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Friedrich Nietzsche

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Friedrich Nietzsche

Original English edition

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Five Prefaces to Five Unwritten Books

For Frau Cosima Wagner

in heartfelt veneration and in answer to questions put by word of mouth and by letter, written down in a cheerful frame of mind during the Christmas days of 1872.

Titles of the books:

1.

On the Pathos of Truth.

2.

On the Future of Our Educational Institutions.

3.

The Greek State.

4.

On the Relation of Schopenhauer's Philosophy to a German Culture.

5.

Homer's Contest.

1. On the Pathos of Truth.

Preface.

Is fame really nothing but the choicest morsel of our self-love? — Yet as a craving it is bound up with the rarest of men, and again with the rarest moments of those men. These are the moments of sudden illumination, in which a man stretches out his arm in command, as though to create a world, drawing light out of himself and pouring it forth around him. Then he was pierced by the blissful certainty that whatever lifted him up and carried him away thus into the farthest distance, that is, the height of this *one* feeling, must not be withheld from any posterity; in the eternal necessity of these rarest illuminations for all who are yet to come, man recognizes the necessity of his fame; mankind, on into all the future, needs him, and just as that moment of illumination is the essence and epitome of his innermost being, so he believes that as the man of this moment he is immortal, while all the rest he casts off as dross, rot, vanity, animality, or as pleonasm, and surrenders it to transience.

Every vanishing and perishing we behold with discontent, often with astonishment, as though we were experiencing in it something fundamentally impossible. A tall tree crashes down to our displeasure, and a collapsing mountain torments us. Every New Year's Eve lets us feel the mystery of the contradiction between being and becoming. But that a moment of the highest perfection of the world should vanish, as it were without posterity and heirs, like a fleeting gleam of light, offends the moral man most grievously of all. His imperative rather runs: that which *once* was there to propagate the concept "man" more beautifully must also be present eternally. That the great moments form a chain, that like a mountain range they bind mankind together

across the millennia, that for me the greatest thing of a bygone age is also great, and that the presentient faith of the craving for fame should be fulfilled — that is the fundamental idea of *culture*.

From the demand that the great should be eternal the terrible struggle of culture is kindled; for everything else that still lives cries No! The habitual, the petty, the common, filling every corner of the world like the heavy earthly air that we are all condemned to breathe, billowing like smoke about the great, throws itself — hindering, muffling, stifling, clouding, deceiving — into the path that the great must travel to immortality. The path leads through human brains! Through the brains of wretched, short-lived beings, who, delivered over to narrow wants, surface again and again to the same needs and with toil ward off ruin from themselves for a brief while. They want to live, to live a little — at any price. Who among them would suspect that difficult torch-race through which alone the great lives on? And yet again and again some awaken who, gazing upon that greatness, feel so blessed as if human life were a glorious thing, and as if the fairest fruit of this bitter plant must be held to be the knowledge that once someone passed proudly and stoically through this existence, another with profundity, a third with mercy, but all of them leaving behind *one* teaching: that he lives existence most beautifully who holds it of no account. Whereas the common man takes this span of being so gloomily in earnest, those others, on their journey to immortality, knew how to bring it to an Olympian laughter or at least to a sublime scorn; often they went down into their graves with irony — for what was there in them to bury?

The boldest knights among these seekers of fame, who believe they will find their coat of arms hanging upon a constellation, must be sought among the *philosophers*. Their work does not direct them to a "public", to the stirring of the masses and the cheering applause of their contemporaries; to travel the road alone belongs to their nature.

Their gift is the rarest and in a certain respect the most unnatural in nature, and moreover exclusive and hostile even towards gifts of the same kind. The wall of their self-sufficiency must be of diamond if it is not to be destroyed and shattered, for everything is in motion against them, man and nature. Their journey to immortality is more arduous and more obstructed than any other, and yet no one can believe more surely than the philosopher that he will reach the goal on it, because he does not know at all where he should stand if not upon the wide-spread wings of all the ages; for disregard of the present and the momentary lies in the very manner of philosophical contemplation. He has the truth; let the wheel of time roll where it will, never will it be able to escape the truth.

It is important to learn of such men that they once lived. Never, as an idle possibility, could one have imagined the pride of the wise *Heraclitus*, who may serve as our example. In itself, indeed, every striving after knowledge seems by its very nature unsatisfied and unsatisfying; hence no one, unless instructed by history, will be inclined to believe in so regal a self-esteem, in so boundless a conviction of being the sole favoured suitor of truth. Such men live in their own solar system; there one must seek them out. A Pythagoras, an Empedocles, too, treated themselves with a superhuman esteem, indeed with an almost religious awe; but the bond of compassion, tied to the great conviction of the transmigration of souls and the unity of all living things, led them back again to other men, to their salvation. Of the feeling of solitude, however, which pervaded the hermit of the Ephesian temple of Artemis, one can divine something only while growing numb in the wildest mountain wasteland. No overpowering feeling of compassionate emotion, no desire to help and to save, streams forth from him: he is like a star without an atmosphere. His eye, blazing as it is turned inward, looks outward dead and icy, as if only for the sake of appearance. All around him, right up against the fortress of his pride, beat

the waves of delusion and perversity; with disgust he turns away from them. But men with feeling breasts, too, shrink from such a tragic mask; in a remote sanctuary, among images of the gods, beside cold and magnificent architecture, such a being might seem more comprehensible. Among men Heraclitus, as a man, was incredible; and if he was indeed seen watching the play of noisy children, he was in any case pondering, as he did so, what no mortal had ever pondered on such an occasion — the play of the great world-child Zeus and the eternal jest of a world's destruction and a world's coming-to-be. He did not need men, not even for his knowledge; for all that one might perhaps inquire of them, and that the other sages before him had striven to inquire, he cared nothing. "I sought and searched myself," he said, with a word that was used for the consulting of an oracle: as though he, and no one else, were the true fulfiller and consummator of that Delphic saying, "know thyself".

But what he heard out of this oracle he held to be immortal wisdom, eternally worthy of interpretation, in the sense in which the prophetic utterances of the Sibyl are immortal. It is enough for the most distant humanity: let it only have it interpreted to itself like oracular sayings, as he, as the Delphic god himself, "neither speaks nor conceals." Though it is proclaimed by him "without laughter, without finery and the scent of ointments," but rather as if with "foaming mouth," it *must* reach through to the thousands of years of the future. For the world eternally needs the truth, and so it eternally needs Heraclitus, although he has no need of it. What does his fame matter to *him*! "Fame among ever-onward-flowing mortals!", as he cries out scornfully. That is something for singers and poets, and also for those who before him became known as "wise" men — these may swallow down the choicest morsel of their self-love; for him this fare is too common. His fame concerns men, not him; his self-love is the love of truth — and it

is precisely this truth that tells him that the immortality of humanity needs him, not that he needs the immortality of the man Heraclitus.

