

TWO PHILOSOPHERS OF THE PARADOXICAL.

SECOND PAPER : SCHOPENHAUER.

THE name of Schopenhauer is better known to most general readers in our day than is that of any other modern Continental metaphysician since Kant. The reputed heretic has the reward of his dangerous reputation, a fact which gives any expositor of the great pessimist reason both for fear and for rejoicing : for rejoicing, since his hero is already well known, and is generally regarded with interest ; for fear, since this dangerous reputation is in part founded upon serious misunderstandings of Schopenhauer's place and significance. In fact, as we shall find, our author's pessimism is but another manifestation of the same insight into the paradoxical Logic of Passion which we have discovered at the heart of Hegel's doctrine. It is true that Schopenhauer's famous World-Will, the blind power that, according to him, embodies itself in our universe, appears in his account, at first, as something that might be said to possess passion without logic. Yet this first view of the World-Will soon turns out to be inadequate. The very caprice of the terrible Principle is seen, as we go on, to involve a sort of secondary rationality, a logic fatal and gloomy as well as deeply paradoxical, yet none the less truly rational for all that. Schopenhauer's world is, in truth, tragic in much the same sense as Hegel's. Only, for Schopenhauer the tragedy is hopeless, blind, undivine ; while for Hegel it is the divine tragedy of the much-tried Logos, whose joy is above all the sorrows of his world. Were this difference between our thinkers merely one of personal and speculative opinion, it might have little significance ; but since it involves, as we shall see, one of the most truly vital problems of our modern life, one which meets

us at every step in our literature and in our ethical controversies, we shall find it well worth our while to study the contrast more closely. First, then, let us see something of the man Schopenhauer, and afterwards we may estimate his doctrine.

I.

Arthur Schopenhauer, born in 1788, was probably descended, on the father's side, from a Dutch family. He was the son of a wealthy merchant of Danzig. His mother, the once noted Johanna Schopenhauer, brilliant novelist, and in her later years ambitious hostess in the literary circles at Weimar, had married, as she very frankly tells us, not from love, but for position. On both sides Schopenhauer's ancestry was somewhat burdened, as we should say, in respect of nerves, although this characteristic is decidedly more marked on the father's side. The philosopher's paternal grandmother was declared insane during the latter years of her life ; and of his uncles on the same side, one was idiotic, and one was given to excesses of the neurotic type. Schopenhauer's father, a busy and uncommonly intelligent man, many-sided and successful, himself suffered, toward the last of his life, from the family trouble. At fifty-eight years of age he showed occasional but acute symptoms of an excited form of derangement, lost meanwhile his memory for well-known persons, and very soon died under mysterious circumstances that indicated strongly an insane suicide. Johanna Schopenhauer, personally, was quite free from noteworthy nervous defect, unless heartlessness be reckoned as such. The philosopher himself, as is

well known, lived in excellent general health until past seventy, dying in 1860 from a cause having no apparent relation to nervous difficulties. Still, especially in youth, he was vexed by his hereditary burden enough to enable us without question to associate his pessimism in some measure with his temperament. Several neurasthenic symptoms are reported, showing themselves in sporadic but decided forms, — night-terrors of a known pathological type, causeless depressions, a persistent dread of possible misfortunes, a complaining and frequently unbearable ill humor with attendant crises of violent temper. A troublesome and slowly growing deafness, similar to that manifest in his father, is referred to the same cause. Against these stood always a very fine general constitution, and a rather over-anxiously guarded fashion of life. The question suggested by all these facts, the well-known question if Schopenhauer's pessimism was due mainly to morbidity of temperament, was in short mere *Stimmungspessimismus*, is not so easy to decide as some of his critics fancy. In fact, the man unquestionably was incapable of a permanently cheerful view of life, — was a born outcast, doomed to hide and to be lonely. Unquestionably, also, he was given to pettiness in the minor relations of life, was vain, uncompanionable, and bitter. But then, many clever men have had all these burdens to bear without being able to see the tragedy of life as wisely and deeply as Schopenhauer saw it. He would have said of his own unhappy temper very much what he once said of the crimes of Napoleon's career, namely, that there are conditions which make manifest the latent evil of human selfishness, the dangers of the restless Will that is in us all alike, better than do other conditions, but which do not therefore create the latent evil. It will not do in any event to state the case against Schopenhauer's pessimism in such shal-

low fashion as to make it appear that, whilst all pessimism is mere pettiness, all optimism is *prima facie* noble-mindedness. Optimists also can be selfish and even intolerable. In fine, I am disposed to say, as a matter of mere historical judgment, that Schopenhauer's nervous burdens undoubtedly opened his eyes to the particular aspect of life which he found so tragic, but that meanwhile the fact of such burdens positively is of no service to us when we are forming our estimate of the ultimate significance of our philosopher's insight, — an insight which, for my part, I find as deep as it was partial.

