Schopenhauer's Theory of the Will

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Since the days of Kant, it has ever been the ambition of modern philosophy to find a rational explanation of the world through an analysis of the nature of consciousness. It was Kant who gave this analysis to the world. The world is known to us only through the forms of consciousness and its laws, so the understanding is the creator of the world displayed around us. It was the endeavor of Fichte to make the moral sentiment the real essence of this consciousness, thus making our surrounding world a foundation, a means by which we can develop our own inner life. But Romanticism refused to accept the statement that the moral will expressed any more thoroughly the real essence of consciousness than any other human interest.

Thus philosophy became so capricious that not even Hegel with his pronounced finality was able to stop it. A proper appreciation of this capriciousness will the better open up the way for Schopenhauer's system of philosophy in the unfolding of this doctrine.

The world of the idealist is made by himself. The show world is such, because he has produced it. It is the creation of his own mind. The outer world has assumed this form because of his peculiar self, otherwise it would be different. Hence arises the question of the real essence of this inner self, and a search for its deeper nature. Is there anything
stable or fixed about this deeper reality of mind? If there is, then I am of necessity compelled to live in just such a world as I do live in. But, if it is not fixed, necessary, then it may change at any moment, and my whole outer world may change with it.

For ordinary common sense all this is unnecessary. For the realist there are no misgivings in regard to the world about him. The surrounding objects are things in themselves and for themselves alone. I believe they exist and will exist whether I do or not. Truth is there beyond me and is not dependent in any way upon me for its reality and existence. It is known to all persons of intelligence in the world-matter-of-fact sense. Yonder is a tree. For the realist it is as stable and as much a real thing as nature can make it. It doesn't in any way depend upon any form of my consciousness for its existence. It remains there regardless of anyone's knowledge. For inquiries about the world the realist doesn't have to go to the inner sense.

But, for the idealist it is a personal matter. The existence of the tree is wholly subjective. To him, it is in a peculiar sense, his tree. Its reality and stability depend upon him. Outside of him it does not exist. I perceive the same tree only in so far as we have within our inner selves a common, deeper nature, which gives a true oneness of spirit causing us to agree. Hence the tree's remaining permanent
depends not upon its own matter, but upon a common principle that holds for him and myself, and gives it its common outer reality.

Since these common ideas are for the idealist the true world, his problem is to find out whether there is any common, deeper, and impersonally human necessity, which requires us in any wise to agree. This, if it exists at all must be searched for in our own inner nature. It has ever been the effort of the constructive idealists to find this necessity within our common rationality, which so binds us together that we become related parts of one deeper, real existence. The fact that we perceive the same object in the same form and dimensions, is possible only because of this common principle of our lives, which unites us as one and brings to each of us the same related outer world of appearance. Therefore, this true self, reality, life, or what-not, that dwells within you and also within me, makes the green earth alike for you and for me. The twinkling stars in the immensity of space, and the mutterings of the storm cloud are our common possessions.

Says the idealist, unity, fixity, assurance, we get, if we get such prizes at all, only by virtue of that rational and spiritual unity that is beneath our lives. The problem of the philosopher is to find that common self-hood. If he is successful in his search for this unity, all is united in one
But to the realist, there is a serious objection at this point. The attempt to construct a unity, spiritual and consistent in its nature, is unsatisfactory to the common mind. No one is able to deduce from this common spiritual unity any particular thing of sense. Or why is it, or how is it that we are so linked together by a common inner principle by which we perceive as one person the multiple objects of our outer world. Do they not come to the idealist as to the realist, through experience? Fichte tells us this world of sense is a necessary embodiment for our inner spiritual life. However this may be, it is impossible for them to tell why this particular sense material alone is necessary. About the only answer the idealist can give is that it is the nature of this deeper common rationality to weave alike for all of us the plains, valleys, mountains, seas, and the stars with their accompanying planetary worlds.

Whether or not there is a rationality running through it all which evolves this material body according to rational plans, it is impossible to say. Nevertheless, to the common mind there is a capriciousness, an irrationality unexplainable about all this world of show. But, perhaps, it is just the nature of this deeper spiritual life to be capricious, and so is in perfect accord with itself. The difficulty then, says Royce, is: "Our common spiritual nature is to
guarantee the truth of our common experience. Unless this nature has some hard and fast necessity in it, of which we can form an adequate conception, there is no satisfaction in our philosophy. This seeming irrationality is the great question to be met.