The truth! Rapturous delusion of a god! What does the truth matter to men!

And what was the Heraclitean "truth"!

And where has it gone? A dream flown away, wiped from the features of humanity along with other dreams! — It was not the first!

Perhaps an unfeeling demon would know nothing to say of all that we, with proud metaphor, call "world history" and "truth" and "fame" but these words:

"In some remote corner of the universe, poured out glimmering in countless solar systems, there was once a star on which clever animals invented *knowing*. It was the most arrogant and most mendacious minute of world history, but still only a minute. After a few breaths of nature the star grew rigid, and the clever animals had to die. And it was high time: for although they boasted of having known much, they had in the end, to their great vexation, discovered that they had known everything falsely. They died and, in dying, cursed the truth. Such was the way of these despairing animals who had invented knowing."

This would be the lot of man if he were merely a knowing animal; the truth would drive him to despair and to annihilation, the truth of being eternally condemned to untruth. But to man there befits only the belief in attainable truth, in the trustfully approaching illusion. Does he not, in fact, live *by* a perpetual being-deceived? Does nature not conceal from him almost everything, indeed precisely what is nearest, for example his own body, of which he has only a juggling "consciousness"? In this consciousness he is locked up, and nature threw away the key. Oh, the fateful curiosity of the philosopher who

longs, just once, to peer through a crack out of the chamber of consciousness and down below: perhaps he then divines how man rests upon the greedy, the insatiable, the loathsome, the pitiless, the murderous, in the indifference of his not-knowing, and hanging in dreams, as it were, upon the back of a tiger.

"Let him hang," cries *art*. "Wake him up," cries the philosopher, in the pathos of truth. Yet he himself, while he believes he is shaking the sleeper, sinks into a still deeper magical slumber — perhaps he then dreams of the "Ideas" or of immortality. Art is mightier than knowledge, for *it* wills life, and knowledge attains as its final goal only — annihilation. —

2. Thoughts on the Future of Our Educational Institutions.

Preface.

The reader from whom I expect something must have three qualities. He must be calm and read without haste. He must not keep interposing himself and his "cultivation". Finally, he must not expect, at the end, new tables by way of a result. Tables and new timetables for grammar schools and other schools I do not promise; rather, I admire the overpowering nature of those who are able to traverse the whole way, from the depths of empiricism up to the heights of the true problems of culture, and from there down again into the lowlands of the driest regulations and the daintiest tabulations; but content if, panting, I have climbed a fair-sized mountain and may enjoy the freer view from its summit, I shall never, in this very book, be able to satisfy the friends of tables. I do indeed see a time coming in which earnest men, in the service of a wholly renewed and purified cultivation and in common labour, will once again become the lawgivers of everyday education — of education towards that very cultivation; probably they will then have to make tables again; but how distant that time is! And what will not have happened in the meantime! Perhaps between it and the present lies the destruction of the grammar school, perhaps even the destruction of the university, or at least so total a transformation of the educational institutions just named that their old tables might present themselves to later eyes like remnants from the age of the lake-dwellings.

The book is intended for calm readers, for people who have not yet been swept into the dizzying haste of our rolling age, and do not yet feel an idolatrous pleasure in throwing themselves beneath its wheels;

for people, then, who have not yet grown accustomed to assessing the worth of every thing by the time it saves or the time it wastes. That is to say — for very few people. These, however, "still have time"; these may, without blushing before themselves, gather together the most fruitful and vigorous moments of their day in order to reflect upon the future of our cultivation; these may even believe that they are reaching evening in a truly profitable and worthy manner, namely in the meditatio generis futuri. Such a man has not yet forgotten how to think while he reads; he still understands the secret of reading between the lines; indeed, he is of so prodigal a nature that he even goes on to reflect upon what he has read — perhaps long after he has laid the book aside. And not, mind you, in order to write a review or yet another book, but simply so, in order to reflect! Reckless prodigal! You are my reader, for you will be calm enough to set out with the author upon a long road whose goals he cannot see, in whose goals he must honestly believe, so that a later, perhaps distant generation may see with its eyes what we, blind and guided only by instinct, grope after. If, on the other hand, the reader should suppose that all that is needed is a quick leap, a light-hearted deed; if he should perhaps consider everything essential achieved with some new "organisation" introduced by the state, then we must fear that he has understood neither the author nor the real problem.

Finally, the third and most important demand is made of him: that he should on no account, after the manner of modern man, incessantly interpose himself and his "cultivation", as a standard of measure, say, as though he thereby possessed a criterion of all things. We wish that he may be cultivated enough to think very little, indeed contemptuously, of his cultivation. Then he might well entrust himself most confidingly to the guidance of the author, who has dared to speak to him only from not-knowing and from the knowledge of not-knowing. He wishes to claim nothing else for himself over others than an in-

tensely aroused feeling for what is specific to our present barbarism, for that which distinguishes us, as the barbarians of the nineteenth century, from other barbarians. Now, with this book in hand, he seeks out those who are driven to and fro by a similar feeling. Let yourselves be found, you solitary ones, in whose existence I believe! You selfless ones, who suffer in your own selves the sufferings of the corruption of the German spirit! You contemplative ones, whose eye is incapable of gliding with hasty peering from one surface to another! You high-minded ones, whom Aristotle praises for going through life hesitant and inactive, except where a great honour and a great work call for you! You I summon. Only this once, do not creep away into the cave of your seclusion and your mistrust. Imagine that this book is meant to be your herald. Once you yourselves appear upon the field of battle, in your own armour, who then would still care to look back at the herald who called you? —

3. The Greek State.

Preface.

We moderns have, over the Greeks, the advantage of two concepts that are given, as it were, as means of consolation to a world that behaves in a thoroughly slavish manner and yet anxiously shies away from the word "slave": we speak of the "dignity of man" and of the "dignity of labour". Everything toils in order miserably to perpetuate a miserable life; this terrible need compels consuming labour, which man — or, more correctly, the human intellect — seduced by the "Will", now and then marvels at as something dignified. But in order for labour to have a claim to titles of honour, it would surely be necessary above all that existence itself, to which it is after all only a tormenting means, should have somewhat more dignity and value than it has hitherto appeared to have to philosophies and religions that are in earnest. What else may we find in the labouring need of all the millions than the drive to exist at any price, the same almighty drive by which stunted plants stretch their roots into earthless rock!