The Italian psychologist, Lombroso, in his well-known work on the relations of genius and insanity, makes use, of course, of Schopenhauer in his catalogue of pathological geniuses. The only value which such observations as Lombroso's have, in the present chaotic condition of our knowledge upon the subject, is to remind us that we cannot dispose of a man's intellectual rank or of his doctrine merely by observing that he was weighted with morbid tendencies of mind. Genius has often, although by no means always, a background of a pathological sort; while, on the other hand, the nervously burdened, whether geniuses or not, actually do a great part of the world's work and of the world's thinking, and may be all the wiser by reason of the depth of their nervous experiences. Specially interesting, however, in Schopenhauer's case, is the relation of contrast between the peevishness of his private temper and the self-controlled calm and clearness of his literary style. To such a man intellectual work is a blessed relief from the storms of trivial but violent emotion. His reflective thought stands off, as it were, on one side, and surveys with a melancholy freedom his daily life of care and of bondage. His thinking rejoices in the wondrous craft whereby it has outwitted passion. His reflection throughout, therefore, is a negative self-

criticism, a sort of *reductio ad absurdum* of the tempestuous natural man. It does not embody the peevishness of this natural man, but rather scorns the vanity of his unwisdom. As Schopenhauer himself says: "Since all grief, because it is a mortification, a call to resignation, has in it the possibility of rendering one holy, therefore it is that great sorrow, deep pangs, arouse in us a certain reverence for the sufferer. But the sufferer becomes wholly venerable only when, seeing his whole life as one chain of sorrow, he yet does not dwell on the enchainment of circumstances that brought grief to just his life; . . . for then he would still be longing for life, only under other conditions. But he is truly venerable only when his look is turned from the petty to the universal; when he becomes, as it were, a genius in respect of ethical insight; when he sees a thousand cases in one, so that life seen as one whole . . . moves him to resignation. . . . A very noble character," continues Schopenhauer, "we always conceive with a certain tinge of melancholy in it, — a melancholy that is anything but a continual peevishness in view of the daily vexations of life (for such peevishness is an ignoble trait, and arouses suspicions of maliciousness), but rather a melancholy that comes from an insight into the vanity of all joys, and the sorrowfulness of all living, not alone of one's own fortune." Thus, as we see, Schopenhauer's philosophy is not founded upon any summing up of the malicious judgments of his natural peevishness, but is the expression of a calm and relatively external survey and confession of his temperament in its wholeness. This it is that is expressed in the lucidity of his style, and that gives permanent value to his insight. The strong opposition between Will and Contemplation is one of the chief features of his doctrine.

As for this style in itself, it suggested Jean Paul's famous characterization of

the first edition of Schopenhauer's *Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*: "A book of philosophical genius, bold, many-sided, full of skill and of depth, — but of a depth often hopeless and bottomless, akin to that melancholy lake in Norway in whose deep waters, beneath the steep rock-walls, one never sees the sun, but only the stars reflected; and no bird and no wave ever flies over its surface." Just this calm of Schopenhauer's intellect is the characteristic thing about his writing; and no one who knows the highly intellectual and reflective type of the nervously burdened genius will fail to comprehend the meaning of the contrast between the man's peevishness, which tortured him, and his thinking, wherein he found rest. More cheerful spirits may think and will in the same moment, may reflect with vigorous vitality and work with keen reflection. But for men of Schopenhauer's type there is a profound contrast between their contemplative and their passionate life; precisely the same contrast that the ascetic mystics, with whom, like Spinoza, Schopenhauer as philosopher had many things in common, have always loved to dwell upon and to exaggerate. Do you give yourself over to passion? Then, as they will have it, you may be clever, well informed, ingenious; in short, as all the ascetic mystics would say, you may be as wily as you are worldly; but through it all you will be essentially ignorant, thoughtless, irrational. Do you attain the true enlightenment, even for a moment? Then you stand aside from passion; its whirlwind goes by, and you remain undisturbed; your thought, to use an old comparison that was a favorite of Schopenhauer's, pierces through passion as the sunlight through the wind. You see it all, but it moves you not.

Such mysticism is essentially pessimistic: we find it so even in Spinoza and in the Imitation of Christ. Only, in the Imitation contemplation has the glory of God to turn to above and be-

yond the storm of sense and of vanity. A formula for Schopenhauer is that his pessimism is simply the doctrine of the Imitation with the glory of God omitted. But as the glory of God is described by the Imitation in purely abstract, mystical, and essentially unreal terms, one may see at once that the road from the mediæval mystic to Schopenhauer's outcome is not so long as some people imagine. "I saw in my dream," says Bunyan, at the end of his *Pilgrim's Progress*, when the angels carry off poor Ignorance to the pit, — "I saw in my dream that there was a way to the bottomless pit from the very gate of Heaven, as well as from the City of Destruction." Now, it was Schopenhauer's mission to explore this highly interesting way with considerable speculative skill. The mystic who forsakes the world because of its vanity finds his comfort in a dream of something called the divine Perfection, — something pure, abstract, extramundane. He comes on "that which is," and catches, like Tennyson in the famous night vision on the lawn, in the *In Memoriam*, "the deep pulsation of the world." Only, by and by morning comes. Your mystic must awake; his vision must vanish, "stricken through with doubt." Tennyson seems to have endured the waking better than others. But, generally speaking, the pessimist of Schopenhauer's type is simply the mystic of the type of the Imitation, at the moment when he has been awakened from the false glory of this religious intoxication.

