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CHAPTER XXVIII¹

Characterization of the Will-to-Live

Our second book ends with the question as to the aim and purpose of this will that has proved to be the inner nature of all things in the world. The following remarks serve to supplement the answer to this question which is given there in general terms, since they explain the character of that will in general.

Such a characterization is possible, since we have recognized as the inner being of the world something thoroughly actual and empirically given. [On the other hand, the name "world-soul," by which many have expressed that inner being, gives, instead of this, a mere *ens rationis*. For "soul" signifies an individual unity of consciousness which obviously does not belong to that inner being; and generally, since the concept "soul" supposes knowing and willing to be in inseparable connexion, and yet independent of the animal organism, it is not to be justified, and therefore not to be used. The word should never be applied except in a metaphorical sense, for it is by no means as simple and natural as ψυχή or *anima*, which mean breath.] QUOTE

Even much more unsuitable is the method of expression of the so-called pantheists; their whole philosophy consists principally in their giving the title "God" to the inner nature of the world which is unknown to them, and by this they imagine they have achieved a great deal. Accordingly, the world would be a theophany. But let us merely look at it; this world of constantly needy creatures who continue for a time merely by devouring one another, pass their existence in anxiety and want, and often endure terrible afflictions, until they fall at last into the arms of death. He who has this clearly in view will allow that Aristotle is right when he says: ἡ φύσις δαίμονια ἀλλ' οὐ θεία ἐστὶ (*natura daemonia est, non divina*,² *De Divinatione*, c. 2, p. 463); in fact he will have to admit that a God who should presume to transform himself into such a world would certainly have

¹This chapter refers to § 29 of volume 1.

²"Nature is not divine, but demon-like." [Tr.]

been inevitably troubled and tormented by the devil. I know quite well that the would-be philosophers of this century emulate Spinoza, and consider themselves justified in so doing. But Spinoza had special reasons for calling his sole and exclusive substance God, namely to preserve at least the word, if not the thing. The stake of Giordano Bruno and Vanini was still fresh in the memory; these also had been sacrificed to that God, in whose honour incomparably more human sacrifices have bled than have been offered on the altars of all the heathen gods of both hemispheres together. Therefore, when Spinoza calls the world God, it is only exactly the same thing as when Rousseau, in the *Contrat social*, constantly and throughout describes the people by the word *souverain*. We might also compare it with this, that once a prince, who intended to abolish the nobility in his country, hit on the idea of ennobling all his subjects, in order not to deprive anyone of his property. Those wise men of our day have of course yet another reason for the nomenclature we are speaking of, but it is no more valid. Thus in their philosophizing, they all start not from the world or from our consciousness thereof, but from God as something given and known; he is not their *quaesitum* but their *datum*. If they were boys, I would explain to them that this is a *petitio principii*; but they know this as well as I do. But after Kant had shown that the path of the earlier dogmatism proceeding honestly, namely the path from the world to a God, does not lead there, these gentlemen imagined they had found a fine way out, and did it cunningly. I hope the reader of later times will forgive me for talking about persons with whom he is not acquainted.

Every glance at the world, to explain which is the task of the philosopher, confirms and establishes that the *will-to-live*, far from being an arbitrary hypostasis or even an empty expression, is the only true description of the world's innermost nature. Everything presses and pushes towards *existence*, if possible towards *organic existence*, i.e., *life*, and then to the highest possible degree thereof. In animal nature, it then becomes obvious that *will-to-live* is the keynote of its being, its only unchangeable and unconditioned quality. Let us consider this universal craving for life, and see the infinite eagerness, ease, and exuberance with which the will-to-live presses impetuously into existence under millions of forms everywhere and at every moment by means of fertilizations and germs, and indeed, where these are lacking, by means of *generatio aequivoca*, seizing every opportunity, greedily grasping for itself every material capable of life; and then again, let us cast a glance at its awful alarm and wild rebellion, when in any individual phenomenon it is to pass out of existence, especially where this occurs with distinct consciousness.