As a result of this perplexity there have arisen upon a Kantian basis numerous systems of philosophy which have not only accepted this difficulty but intensified this capriciousness, this irrationality in this common existence, affirming that, "Deeper than reason, in this world of ideal existence, is the caprice which once for all expresses itself in the wealth of nature's facts."

Of these systems, Schopenhauer's is one of the most pronounced, and classic representative. Schopenhauer's philosophy has a common spiritual origin with idealism, and yet stands in marked contrast with it. It is in harmony with it, in that its solution for the enigma of existence is wholly subjective; but stands in bold antithesis to it in that it places stress upon the lack of harmony, upon the irrational principle of existence. He casts aside this established harmony in all existence, (as hitherto taught by western philosophy and theology), and affirms that "the innermost kernel of existence is a blind, undisciplined, never resting, and never satisfied want."

In Schopenhauer's most notable work, The World as Will
and Idea, he unfolds in great detail his philosophical system. Book I is a summary of the Kantian basis of Schopenhauer's own philosophy. So far as subjective idealism is concerned, he is a thorough Kantian. Sensations are merely states in us. Forms of knowledge are property of the subject. Things are known to me only as they appear to me. They are represented by me by virtue of my intellect. The world is my idea. All experience may be summed up in the one word, Idea. This is made up of two factors, subject and object. The subject is unknowable. It knows all things knowable, but it is a contradiction in itself to say that the subject can know itself. Objects, however, are the products of the intellect itself. Reality is solely the work of the understanding, objectifying the organic affections of the body. "No truth is more certain, more independent of all others, and less in need of proof than this, that all that exists for knowledge, and therefore, this whole world, is only object in relation to subject, perception of a perceiver, in a word, idea." As such, the world as idea has two fundamental, necessary, and inseparable halves. One half is object, the forms of which are space and time. The other half is the subject, which is outside of space and time, for it is present, entire, and undivided in every percipient being. When we experience anything, we at once attribute it to some cause in time and space. When it is found, we think of it as an event produced
by some change in something in time and space; but these forms of space and time and also the principle of causation are also merely formal ideas within me. But since causation is just an idea of mine, no cause for my own experience is to be sought beyond my own true nature.

Then naturally arises the question, what is the real nature, the essence, the essential principle of this, my nature? For, with this purely subjective idealism not even Schopenhauer could remain content. We wish to know the significance of these ideas. If this world is merely idea, an empty dream, a baseless vision, we pass it by as beneath our notice. But is it not something more than idea, if so, what? One fact is sure, we can never arrive at the real nature of things from without. Only images and names reward our effort. "We are like a man who goes round a castle seeking in vain for an entrance, and sometimes sketching the facades." In fact, if the investigator were nothing more than pure knowing subject, he would never be able to find out what the world as mere idea of the knowing subject is besides. But he himself is rooted in that world. He is an individual in it. His knowledge, as the supporter of the fabric of the whole world idea is always given through a body, whose affections are the starting point for the understanding in the perception of this world. His body is like every other idea, an object among objects. But the movements and actions of his body are just as incomprehensible to him.
as the changes in any other object. But to call these mani-
festations of his, body, force, quality, or its character-
gives no further insight into it.

But the inner essence of his body in all its activities
is will. This, and this alone, says Schopenhauer, gives
him the key to his own existence, reveals to him the sig-
nificance, shows him the inner mechanism of his being, of
his action, of his movements. Every true act of the will
is a movement of the body. They are not different things
standing in the relation of cause and effect. They are one
and the same thing. The action of the body is the will
objectified. In fact, the whole body is nothing but object-
ified will, the will become idea.

The distinction between the body and will arises from
the difference in the method of conceiving their inner and
outer natures. The muscular activity of the body would be the
sensuous appearance of the will, not its effect. Will then is
not only identical with the brain, with the muscles, but also
with that power which formed the brain and muscles from the
blood; not only that, but identical with the force forming
the blood with its corpuscles. With this the will is vastly
extended. It becomes identical with natural force, indeed,
all the natural forces are merely particular appearances of
will running through the whole of nature.