The events of our hero's life may be disposed of briefly. His father took or sent him on long travels during his early youth, made him well acquainted with both French and English, and insisted that he should in due time learn the mercantile business, and train himself to be a busy, intelligent, and many-sided man of the world. Scholarship and the university formed no part in the father's plans. The boy spent also considerable

time on his father's country estate, loved nature, but was always a lonely child. As youth waxed, moodiness tormented him; he began now to show a turn for metaphysics. His father's death, in 1805, left him free to follow his own plans. He forsook the hated counting-house, where he had set about his work, and began to study for the university; making rapid progress in Latin, quarreling with his elders, and writing rhetorically gloomy letters to his mother, who had now entered on her Weimar career. The son's native pessimism was still far, of course, from the later philosophical formulation, but he already perceived that one great evil about the world is its endless change, which dooms all ideal interests and moods to alteration and defeat. "Everything," he writes to his mother, "is washed away in time's stream. The minutes, the numberless atoms of pettiness into which every deed is dissolved, are the worms that gnaw at everything great and noble, to destroy it." His mother found this sort of thing rather tedious, and especially inconsistent with her son's social success as an occasional inmate of her house at Weimar. A most brilliant company often gathered there, with Goethe at the head. A youth of twenty or thereabouts could not add grace to such a scene so long as he could talk of nothing but time and worms. She wrote him plainly, being a woman as clear-headed as she was charming: "When you get older, dear Arthur, and see things more clearly, perhaps we shall agree better. Till then let us see that our thousand little quarrels do not hunt love out of our hearts. To that end we must keep well apart. You have your lodgings. As for my house, whenever you come you are a guest, and are welcome, of course; only you must n't interfere. I can't bear objections. Days when I receive, you may take supper with me, if you'll only be so good as to refrain from your painful disputations, which make me angry, too, and from all

your lamentations over the stupid world and the sorrows of mankind; for all that always gives me a bad night and horrid dreams, and I do so like a sound sleep."

In 1809 Schopenhauer began his university studies at Göttingen, devoted himself to Kant and Plato, and rapidly acquired the type of erudition which he kept to the end, — an erudition vast rather than technical; the learning of one who sees swiftly rather than studies exhaustively, remembers rather than systematizes, enjoys manifold labors rather than professional completeness. He was always a marvelous reader, of wide literary sympathies, especially fond of the satirists, the mystics, and the keen observers of all ages. For the processes of the exact sciences he had a poor comprehension; for natural phenomena of a suggestive sort his eye was always very wide open; he longed to catch the restless World-Will in the very act of its struggle and sorrow. He loved books of travel, energetic stories, strongly written historical sketches, tragic as well as satirical dramas, and books of well-described natural history. As for nature itself, he was very fond of observing flowers, while, after his fashion, he loved animals passionately. These show the Will naked, in all its naive cruelty, guilt, and innocence.

Edifying literature of all but the purely mystical type, most systematic schemes of constructive thought, all merely sentimental poetry, and above all such moralizing poetry as Schiller's *Don Carlos* he in general bitterly despised. These things seemed to him to hover about life. He wanted to contemplate the longing of life in itself. His critical and historical judgments were deep and yet wayward. He was once more on the lookout for types, not for connections. He had, for so learned a man, a poor eye for detecting unscholarly and fantastic theories, and frequently accepted such when they related to topics beyond his

immediate control. His literary sense was, after all, his best safeguard in scholarship. Here his fine contemplative intellect guided him. He could not make a bad blunder as to a purely linguistic question; but where his taste and instinct for the immediate inner life of things and of people were unable to guide him he wandered too often in the dark. On all matters of learning his judgment remains, therefore, largely that of the sensitive man of the world. His sense of humor was of the keenest. The Will is once for all as comic in its irrationalities as it is deep in its unrest. A distinguishing feature of his style, namely, his skill in metaphor and in other forms of comparison, is due to this wide reading. In this respect he rivals those wonderful masters of comparison, the Hindu metaphysicians, whom he knew through translations and admired much. One further trait may be mentioned as pervading his study and his whole view of life. He was an intense admirer of the English temperament, just as he was an intense hater of many English institutions. Not, indeed, the English Philistine, but the English man of the world, attracted him, by that clear-headedness and that freedom from systematic delusions which are so characteristic of the stock. To sum up all in a word, the maxim of his whole life as a learner was, See and record the vital struggles and longings of the Will wherever they appear.

