger* 58-9.  
xl Camus, *The Stranger* 121  
xli Camus, *The Stranger* 122 (emphasis mine)  
xlii Camus, *The Stranger* 21  
xliii Camus, *The Stranger* 23  
xliv Idem  
xlv Camus, *The Stranger* 21  
xlvi Camus, *MOS* 12-13  
xlvii Camus, *The Stranger* 59 (emphasis mine)  
xlviii Camus, *Essays* 348  
xlix Camus, *The Stranger* 121  
l Cruickshank 159  
li Camus, *MOS* 13  
lii Camus, *The Stranger* 63  
liii Camus, *The Stranger* 64  
liv Camus, *The Stranger* 77  
lv Idem  
lvi Camus, *The Stranger* 78  
lvii Camus, *The Stranger* 97  
lviii Camus, *The Stranger* 76  
lix Camus, *MOS* 31  
lx Camus, *Essays* 50.  
lxi Camus, *The Stranger* 73  
lxii Camus, *The Stranger* 74  
lxiii Camus, *The Stranger* 73  
lxiv Camus, *The Stranger* 75  
lxv Camus, *The Stranger* 119  
lxvi Camus, *MOS* 31  
lxvii Idem  
lxviii Camus, *MOS* 50  
lxix Cruickshank 44  
lxx Camus, *The Stranger* 81  
lxxi Idem  
lxxii Camus, *The Stranger* 109  
lxxiii Idem.  
lxxiv Camus, *The Stranger* 110  
lxxv Idem.  
lxxvi Camus, *The Stranger* 113  
lxxvii Idem.  
lxxviii Camus, *The Stranger* 120  
lxxix Idem.

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- lxxx Camus, *The Stranger* 120-1  
lxxxi Camus, *The Stranger* 121  
lxxxii Camus, *The Stranger* 122  
lxxxiii Camus, *MOS* 37  
lxxxiv Cruickshank 153  
lxxxv Camus, *MOS* 18  
lxxxvi Camus, *MOS* 67  
lxxxvii Camus, *MOS* 120  
lxxxviii Idem  
lxxxix Camus, *MOS* 123  
xc Camus, *The Stranger* 122  
xci Camus, *MOS* 66  
xcii Camus, *The Stranger* 123