

### 1: Most Influential Books Since the War (TLS)

*Notebooks, has ratings and 11 reviews. Daniel said: I pulled about great quotations out of this wonderful collection of thoughts. This.*

Bloom Cary, Joyce, Irish-English, *History of My Life*. Rex Castaneda, Carlos, American, *The Teachings of Don Juan: A Yaqui Way of Knowledge*. Bloom Ward Castoriadis, Cornelius, French, *Political and Social Writings, Recommencing the Revolution, from Socialism to the Autonomous Society*. Counterpunch Trans Cather, Willa, American, *Hungry Mind Radcliffe Shadows on the Rock*. *Woman Suffrage and Politics: Rexmo Ward Attis and Other Poems*. Bloom Caudwell, Sarah, English, *Thus Was Adonis Murdered*. *Good Reading Cavafy, C*. Bloom Cecil, David, Lord, English, *Nobel Laureate The Hive*. Bloom *Journey to the Alcarria*. *Journey to the End of the Night*. Bloom *Meaningful Cellini*, Benvenuto, Italian, *Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini*. Ward Cernuda, Luis, Spanish, Bloom *Cervantes de Saavedra, Miguel de*, Spanish, Chayanov, Russian, *The Theory of Peasant Economy*. Counterpunch Trans Chambers, Whittaker, American, *Products of the Perfected Civilization*. Ward Chandidas, Indian writing in Bengali, 15th C. *Love Songs of Chandidas*. Ward Chandler, Raymond, American, *La Chanson de Roland Song of Roland*.

**2: Wikipedia:WikiProject Missing encyclopedic articles/List of notable books/6 - Wikipedia**

*camus notebooks thoughts writer ideas collection entries later century fall literary notes process Top customer reviews There was a problem filtering reviews right now.*

A pied-noir, or French citizen born in Algeria while it was still a colony of France, Camus emerged from an underprivileged background to become one of the leading writers of the twentieth century. Trained in philosophy, Camus wrote several acclaimed plays, essays, and short stories, but is best remembered for two novels: *The Stranger* and *The Plague*. He died in a hospital in autumn. He wrote always of his own mother with respect and devotion, often connecting her to Algeria and the sense of home. I have always loved her despairingly. The beginning of his most famous novel, *The Stranger*, reflects this sort of ambivalence; it begins with the character Meursault unemotionally explaining: I got a telegram from the home: It could have been yesterday. He swam often and was an avid soccer player. The disease eventually spread to his left lung as well. With no method yet discovered of destroying the tubercle bacilli, Camus was to be afflicted with bouts of active tuberculosis on and off for the remainder of his life, making him a target for depression and respiratory illnesses. For Camus, the word absurd described the disparity between a young consciousness, hungry for experience and crying out for meaning, and a body condemned to illness. Camus found it absurd that he should be so full of life and curiosity while knowing that his life could soon end. As an adult, Camus would explore the absurdity of life in such novels as *The Stranger* and *The Fall*. The Nazi Army had marched into Paris in the summer of after easily overwhelming the French military. He was writing *The Plague* and *The Rebel*, while simultaneously writing anti-Nazi pieces for the underground newspaper *Combat* at night. At *Combat*, Camus wrote clandestinely under various pseudonyms. Despite his precautions, Camus barely escaped being caught by the Nazi Gestapo the internal security organization of the Nazi regime at least once. In *The Plague*, Camus deals with the theme of revolt. Complementing his concept of the absurd, Camus believed in the necessity of each person to revolt against the common fate of humanity by seeking personal freedom. Rieux, the protagonist of *The Plague*, narrates the story of several men in the plague-ridden Algerian city of Oran. Throughout the novel, Camus parallels the conflicting philosophies of Rieux and Father Paneloux over how to deal with the plague: Ultimately, the characters overcome their differences and unite to defeat the plague, at least temporarily, through scientific means. Many parts of Africa and Asia, in the years following World War II, sought to free themselves from the political control of European countries that had dominated them for generations. Camus dedicated his Nobel acceptance speech to Louis Germain, his influential fifth-grade teacher, and in it, he attempted to explain his point of view on political struggles: This is why true artists scorn nothing. They force themselves to understand instead of judging. On January 4, , Camus was killed upon impact in an automobile crash. He was forty-six years old. Existentialism is basically the belief that life in itself is meaningless and that it is only as valuable or meaningful as one makes it. Although Camus became known as an existentialist and as a philosopher, he himself rejected both labels. It is a means of moving the greatest number of men by offering them a privileged image of common sufferings and common joys. His philosophical work *The Myth of Sisyphus* was dismissed as amateurish by some critics, but it remains popular with readers. But the young Camus had thus to begin by setting himself against the world as he found it; before he could discover how to change it or how to rethink it, he had to depict it as unsatisfactory. Event succeeds event, perception replaces perception, without any values by which the process may be interpreted. Simone de Beauvoir â€” Mohamed Ahmed Ben Bella â€”: He is considered the father of the nation of Algeria. Charles De Gaulle â€” Disparaging remarks made by Sartre and Simone de Beauvoirâ€”the chief proponents of French existentialismâ€” later contributed to the trend. Perhaps anticipating future criticism as well as defending himself against contemporary attacks, Camus often said that he was an artist or a moralist, not a philosopher. Epicurus argues that, while life is not meaningful in itself, there is no reason why it cannot be enjoyable. In *Letter to Menoeceus*, Epicurus discusses how the most importantâ€”the most meaningfulâ€”aspect of life is happiness and that one should pursue those activities that bring one the most happiness. Epicurus especially advocated the appreciation of food as a way to happiness.