Such scholarship as this was ill fitted to prepare Schopenhauer for an academic life. In 1813 he printed his dissertation for the Doctor's degree, on *The Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason*. It is his most technical book, with least of his genius in it. In 1818 was published the first edition of his *Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*. In 1820 he entered on his work as Privat-Dozent at the University of Berlin, and immediately made a sufficiently complete academic failure to discourage

him from any serious effort to continue in his position. Embittered by the indifference with which both his books and his attempts as a teacher were received, he gradually acquired that intense hatred of all professors of philosophy, and of the whole post-Kantian speculative movement in Germany, which he expressed more than once in a furious form, and which wholly misled him as to his own historical relations. After 1831 he retired to Frankfort-on-the-Main, and lived upon his little fortune until the close of his life. How he came slowly to be known publicly, in spite of the indifference with which academic circles treated him; how in old age there gathered round him a little circle of well-received flatterers; how young Russians used to come and stare at the wise man; how he loved the attentions of all such people, and better still the more intelligent understanding of two or three faithful disciples, but best of all his dinner and his dog; how he died suddenly, when he was quite alone, — are not all these things written in the books of modern literary gossip? I need not dwell upon them further. Nor need I repeat how Schopenhauer had only to die to acquire general fame, until now his name is everywhere a symbol for all that is most dark, and deep, and sad, and dangerous about the philosophy of our time. Of the pettier incidents of his life, of his quarrels, of his one or two outbursts of temper which led to public scandals, of his other eccentricities numberless, I have no time to speak.

II.

Schopenhauer's principal work, *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*, is in form the most artistic philosophical treatise in existence, if one excepts Plato's Republic. In its first edition it was divided into four books. A later edition added, in a second volume, com-

ments upon all four. Of these books, the first summarizes the Kantian basis of Schopenhauer's own doctrine. The world is, first of all, for each of us, just our *Vorstellung*, our Idea. It is there because and while we see it. It consists in its detail of facts of experience. These, however, are, for our consciousness, always interpreted facts, seen in the sense forms of space and of time, and within these forms, perceived through and by virtue of our universal form of comprehension, namely, the principle of Causation. When I experience anything, I seek inevitably for a cause in space and in time for this experience. When I find such a cause, I localize the experience as an event manifesting some change in something existing in space and in time. But these forms of space and of time, as well as this principle of Causation, are all alike simply formal ideas in me. Kant's great service lay, in fact, in his proving the subjectivity, the purely mental nature, of such forms. The space and time worlds, with all that they contain, exist accordingly for the knowing Subject. No Subject without an Object, and no Object without a Subject. I know in so far as there is a world to know; and the world yonder is in so far as I know it. In vain, moreover, would one seek for any Thing in itself really outside of me as the Cause of my experiences. For Cause is just an idea of mine, useful and valid for the events of the show-world, but wholly inapplicable to anything else. Within experience the law of causation is absolute, because such is my fashion of thinking experience, and of perceiving the localized things of sense. But beyond experience what validity, what application, can one give to the principle of causation? None. There is no cause to be sought for my own experiences beyond my own true nature.

But what is this my nature? The second book answers the question. My nature, you must observe, is something

very wealthy. It does not indeed *cause* my experiences, in any proper sense; for cause means only an event that in time or in space brings another event to pass. And there is nothing that in time or in space brings to pass my own deepest timeless and spaceless nature. As phenomenon in time, my body may move or die, as other events determine. But my deepest nature is so superior to space and time that, as we have just shown, space and time are in fact *in me*, in so far as they are my forms of seeing and of knowing. Therefore my true nature neither causes nor is caused; but, as one now sees, it in truth *is*, comprises, embodies itself in, all my world of phenomena. Hence it is plain how wealthy my true nature must be in its implications. Yes, in a deeper sense, you also, in so far as you truly exist, must have the same deepest nature that I have. Only in space and in time do we seem to be separate beings. Space and time form, as Schopenhauer says, the dividing principle of things. In an illusory way they seem to distinguish us all from one another. But abstracted from space and time, with all their manifold and illusory distinctions of places and moments, the real world collapses into one immanent Nature of Things. Since my own deepest nature is thus that which creates the time form of the apparent world, it follows that, in an essential and deep sense, I am one with all that ever has been or that ever will be, either millions of ages ago or millions of ages to come. And as for space, there is no star so remote but that the same essential nature of things which is so manifest in that star is also manifest in my own body. Space and time are, as the Hindus declared, the veil of *Maya*, or Illusion, wherewith the hidden unity of things is covered, so that, through such illusion, the world appears manifold, although it is but one.