From this dreadful struggle for existence only individuals can emerge, and they are at once occupied again by the noble phantoms of artistic culture, lest they should arrive at practical pessimism, which nature abhors as the true unnature. In the modern world, which, set beside the Greek, mostly produces only abnormalities and centaurs, in which the individual man, like that fabulous creature at the opening of Horace's Ars Poetica, is motley-pieced together out of fragments, there often appears in one and the same man at once the greed of the struggle for existence and the need for art: and from this unnatural fusion arose the need to excuse that former greed before the need for

art and to consecrate it. That is why people believe in the "dignity of man" and the "dignity of labour."

The Greeks need no such conceptual hallucinations; among them it is declared with frightening openness that labour is a disgrace — and a more hidden wisdom, one that spoke more rarely but was everywhere alive, added that the human thing, too, is a disgraceful and pitiful nothing and "a shadow's dream". Labour is a disgrace because existence has no value in itself: but even when this very existence gleams in the seductive adornment of artistic illusions and now really seems to have a value in itself, even then that proposition still holds, that labour is a disgrace — and indeed in the feeling of the impossibility that the man fighting for bare survival could be an *artist*. In modern times it is not the man in need of art but the slave who determines the general notions: and he, by his very nature, must designate all his circumstances with deceptive names in order to be able to live. Such phantoms as the dignity of man and the dignity of labour are the meagre products of a slavery that hides from itself. Unhappy age, in which the slave needs such concepts, in which he is provoked to reflect upon himself and beyond himself! Unhappy seducers, who have destroyed the slave's state of innocence with the fruit of the tree of knowledge! Now he must put himself off from one day to the next with such transparent lies as are recognisable to anyone who looks more deeply in the alleged "equal rights of all" or in the so-called "fundamental rights of man", of man as such, or in the dignity of labour. He must on no account grasp at what level and at what height one can begin to speak, roughly, of "dignity": namely there where the individual goes wholly beyond himself and no longer has to beget and labour in the service of his individual continued life.

And even at this height of "labour" the Greeks are at times overcome by a feeling that looks like shame. Plutarch once says, with an old-Greek instinct, that no nobly born youth, on beholding the Zeus at

Pisa, would have the desire to become a Phidias himself, or on seeing the Hera at Argos, to become a Polyclitus himself: and just as little would he wish to be Anacreon, Philetas or Archilochus, however much he might delight in their poems. For the Greek, artistic creation falls just as much under the undignified concept of labour as any banausic handicraft. But when the compelling force of the artistic drive works within him, then he *must* create and submit himself to that need of labour. And as a father admires the beauty and gifts of his child, yet thinks of the act of its engendering with bashful aversion, so it was with the Greek. Joyous wonder at the beautiful did not blind him to its becoming — which appeared to him, like all becoming in nature, as a mighty need, as a thronging towards existence. The same feeling with which the process of procreation is regarded as something to be shamefully concealed, although in it man serves a higher goal than his individual preservation: that same feeling also veiled the origin of the great works of art, even though through them a higher form of existence is inaugurated, as through that act a new generation. *Shame* thus seems to set in where man is merely the instrument of manifestations of the Will infinitely greater than he may consider himself to be in the singular shape of the individual.

Now we have the general concept under which the feelings the Greeks had regarding labour and slavery are to be ordered. Both were held by them to be a necessary disgrace, before which one feels *shame*, at once disgrace and at once necessity. In this feeling of shame lies hidden the unconscious knowledge that the true goal *requires* those preconditions, but that in this *requirement* lies the dreadful and predatory aspect of the Sphinx Nature, who, in the glorification of the artistically free life of culture, so beautifully thrusts forward her maiden's body. Cultivation, which is above all a true need for art, rests upon a terrifying ground: but this ground makes itself known in the dawning sensation of shame. In order that there may be a broad, deep and fertile soil for

the development of art, the enormous majority must, in the service of a minority, be slavishly subjected to the need of life *beyond* the measure of their individual neediness. At their expense, through their surplus labour, that privileged class is to be removed from the struggle for existence, in order now to create and satisfy a new world of need.

Accordingly we must bring ourselves to set down, as a cruel-sounding truth, that *slavery belongs to the essence of a culture*: a truth, to be sure, that leaves no doubt remaining about the absolute value of existence. *It* is the vulture that gnaws at the liver of the Promethean promoter of culture. The misery of men who live in toil must be heightened still further, so as to make possible for a small number of Olympian men the production of the world of art. Here lies the source of that fury which the communists and socialists, and also their paler descendants, the white race of the "liberals", have at all times nourished against the arts, but also against classical antiquity. If culture really lay at the pleasure of a people, if no inescapable powers held sway here, which are law and limit to the individual, then the contempt for culture, the glorification of poverty of spirit, the iconoclastic annihilation of the claims of art would be *more* than a revolt of the oppressed mass against drone-like individuals: it would be the cry of compassion that tore down the walls of culture; the urge for justice, for an equal measure of suffering, would flood over all other notions. Truly, an exuberant degree of compassion has for a short time, here and there, broken all the dams of cultural life; a rainbow of compassionate love and of peace appeared with the first dawning radiance of Christianity, and beneath it was born its most beautiful fruit, the Gospel of John. But there are also examples of mighty religions petrifying a particular degree of culture for long periods and cutting off with merciless sickle everything that still wishes to grow on vigorously. For one thing is not to be forgotten: the same cruelty that we

found in the essence of every culture lies also in the essence of every mighty religion and in general in the nature of *power*, which is always evil; so that we shall understand just as well when a culture, with the cry for freedom or at least for justice, breaks down an all-too-high-towering bulwark of religious claims. Whatever wills to live, that is, must live, in this terrible constellation of things is, in the ground of its being, an image of the primal pain and primal contradiction, and must therefore strike our eyes, "organs suited to world and earth", as an insatiable craving for existence and an eternal self-contradiction in the form of time, hence as *becoming*. Every moment devours the one before, every birth is the death of countless beings; begetting, living and murdering are one. Therefore we may also compare glorious culture to a victor dripping with blood, who in his triumphal procession drags along as slaves the vanquished chained to his chariot: whose eyes a beneficent power has blinded, so that, almost crushed by the wheels of the chariot, they still cry out "Dignity of labour!" "Dignity of man!" Voluptuous Cleopatra Culture throws again and again the most priceless pearls into her golden goblet: these pearls are the tears of compassion for the slave and for the misery of slaves. Out of the effeminacy of modern man the monstrous social states of need of the present have been born, not out of true and deep pity for that misery; and if it should be true that the Greeks perished because of their slavery, then the other thing is far more certain, that we shall perish because of the *lack* of slavery: a thing which seemed in no way offensive, let alone reprehensible, either to original Christianity or to the Germanic world. How uplifting is the contemplation of the medieval serf, with his inwardly strong and tender relationship of right and custom to the one ranked above him, with the profound enclosure of his narrow existence — how uplifting — and how reproachful!