The knowledge which I have of my will cannot be separated
from my body. "I know my will not as a whole, not as a unity, not completely, according to its nature, but I know it only in its particular acts, and therefore in time, which is the form of the phenomenal aspect of my body, as of every object." I cannot imagine my will apart from my body, therefore the body is a condition of the knowledge of my will. The body and will are one. What as an idea of perception I call my body, I call will, so far as this body appears to me in another way entirely different from idea. This double knowledge of our body affords us information about it, its action, movements following motives, and also, its experiences from outside impressions. And so the principle means of information comes not from the body as idea, but as more than idea, as what it is in itself, as will. The knowing subject becomes an individual just by the special relation to one body. Apart from this relation, his body for him is only idea.

The double knowledge of our own bodies in their nature and activity both as idea and as will is made a basis for judging all other objects in nature outside of us. We judge these objects which are presented to our consciousness not in a double way, but only as idea, like our bodies, and in this respect are analogous to them. We assume that as in one respect they are idea, like our bodies, so in another they are what remains when the idea of the subject is cast
aside - the same as our own inner nature which we call will. For what other kind of existence or reality can be attributed to the remainder of the material world? Outside of will and idea nothing is known to us, or even thinkable. Ordinarily when we speak of acts of the will we refer to those voluntary acts of body caused by motives. Yet these motives determine what I will only for some particular time, for some particular place, under particular circumstances, not what I will in general. So, that volition in general cannot be explained by the law of motivation, which determines nothing but its appearance at each point of time. It is only as an empirical character that motive is a sufficient basis for explanation of my action. The principle of sufficient reason is valid for the manifestation of the will, not for the will in itself which is groundless, that is, it is wholly unexplainable on any ground outside of its own nature.

This will is recognized as the inner essence not only of those phenomenal existences in men and animals, but it is also recognized in the "force which germinates and vegetates in the plant, and indeed the force through which the crystal is formed, that by which the magnet turns to the north pole, the force whose shock he experiences from the contact of two different kinds of metals, the force which appears in the elective affinities of matter as repulsion and attraction, decomposition and combination, and lastly, even gravitation
which acts so powerfully throughout matter, draws the stone to the earth and the earth to the sun,—all these, will be recognized as different only in their phenomenal existence, but in their inner nature as identical, and in its most distinct manifestation as, Will." We no longer stop at the phenomenon, but are led to the thing in itself. All idea, all object is phenomenal existence, the will alone is the thing itself. It is that of which all idea, all object, is the phenomenal existence, the visibility, the objectification. As it is of the whole of existence, so it is of every particular thing, the inmost nature, the kernel. In the progress of the will from its purely elementary to the clearly conscious form, it exhibits a series of stages in its objectification. In its lowest stage it appears as purely mechanical interaction, cause and effect having much the same nature and their relation being immediately perceptable. But in the more specialized forces of nature (gravity, electricity, heat and etc.) the relation is apparent owing to the less similarity between cause and effect. However in this low stage, this blind force or tendency is not known immediately as will.

In the organic realm of nature will appears as an impulse, a stimulus. In this sphere the effect contains more than the cause. A small increase of the stimulus may cause a very great increase of the effect, or conversely, it may
eliminate the previous effect altogether. Such are the effects upon all organized bodies. All organic and vegetative changes of the animal body must be referred to stimuli. Not only is this true of animals, but it also holds in plants whose movements follow upon stimuli. So that both animals and plants both in their actions and also in their whole existence, bodily structure, and organization are manifestations of will.

In the objectification of the will man forms the highest stage. In the conscious being cause becomes motive, only to reveal itself upon reflection and self observation to be in its inner nature, will. The will whether in its lowest or highest form is ever striving after the highest possible objectification, to appear as phenomenon, as object. This striving, longing, willing to be something else, is identical with the impulse to existence. For it is the essence of will to strive; it is a power incessantly struggling to live, to give itself manifestation. Thus results the infinite variety of forms in nature. Each form becomes a limit which is constantly overcome. The unity and inner relationship of the whole of nature is revealed in the common will principle which moves through and controls all things. The multiplicity and variety in nature is shown by the constant tendency to resist and overcome all limits in the stages of development. There is a constant struggle going on among the forms of nature for the mastery. Every grade of the object-
ification of will fights for the matter, the space, and the
time of the others.

Matter constantly changes its form; for mechanical
physical, chemical, and organic phenomena, guided by causality,
eagerly striving to manifest themselves, wrest the matter
from each other, for each is eager to reveal its own idea.
So goes the strife through the whole of nature; indeed, only
through struggle does nature exist. Yet this strife reveals
the essential variance of the will with itself. This universal
conflict is best seen in the realms of the vegetable and
animal kingdoms. The animal kingdom lives upon the vegetable.
And even within the animal kingdom itself, every animal
becomes the prey of every other animal. Each maintains itself
at the price of the life of some other creature. Thus the will
to exist, to live, preys upon itself, and becomes its own
nourishment, till, finally, the human race, because it sub­
dues all others, regards nature as a manufactory for its own
use. But even in the human race is revealed the terrible
distinctness this conflict, this mutual destruction, this
variance of the will with itself.