To answer, therefore, the question, What is the nature of things? I have

only to find what, apart from my senses and my thought, is my own deepest essence. Of this I have a direct, an indescribable, but an unquestionable awareness. My whole inner life is essentially my Will. I long, I desire, I move, I act, I feel, I strive, I lament, I assert myself. The common name for all this is my Will. By Will, indeed, Schopenhauer does not mean merely the highest form of my conscious choice, as some people do. He means the whole active nature of me, the wanting, longing, self-asserting part. This, in truth, as even the Romantic Idealists felt, lies deeper than my intellect, is at the basis of all my seeing and knowing. Why do I see and acknowledge the world in space and in time? Why do I believe in matter, or recognize the existence of my fellow-men, or exercise my reason? Is not all this just my actual fashion of behavior? In vain, however, do I seek, as the idealists of Fichte's type often pretended to seek, for an ultimate reason why I should have this fashion of behavior. That is a mere fact. Deeper than reason is the inexplicable caprice of the inner life. We want to exist; we long to know; we make our world because we are just striving to come into being. Our whole life is as ultimate and inexplicable an activity as are our particular fashions of loving and of hating. *So I am*; this is the nature of me, — to strive, to long, to will. And I cannot rest in this striving. My life is a longing to be somewhere else in life than here where I am.

Here, then, is the solution of our mystery in so far as it can have a solution. The world is the Will. In time and space I see only the behavior of phenomena. I never get at things in themselves. But I, in my timeless and spaceless inner nature, in the very heart, in the very germ, of my being, am not a mere outward succession of phenomena. I am a Will, — a Will which is not there for the sake of something else, but which

exists solely because it desires to exist. Here is the true thing in itself. The whole world, owing to the utter illusoriness of time and space, has collapsed into one single and ultimate nature of things. This nature, immediately experienced in the inner life, is the Will. This Will, then, is that which is so wealthy that the whole show-world is needed to express its caprice. Look on the whole world in its infinite complication of living creatures and of material processes. These, indeed, are remote enough from your body. Seen in space and time, you are a mere fragment in the endless world of phenomena, a mere drop in the ocean, a link in an endless chain. But look at the whole world otherwise. In its inmost life and truth it must be one, for space and time are the mere forms in which the one interest of the observer is pleased to express itself. Look upon all things, then, and it can be said of you as, once more, the Hindus loved to say, "The life of all these things, — *That art Thou.*"

Schopenhauer himself was fond of quoting this well-known phrase of the Hindu philosophy as expressing the kernel of his own doctrine. What was new about his philosophy was, he felt, the synthesis that he had made of Kant's thought and the Hindu insight. But with this insight itself he essentially agreed. "The inmost life of things is one, and *that life art thou.*" This sentence expresses to his mind the substance of the true thought about the world. Let us, for this reason, quote a paragraph or two from one of the Hindu philosophic classics called the Upanishads, much read and loved by Schopenhauer, to illustrate his view. In the passage in question a teacher is represented as in conversation with his pupil, who is also his son.

"'Bring me,' says the father, 'a fruit of yonder tree.' 'Here it is, O Venerable One.' 'Cut it open.' 'It is done.' 'What seest thou therein?' 'I see, O

Venerable One, very little seeds.' 'Cut one of them open.' 'It is done, Venerable One.' 'What seest thou therein?' 'Nothing, Venerable One.' Then spake he: 'That fine thing which thou seest not, my well beloved, from that fine thing [that life] is, in truth, this mighty tree grown. Believe me, my well beloved, *what* this fine [substance] is, of whose essence is all the world, that is the Reality, that is the Soul, — *That art Thou, O Çvetaketu.*'"

"'This bit of salt, lay it in the [vessel of] water, and come again to-morrow to me.' This did he. Then spake [the teacher]: 'Bring me that salt which even yesterday thou didst lay in the water.' He sought it and found it not, for it was melted. 'Taste the water here. How tastes it?' 'Salt.' 'Taste it there. How tastes it?' 'Salt.' 'Leave the vessel, and sit at my feet.' So did he, and said, '[The salt] is still there.' Then spake the teacher: 'Verily, so seest thou the truly Existent not in bodies, yet is it truly therein. What this fine substance is of whose essence is all the world, that is the Reality, that is the Soul, — *That art Thou, O Çvetaketu.*'"

"'Just as, O my well beloved, a man whom they have led away out of the land of the Gandharis with eyes blindfolded, and have loosed him in the wilderness, — just as he wanders eastward or westward, southward or northward, because he has been led hither blindfolded and loosed blindfolded, but after some one has taken off the blind from his eyes, and has said, "Yonder lies the land of the Gandharis; yonder go," he, asking the way in village after village, instructed and understanding, comes home at last to the Gandharis, — even so, too, is the man who here in the world has found a teacher; for he knows "to this [world] I belong only until I am delivered; then shall I come to my home." What this fine [substance] is, of whose essence is all the world, that is the Reality, that

is the Soul, — *That art Thou, O Çvetaketu.*”

Here, one sees, is the Hindu way of getting at the Substance. It is also Schopenhauer's way. Look for the substance within, in your own nature. You will not see it without. It is the life of your own life, the soul of your own soul. When you find it, you will come home from the confusing world of sense things to the heart and essence of the world, to the Reality. *That art Thou.*