Then it is precisely the same as if in this single phenomenon the whole world were to be annihilated for ever; and the entire inner nature of a living being thus threatened is at once transformed into the most desperate struggle against, and resistance to, death. Let us see, for example, the incredible anxiety of a person in danger of his life, the quick and serious sympathy of every witness to this, and the boundless rejoicing after he has been saved. Look at the rigid terror with which a sentence of death is heard, the profound dread with which we view the preparations for carrying it out, and the heartrending pity that seizes us at the execution itself. We might then imagine that it was a question of something quite different from merely a few years less of an empty, sad existence embittered by worries and troubles of every kind, and always uncertain. On the contrary, we could not fail to be amazed that it should be of any consequence whether a person reached a few years earlier the place where after an ephemeral existence he has to be for billions of years. Therefore in such phenomena it becomes evident that I have rightly declared the *will-to-live* to be that which is incapable of further explanation, but is the basis of every explanation; and that, far from being an empty-sounding word, like the Absolute, the infinite, the idea, and other similar expressions, it is the most real thing we know, in fact the kernel of reality itself.

But if we abstract for a while from this interpretation that is drawn from our inner being, and confront nature as strangers, in order to comprehend her objectively, we find that, from the grade of organic life upwards, she has only *one* purpose, namely that of *maintaining all the species*. She works towards this through the immense surplus of seeds and germs, through the pressing intensity of the sexual impulse, through the eagerness of this impulse to adapt itself to all circumstances and opportunities, even to the production of bastards, and through that instinctive maternal affection whose strength is so great that in many kinds of animals it outweighs self-love, so that the mother sacrifices her own life in order to save that of her young. On the other hand, the individual has for nature only an indirect value, in so far as it is a means for maintaining the species. Apart from this, its existence is a matter of indifference to nature; in fact, nature herself leads it to destruction as soon as it ceases to be fit for that purpose. For what purpose the individual exists is therefore clear; but for what purpose does the species itself exist? This is a question to which nature makes no reply, when she is considered merely objectively. For when we contemplate her, we try in vain to discover a purpose for this restless bustle and activity, this impetuous pressing into existence, this anxious care for the mainte-

nance of species. The strength and time of individuals are consumed in the effort to procure sustenance for themselves and their young, and they are only just sufficient, sometimes even quite insufficient, for this. But although, here and there, a surplus of strength, and thus of ease and comfort—and of knowledge also in the case of the *one* rational species—remains, this is much too insignificant to be capable of being regarded as the end and purpose of that whole process of nature. Thus regarded purely objectively, and even as extraneous to us, the whole thing looks just as if nature were concerned only that, of all her (Platonic) Ideas, i.e., permanent forms, none should be lost. Accordingly, it looks as if she had so thoroughly satisfied herself in the fortunate invention and combination of these Ideas (for which the three preceding animal populations of the earth's surface were the preliminary practice), that her only concern now was that any one of these fine fancies might be lost, in other words, that any one of those forms might disappear from time and the causal series. For the individuals are fleeting, like the water in the stream; the Ideas, on the other hand, are permanent, like its eddies; only the drying up of the water would destroy these. We should have to stop at this puzzling view if nature were given to us only from outside, and thus merely *objectively*; we should have to accept it as it is comprehended by knowledge, also as sprung from knowledge, i.e., in the sphere of the representation, and accordingly should have to keep to this sphere when unravelling nature. But the case is otherwise, and a glance into the *interior of nature* is certainly granted to us, in so far as this is nothing but *our own inner being*. It is precisely here that nature, having arrived at the highest stage up to which her activity could work, is immediately found in self-consciousness by the light of knowledge. Here the *will* shows itself to us as something *toto genere* different from the *representation*, in which nature stood out, unfolded to all her (Platonic) Ideas. It now gives us at one stroke the explanation that was never to be found on the merely *objective* path of the *representation*. Therefore the subjective here gives the key to the explanation of the objective.