Out of this constant struggle for existence there arises
grades of the will's objectification. That knowledge of the
understanding possessed by brutes to which the senses supply
the data, out of which there arises mere perception confined
to what is immediately present, is not sufficient. That
complicated, many-sided, imaginative being, man, with his many needs, and exposed as he is to innumerable dangers, must, in order to exist, be lighted by double knowledge; a higher power of perceptive knowledge must be given him, and also reason, as the faculty for framing of abstract conceptions.

From this comes reflection and deliberation. Action independent of the present is possible, and finally the full and distinct consciousness of one's own deliberate volition. Knowledge, generally, rational as well as sensuous, proceeds originally from the will itself, and is subordinate to it. Herein does Schopenhauer's philosophy differ from many others in that it makes intellect secondary to will. Intelligence is fashioned by the will and completely subordinate to it. The world of knowledge is a dream, individuality a chimera of the imagination. Nothing is permanent but the will and ideas.

But since the essence of will is activity, striving, the question arises what is the object, the final end of this thing in its self, of the world? While the phenomena may have a ground of sufficient reason, yet, for the will itself, for the idea in which it adequately objectifies itself no ground can be given. Every particular act of will of a knowing individual, who is only a manifestation of will as the thing in itself, has from necessity a motive without which the act
would never have occurred; but just as material cause contains merely the determination that at his time, in this place, and in this matter a manifestation of this natural force must take place, so the motive determines only the act of will of a knowing being, at this time, in this place, and under these circumstances, as a particular act, but by no means determines what that being wills in general, or wills in this manner. This is the expression of his intelligible character, which as will in its self, the thing in its self, is without ground, for it lies outside the province of the principle of sufficient reason. So that freedom from all aim, from all limits, belongs to the nature of the will, which is an endless striving.

Eternal becoming, endless flux, characterizes the revelation of the inner nature of the will. So human efforts and desires continually elude us by presenting their satisfactions as the final end of will, only to become uninteresting upon possession, and to be soon forgotten. Says Schopenhauer, we are fortunate enough if there still remains something to wish for and to strive after, that the game may be kept up of constant transition from desire to satisfaction, and from satisfaction to a new desire, the rapid course of which is called happiness, and the slow course sorrow, and does not sink into that stagnation that shows itself in fearful ennui that paralyzes life, vain yearning without definite
object, deadening languor. Thus every particular act of will has its end, the general will has none; it is the thing itself, which is groundless.

While it is true that the world of intelligence is a dream, and individuality a chimera of the imagination, yet under certain circumstances it is possible for the intellect to escape from subserviency to the will, become a pure will-less intelligence, rising above the restrictions of the law of reason and dwelling in the pure contemplation of the object itself. As we fix our attention solely upon some object, losing ourselves completely in its contemplation, our consciousness becomes so absorbed in the external object, that we grasp the object entirely apart from its ordinary relations, thus freeing the subject from its subserviency to the will. This says Schopenhauer, is characteristic of art; and especially of music. In it there is that peculiar absorption in the thing contemplated, that remarkable unconsciousness which sets free the subject, and has always been considered the real index of the artistic genius. This power of contemplation which is free from causality and will, and is the essence of the aesthetic life, belongs not to the many, but to the few. With the many, intellect remains a prisoner in the service of the will to live, of self-preservation and of personal interest. It is but seldom, and only in the artistic and philosophical genius, that the intellect
Succeeds in freeing itself from the supremacy of the will, and, laying aside the question of the why and the wherefore, the where and the when, in sinking itself completely in the pure What of things. It is only with the gifted, the thinker and the artist, that intellect looking beyond the individual, becomes pure, timeless subject, freed from the will.

But art even to the man of insight, of genius, can afford only temporary consolation. It is but momentary, never complete, never absolute. True existence, true satisfaction, true reality, belongs only to the universal, to the aimless will, constantly striving to realize itself. A metaphysical principle, if truly comprehensive, must always give the solution of the ethical problem of existence. What is man's place and function in this world? What has he to do in this life, and what hope has he of a life beyond?