Since for Schopenhauer this soul of your soul is the capricious inner Will, there is no reason to speak of it as God or as Spirit; for these words imply rationality and conscious intelligence. And intelligence, whose presence in the world is merely one of the caprices of this Will itself, finds itself always in sharp contrast to the Will, which it can contemplate, but which it never can explain. However, of contemplation there are various stages, determined in us phenomenal individuals by the various sizes and powers of our purely phenomenal brains. Why any intelligence exists at all, and why it is phenomenally associated with a brain, nobody can explain. The Will thus likes to express itself. That is the whole story. Nevertheless, once given the expression, this intelligence reaches its highest perfection in that power to contemplate the whole world of the will with a certain supreme and lofty calm, which, combined with an accurate insight into the truth of the will, is characteristic of the temperament of the productive artist. Art is, namely, the embodiment of the essence of the Will as the contemplative intelligence sees it; and to art Schopenhauer devotes his third book. The Will has certain ultimate fashions of expressing itself, certain stages of self-objectification, as Schopenhauer calls them. These, in so far as contemplation can seize them, are the ultimate types, the Platonic ideas, of things, all endlessly exemplified in space and time by individual objects,

but as types eternal, time-transcending, immortal. They are the ultimate embodiments of passion, the eternal forms of longing that exist in our world. Art grasps these types and sets them forth. Architecture, for instance, portrays the blind nature-forces, or longings, of weight and resistance. Art is thus the universal appreciation of the essence of the will from the point of view of a contemplative on-looker. It is disinterested, depicting passion, but itself not the victim of passion. Of all the arts, according to Schopenhauer, Music most universally and many-sidedly embodies the very essence of the Will, the very soul of passion, the very heart of this capricious, world-making, and incomprehensible inner nature of ours. Hence music is in some respects Schopenhauer's favorite art. Music shows us just what the Will is, — eternally moving, striving, changing, flying, struggling, wandering, returning to itself, and then beginning afresh, — all with no deeper purpose than just Life in all its endlessness, motion, onward-flying, conflict, fullness of power, even though that shall mean fullness of sorrow and anguish. Music never rests, never is content; repeats its conflicts and wanderings over and over; leads them up, indeed, to mighty climaxes, but is great and strong never by virtue of abstract ideas, but only by the might of the Will that it embodies. Listen to these cries and strivings, to this infinite wealth of flowing passion, to this infinite restlessness, and then reflect, — *That art Thou*; just that unreposing vigor, longing, majesty, and caprice.

Of all Schopenhauer's theories, except his pessimism itself, this theory of art has become the most widely known and influential. As he stated it, it was, indeed, evidently the notion, not of the systematic student of any art, but of the observant amateur of genius and sensibility. It lacks the professional tone altogether. Its illustrations are chosen whimsically from all sorts of directions.

The opposition between will and contemplation reaches for the first time its height at this point in the system. On one side, the world of passion, throbbing, sorrowing, longing, hoping, toiling, above all forever fleeing from the moment, whatever it be; on the other side, the majesty of artistic contemplation, looking in sacred calm upon all this world, seeing all things, but itself unmoved. Plainly, in this contemplative intellect the will has capriciously created for itself a dangerous enemy, who will discover its deep irrationality.

This enemy is none other than that Wagnerian Brunhild who is destined to see, through and through, the vanity of the World of the Will, and who, not indeed without the connivance of the high gods of the Will themselves, is minded to destroy the whole vain show in one final act of resignation. There arise from time to time in the world, thinks Schopenhauer, holy men, full of sympathy and pity for all their kind: full of a sense of the unity of all life, and of the vanity of this our common and endless paradox of the finite world. These men are called, in the speech of all the religious, saints. Whatever their land or creed, their thought is the same. Not the particular griefs of life, not the pangs of cold and hunger and disease, not the horrors of the baseness that runs riot in humanity, — not these things do they weigh in the balance with any sort of precision or particularity, although these things too they see and pity. No, the source of all these griefs, the Will itself, its paradox, its contradictory longing to be forever longing, its irrational striving to be forever as one that suffers lack, — this they condemn, compassionate, and resign. They do not strive or cry. They simply forsake the Will. Life, they say, must be evil, for life is desire, and desire is essentially tragic, since it flees endlessly and restlessly from all that it has; makes perfection impossible by always despising whatever

it happens to possess and by longing for more; lives in an eternal wilderness of its own creation; is tossed fitfully in the waves of its own dark ocean of passion; knows no peace; finds in itself no outcome, — nothing that can finish the longing and the strife.

