
Preamble: I know that the title of my novel is an oxymoron: the Outsider or the Stranger. It is, as it were, the true name for a man who is, while in the world, outside of it. He walks among his neighbors, but they do not know him. He is a stranger to them in the house where he was born, a stranger to his mother's death, to her face and her tears. He is a stranger to his own indifference of the universe. From his birth to his death, he is an outsider in his life. He does not belong to his society, and he does not have a home. He is a stranger to himself. He is a stranger to his own feelings and his own needs. He is a stranger to his own grief or his own happiness. He is a stranger to his own solitude.

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While the novel was receiving positive reviews, Camus was in France. Lucien Sampaix, a reporter for the newspaper *France-Soir*, interviewed Camus about the book and its reception.

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