Whoever, then, cannot reflect upon the configuration of society without melancholy, whoever has learned to grasp it as the continual

painful birth of those exempted men of culture in whose service everything else must consume itself, will no longer be deceived by that lying lustre which the moderns have spread over the origin and meaning of the state. For what can the state mean to us, if not the means by which that social process described above is to be set flowing and guaranteed in its unhindered continuance? However strong the urge to sociability may be in individual men, only the iron clamp of the state forces the larger masses together in such a way that now that chemical separation of society, with its new pyramidal structure, *must* take place. But whence springs this sudden power of the state, whose goal lies far beyond the insight and beyond the egoism of the individual? How *did* the slave *arise*, the blind mole of culture? The Greeks have betrayed it to us in their instinct for the law of nations, which, even in the ripest fullness of their civility and humanity, did not cease to cry out from a brazen mouth such words as these: "to the victor belongs the vanquished, with wife and child, goods and blood. Force gives the first *right*, and there is no right which is not, at its foundation, presumption, usurpation, violence."

Here again we see with what pitiless rigidity nature, in order to arrive at society, forges for itself the cruel tool of the state — namely that *conqueror* with the iron hand, who is nothing but the objectification of the instinct described. In the indefinable greatness and power of such conquerors the beholder senses that they are only means of an intention revealing itself in them and yet concealing itself from them. Just as though a magical Will went forth from them, so enigmatically swiftly do the weaker forces attach themselves to them, so wondrously are they transformed, at the sudden swelling of that avalanche of violence, under the spell of that creative kernel, into an affinity that had not existed until then.

When we now see how little the subjugated soon concern themselves about the dreadful origin of the state, so that at bottom history

informs us worse about no kind of event than about the coming-about of those sudden, violent, bloody and, at least on *one* point, inexplicable usurpations: when rather hearts involuntarily swell toward the magic of the state in its becoming, with the presentiment of an invisibly deep intention, there where the calculating understanding is capable of seeing only an addition of forces: when now the state is even regarded with fervour as the goal and summit of the sacrifices and duties of the individual: then out of all this speaks the tremendous necessity of the state, without which nature might not succeed in arriving, through society, at its redemption in semblance, in the mirror of genius. What insights does the instinctive delight in the state not overcome! One would surely think that a being who looks into the origin of the state would henceforth seek his salvation only at a shuddering distance from it; and where can one not see the monuments of its origin: devastated lands, destroyed cities, brutalised men, consuming hatred between peoples! The state, of disgraceful birth, for most men a perpetually flowing source of toil, in frequently recurring periods the devouring torch of the human race — and yet a sound at which we forget ourselves, a battle-cry that has inspired countless truly heroic deeds, perhaps the highest and most venerable object for the blind and egoistic mass, which also only in the tremendous moments of the life of the state wears upon its face the strange expression of greatness!

The Greeks, however, we must construe a priori, in view of the unique sun-filled height of their art, as "political men in themselves"; and indeed history knows no second example of so fearful an unleashing of the political drive, of so unconditional a sacrifice of all other interests in the service of this instinct for the state — at most one might, by way of comparison and for similar reasons, distinguish the men of the Renaissance in Italy with the same title. So overcharged is this drive among the Greeks that it begins again and again to rage

against itself and to sink its teeth into its own flesh. This bloody jealousy of city against city, of party against party, this murderous greed of those little wars, the tiger-like triumph over the corpse of the slain enemy, in short the ceaseless renewal of those Trojan scenes of battle and atrocity, in the contemplation of which Homer stands before us, *lust*fully absorbed, as a true Hellene — whither does this naive barbarism of the Greek state point, whence does it take its justification before the judgement-seat of eternal justice? Proud and calm the state steps before it: and by the hand it leads the gloriously blossoming woman, Greek society. For this Helen it waged those wars — what grey-bearded judge would dare to condemn here? —

In this mysterious connection which we here divine between state and art, political greed and artistic procreation, battlefield and work of art, we understand by the state, as has been said, only the iron clamp that compels the social process: whereas without the state, in the natural bellum omnium contra omnes, society cannot take root at all on any larger scale or beyond the sphere of the family. Now, since the formation of states has become universal, that drive of the bellum omnium contra omnes concentrates itself from time to time into the terrible war-clouds of the nations and discharges itself, as it were, in rarer but all the more violent thunderclaps and lightning-bolts. In the intervals, however, society is nonetheless given time, under the inward-turned, compressed effect of that bellum, to germinate and grow green everywhere, so that, as soon as there come a few warmer days, it may let the shining blossoms of genius spring forth.

In view of the political world of the Hellenes I will not conceal in which phenomena of the present I believe I recognise dangerous atrophies of the political sphere, equally perilous for art and for society. If there should be men who are by birth placed, as it were, outside the instincts of people and state, who consequently have to grant the state validity only in so far as they comprehend it in their own in-

terest: then such men will necessarily imagine as the ultimate goal of the state the most undisturbed possible coexistence of great political communities, in which *they* above all would be permitted to pursue their own purposes without restriction. With this notion in their heads they will promote *that* policy which offers the greatest security to these purposes, whereas it is unthinkable that they should, against their purposes, guided perhaps by an unconscious instinct, sacrifice themselves to the tendency of the state — unthinkable precisely because they lack that very instinct. All the other citizens of the state are in the dark about what nature intends with them through their instinct for the state, and they follow blindly; only those standing outside this instinct know what *they* want from the state and what the state ought to grant them. It is therefore downright unavoidable that such men should gain a great influence over the state, because they may regard it as a *means*, whereas all the others, under the power of those unconscious purposes of the state, are themselves only means to the state's end. Now in order, by means of the state, to attain the utmost furtherance of their self-seeking aims, it is above all necessary that the state be entirely freed from those terribly incalculable convulsions of war, so that it may be used rationally; and to this end they strive, as consciously as possible, for a condition in which war is an impossibility. For this it is first necessary to curtail and weaken the particular political drives as much as possible and, through the establishment of great *equally weighted* state-bodies and their mutual guarantee, to render the successful outcome of a war of aggression, and with it war altogether, in the highest degree improbable: just as, on the other hand, they seek to wrest the question of war and peace from the decision of individual rulers, in order instead to be able to appeal to the egoism of the masses or their representatives: for which they in turn need slowly to dissolve the monarchical instincts of the peoples. They serve this end through the most universal dissemination of the liberal-optimistic view of the world, which has its roots in

