

That man is nothing but a phenomenon, that he is not-the-thing-in-itself--I mean that he is not ????? ??--is proved by the fact that _death is a necessity_.

And how different the beginning of our life is to the end! The former is made up of deluded hopes, sensual enjoyment, while the latter is pursued by bodily decay and the odour of death.

The road dividing the two, as far as our well-being and enjoyment of life are concerned, is downhill; the dreaminess of childhood, the joyousness of youth, the troubles of middle age, the infirmity and frequent misery of old age, the agonies of our last illness, and finally the struggle with death--do all these not make one feel that existence is nothing but a mistake, the consequences of which are becoming gradually more and more obvious?