Camus always writes in the first-person point of view. What effect does the use of the first person point of view have on the text? These questions have always plagued writers. Other secular writers have also tried to answer such questions in these works: *The Republic* by Plato recounts the pursuit of the good life according to Socrates, particularly as it relates to rationality and the joy one can experience by living a rational life. *Beyond Good and Evil*, by Friedrich Nietzsche. Nietzsche attempts to establish the meaning of life outside of the realm of traditional, religious morality. *The Pursuit of Happiness*, by Bertrand Russell. *The Thinker, the Artist, the Man. The Burden of Responsibility*: University of Chicago Press, Cite this article Pick a style below, and copy the text for your bibliography.

**3: Appearances Quotes**

*"What gives value to travel is fear. It is the fact that, at a certain moment, when we are so far from our own country we are seized by a vague fear, and an instinctive desire to go back to the protection of old habits this is why we should not say that we travel for pleasure.*

Notebooks, " Volume 1: A certain number of years lived without money are enough to create a whole sensibility. Works of art will never provide this and art is not everything for me. Let it at least be a means. We always have too low an opinion of ourselves. But in poverty, illness, or loneliness we become aware of our eternity. Now I have learned to expect less of them than they can give" a silent companionship. And their emotions, their friendship, and noble gestures keep their full miraculous value in my eyes; wholly the fruit of grace. No one who lives in the sunlight makes a failure of his life. My whole effort, whatever the situation, misfortune or disillusion, must be to make contact again. But even within this sadness I feel a great leap of joy and a great desire to love simply at the sight of a hill against the evening sky. But, here, I earn the right to be alive by silence and by secrecy. The miracle of not having to talk about oneself. On the last page I should write: I say no with all my strength. For then we are no longer revealing ourselves in order to seem but in order to give. There is much more strength in a man who reveals himself only when it is necessary. To have rules and stick to them. Two years is not too long a time to spend thinking about one single point. You must wipe out all earlier stages, and concentrate all your strength first of all on forgetting nothing and then on waiting patiently. Absurdity is king, but love saves us from it. Thus the past is wholly made up of death, which peoples it with illusions. The man who is half drunk and attaches himself to me. Where am I going to sleep tonight? He takes my hand, looks at me, throws himself into my arms, and bursts out sobbing. The will is nothing. But once war has come, it is both cowardly and useless to try to stand on one side under the pretext that one is not responsible. Ivory towers are down. Indulgence is forbidden" for oneself as well as for other people. It can be of some use, but it can justify nothing. This is why I must try to serve. In both cases, I am in the midst of the war, and have the right to judge it. To judge it, and to act. The simpletons who thought that horror always had the same face, who cannot escape from the physical images on which they have lived. It is individuals who are killing us today. Why should not individuals manage to give the world peace? We must simply begin without thinking of such grandiose aims. You must realize that men make war as much with the enthusiasm of those who want it as with the despair of those who reject it with all their soul. And if it perishes, then it is because it was not strong enough to live. And everything is so beautiful that he buys a house, puts his paintings away, and never touches them again. What attracts us about this emptiness, this ugliness, and this boredom under a magnificent and implacable sky? There is a certain race of men for whom human beings, wherever they are beautiful, offer a country with a thousand capitals. Oran is a country like this. The revolution will tear out their tongue and slaughter them at the age of twelve or thirteen as soon