In order to recognize, as something original and unconditioned, that exceedingly strong tendency of all animals and human beings to maintain life and continue it as long as possible—a tendency that was described above as the characterization of this subjective, or of the will—we are still required to make it clear that this tendency is by no means the result of any objective *knowledge* of the value of life, but is independent of all knowledge; or, in other words, that those beings exhibit themselves not as drawn from the front, but as driven from behind.

With this purpose, we first of all review the immense series of animals, and consider the infinite variety of their forms, as they exhibit themselves always differently modified, according to the element and mode of life. At the same time we reflect on the unattainable ingenuity of their structure and mechanism, carried out in each individual with equal perfection. Finally, we take into consideration the incredible expenditure of strength, skill, shrewdness, and activity every animal has to undertake incessantly throughout its life. Going into the matter more closely, for example, we contemplate the restless industry of wretched little ants, the marvellous and ingenious diligence of bees, or observe how a single burying-beetle (*Necrophorus vespillo*) buries a mole forty times its own size in two days, in order to lay its eggs in it, and to ensure nourishment for the future offspring (Gleditsch, *Physik. Bot. Oekon.*, Art. III, 220). In this connexion, we call to mind how in general the life of most insects is nothing but a restless labour for preparing nourishment and dwelling for the future offspring that will come from their eggs. After the offspring have consumed the nourishment and have turned into the chrysalis stage, they enter into life merely to begin the same task again from the beginning. We then reflect how, in a similar manner, the life of birds is taken up with their distant and wearisome migration, then with the building of the nest and the procuring of food for the offspring, and how these themselves have to play the same role in the following year; and thus all work constantly for the future that afterwards becomes bankrupt. If we consider the foregoing, we cannot help looking round for the reward of all this skill and exertion, for the end or aim which the animals have before their eyes, and to which they aspire so restlessly; in short, we cannot help asking what comes of all this, and what is attained by animal existence that demands such immense preparations. And there is nothing to show but the satisfaction of hunger and sexual passion, and in any case a little momentary gratification, such as falls to the lot of every individual animal, now and then, between its endless needs and exertions. If we put the two together, the inexpressible ingenuity of the preparations, the untold abundance of the means, and the inadequacy of what is thus aimed at and attained, we are driven to the view that life is a business whose returns are far from covering the cost. This becomes most evident in many animals of a particularly simple mode of life. For example, consider that indefatigable worker the mole; to dig strenuously with its enormous shovel-paws is the business of its whole life; permanent night surrounds it; it has its embryo eyes merely to avoid the light. It alone is a true *animal nocturnum*, not cats, owls, and bats which see by night. What does

it attain by this course of life that is full of trouble and devoid of pleasure? Nourishment and procreation, that is, only the means for continuing and beginning again in the new individual the same melancholy course. In such examples it becomes clear that the cares and troubles of life are out of all proportion to the yield or profit from it. The consciousness of the world of perception, however, gives an appearance of objective worth of existence to the life of those animals that see, although such consciousness is with them entirely subjective and limited to the influence of motives. The blind mole, however, with its perfect organization and restless activity, limited to the alternation of insect larvae and starvation, makes obvious the disproportion of the means to the end. In this respect, the consideration of the animal world left to itself in countries uninhabited by human beings is also particularly instructive. A fine picture of such a world, and of the sufferings nature herself prepares for it without the interference of man, is given by Humboldt in his *Ansichten der Natur*, second edition, pp. 30 seq.; nor does he neglect on page 44 to cast a glance at the analogous suffering of the human race, always and everywhere at variance with itself. But the futility and fruitlessness of the struggle of the whole phenomenon are more readily grasped in the simple and easily observable life of animals. The variety and multiplicity of the organizations, the ingenuity of the means by which each is adapted to its element and to its prey, here contrast clearly with the absence of any lasting final aim. Instead of this, we see only momentary gratification, fleeting pleasure conditioned by wants, much and long suffering, constant struggle, *bellum omnium*, everything a hunter and everything hunted, pressure, want, need, and anxiety, shrieking and howling; and this goes on in *saecula saeculorum*, or until once again the crust of the planet breaks. Junghuhn relates that in Java he saw an immense field entirely covered with skeletons, and took it to be a battle-field. However, they were nothing but skeletons of large turtles five feet long, three feet broad, and of equal height. These turtles come this way from the sea, in order to lay their eggs, and are then seized by wild dogs (*Canis rutilans*); with their united strength, these dogs lay them on their backs, tear open their lower armour, the small scales of the belly, and devour them alive. But then a tiger often pounces on the dogs. Now all this misery is repeated thousands and thousands of times, year in year out. For this, then, are these turtles born. For what offence must they suffer this agony? What is the point of this whole scene of horror? The only answer is that the *will-to-live* thus objectifies itself.*

