The book was found

Notebooks, 1951-1959 (Volume 3)
The first two volumes of his Notebooks began as simple instruments of his work; this final volume, recorded over the last nine years of his life, take on the characteristics of a more personal diary. Fearing that his memory was beginning to fail him, Camus noted here his reactions to the polemics stirred by The Rebel, his feelings about the Algerian War, his sojourns in Greece and Italy, thinly veiled observations on his wife and lovers, heartaches over his family, and anxiety over the Nobel Prize that he was awarded in 1957.

In his notebooks, Albert Camus is truthful, intelligent, articulate, and absolutely never dull. He was the rarest of beings, especially for a man; within Camus, mind-truths and body-truths remained wedded all his days, and nights. Including the contradictions—those are married, too. The guy is
irresistible. This volume of his carnets is as delicious as the ones that came before. No matter what your mood--happy, sad, bored (which is probably the same as sad)--the jottings and drafts of Camus' pulsings and articulations will take you where you are, lift and turn you, will change your life.

IF YOU LOVE CAMUS YOU WILL LOVE THIS. WHAT CAN ONE SAY ABOUT A RENOWNED AUTHOR EXCEPT THAT HE IS AS DESCRIBED BY THE REST OF THE KNOWLEDGEABLE WORLD.

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. The man played his cards close...and admits as much. Thus, the sordid bits are missing. Footnotes here and there help, but not much. His angst at being human does, as one might expect, come through. But if you're looking for insights into WHY, you'll be disappointed. (He DOES sprinkle the occasional aphorism.) Accolades are definitely due Mr. Ryan Bloom (translator). Worth a skim.

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