as they show their own personality, their own soul. If life is not infinite, it is quite simply absurd, it is not worth living, and we must rid ourselves of it as soon as possible by committing suicide. But, later on, Tolstoy modifies his remarks: Knowledge has become so diffuse that the world and the mind have lost all point of reference. It is a fact that we are suffering from nihilism. To grant a shadow of efficacy to those panaceas, we should have to act as if our acquired knowledge had ceased to exist, as if we had learned nothing, and pretend in short to erase with is inerasable. We should have to cancel the contribution of several centuries and the controvertible acquisitions of a mind that has finally in its last step forward re-created chaos on its own. In order to be cured, we must make our peace with this lucidity, this clairvoyance. We must take into account the glimpses we have suddenly had of our exile. Intelligence is in confusion not because knowledge has changed everything. It is so because it cannot accept that change. Nothing will remain but the change and the clear knowledge that the mind has of it. With it everything falls asleep. Outside it, things resume life. At the same time chastity kills the species, which is perhaps the truth. It would be too easy to answer him: If it is such a constant anguish, why do you endure it? It is not immoral but it is unproductive. One can indulge in it so long as one does not want to produce. But only chastity is linked to a personal progress. There is a time when sex is a victory" when it is

separated from moral imperatives. But soon after it becomes a defeat and the only victory is then won over it: I know especially what a Sunday evening is, and if it could give a meaning and a shape to what I know, I could make of a poor Sunday a work of humanity. Because never have so many lovers been separated. And all that does not last and nothing but what does not last is ours. Thus it is a matter of rescuing love from eternity or at least from those who dress it up in the image of eternity. I readily see the objection: And as often happens, once I had gone beyond the bitterness, I incorporated it in one or two books. Thus I shall be forever judged on that bitterness which has ceased to mean anything to me. But that is just. It is given you by second-rate people and you share it with second-rate people or rascals. Can one transform the world without believing in the absolute power of reason? He is but an infinite chance. But he is infinitely responsible for that chance. By himself, man is inclined to water himself down. But the moment his will, his conscience, his spirit of adventure dominates, chance begins to increase. No one can say that he has reached the limit of man. The five years have just lived through taught me that. From the animal to the martyr, from the spirit of evil to hopeless sacrifice, every testimony was staggering. He is the son of human pride. To escape relaxation, the fascination of the mechanical, it took years of perseverance. Have I the right, as an artist still attached to liberty, to accept the advantages in money and consideration linked to that attitude? The reply for me would be simple. It is in poverty that I have found and shall always find the conditions essential to keep my culpability, if it exists, from being shameful at least and to keep it proud. But must I reduce my children to poverty, refuse even the very modest comfort I am preparing for them? And in these conditions, was I wrong to accept the simplest human tasks and duties, such as having children? Moreover, did I really assume when I felt such hesitation and still have trouble doing so? Does not this inconstant heart deserve such a contradiction? As for the famous Marxist optimism, allow me to laugh. Few men have carried further distrust of their fellow men. Marxists do not believe in persuasion or in dialogue. A workman cannot be made out of a bourgeois, and economic conditions are in their world more terrible fatalities than divine whims. Because in their world everything assumes importance, everything takes its place on the highest plane. This was obvious to me: The modern cancer is gnawing me too. Whoever desires a piece of this world will live with dogs.