* In the *Siècle* of 10 April 1859 there is a very finely written story of a squirrel that was *magically* drawn by a snake right into its jaws: "Un voy-

Let us fully consider it, and comprehend it in all its objectifications, and we shall then arrive at an understanding of its true nature and of

ageur qui vient de parcourir plusieurs provinces de l'île de Java cite un exemple remarquable du pouvoir fascinateur des serpens. Le voyageur dont il est question commençait à gravir le Junjind, un des monts appelés par les Hollandais Pepergerbte. Après avoir pénétré dans une épaisse forêt, il aperçut sur les branches d'un kijatile un écureuil de Java à tête blanche, folâtrant avec la grâce et l'agilité qui distinguent cette charmante espèce de rongeurs. Un nid sphérique, formé de brins flexibles et de mousse, placé dans les parties les plus élevées de l'arbre, à l'enfourchure de deux branches et une cavité dans le tronc, semblaient les points de mire de ses yeux. A peine s'en était-il éloigné qu'il y revenait avec une ardeur extrême. On était dans le mois de juillet et probablement l'écureuil avait en haut ses petits, et dans le bas le magasin à fruits. Bientôt il fut comme saisi d'effroi, ses mouvemens devinrent désordonnés, on eut dit qu'il cherchait toujours à mettre un obstacle entre lui et certaines parties de l'arbre: puis il se tapit et resta immobile entre deux branches. Le voyageur eut le sentiment d'un danger pour l'innocente bête, mais'il ne pouvait deviner lequel. Il approcha, et un examen attentif lui fit découvrir dans un creux du tronc une couleuvre lien, dardant ses yeux fixes dans la direction de l'écureuil. . . . Notre voyageur trembla pour le pauvre écureuil.—L'appareil destiné à la perception des sons est peu parfait chez les serpens et ils ne paraissent pas avoir l'ouïe très fine. La couleuvre était d'ailleurs si attentive à sa proie qu'elle ne semblait nullement remarquer la présence d'un homme. Notre voyageur, qui était armé, aurait donc pu venir en aide à l'infortuné rongeur en tuant le serpent. Mais la science l'emporta sur la pitié, et il voulut voir quelle issue aurait le drame. Le dénouement fut tragique. L'écureuil ne tarda point à pousser un cri plaintif qui, pour tous ceux qui le connaissent, dénote le voisinage d'un serpent. Il avança un peu, essaya de reculer, revint encore en avant, tâcha de retourner en arrière, mais s'approcha toujours plus du reptile. La couleuvre, roulée en spirale, la tête au-dessus des anneaux, et immobile comme un morceau de bois, ne le quittait pas du regard. L'écureuil, de branche en branche, et descendant toujours plus bas, arriva jusqu'à la partie nue du tronc. Alors le pauvre animal ne tenta même plus de fuir le danger. Attiré par une puissance invincible, et comme poussé par le vertige, il se précipita dans la gueule du serpent, qui s'ouvrit tout à coup démesurément pour le recevoir. Autant la couleuvre avait été inerte jusque là, autant elle devint active dès qu'elle fut en possession de sa proie. Déroulant ses anneaux et prenant sa course de bas en haut avec une agilité inconcevable, sa reptation la porta en un clin d'œil au sommet de l'arbre où elle alla sans doute digérer et dormir."

