

Though Once in a Long While

*Mostly it is loss which teaches us
the worth of things*

- Arthur Schopenhauer

Though once in a long while love as passionate and satisfying as anyone might wish may grace true friendship (that harmony of physical moral and intellectual qualities supplementary and corresponding to one another); and though to those in the throes of love my view will appear too physical and transcendental at bottom;

and while sexual arousal may excite the illusion that desire is an exercise of will rather than a passion (a *titillation* Spinoza called it) the self submits to, concomitant with the notion of an external cause; normally love is a delusion induced in stricken individuals by the will-to-live of our species, insistence of the next generation that it be born.

Truth assumes the form of delusion in order to act upon the will, the delusive ecstasy that seizes a man at the sight of a woman whose beauty appears perfectly suited to him and fills his mind with images of union with her: she is beautiful because she complements his own procreative potential, completes the design of the will-to-live.

Will from the father, intellect from the mother, the two together forming the root of all consciousness, the longing for physical gratification with the one fancied, an instinct identical in all individuals to achieve a metaphysical end beyond physical things, the intense drive of the as yet unconceived to exist.