The individual life is transitory. True existence is possessed only by the universal, which is the aimless will ever struggling to manifest itself. The inner being of unconscious nature is a constant striving without end and without rest. This reality is eternal, for birth and death belong only to the phenomenal. Our present existence is but an incident in the long life, a dream from which it is awakened by death. Said Heraclitus; "While we live our souls are dead within us, but when we die, we are restored to life. In our life are both living and dying. We live the
death of the Gods and die their life! Even for this life of man there is nothing permanent, all is transitory. The present is but a fleeting show between two unrealities. Only the thing in itself, the will, lives on forever, is eternal. The individual as a delusion disappears, passes into nothingness, only the universal is immortal. Life, instead of being a source of happiness, is a constant burden. It is a constant struggle for this existence with the certainty of losing it in the end. Life itself is a sea full of rocks and whirlpools, which man avoids with the greatest care and solicitude, only to fall in the end in the total, inevitable, and irremediable shipwreck, death. Existence is a miserable sham. The world is full of suffering; indeed, it is the worst of all possible worlds. Man in his constant struggles as a part of this great will is in continual strife with all his fellows. His constant strivings spring from want, from dissatisfaction, from suffering. This desire is never satisfied. Misery is the result, and is eternal. Pleasure is an impossibility. Man is an accumulation of innumerable wants, which are but temporarily satisfied. The misery of existence far out weighs the happiness. Life is not worth living.

It is only when man realizes his life and that of his fellows with whom he is in constant struggle, rest in a common will that the affirmation of the will to live takes
the form of sympathy, of fellow feeling, from which come love and all ethical action. Human love in particular implies the knowledge of the oneness, the unity of all men. But even in this newly discovered bond of sympathy there is no real relief from this life of misery, for it means a continuance of this wretched existence. His vision is still dimmed by ignorance of the worthlessness of all things. The veil of Maya clouds his sight. But when it is lifted and he realizes that all beings are part of his own inner, true self, and that the pangs of the whole world, and of the infinite number of beings within it must be shared by him, he cares not for life. From every direction constant suffering, contradiction, and agonized creation presses upon him. From this no affirmation of the will affords any means of escape. Only absolute quiescence by complete resignation of the will will bring contentment. Deny the will to live. Become absorbed into Nirvana. Here the intellect escapes subserviency to the will, and becomes its master. Complete willlessness is the only salvation for the race. Only suffering which brings about resignation is worthy of reverence.

Suicide is not in harmony with this resignation of life, for instead of being a denial of the will, it is a strong assertion of the will. Suicide is selfish, for it ignores humanity; it is useless, since the terrors of a new existence
confront the individual. The essence of negation consists in this, that the joys of life are shunned, not its sorrows. The suicide wills life, being only dissatisfied with the present condition of things. He wills life in a different form, a more unrestricted existence. The goal of human life is the destruction of life, and the total absorption of the individual life into the source of all life, the great world will, the universal soul, the All.

The complete sugjugation of the will by the intellect is attained. The evolver has been suppressed by the evolved.

But what can be said of the value of this doctrine of Schopenhauer as a basis of existence? Does it answer satisfactorily the fundamental questions of philosophy? As to what rests at the foundation of phenomena, what is to be regarded as the substance of the world, Thought, Intelligence, Mind, or blind unconscious Force? It is upon this question that the ultimate distinction of philosophy depends. Fawcett pronounces the system of Schopenhauer to be the most sparkling product of German philosophy. But Schopenhauer impresses us as being stronger as a critic than as a constructive metaphycian. His theory is inadequate and largely unsatisfactory. His world theory is as inconsistent with itself as his personality was self willed and unharmonious. "He carries into his system all the contradictions and whims of his capricious nature, says Zeller. He is inconsistent and
illogical, and assumes entirely too much in his course of reasoning.

He starts out with the world as idea, as presentation, (the most radical idealism), and before he closes, he has landed in the rankest materialism. Thought, knowledge, is a product of the brain. Idealism regards the brain as only a phenomenal object in an illusory phenomenal world; but now we have thought as merely a material phenomenon. If the brain exists only for perception, how can it manifest perception as its function, says Fawcett? When Schopenhauer says, "The world is my presentation", one is inclined to ask, presentation of what? He says again, "The world is my will". The will is a thing-in-itself but the thing in itself is also phenomenon. The universe is its presentation. Either the thing in itself is presented, or it is not presented. If presented, it ceases to be the thing in itself. If not presented, it cannot be known. Hence, results a fatal paradox.