["A traveller, who recently journeyed through several provinces of the island of Java, quotes a remarkable instance of the fascinating power of snakes. The traveller in question began to ascend the Junjind, one of the mountains called Pepergerbte by the Dutch. After he had penetrated the dense jungle, he noticed on the branches of a kijatile a Javanese squirrel with a white head. It was sporting and frisking about with the grace and agility that distinguish this charming species of rodents. A spherical nest, formed of flexible twigs and moss and set in the higher part of the tree at the fork of two branches, and a cavity in the trunk, seemed to be the two goals of its eyes. No sooner was it at a distance from them than it returned

the world; but we shall not do so, if we frame general concepts and build houses of cards out of these. Comprehending the great drama of the objectification of the *will-to-live* and the characterization of its true nature certainly demands a somewhat more accurate consideration and greater thoroughness than simply disposing of the world by attributing to it the name of God, or, with a silliness such as only the German Fatherland offers and is able to delight in, by explaining that it is the "Idea in its being otherwise." The simpletons of my time have for twenty years found in this their unutterable delight.

to them with the greatest eagerness. It was the month of July, and probably the squirrel had its young in the nest and its storehouse of fruit in the cavity. Suddenly it appeared to be seized with terror and its movements became irregular; it was as if it were trying always to place an obstacle between itself and certain parts of the tree. Finally it crouched and remained motionless between two branches. The traveller had the impression that danger threatened the innocent little animal, but he could not tell what was the nature of the peril. He approached, and a careful examination enabled him to discover in a hollow of the trunk a ribbon snake fixing its eyes in the direction of the squirrel. . . . Our traveller trembled for the poor little squirrel. The mechanism intended for the hearing of sounds is little developed in snakes, and they do not appear to have a very fine sense of hearing. Moreover, the snake was so preoccupied with its prey that it did not appear at all to notice the presence of a human being. Our traveller, who was armed, could have come to the assistance of the unfortunate rodent and killed the snake. But science was stronger than pity, and he wanted to see how the drama would end. The outcome was tragic. The squirrel certainly did not fail to utter a plaintive cry which, for all who know it, indicates the presence of a snake. It went forward a step, attempted to retreat, went forward again, and tried to turn back, but came ever nearer to the reptile. The snake, coiled up and with its head above its coils, was as motionless as a piece of wood, and did not take its eyes off the squirrel. The squirrel descended from branch to branch until it reached a bare part of the trunk. The poor animal now made no further attempt to avoid the danger. Attracted by an invincible power and seized as it were by dizziness, it rushed headlong into the jaws of the snake which were suddenly opened as wide as possible in order to receive it. Up till then the snake had been quite motionless, but now it became just as active as soon as it was in possession of its prey. Uncoiling itself and pursuing its course upwards with incredible agility, it reached the top of the tree in an instant, where no doubt it digested its prey and went to sleep." Tr.]

In this example we see what spirit animates nature, since it reveals itself in this, and how very true is the above-quoted saying of Aristotle. This story is important not merely in a magic regard, but also as an argument for *pessimism*. That an animal is suddenly attacked and devoured by another is bad, yet we can reconcile ourselves to this; but that such a poor innocent squirrel, sitting by its nest with its young, is compelled, step by step, reluctantly, struggling with itself and lamenting, to approach the snake's wide, open jaws and hurl itself consciously into these, is so revolting and atrocious, that we feel how right Aristotle is in saying *ἡ φύσις δαυνορία μὲν ἐστίν, οὐ δὲ βέλαι*. How frightful is this nature to which we belong!

According to pantheism or Spinozism, of which those systems of our century are mere travesties, all this of course actually reels itself off without end, straight on through all eternity. For then the world is a God, *ens perfectissimum*; that is to say, there can be nothing better, nor can anything better be conceived. Hence there is no need of deliverance from it, consequently there is none; but no one has the remotest idea why the whole tragi-comedy exists, for it has no spectators, and the actors themselves undergo endless worry and trouble with little and merely negative enjoyment.