And this hopelessly struggling desire, — so the saints disclose to each one of us in our blindness, — *That art Thou*. The saints pity us all. Their very existence is compassion. They absent themselves from felicity awhile that they may teach us the way of peace. And this way is what? Suicide? No, indeed. Schopenhauer quite consistently condemns suicide. The suicide desires bliss, and flees only from circumstance. He wills life. He hates only this life which he happens to have. No, this is not what the saints teach. One and all they counsel, as the path of perfection, the hard and steep road of resignation. That alone leads to blessedness, to escape from the world. Deny the will to live. Forsake the power that builds the world. Deny the flesh. While you live, be pitiful, merciful, kind, dispassionate, resisting no evil, turning away from all good fortune, thinking of all things as of vanity and illusion. The whole world, after all, is an evil dream. Deny the Will that dreams, and the vision is ended. As for the result, "we confess freely," says Schopenhauer, in the famous concluding words of the fourth book of his first volume, "what remains, after the entire annulling of the will, is, for all those who are yet full of the will, indeed nothing. But, on the other hand, for those in whom the will has turned again, and has denied itself, this our own so very real world, with all her suns and Milky Ways, is — nothing."

III.

The estimate of the doctrine which we now have before us will be greatly

aided if we bear in mind the nature of its historic genesis. The problem bequeathed by Kant to his successors was, as we have seen throughout both this and the preceding paper, the problem of the relation of the empirical Self of each moment to the Total or Universal Self. This problem exists alike for Hegel and for Schopenhauer. Hegel undertakes to solve it by examining the process of Self-consciousness. This process, developed according to his peculiar and paradoxical logic, which we have ventured to call the Logic of Passion, shows him that in the last analysis there is and can be but One Self, the Absolute Spirit, the triumphant solver of paradoxes. Sure of his process, Hegel despises every such mystical and immediate seizing of the Universal as had been characteristic of the Romanticists. With just these Romanticists, however, Schopenhauer has in common the immediate intuition whereby he seizes, not so much the Universal Self as, in his opinion, the universal and irrational essence or nature that is at the heart of each finite self and of all things, namely, the Will. Yet when he describes this Will, after his intuition has come to grasp it, he finds in it just the paradox that Hegel had logically developed. For Hegel, Self-consciousness is, as even Fichte already had taught, essentially the longing to be more of a self than you are. Just so, for Schopenhauer, if you exist you will, and if you will you are striving to escape from your present nature. It is of the essence of will to be always desiring a change. If the Will makes a world, the Will as such will be sure, thinks Schopenhauer, to be endlessly dissatisfied with its world. For, once more, when you will, the very essence of such will is discontentment with what is yours now. I no longer make that an object of desire which I already possess. I will what I have not yet, but hope to get, as a poor man wills wealth, but a rich man more wealth. I will the future, the distant, the unpos-

sessed, the victory that I have not yet won, the defeat of the enemy who still faces me in arms, the cessation of the tedium or of the pain that besets me. Do I attain my desire, my will ceases, or, what is the same thing, turns elsewhere for food. Curiously enough, this, which is precisely the thought that led Hegel to the conception of the absolutely active and triumphant Spirit, appears to Schopenhauer the proof of the totally evil nature of things. Striving might be bearable were there a highest good, to which, by willing, I could attain, and if, when I once attained that good, I could rest. But if Will makes the world and is the whole life and essence of it, then there is nothing in the world deeper than the longing, the unrest, which is the very heart of all Willing. Does n't this unrest seem tragic? Is there to be no end of longing in the world? If not, how can mere striving, mere willing, come to be bearable? Here is the question which leads Schopenhauer to his pessimism. Precisely the same problem made Hegel, with all his appreciation of the tragedy of life, an optimist. Hegel's Absolute, namely, is dissatisfied everywhere *in* his finite world, but is triumphantly content *with* the whole of it, just because his wealth is complete.

Untechnical essays, like the present one, have not to decide between the metaphysical claims and rights of the Schopenhauerian immediate intuition of the Universal and the Hegelian Logic. As theories of the Absolute, these two doctrines represent conflicting philosophical interests whose discussion belongs elsewhere. I have expressly declined to study here the technical problems of metaphysics proper, not because I think little of them, but because I think too much of them to treat them out of place. Our present concern is the more directly human one. Of the two attitudes toward the great spiritual interests of man that these systems embody, which is the deeper? To be sure,

even this question cannot be answered without making a confession of philosophical faith, but that I must here do in merely dogmatic form.

For my part, I deeply respect both doctrines. Both are essentially modern views of life, — modern in their universality of expression, in their keen diagnosis of human nature, in their merciless criticism of our consciousness, in their thorough familiarity with the waywardness of the inner life. The century of nerves and of spiritual sorrows has philosophized with characteristic ingenuity in the persons of these thinkers: the one the inexorable and fairly Mephistophelian critic of the paradoxes of passion, the other the nervous invalid of brilliant insight. We are here speaking only of this one side of their doctrines, namely, their diagnosis of the heart and of the issues of life. How much of the truth there is in both every knowing man ought to see. Capricious is the Will of man, thinks Schopenhauer, and therefore endlessly paradoxical and irrational. Paradoxical is the very consciousness; and therefore the very Reason, of man, finds Hegel; and consequently where there is this paradox there is not unreason, but the manifestation of a part of the true spiritual life, — a life which could not be spiritual were it not full of conflict. Hegel thus absorbs, as it were, the pessimism of Schopenhauer, while Schopenhauer illustrates the paradox of Hegel.