One noticeable characteristic of Schopenhauer's theory is found in his arbitrary assertions. He says, the body is the objectification of the will. The valid reasons he has for asserting the identity of the will and the body do not appear. In fact, he claims none. He merely makes the statement which must be taken for granted. The only foundation for the theory of Will as the thing in itself, is in the knowledge that we possess of our own will. Admitting that we do have some consciousness of ourselves as willing, we still ask whether
this is a knowledge of the thing itself. Says Schopenhauer, the knowledge I have of my will, though immediate, cannot be separated from that which I have of my body. I know my will not as a whole, not as a unity, not completely, according to its nature, but I know it only in its particular acts, and therefore in time, which is the form of the phenomenal aspect of my body, as of every body. From this it does not follow that a knowledge of my own will implies a knowledge of the Will in itself. I am not conscious of the will in itself, but of my own will. Schopenhauer says, I know the subject willing. The cognitive subject has knowledge of the subject of will. Adamson asks the question, are these two subjects the same? Schopenhauer ought to answer that they are not the same; for he has repeatedly said, the subject cannot know itself. But his answer is that they are the same. The identity of the two subjects is a miracle not to be explained. One feels that there are too many such miracles in Schopenhauer's philosophy to make a very coherent system.

Again, Schopenhauer has to face the problem which every philosophy of the universe has to solve, that evolves it from blind force, what is the relation between blind force and conscious thought. In thinking things there are definite thought relations between the things thought and the subject thinking. Furthermore, this thinking occurs in forms of space, time, and causality.
But the will as a thing itself lies outside of and beyond these, which are forms of subjective thinking, and come into existence only upon formation of the brain. It can have no individuality, no end for its effort. Besides, is it possible to conceive of the evolution of this universe of beings from a blind force, which is blank and lacking in all those qualities peculiar to thought alone. In all such attempts to construct a world of beings capable of thought, of intelligence, in however small degree, one feels that in some way there has been injected into this blank substance, force, or what not, some of these thought forms necessary to, and thought relations necessary for conscious existence. This difficulty as in most other problems in Schopenhauer's theory is settled by a mere arbitrary assertion. It is a fact and that ends it. Those who reject it ought to be sent to a mad house where it is to be hoped their folly will be cured.

In the third and fourth books of World as Will and Idea, there is a marked contradiction to the first and second books, which stand in contradiction to each other. In the beginning we were told that the world of presentation was subject to the principle of sufficient reason. But in the third and fourth books we are informed that outside and beyond causal cognition there are the larger forms of aesthetic and philosophical intuition. At first the intellect was the creature of the will, and so subordinate to it, but later it not only frees itself from the power of the will, but in
turn overcomes and annihilates the will. How all this is accomplished is not explained by Schopenhauer.

No thinking person will take his pessimism very seriously, indeed, one can scarce think that Schopenhauer took it very seriously himself. In fact it seems to have been more of a personal mood resulting from his over sensitive and arbitrary nature, which often took offense at his more popular contemporaries. For a pessimistic view of life is certainly not in harmony with his theory of the Will in itself, since it is the absolute, the All. And, how can the absolute, the All want anything, crave anything. It is this undying, never-satisfied want that lies at the basis of pessimism. But, that which has all within itself can want nothing. And everything, every being is a part of this All. Want implies a longing for something outside one's self, but what can be outside the absolute?

Pessimism is also inconsistent with his theory from another standpoint. It is upon the eternality of the will that pessimism must rest, if at all. But when Schopenhauer in the fourth book brings the will not only in subordination to the intellect, but destroys it, he removes the foundation for pessimism.

In conclusion, one is led to say that Schopenhauer's system or philosophy failed to fulfill the claims of himself and of his adherents; yet, it is an attempt to reconcile
the two apparently opposed forces in nature by the discovery of the one principle which lies at the basis of both, the "one identity which contains within itself the power of development into the different and manifold."

The reader is not convinced that Schopenhauer has arrived at a well-grounded principle. It impresses him with its inconsistencies, contradictions, and paradox. An all-powerful Will evolving from itself all forms of existence only to reabsorb them into its own nothingness is too much for the thoughtful mind. It approaches the improbable. Schopenhauer's philosophy has been characterized, not inappropriately as a clever novel, which entertains the reader by its rapid vicissitudes.
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