

## The Vision of Camus

By Lucas Faro-Beer

As of late I've been smoking. I'm not necessarily sure why I have committed to such a decrepit act, yet I do it, nonetheless. Perhaps it has something to do with one's shift in mind. You see, as of late I have been yearning; yearning for a sense of inner peace, which is quite confusing, since many would believe I have accomplished much.

I've earned an array of degrees, all of which contribute to my current professional status. I hold a notable financial position, which in turn has created a portfolio of financial and property investments and I have an elaborate estate which I call home. My beautiful supportive wife has blessed me with three majestically sweet children, and my doctor tells me that I am of a near perfect physical stature.

All of this and yet I still yearn. I still thirst.

I wouldn't necessarily call myself greedy nor entitled, as I know well that I have dedicated the entirety of my youth to obtain such. Even if I were innately avarice, there seems nothing left to obtain for I have reached the pinnacle of "The American Dream". That whimsical slurred statement that seems dreamlike to most and near impossible to conceive, yet I live it and play with it, but I yearn for more?

This is an itch I need to scratch; however, it is located on a limb separate from what I know of.

My wellbeing is absolute is it not, so why do I carry such sadness? Whilst on holiday during my son's school break, we travelled to India. Of course, the majority of the time we stayed in a resort, though during the rare outings in which I moseyed through the bustling streets, I came across an elderly man, who took a liking to selling fruit. He attempted to sell me some fruit, however once rejected, he didn't cuss in his native language much like the others, he simply smiled and wished me a great day.

I watched this man for multiple hours. He spent hours sitting on the mud infested floor, asking nearby people if they wanted to purchase his fruit. I calculated that at most he makes \$17 dollars a day yet, the satisfaction he gained, whether he managed to sell his fruits or not, brought me anger. How was it that a lowly street urchin who barely scraped by, exuded such happiness? I struggled with this observation and my immature reaction to it. I bet he has no

lover, no children, nothing; yet his utter satisfaction, his smile and that simple lust for life was beyond what I'd ever experienced. What can there be in his life to be happy about?

The back and forth of this conundrum in my mind ruined the rest of my holiday.

During the final day before we were to head home, I walked back the man, who was sitting atop the same spot and using the same cart, why he was so immensely happy. In turn, he simply responded with “मुझे मज़ा आता है” which I understood translated to “I enjoy”. The response seemed to lack common sense and sent me into a spiral. How could he ‘enjoy’ selling fruit each and every day to those who blatantly ignore him. The contradiction was bitter on my tongue, and yet for the man, it was infinite sweetness, and he is happier than I.

The perplexing continuance of his happiness continued to wear me down. Why aren't I happy? I enjoy what I do. I enjoy spending time with my children, I enjoy my wife's company, I enjoy bbq's with my friends, I enjoy my house. I don't necessarily enjoy my job a hundred percent of the time, but who does? That man, he may have enjoyed his job, but it seemed as if when he said, 'I enjoy', he was including the entirety of his life. He was truly happy.

What am I missing?

I have persevered since I was a child, I have studied, I have worked, and I have gained a good stance. When must I stop? Humanity aligns with perseverance and deems it evolution. The question is, when do we stop? When are we perfect?

Perhaps that's just it. Perhaps the essence of happiness sits within perseverance.

When I reflect on my life, I was most happy during my college days, not due to my youth but due to my ongoing struggle. I know and now believe perfection is a delusion, yet it is that belief that unto itself, makes it perfect. If one is to achieve perfection in the traditional sense, their world becomes dull, and meaningless. The fruit seller in India was genuinely happy due to his perseverance. Each and every day he spent selling fruit, he managed to get a step closer to perfection.

With that I know that it is the act of perseverance that holds meaning within the soul and this is why humanity continues to evolve.

The struggle alone is enough to fill a man's heart.