the teachings of the French Enlightenment and Revolution, that is, in a wholly un-Germanic, genuinely Romance, shallow and unmetaphysical philosophy. I cannot help seeing in the presently dominant movement of nationalities and the simultaneous spread of universal suffrage above all the effects of the *fear of war*, indeed, of descrying in the background of these movements, as those who are truly afraid, those genuinely international, homeless money-hermits who, with their natural lack of the instinct for the state, have learned to abuse politics as an instrument of the stock exchange, and state and society as apparatuses for their own enrichment. Against the diversion of the tendency of the state into a tendency toward money, which is to be feared from this quarter, the only remedy is war and again war: in whose agitations at least so much becomes clear, that the state is not founded on fear of the demon of war, as an institution for the protection of egoistic individuals, but rather generates out of itself, in love of fatherland and of prince, an ethical impetus that points to a far higher destiny. If, then, I designate as a dangerous characteristic of the political present the use of revolutionary ideas in the service of a self-seeking, stateless money-aristocracy, if I at the same time comprehend the enormous spread of liberal optimism as the result of a modern money-economy fallen into strange hands, and see all the evils of social conditions, together with the necessary decline of the arts, either sprouting from that root or grown together with it: then I must be pardoned for occasionally striking up a paean to war. Fearfully rings out his silver bow: and though he comes on like the night, yet he is Apollo, the true god of consecration and purification for the state. First, however, as it says at the beginning of the Iliad, he looses his arrow upon the mules and dogs. Then he strikes the men themselves, and everywhere the pyres blaze with corpses. Let it then be said that war is just as much a necessity for the state as the slave is for society: and who could evade these insights if he honestly asks himself about the reasons for the unattained perfection of Greek art?

Whoever considers war and its uniformed possibility, the *soldierly estate*, in relation to the nature of the state as hitherto described, must come to the insight that through war and in the soldierly estate we are shown an image, or perhaps even the *archetype of the state*. Here we see, as the most general effect of the warlike tendency, an immediate separation and division of the chaotic mass into *military castes*, out of which, pyramid-like, upon a broadest of broad, slave-like lowest stratum, the edifice of "warlike society" rises. The unconscious purpose of the whole movement forces every individual beneath its yoke and produces, even in heterogeneous natures, a quasi-chemical transformation of their properties, until they are brought into affinity with that purpose. In the higher castes one senses somewhat more of what this inner process is fundamentally about, namely the begetting of the *military genius* — whom we have come to know as the original founder of states. In many states, for example in the Lycurgan constitution of Sparta, one can clearly perceive the imprint of that fundamental idea of the state, the begetting of the military genius. If we now imagine the primordial military state in its most vigorous activity, in its proper "labour", and set before our eyes the whole technique of war, we cannot refrain from correcting our notions of the "dignity of man" and the "dignity of labour", absorbed from every quarter, by asking whether the concept of dignity really fits the labour whose purpose is the annihilation of "dignified" men, or the man entrusted with that "dignified labour", or whether, in this warlike task of the state, those concepts, being mutually contradictory, do not cancel each other out. I should think that the warlike man is a *means* of the military genius, and his labour in turn only a means of that same genius; and that a degree of dignity belongs not to him as absolute man and non-genius, but to him as means of the genius — who may also be pleased to use his annihilation as a means to the warlike work of art — that dignity, namely, of *having been deemed worthy to be a means of the genius*. But what is shown here in a single example holds in the most general sense:

every man, with his entire activity, has only so much dignity as he is, consciously or unconsciously, an instrument of the genius; from which the ethical consequence may at once be inferred that "man in himself", absolute man, possesses neither dignity, nor rights, nor duties: only as a wholly determined being serving unconscious purposes can man excuse his existence.

Plato's perfect state is, after these reflections, surely something greater still than even the warm-blooded among its admirers believe, not to speak of the smiling air of superiority with which our "historically" cultivated know how to reject such a fruit of antiquity. The true aim of the state, the Olympian existence and ever-renewed begetting and preparation of the genius, compared with which everything else is merely tools, aids and enablements, is here found through a poetic intuition and painted with bluntness. Plato saw through the terribly ravaged herm of the political life of his day and perceived even then something divine within it. He *believed* that one could take out this image of the god, and that the grim and barbarously distorted exterior did not belong to the essence of the state: the whole fervour and sublimity of his political passion threw itself upon that belief, upon that wish — in this blaze he burned himself up. That in his perfect state he placed at the summit not the genius in its general concept, but only the genius of wisdom and knowledge, and that he excluded the artists of genius from his state altogether, was a rigid consequence of the Socratic judgement on art, which Plato, in struggle against himself, had made his own. This more external and almost accidental gap must not prevent us from recognising, in the total conception of the Platonic state, the wondrously great hieroglyph of a profound and eternally to-be-interpreted *secret doctrine of the connection between state and genius*: what we believed we could divine of this secret script we have said in this Preface. —

4. The Relation of Schopenhauer's Philosophy to a German Culture.

Preface.

