The Verdict

By the way, here is one reasoning of a suicide from boredom, a materialist, of course.

...Indeed, what right had this nature to bring me into the world, by virtue of some eternal laws of its own? I was created with consciousness and I have become conscious of this nature; what right had it to produce me, without my consent, a conscious being? A conscious being, therefore a suffering one, but I do not want to suffer, for why should I consent to suffer? Nature, through my consciousness, proclaims to me some harmony in the whole. Human consciousness has made religions out of this proclamation. It tells me that although I know perfectly well that I cannot participate in the harmony of the whole and never will, and do not understand it at all, what it means, still I must submit to this proclamation, must humble myself, accept suffering in view of the harmony of the whole and agree to live. But if I choose consciously, then, of course, I would rather be happy only for that instant while I exist, and after I am destroyed I have absolutely no concern for the whole and its harmony, whether this whole with its harmony remains in the world after me or is destroyed immediately together with me. And why should I care so much about its preservation after me, that is the question? Let me rather have been created like all animals, that is, living but not consciously aware of myself; for my consciousness is precisely not harmony but, on the contrary, disharmony, because I am unhappy with it. Look, who is happy in the world and what people agree to live? Just those who resemble animals and come closer to their type through the slight development of their consciousness. They agree to live willingly, but precisely on condition of living like animals, that is, eating, drinking, sleeping, making a nest and begetting children. To eat, drink and sleep as a human being means to profiteer and plunder, and to make a nest means above all to plunder. They will object to me, perhaps, that one can settle down and make a nest on rational grounds, on scientifically correct social principles, and not by plunder, as has been the case until now. Very well, and I will ask: for what? For what purpose to settle down and expend so much effort to settle in human society correctly, rationally and morally-righteously? To this, of course, no one will be able to give me an answer. All that they could answer me is: in order to obtain enjoyment. Yes, if I were a flower or a cow, I would obtain enjoyment. But, asking myself, as I do now, ceaseless questions, I cannot be happy, even with the highest and most immediate happiness of love for my neighbor and love from mankind for me, for I know that tomorrow all this will be destroyed: both I, and all this happiness, and all love, and all mankind will turn into nothing, into the former

chaos. And under such a condition I absolutely cannot accept any happiness, not from unwillingness to agree to accept it, not from stubbornness over some principle, but simply because I will not and cannot be happy under the condition of tomorrow's threatening zero. This is a feeling, an immediate feeling, and I cannot overcome it. Well, let me die, but only let mankind remain forever in my place, then perhaps I would still be consoled. But our planet is not eternal, and mankind's term is as much a moment as mine. And however rationally, joyfully, justly and saintly mankind might be arranged on earth, all this too will be equated tomorrow to the same zero. And though this is somehow necessary, by some almighty, eternal and dead laws of nature, but believe me that in this thought lies some deepest disrespect for mankind, deeply offensive to me and all the more unbearable because there is no one to blame.

And finally, if one were even to suppose this fairy tale about man finally arranged on earth on rational and scientific grounds to be possible and believe in it, believe in the finally coming happiness of people, then the very thought that nature had to, by some cruel laws of its own, torture man for millennia before bringing him to this happiness, the very thought of this is already unbearably outrageous. Now add to that that the same nature, having finally admitted man to happiness, for some reason must turn all this into zero tomorrow, despite all the suffering with which mankind paid for this happiness, and, above all, without hiding this from me and my consciousness at all, as it hid it from the cow, then involuntarily comes to mind one extremely amusing but unbearably sad thought: well, what if man was let loose on earth as some impudent experiment, just to see whether such a creature would survive on earth or not? The sadness of this thought lies chiefly in the fact that again there is no one to blame, no one conducted the experiment, no one to curse, but everything simply happened according to the dead laws of nature, completely incomprehensible to me, with which my consciousness can in no way agree. Ergo:1

Whereas to my questions about happiness I receive through my own consciousness from nature only the answer that I can be happy only in the harmony of the whole, which I do not understand, and evidently to me, and can never understand

Whereas nature not only does not recognize my right to demand an account from it, but does not even answer me at all, and not because it does not want to, but because it cannot answer

Whereas I have become convinced that nature, in order to answer my questions, destined me (unconsciously) myself and answers me with my own consciousness (because I myself am saying all this to myself)

Whereas, finally, with such an arrangement, I take upon myself at one and the same time the role of plaintiff and defendant, accused and judge, and find this comedy, on the part of nature, completely stupid, and to endure this comedy, on my part, I consider even humiliating

Therefore, in my indisputable capacity as plaintiff and defendant, judge and accused, I sentence this nature, which so unceremoniously and impudently produced me to suffering, together with myself to destruction... And since I cannot destroy nature, I destroy myself alone, solely from boredom at having to endure a tyranny in which there is no one to blame.

Therefore: (Lat.).