But if both doctrines stand as significant expressions of the modern spirit, a glance at our more recent literature — at the despairing resignation of Tolstoi, with its flavor of mysticism, and at the triumphant joy in the paradoxes of passion which Browning kept to the end — will show us how far our romancers and poets still are from having made an end of the inquiry as to which doctrine is the right one. My own notion about the matter, such as it is, would indeed need for its full development the context

of just such a philosophical argument as I have declined to introduce into the present paper. As constructive Idealist, regarding the Absolute as indeed a Spirit, I am on the whole in sympathy with Hegel's sense of the triumphant rationality that reigns above all the conflicts of the spiritual world. But as to Schopenhauer's own account of life, I find, indeed, that his pessimism is usually wholly misunderstood and unappreciated, as well by those who pretend to accept as by those who condemn it. What people fail to comprehend concerning these deep and partial insights which are so characteristic of great philosophers is that the proper way to treat them is neither to scorn nor to bow down, but to experience, and then to get our freedom in presence of all such insights by the very wealth of our experience. We are often so slavish in our relations with doctrines of this kind! Are they expressed in traditional, in essentially clerical language, as in the Imitation or in some other devotional book, then the form deceives us often into accepting mystical resignation as if it were the whole of spirituality, instead of bearing, as it does bear, much the same relation to the better life that sculptured marble bears to breathing flesh. But if it is a Schopenhauer, a notorious heretic, who uses much the same speech, then we can find no refuge save in hating him and his gloom. In fact, pessimism, in its deeper sense, is merely an ideal and abstract expression of one very deep and sacred element of the total religious consciousness of humanity. In truth, finite life is tragic, very nearly as much so as Schopenhauer represented; and tragic for the very reason that Schopenhauer and all the counselors of resignation are never weary of expressing, in so far, namely, as it is at once deep and restless. This is its paradox, that it is always unfinished, that it never attains, that it throbs as the heart does, and ends one pulsation only to begin an-

other. This is what Hegel saw. This is what all the great poets depict, from the wanderings of the much tossed and tried Odysseus down to the In Memoriam of Tennyson or the Dramatic Lyrics of Browning. Not only is this so, but it must be so. The only refuge from spiritual restlessness is spiritual sluggishness; and that, as everybody is aware, is as tedious a thing as it is insipid.

For the individual the lesson of this tragedy is always hard; and he learns it first in a religious form in the mood of pure resignation. "I cannot be happy; I must resign happiness." This is what all the Imitations and the Schopenhauers are forever and very justly teaching to the individual. Schopenhauer's special reason for this view is, however, the deep and philosophical one that at the heart of the World there seems to be an element of capricious conflict. This fact was what drove him to reject the World-Spirit of the constructive idealists, and to speak only of a World-Will. But is this the whole story? No; if we ever get our spiritual freedom, we shall, I think, not neglecting this caprice which Schopenhauer found at the heart of things, still see that the world is divine and spiritual, not so much in spite of this capriciousness as just because of it. Caprice is n't all of reason; but reason needs facts and passions to conquer and to rationalize, in order to become triumphantly rational. The Spirit exists by accepting and by triumphing over the tragedy of the world. Restlessness, longing, grief, — these are evils, fatal evils, and they are everywhere in the world; but the Spirit must be strong enough to

endure them. In this Strength is the solution. After all, it is just Endurance that is the essence of Spirituality. Resignation is indeed part of the truth, — resignation, that is, of any hope of a final and private happiness. We resign in order to be ready to endure. But courage is the rest of the truth, — a hearty defiance of the whole hateful pang and agony of the Will, a binding of the strong man by being stronger than he, a making of life once for all our divine game, where the passions are the mere chessmen that we move in carrying out our plan, and where the plan is a spiritual victory over Satan. Let us thank Schopenhauer, then, for at least this, that in his pessimism he gives us a universal expression for the whole negative side of life. If one may speak of private experience, I myself have often found it deeply comforting, in the most bitter moments, to have discounted, so to speak, all the petty tragedies of experience, all my own weakness and caprice and foolishness and ill fortune, by one such absolute formula for evil as Schopenhauer's doctrine gives me. It is the fate of life to be restless, capricious, and therefore tragic. Happiness comes, indeed, but by all sorts of accidents; and it flies as it comes. One thing only that is greater than this fate endures in us if we are wise of heart; and this one thing endures forever in the heart of the great World-Spirit of whose wisdom ours is but a fragmentary reflection. This one thing, as I hold, is the eternal resolution that if the world *will* be tragic, it *shall* still, in Satan's despite, be spiritual. And this resolution is, I think, the very essence of the Spirit's own Eternal Joy.

Josiah Royce.