**4: Great Books: Author-Title Index: Authors C to D**

*The entries vary. Some go on for several paragraphs, others (most) are short and frequently obscure. Still, there's enough, in his inimitable style, to make even his jottings interesting.*

She sighed as she looked at the newest addition to her dresser. It was a framed Polaroid of the two of them that Laura had given her a few days ago. It was also an apology of sorts from Laura. So the memory of it was bittersweet, because for the brunette, as things stood, it served as a reminder of when pretending everything was okay was easy. For a while, it was easy to pretend. It was easy to remain positive. The two were almost just like any other teenage couple. But Laura was sick. And naturally, the longer she went without treatment, the more ill she became. There were good days and bad days. At first, bad days were few and far between, and every moment Laura and Carmilla spent together was blissful. Then the time came when for every good day they had, a bad one closely followed. She was irritable, angry and paranoid. The bouts of paranoia were the worst, Carmilla felt. She knew it was because of the pain. So Carmilla would argue back, desperate to convince her otherwise. Laura always came to her senses eventually, when the pain weakened, but it always tore the both of them apart, and Carmilla saw it as potentially wasted time. They spent everyday together anyway, but Carmilla wanted this to be special "romantic." She just prayed that today would be a good day for Laura and that it would be one of those days where she felt like she could run a marathon. She drove over to the Hollis residence and cut the engine, taking a deep breath as she looked over to the house. Carmilla saw it as an advantage, hoping it would encourage her girlfriend to get out of bed. Carmilla felt her cheeks redden immediately and averted her eyes to the floor. She then walked over to the brunette and threw her arms around her neck. There were still drops of water running down her chest and she found herself licking her lips. She pulled back after a moment and Laura continued to stroke the nape of her neck. She stared down at it confused, then looked at the small, black tag attached to the box. Inside it, Carmilla had drawn a small diagram in silver pen. But apparently not, as Laura look up at her, mortified. Carmilla just leaned over and opened the box, inside were planet-shaped chocolates. She took Mars and popped it into her mouth, then winked at Laura. You gave me something. Now, buckle up Creampuff. Carmilla drove for about a minute then she heard Laura giggling to herself. Carmilla smiled at the sound and took a glance at Laura. Laura just looked at her, still not understanding. Carmilla rolled her eyes. It was around the time just before the play. I had a lot of downtime. So I used to come here and read, and it turns out I actually kind of love it! Can we go in now so I can start our date? That old bookstore smell filled her nostrils and she smiled. The store had quickly become one of her favourite places, and she was excited to share it with Laura. Well, the bookstore was just the same, except made out of books. Due to the walls being filled with books from ceiling to floor, it appeared that they were in just one room of books. The blonde looked at the shelves and shelves of books as Carmilla pulled them along. The deeper into the store they got the more passages that became apparent, leading into unknown places. Carmilla knew exactly where she wanted to go though. Three of the walls were covered in books. The fourth was covered in, well, a lot of stuff really. Stuck to it was anything from polaroids of various customers, to pieces of paper, to random cut-outs from newspapers and magazines. Against that wall, was a small bed covered in thin blankets and pillows. Next to the bed was a ladder that disappeared up onto another level that was out of sight. Carmilla was about to look at a very silent Laura then two very long legs began to descend the ladder. Danny turned to the two of them as she stepped off and Carmilla had to hold back a laugh as the tall redhead had to remain slightly stooped to avoid hitting her head on the ceiling. Danny looked to Laura who was watching the exchange between the two of them carefully. She held out a hand to Laura. Nice to meet you, Laura. Carmilla turned to her girlfriend. This is cosy, not cramped. She pulled away and gestured to the bed. She found the one she was looking for, and then the other. She sat on the bed next to Laura and handed her a book, which was clearly very used. There were many different coloured scraps of paper and post-its sticking out from it and after Laura had examined the cover she flipped through the pages, before looking back to the cover. I read that book the first time I came here. I was here for hours, just flipping through, making notes. She smiled wide at Carmilla. Laura kissed her back and everything else seemed to fall

