

# Life

A small series of three tells the life story of how one's life might be. Starting with some wisdom from Friedrich Nietzsche. Next, transitioning into

Alan Watts' "A Happy Future," detailing short-lived happiness. Lastly, ending with Albert Camus' bitter-sweet reality in "Love of Life."

# Stages

Life is an everchanging cycle. Where are you?

Iris Torres  
Design for  
Journalists  
Dylan  
Greif

# Wisdom

## The Teach- ings of



## Friedrich Nietzsche

According to German philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche, failure is just a bump in the road on the path to success.

One must learn how to embrace failure rather than avoid it, in order to truly grow and live a fulfilling life of their dreams.

He believed that hard-

ship and joy operated in a kind of osmotic relationship and often expressed these views in his body of work, like in his poem “god is dead” where he noted that the most notable human lives reflected this same osmosis.

“Examine the lives of the best and most fruitful people and peoples and ask yourselves whether a tree that is supposed to grow to a proud height can dispense with bad weather and storms; whether misfortune and external resistance, some kinds of hatred, jealousy,

stubbornness, mistrust, hardness, avarice, and violence do not belong among the favorable conditions without which any great growth even of virtue is scarcely possible.”

The  
Alan  
Watts’

Happiness

“A  
Happy  
Future”

II.

“If to enjoy even an enjoyable present we must have the assurance of a happy future, we are “crying for the moon.” We have no such assurance. The best predictions are still matters of probability rather than certainty, and to the best of our knowledge every one of us

is going to suffer and die. If, then, we cannot live happily without an assured future, we are certainly not adapted to living in a finite world where, despite the best plans, accidents will happen, and where death comes at the end.”

# Reality “Love of Life” by Albert Camus



“Without cafés and newspapers, it would be difficult to travel. A paper printed in our own language, a place to rub shoulders with others in the evenings enable us to imitate the familiar gestures of the man we were at home, who, seen from a distance, seems so much a stranger. For what gives value to travel is fear.

It breaks down a kind of inner structure we have. One can no longer cheat — hide behind the hours spent at the office or at the plant (those hours we protest so loudly, which protect us so well from the pain of being alone). I have always wanted to write novels in which my heroes would say: “What would I do without the

office?” or again: “My wife has died, but fortunately I have all these orders to fill for tomorrow.”

Travel robs us of such refuge. Far from our own people, our own language, stripped of all our props, deprived of our masks (one doesn’t know the fare on the streetcars, or anything else), we are completely on the surface of

ourselves. But also, soul-sick, we restore to every being and every object its miraculous value.

A woman dancing without a thought in her head, a bottle on a table, glimpsed behind a curtain: each image becomes a symbol. The whole of life seems reflected in it, insofar as it summarizes our own life at the moment.

When we are aware of every gift, the contradictory intoxications we can enjoy (including that of lucidity) are indescribable.