In dear, base Germany, cultivation now lies so degraded in the streets, jaundiced spite against all that is great rules so shamelessly, and the general tumult of those racing after 'happiness' resounds so deafeningly, that one must have a strong faith, almost in the sense of credo quia absurdum est, to be able still to hope here for a culture in the making and, above all, to work for it — teaching publicly, in contrast to the 'publicly opining' press. By force must those whose hearts hold the immortal care for the people free themselves from the impressions, storming in upon them, of what is present and prevailing precisely now, and create the semblance that they count it among indifferent things. They must seem so because they want to think, and because a repulsive sight and a confused din, perhaps even mingled with the trumpet-blasts of martial glory, disturbs their thinking, but above all because they want to *believe* in what is German, and with this belief would lose their strength. Do not hold it against these believers if they look towards the land of their promises from very far off and from on high! They shrink from the experiences to which the well-meaning foreigner exposes himself when he now lives among Germans and must marvel at how little German life corresponds to those great individuals, works and deeds which, in his goodwill, he has learned to revere as what is truly German. Where the German cannot raise himself to greatness, he makes a less than mediocre impression. Even the famous German science, in which a number of the most useful domestic and familial virtues — fidelity, self-restraint, diligence, modesty, cleanliness — appear transposed into a freer air and as it

were transfigured, is by no means the result of these virtues; viewed close up, the motive in Germany that drives towards unlimited knowing looks far more like a lack, a defect, a gap than an overflow of powers, almost like the consequence of a meagre, formless, unliving life, and even like a flight from the moral pettiness and malice to which the German, without such outlets, is subject, and which, despite science, indeed even within science, frequently break out. In narrowness — of life, of knowing and of judging — the Germans are adept as true virtuosos of the philistine; if anyone wishes to carry them beyond it into the sublime, they make themselves heavy as lead, and as such leaden weights they hang upon their truly great ones, to drag them down out of the aether to themselves and to their meagre neediness. Perhaps this philistine Gemütlichkeit may be only the degeneration of a genuine German virtue — an intimate absorption in the particular, the small, the nearest, and in the mysteries of the individual — but this mouldered virtue is now worse than the most open vice; especially since people have now even become heartily and gladly conscious of this quality, to the point of literary self-glorification. Now the 'cultivated', among the Germans who are, as everyone knows, so cultured, and the 'philistines', among the Germans who are, as everyone knows, so uncultured, publicly shake hands and come to an agreement with one another as to how one must henceforth write, compose, paint, make music and even philosophize, indeed govern, so as neither to stand too far from the 'cultivation' of the one nor to give offence to the 'Gemütlichkeit' of the other. This is now called 'the German culture of the present day'; whereupon it would only remain to ask by what mark that 'cultivated man' is to be recognized, now that we know that his foster-brother, the German philistine, now makes himself known to all the world as such, without bashfulness, as though having lost his innocence.

The cultivated man is now above all *historically* cultivated: through his historical consciousness he saves himself from the sublime; which the philistine achieves through his 'Gemütlichkeit'. No longer the enthusiasm that history arouses — as Goethe was surely entitled to suppose — but precisely the blunting of all enthusiasm is now the goal of these admirers of the nil admirari, when they seek to comprehend everything historically; to them, however, one ought to cry out: 'You are the fools of all the centuries! History will make you only those confessions that are worthy of you! The world has at all times been full of trivialities and nullities: to your historical appetite these unveil themselves, and these alone. You may fall upon an epoch by the thousands — afterwards you will hunger as before and may boast of your sort of starved health. Illam ipsam quam iactant sanitatem non firmitate sed ieiunio consequuntur. Dial. de orator. c. 25. Everything essential history has not cared to tell you; rather, mocking and invisible, it stood beside you, pressing into the hand of one an affair of state, of another an envoy's report, of another a date or an etymology or a pragmatic cobweb. Do you really believe you can reckon up history like a sum in addition, and do you hold your common understanding and your mathematical cultivation good enough for that? How it must vex you to hear that others tell of things, out of the very best-known times, that you will never in all your days comprehend!'

If now to this cultivation which calls itself historical and is bare of all inspiration, and to this philistinism hostile and slavering against all that is great, there is added that third, brutal and agitated fellowship — of those racing after 'happiness' — then the sum of it all is so confused a clamour and so limb-wrenching a turmoil that the thinker flees with stopped ears and bandaged eyes into the loneliest wilderness — there where he may see what those others will never see, where he must hear what sounds to him from all the depths of nature and from the stars. Here he converses with the great problems that

come floating towards him, whose voices, to be sure, ring out as uncomfortably terrible as they are unhistorically eternal. The soft one shrinks back from their cold breath, and the calculating one runs straight through them without feeling them. But worst of all it goes with them for the 'cultivated man', who at times takes earnest pains over them after his fashion. For him these spectres turn into webs of concepts and hollow sound-figures. Grasping at them, he imagines he possesses philosophy; seeking them, he clambers about on the so-called history of philosophy — and when at last he has gathered and heaped up a whole cloud of such abstractions and templates — it may befall him that a true thinker crosses his path and — blows them away. Desperate inconvenience, to concern oneself with philosophy as a 'cultivated man'! From time to time it does indeed seem to him as though the impossible union of philosophy with what now vaunts itself as 'German culture' had become possible; some hybrid creature dallies and ogles about between the two spheres and confuses the imagination on both sides. For the present, however, *one* piece of advice may be given to the Germans, if they do not wish to be confused. Let them ask themselves, of everything they now call 'cultivation': is *this* the hoped-for German culture, so earnest and creative, so redeeming for the German spirit, so purifying for the German virtues, that their only philosopher in this century, Arthur *Schopenhauer*, would have to profess himself its adherent?

Here you have the philosopher — now seek the culture that belongs to him! And if you can divine what kind of culture that would have to be which would correspond to such a philosopher, why then, in this divining, you have already — *passed judgement* upon all your cultivation and upon yourselves! —

5. Homer's Contest.

Preface.

When one speaks of *humanity*, the underlying notion is that it must be that which *separates* man from nature and distinguishes him. But in reality there is no such separation: the "natural" qualities and those properly called "human" are inseparably grown together. Man, in his highest and noblest powers, is wholly nature and bears her uncanny double character within himself. His terrible capacities, those reckoned inhuman, are perhaps even the fruitful soil from which alone all humanity, in impulses, deeds and works, can grow forth.

Thus the Greeks, the most humane men of ancient times, bear within them a trait of cruelty, of tiger-like lust for annihilation: a trait which is also very visible in that grotesquely magnifying mirror-image of the Hellene, in Alexander the Great, but which, throughout their whole history as well as in their mythology, must fill us with dread, we who approach them with the soft concept of modern humanity. When Alexander has the feet of Batis, the brave defender of Gaza, pierced through and binds his living body to his chariot in order to drag him about amid the mockery of his soldiers: this is the nauseating caricature of Achilles, who by night maltreats the corpse of Hector by a similar dragging about; but even this trait has for us something offensive and horror-inspiring. Here we look into the abysses of hatred. With the same feeling we stand, for instance, before the bloody and insatiable self-laceration of two Greek parties, as in the Corcyraean revolution. When the victor, in a war between cities, executes the entire male citizenry according to the *right* of war and sells all the women and children into slavery, we see, in the sanction of such a right, that the Greek deemed a full outpouring of his hatred a serious neces-

sity; in such moments the compressed and swollen feeling found relief: the tiger sprang forth, a voluptuous cruelty gazed out of his fearsome eye. Why did the Greek sculptor have to give form again and again, in countless repetitions, to war and combat, to outstretched human bodies whose sinews are taut with hatred or with the arrogance of triumph, to writhing wounded, to dying men rattling out their last breath? Why did the whole Greek world exult at the battle-scenes of the Iliad? I fear that we do not understand these in a "Greek" enough way, indeed that we would shudder if we ever did understand them in a Greek way.