away. They kissed slowly and softly, their tongues touching and tasting, until Carmilla had to pull away. Laura was too close and smelled too good and looked too great. The two of them read silently for a good while. Laura would sometimes read out some of the quotes and their notes, talking with Carmilla about them. But my heart aches. I love you continuously, intensely. That quote just put it into words. Carmilla looked at her watch after a couple of hours later. There were no books up here; the walls were just plain and a magnolia colour, but it was a similar size – small. Then the best addition to this room: It was just a simple, rectangular one. Nothing fancy but it gave an amazing view of the stars at night. Carmilla had come last night and covered the floor with duvets and blankets and pillows. Around the perimeter of the room, where the ceiling met the walls, Carmilla had put up fairy lights all around. At the back of the room there was a projector shining a plain blue screen onto the opposite far wall, it was like the ones they used at school. All under the stars. Everything you want with me, keep on picturing it. Keep on wanting it. Next thing, Carmilla was waking up to the sound of the credits. Laura was no longer snuggled up to her so she opened her eyes. The blonde was still sat close but her arms were folded, she looked weary now and was looking up through the skylight, pensively. The closed-off, depressed had replaced her. However hard this was on her – it was a million times harder for Laura. She stood up and held a hand out for Laura, who took it and stood. The drive home was quiet; Carmilla could almost hear her girlfriend thinking from the passenger seat. Carmilla walked Laura up to her porch and pulled her into a long hug. She stroked her hair and kissed her head and did anything she could to soothe her. I hate falling asleep without you. But Papa Hollis would literally shoot me if he found me in your bed. Today was perfect for me, too. Mr Hollis had waited up. She waited for Laura to go in then drove off. When she got around the corner she stopped the engine.

### 5: Camus' Notebooks | Awards | LibraryThing

*Note: Citations are based on reference standards. However, formatting rules can vary widely between applications and fields of interest or study. The specific requirements or preferences of your reviewing publisher, classroom teacher, institution or organization should be applied.*

Am I happy or unhappy? I live with such frenzied intensity. Things and people are waiting for me, and doubtless I am waiting for them and desiring them with all my strength and sadness. But, here, I earn the right to be alive by silence and by secrecy. The miracle of not having to talk about oneself. Then in the early s, they bitterly split. He was Mediterranean, a creature of sun and water, fierceness and the senses. In Paris, with its cool symmetries, he was, to adapt a French saying, uncomfortable in his skin – the constricting ideological precision that Sartre and his fellow intellectuals fitted on him. They treated him as a marvel, and then when he rebelled against their leftist rigor, they condemned him. The split took place when Camus took issue with the absolutism of revolutions. Seeking to realize their ideals, he argued, they end up using violence and tyranny. It was an attack on Soviet Communism at a time when Sartre and his followers were becoming its increasingly rigid supporters. They insisted that overt repression, however repellent, was the only way to fight the insidious structural tyranny of colonialist capitalism. One must choose, painfully. Societies, they exude excess only in hatred. This is why one must preach to them an intransigent moderation. There was nothing convenient in Camus. He was closer to Milovan Djilas, once a hard-line Communist, then jailed by Tito, and in the end proclaiming his battle-won political credo: On a trip to Italy Camus writes: Of Mycenae at sunset: It floated in the streets that led toward the high gardens where the girls awaited us. Camus could not put aside the reality of the French settlers. The vicious war between French forces and the F. He writes to an Algerian friend, an F.

### 6: Notebooks, Quotes by Albert Camus

*The musings and sketches of Albert Camus offer insight into the molding and working of a creative mind. Covering ground from young adulthood to the height of Camus's career, these notebooks contain sketches for future works, excerpts from favorite books, and reflections on death, loneliness, and art.*

### 7: A Walk to Remember - Chapter 11 - myapatheticnature - Carmilla (Web Series) [Archive of Our Own]

*Notebooks by Albert Camus starting at. Notebooks has 1 available editions to buy at Alibris.*

### 8: How writers turn journal entries into novels | onewildword

*As a young man I read a lot of books by existentialists, Camus being one of my favorites It was most refreshing to read this group of ruminations from him written towards the end of his life.*

### 9: Notebooks – Albert Camus / Philosophy | ART & Thoughts

*Notebooks, by Albert Camus starting at \$ Notebooks, has 1 available editions to buy at Alibris.*

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