

That boredom is immediately followed by fresh needs is a fact which is also true of the cleverer order of animals, because life has _no true and genuine value_ in itself, but is kept _in motion_ merely through the medium of needs and illusion. As soon as there are no needs and illusion we become conscious of the absolute barrenness and emptiness of existence.

If one turns from contemplating the course of the world at large, and in particular from the ephemeral and mock existence of men as they follow each other in rapid succession, to the _detail_ of _life_, how like a comedy it seems!

It impresses us in the same way as a drop of water, crowded with _infusoria_, seen through a microscope, or a little heap of cheese-mites that would otherwise be invisible. Their activity and struggling with each other in such little space amuse us greatly. And it is the same in the little span of life--great and earnest activity produces a comic effect.