Let us now add a consideration of the human race; the matter indeed becomes more complicated, and assumes a certain seriousness of aspect, yet the fundamental character remains unchanged. Here too life by no means presents itself as a gift to be enjoyed, but as a task, a drudgery, to be worked through. According to this we see, on a large scale as well as on a small, universal need, restless exertion, constant pressure, endless strife, forced activity, with extreme exertion of all bodily and mental powers. Many millions, united into nations, strive for the common good, each individual for his own sake; but many thousands fall a sacrifice to it. Now senseless delusion, now intriguing politics, incite them to wars with one another; then the sweat and blood of the great multitude must flow, to carry through the ideas of individuals, or to atone for their shortcomings. In peace industry and trade are active, inventions work miracles, seas are navigated, delicacies are collected from all the ends of the earth, the waves engulf thousands. All push and drive, some plotting and planning, others acting; the tumult is indescribable. [But what is the ultimate aim of it all? To sustain ephemeral and harassed individuals through a short span of time, in the most fortunate case with endurable want and comparative painlessness, yet boredom is at once on the lookout for this; then the propagation of this race and of its activities. With this evident want of proportion between the effort and the reward, the *will-to-live*, taken objectively, appears to us from this point of view as a fool, or taken subjectively, as a delusion. Seized by this, every living thing works with the utmost exertion of its strength for something that has no value. But on closer consideration, we shall find here also that it is rather a blind urge, an impulse wholly without ground and motive.

As was discussed in § 29 of volume 1, the law of motivation extends only to particular actions, not to willing *as a whole and in general*. It depends on this that, if we conceive the human race and its activities *as a whole and universally*, it does not present itself to us, as when we have in view individual actions, like a puppet-show, the dolls of which are pulled by external strings in the ordinary way.

On the contrary, from this point of view, it presents itself as puppets that are set in motion by an internal clockwork. For if we compare, as was done just now, the restless, serious, and laborious efforts of men with what they get from them, in fact with what they ever can get, the disproportion we have pointed out becomes apparent, since we recognize that what is to be attained, taken as motive power, is wholly inadequate to explain that movement and that restless activity. Thus, what are a short postponement of death, a small alleviation of need and want, a deferment of pain, a momentary satisfaction of desire, with the frequent and certain victory of death over them all? Taken as actual causes of movement of the human race, what could such advantages achieve? This human race is innumerable through its being constantly renewed; it is incessantly astir, pushes, presses, worries, struggles, and performs the whole tragi-comedy of world-history. In fact, what says more than anything else, everyone *perseveres* in such a mock existence as long as he possibly can. Obviously, all this is not to be explained, if we look for the moving causes outside the figures, and conceive the human race as striving, in consequence of a rational reflection or of something analogous thereto (as pulling strings), after the good things which are presented to it and whose attainment would be an adequate reward for its restless efforts and troubles. If the matter were taken thus, everyone would rather have said long ago *Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*,³ and would have passed out. On the contrary, everyone guards and protects his life like a precious pledge entrusted to him under a heavy responsibility, under infinite care and daily necessity; and under these life is just tolerable. Naturally, he does not see the why and the wherefore, the reward for this, but has accepted the value of that pledge in good faith and on trust without looking into it; and he does not know in what this value consists. Therefore I have said that those puppets are not pulled from outside, but that each of them bears in itself the clockwork from which its movements result. This is the *will-to-live* manifesting itself as an untiring mechanism, as an irrational impulse, which does not have its sufficient ground or reason in the external world. It holds the individuals firmly on this scene, and is the *primum mobile* of their movements; whereas the external objects, the motives, determine merely the direction of these movements in the particular case, otherwise the cause would not be in any way appropriate to the effect. For, just as every manifestation of a force of nature has a cause, but the force of nature itself has none, so has every individual act of will a motive, but the will in