But what lies, as the birth-womb of all things Hellenic, *behind* the Homeric world? In *that* world we are already lifted above the purely material fusion by the extraordinary artistic definiteness, calm and purity of its lines: its colours appear, through an artistic deception, lighter, milder, warmer, its men, in this warm and coloured illumination, better and more sympathetic — but where do we look when, no longer guided and protected by the hand of Homer, we stride backwards into the pre-Homeric world? Only into night and horror, into the products of an imagination accustomed to the ghastly. What earthly existence do these repulsively terrible theogonic legends reflect: a life over which only the *children of Night* hold sway, strife, lust, deception, old age and death. Let us imagine the hard-to-breathe air of the Hesiodic poem made denser still and darker, and without all the mitigations and purifications that streamed out over Hellas from Delphi and from numerous seats of the gods: let us mix this thickened Boeotian air with the gloomy voluptuousness of the Etruscans; then such a reality would *extort* from us a world of myths in which Uranus, Cronus and Zeus and the battles of the Titans must seem like a relief; in this brooding atmosphere combat is salvation, deliverance, the cruelty of victory is the summit of life's jubilation. And just as the concept of Greek law truly developed out of *murder*

and the atonement for murder, so the nobler culture too takes its first victor's wreath from the altar of the atonement for murder. Behind that bloody age a furrow of waves runs deep into Hellenic history. The names of Orpheus, of Musaeus and their cults betray to what conclusions the unremitting sight of a world of combat and cruelty drove men — to disgust at existence, to the conception of this existence as a punishment to be expiated, to the belief in the identity of existence and guilt. But precisely these conclusions are not specifically Hellenic: in them Greece touches India and the Orient in general. The Hellenic genius had yet another answer ready to the question "what does a life of combat and victory want?" and gives this answer across the whole breadth of Greek history.

To understand it, we must start from the fact that the Greek genius let the drive, once so terribly present, stand, and deemed it *justified*: whereas the Orphic turn contained the thought that a life with such a drive at its root was not worth living. Combat and the joy of victory were acknowledged: and nothing separates the Greek world so much from ours as the *colouring* of individual ethical concepts to be derived from this, for example of *Eris* and of *envy*.

When the traveller Pausanias, on his wanderings through Greece, visited Helicon, he was shown an ancient copy of the first didactic poem of the Greeks, Hesiod's "Works and Days", inscribed on lead tablets and badly ravaged by time and weather. Yet he made out this much, that, unlike the usual copies, it did *not* have at its head that little hymn to Zeus, but began straightaway with the declaration "*two* Eris-goddesses are on earth." This is one of the most remarkable of Hellenic thoughts, and worthy to be impressed upon the newcomer right at the entrance gate of Hellenic ethics. "The one Eris a man of understanding would praise as much as he would blame the other; for these two goddesses have a wholly separate disposition. For the one furthers evil war and feuding, the cruel one! No mortal can abide her,

but under the yoke of need men pay honour to the heavy-burdening Eris, by the decree of the immortals. Her, as the elder, black Night bore; but the other Zeus, the high-ruling, set upon the roots of the earth and among men, as a far better one. She drives even the unskilled man to work; and when one who lacks possessions looks upon another who is rich, he hastens likewise to sow and to plant and to set his house well in order; neighbour vies with neighbour who strives toward prosperity. Good is this Eris for men. The potter too bears a grudge against the potter, and the carpenter against the carpenter, the beggar envies the beggar and the singer the singer."

The last two lines, which treat of the odium figulinum, appear incomprehensible to our scholars in this place. In their judgement the predicates "resentment" and "envy" suit only the nature of the evil Eris; for which reason they have no scruple in declaring the lines spurious or cast into this spot by chance. To this, however, an ethics other than the Hellenic must have imperceptibly inspired them: for Aristotle feels no offence in referring these lines to the good Eris. And not Aristotle alone, but the whole of Greek antiquity thinks otherwise about resentment and envy than we do, and judges like Hesiod, who at one moment calls one Eris evil, namely the one that leads men into hostile struggles of annihilation against one another, and then again praises another Eris as good, the one that as jealousy, resentment, envy goads men to deeds, yet not to the deed of the struggle of annihilation but to the deed of the *contest*. The Greek is *envious*, and feels this quality not as a blemish but as the working of a *beneficent* deity: what a gulf of ethical judgement between us and him! Because he is envious, he also feels, at every excess of honour, riches, splendour and fortune, the envious eye of a god resting upon him, and he fears this envy; in this case it admonishes him of the transience of every human lot, he shudders at his good fortune, and, sacrificing the best of it, he bows before divine envy. This notion does not in any way

estrange him from his gods: on the contrary, their significance is circumscribed precisely by this, that man may *never* venture upon a contest with them, he whose soul glows with jealousy against every other living being. In the struggle of Thamyris with the Muses, of Marsyas with Apollo, in the harrowing fate of Niobe, there appeared the terrible opposition of the two powers that may never struggle with one another, man and god.

But the greater and more sublime a Greek is, the more brightly does the ambitious flame break forth from him, consuming everyone who runs upon the same course with him. Aristotle once drew up a list of such hostile contestants in the grand style: among them the most striking example is that even a dead man can still goad a living one to consuming jealousy. For thus does Aristotle characterize the relation of Xenophanes of Colophon to Homer. We do not understand this attack upon the national hero of poetry in its full force unless we conceive, as later with Plato too, the monstrous craving as the root of this attack, to step oneself into the place of the overthrown poet and to inherit his fame. Every great Hellene passes on the torch of the contest; at every great virtue a new greatness is kindled. If the young Themistocles could not sleep for thinking of the laurels of Miltiades, his early-awakened drive was first unfettered only in his long rivalry with Aristides, into that uniquely remarkable, purely instinctive genius of his political action which Thucydides describes for us. How characteristic are question and answer, when a notable opponent of Pericles is asked whether he or Pericles is the best wrestler in the city, and gives the answer: "even when I throw him down, he denies that he has fallen, attains his purpose, and persuades those who saw him fall."