³ "The game is not worth the candle." [Tr.]

general, none; in fact, at bottom these two are one and the same. The will, as the metaphysical, is everywhere the boundary-stone of every investigation, beyond which this cannot go anywhere. From the original and unconditioned nature of the will, which has been demonstrated, it is easy to explain that man loves above everything else an existence which is full of want, misery, trouble, pain, anxiety, and then again full of boredom, and which, were it pondered over and considered purely objectively, he would of necessity abhor; and that he fears above everything else the end of this existence, which is nevertheless for him the one and only thing certain.⁴ Accordingly, we often see a miserable figure, deformed and bent with age, want, and disease, appeal to us from the bottom of his heart for help for the prolongation of an existence, whose end would necessarily appear as altogether desirable, if it were an objective judgement that was the determining factor. Therefore, instead of this, it is the blind will appearing as the tendency to life, the love of life, vital energy; it is the same thing that makes the plant grow. This vital energy can be compared to a rope, stretched above the puppet-show of the world of men, on which the puppets hang by means of invisible threads, while they are *only apparently* supported by the ground beneath them (the objective value of life). But if once this rope becomes weak, the puppet sinks; if it breaks, the puppet must fall, for the ground under it supports it only in appearance; in other words, the weakening of that love of life shows itself as hypochondria, spleen, melancholy; the complete exhaustion of that love of life shows itself as an inclination to suicide. This then occurs on the slightest occasion, in fact on one that is merely imaginary, since the person, so to speak, now picks a quarrel with himself, in order to shoot himself dead, as many a person does to another for a similar purpose; in fact, in an emergency, suicide is resorted to without any special occasion. (Proofs of this are found in Esquirol, *Des maladies mentales*, 1838.) And as it is with the persistence in life, so is it also with its action and movement. This is not something freely chosen; but whereas everyone would really like to rest, want and boredom are the whips that keep the top spinning. Therefore the whole and each individual bear the stamp of a forced condition. Since everyone is inwardly indolent and longs for rest, but must nevertheless go forward, he is like his planet, that does not fall into the sun only because a force driving it forward does not allow this to happen. Thus everything is in permanent tension and forced movement, and the course of the world goes on, to

⁴ Augustine, *The City of God*, xi, c. 27, deserves to be compared as an interesting commentary on what is said here.

use an expression of Aristotle (*De Coelo*, ii, 13), οὐ φύσει, ἀλλὰ βίᾳ (*motu non naturali, sed violento*).⁵ Only apparently are people drawn from in front; in reality they are pushed from behind. It is not life that entices them on, but want and trouble that drive them forward. Like all causality, the law of motivation is a mere form of the phenomenon. Incidentally, here is to be found the origin of the comical, the burlesque, the grotesque, the ridiculous side of life; for, driven forward against his will, everyone bears himself as best he can, and the resultant perplexity and embarrassment often present a ludicrous effect, however serious may be the care and worry underlying them.

From all these considerations it thus becomes clear to us that the will-to-live is not a consequence of the knowledge of life, is in no way a *conclusio ex praemissis*, and in general is nothing secondary. On the contrary, it is that which is first and unconditioned, the premiss of all premisses, and for this reason that from which philosophy has to *start*, since the will-to-live does not appear in consequence of the world, but the world appears in consequence of the will-to-live.

I need hardly draw attention to the fact that the considerations with which we here conclude the second book point forcibly to the serious theme of the fourth. In fact, they would pass directly into that fourth book, if my architectonics did not make it necessary for our third book with its bright and fair contents to come in between as a second consideration of the *world as representation*. The conclusion of this third book, however, points once more in the same direction.

⁵ "Not naturally, but violently." [Tr.]

SUPPLEMENTS TO THE THIRD BOOK.

Et is similis spectatori est, quod ab omni separatus spectaculum videt.

Oupnekhat, Vol. I, p. 304.

["And he is like a spectator, because, separated from everything, he beholds a drama."—Tr.]

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