If one wishes to see quite unveiled that feeling in its naive utterances, the feeling of the necessity of the contest if the well-being of the state is to endure, one should think of the original meaning of *ostracism*: as,

for example, the Ephesians pronounce it at the banishment of Hermodorus: "Among us no one shall be the best; but if anyone is, let him be elsewhere and among others." For why should no one be the best? Because with that the contest would dry up and the eternal ground of life of the Hellenic state would be endangered. Later, ostracism takes on another relation to the contest: it is applied when the danger is manifest that one of the great politicians and party leaders contending with one another might feel goaded, in the heat of the struggle, to harmful and destructive means and to perilous coups d'état. The original meaning of this strange institution, however, is not that of a safety valve but that of a stimulant: one removes the towering individual so that the competitive play of forces may awaken anew: a thought that is hostile to the "exclusivity" of genius in the modern sense, but presupposes that, in a natural order of things, there are always *several* geniuses, who goad one another to deeds, just as they also hold one another within the bounds of measure. That is the kernel of the Hellenic conception of the contest: it abhors sole rule and fears its dangers, it desires, as a *means of protection* against genius — a second genius.

Every talent must unfold itself in struggle: so commands Hellenic popular pedagogy, whereas the more recent educators dread nothing so much as the unleashing of so-called ambition. Here selfishness is feared as "evil in itself" — with the exception of the Jesuits, who are minded like the ancients in this and may therefore well be the most effective educators of our time. They seem to believe that selfishness, that is, the individual, is merely the most powerful agent, but receives its character as "good" and "evil" essentially from the goals towards which it stretches itself. For the ancients, however, the goal of agonal education was the welfare of the whole, of the civic society. Every Athenian, for example, was to develop his self in the contest so far as it was of the highest use to Athens and brought it the least harm. It

was no ambition into the unmeasured and the immeasurable, as modern ambition mostly is: the youth thought of the good of his mother city when he ran or threw or sang in rivalry; he wished to increase her fame in his own; to the gods of his city he consecrated the wreaths that the judges of the contest set in honour upon his head. Every Greek felt within himself from childhood the burning wish to be, in the contest of the cities, an instrument for the welfare of his city: in this his selfishness was set aflame, in this it was bridled and hedged in. That is why individuals in antiquity were freer, because their goals were nearer and more tangible. Modern man, on the other hand, is everywhere crossed by infinity, like swift-footed Achilles in the parable of Zeno the Eleatic: infinity hinders him, he does not even overtake the tortoise.

But just as the youths who were to be educated were educated in contest with one another, so in turn were their educators in rivalry among themselves. Distrustful and jealous, the great musical masters, Pindar and Simonides, stood side by side; in rivalry the sophist, the higher teacher of antiquity, meets the other sophist; even the most universal kind of instruction, through drama, was imparted to the people only in the form of a tremendous wrestling of the great musical and dramatic artists. How wonderful! "Even the artist bears a grudge against the artist!" And modern man fears nothing so much in an artist as the personal stirring of combat, whereas the Greek knows the artist *only in personal struggle*. There where modern man scents the weakness of the work of art, the Hellene seeks the source of its highest strength! That which, for example, is of particular artistic significance in Plato's dialogues is for the most part the result of a rivalry with the art of the orators, the sophists, the dramatists of his time, devised for the purpose that he might at last be able to say: "Look, I too can do what my great rivals can do; indeed, I can do it better than they. No Protagoras has composed such beautiful myths

as I, no dramatist so lively and captivating a whole as the Symposium, no orator has written such a speech as I set forth in the Gorgias — and now I reject all of it together and condemn all imitative art! Only the contest made me a poet, a sophist, an orator!" What a problem opens up before us there, when we ask about the relation of the contest to the conception of the work of art! —

If, on the other hand, we take the contest away from Greek life, we gaze at once into that pre-Homeric abyss of a horrifying savagery of hatred and lust for annihilation. This phenomenon shows itself, alas, so often when a great personality, through a tremendous and brilliant deed, was suddenly removed from the contest and was hors de concours, in his own judgement and that of his fellow citizens. The effect is, almost without exception, a dreadful one; and if one usually draws from these effects the conclusion that the Greek was incapable of bearing fame and good fortune, one ought to say more precisely that he was unable to bear fame without further contest, good fortune at the close of the contest. There is no clearer example than the final fortunes of Miltiades. Placed upon a solitary summit by his incomparable success at Marathon and raised far above every fellow combatant, he feels a base, vengeful craving awaken in him against a Parian citizen with whom he had long ago had a feud. To satisfy this craving he misuses reputation, state treasure, civic honour, and dishonours himself. Sensing his failure, he resorts to unworthy machinations. He enters into a secret and godless league with Timo, the priestess of Demeter, and by night sets foot in the sacred temple from which every man was excluded. When he has leapt over the wall and is drawing ever nearer to the sanctuary of the goddess, he is suddenly seized by the fearful horror of a panic terror: almost collapsing and senseless, he feels himself driven back, and leaping back over the wall he falls down crippled and grievously injured. The siege must be lifted, the people's court awaits him, and a disgraceful death sets its seal upon a

brilliant heroic career, to darken it for all posterity. After the battle of Marathon the envy of the heavenly ones seized him. And this divine envy is kindled when it beholds a man without any rival, without opponent, upon a solitary height of fame. Only the gods has he now beside him — and therefore he has them against him. But they lure him into a deed of hubris, and beneath it he collapses.

Let us mark well that just as Miltiades perishes, so too do the noblest Greek states perish when, through merit and good fortune, they had passed from the racecourse to the temple of Nike. Athens, which had destroyed the independence of its allies and punished with severity the revolts of the subjugated, Sparta, which after the battle of Aegospotami asserted its supremacy over Hellas in a far harsher and crueller manner, both likewise, after the example of Miltiades, brought about their downfall through deeds of hubris, in proof that without envy, jealousy and contending ambition the Hellenic state, like the Hellenic man, degenerates. He becomes wicked and cruel, he becomes vengeful and godless, in short, he becomes "pre-Homeric" — and then nothing more is needed than a panic terror to bring him to his fall and dash him to pieces. Sparta and Athens deliver themselves up to Persia, as Themistocles and Alcibiades had done; they betray what is Hellenic, after they have abandoned the noblest Hellenic fundamental idea, the contest: and Alexander, the coarsening copy and abbreviation of Greek history, now invents the everyman-Hellene and so-called "Hellenism". —

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