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The Birth of Tragedy

Friedrich Nietzsche

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Friedrich Nietzsche

The Birth of Tragedy

An Attempt at Self-Criticism.

1.

Whatever may lie at the bottom of this questionable book: it must have been a question of the first rank and allure, and a deeply personal question besides, - witness to this is the time in which it arose, in spite of which it arose, the turbulent time of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870/71. While the thunders of the battle of Wörth rolled away over Europe, the brooder and lover of riddles to whom the paternity of this book fell sat somewhere in a nook of the Alps, sunk deep in brooding and riddling, consequently very troubled and untroubled at once, and wrote down his thoughts about the Greeks, - the kernel of the strange and ill-accessible book to which this late preface (or postscript) is to be dedicated. A few weeks later: and he found himself beneath the walls of Metz, still not freed from the question marks he had set against the alleged "cheerfulness" of the Greeks and of Greek art; until at last, in that month of deepest suspense when peace was being deliberated at Versailles, he too made his peace with himself and, slowly recovering from an illness brought home from the field, settled conclusively within himself the "Birth of Tragedy from the Spirit of Music". - From music? Music and tragedy? Greeks and the music of tragedy? Greeks and the artwork of pessimism? The best-turned-out, most beautiful, most envied kind of men hitherto, the one most seductive towards life, the Greeks - what? they of all people had need of tragedy? More still - of art? To what end - Greek art?

One guesses where, with this, the great question mark concerning the value of existence had been set. Is pessimism necessarily the sign of decline, of decay, of failure, of wearied and weakened instincts? - as it was among the Indians, as it is, to all appearances, among us "mod-

ern" men and Europeans? Is there a pessimism of strength? An intellectual predilection for the hard, the gruesome, the evil, the problematic in existence, born of well-being, of overflowing health, of the fullness of existence? Is there perhaps a suffering from superabundance itself? A tempting valour of the keenest gaze, which craves the terrible as it craves the enemy, the worthy enemy, upon whom it can test its strength? from whom it wants to learn what "fear" is? What does the tragic myth mean, precisely among the Greeks of the best, strongest, bravest age? And the tremendous phenomenon of the Dionysian? What does tragedy, born from it, mean? - And again: that of which tragedy died, the Socratism of morality, the dialectic, the contentedness and cheerfulness of theoretical man - what? might not precisely this Socratism be a sign of decline, of weariness, of sickness, of instincts dissolving anarchically? And the "Greek cheerfulness" of later Hellenism only a sunset glow? The Epicurean will against pessimism only a precaution of the sufferer? And science itself, our science - yes, what does all science signify at all, regarded as a symptom of life? To what end, worse still, from whence - all science? What? Is scientificity perhaps only a fear of and an escape from pessimism? A subtle self-defence against - the truth? And, morally speaking, something like cowardice and falseness? Immorally speaking, a cunning? O Socrates, Socrates, was that perhaps your secret? O mysterious ironist, was this perhaps your - irony? - -

2.

What I got hold of then, something terrible and dangerous, a problem with horns, not necessarily a bull exactly, in any case a new problem: today I would say that it was the problem of science itself - science grasped for the first time as problematic, as questionable. But the book in which my youthful courage and suspicion then vented themselves - what an impossible book had to grow out of a task so contrary

to youth! Built up out of nothing but premature, over-green personal experiences, all of which lay hard on the threshold of the communicable, set upon the ground of art - for the problem of science cannot be recognised on the ground of science - a book perhaps for artists with a secondary bent for analytical and retrospective capacities (that is, for an exceptional kind of artist, whom one must search for and would not even care to search for...), full of psychological innovations and artists' secrets, with an artists' metaphysics in the background, a youthful work full of youthful mettle and youthful melancholy, independent, defiantly self-reliant even where it seems to bow to an authority and a reverence of its own, in short a first work in every bad sense of the word as well, despite its hoary problem, afflicted with every fault of youth, above all with its "far too long", its "Sturm und Drang": on the other hand, in view of the success it had (in particular with the great artist to whom it turned as if in dialogue, with Richard Wagner) a proven book, I mean one that has in any case satisfied "the best of its time". On that account it ought indeed to be treated with some consideration and reticence; nevertheless I will not entirely suppress how disagreeable it now appears to me, how strange it now stands before me after sixteen years, - before an older eye, a hundred times more fastidious, but by no means grown colder, an eye that has also not grown more estranged from that very task which that audacious book first dared to approach, - to see science under the optics of the artist, but art under that of life....

3.

Let it be said again: today it is an impossible book to me, - I call it badly written, ponderous, painful, image-mad and image-muddled, sentimental, here and there sugared to the point of the feminine, uneven in tempo, without the will to logical cleanliness, very convinced and therefore disdaining to prove, mistrustful even of the pro-

priety of proving, a book for initiates, "music" for those baptised in music, those bound from the very beginning of things by common and rare experiences of art, a mark of recognition for blood-relations in artibus, - a haughty and enthusiastic book, which from the outset shuts itself off from the profanum vulgus of the "cultivated" even more than from the "people", but which, as its effect proved and proves, must also understand well enough how to seek out its fellow enthusiasts and lure them onto new secret paths and dancing-grounds. Here, at any rate - this was admitted with curiosity as much as with aversion - a strange voice was speaking, the disciple of a still "unknown god", who for the time being had hidden himself under the hood of the scholar, under the heaviness and dialectical joylessness of the German, even under the bad manners of the Wagnerian; here was a spirit with strange, as yet nameless needs, a memory bristling with questions, experiences, hidden things, beside which the name Dionysus was written as one question mark more; here there spoke - so people told themselves with suspicion - something like a mystical and almost maenadic soul, which stammers laboriously and arbitrarily, almost undecided whether it would communicate or conceal itself, as it were in a foreign tongue. It should have sung, this "new soul" - and not spoken! What a pity that I did not dare to say what I had to say then as a poet: I might perhaps have been able to! Or at least as a philologist: - for even today almost everything in this field still remains for the philologist to discover and excavate! Above all the problem that there is a problem here, - and that the Greeks, so long as we have no answer to the question "what is Dionysian?", remain now as before wholly unknown and unimaginable...

4.

Yes, what is Dionysian? – This book contains an answer to that, – a "knowing one" speaks there, the initiate and disciple of his god.

Perhaps I would now speak more cautiously and less eloquently of so difficult a psychological question as the origin of tragedy among the Greeks. A fundamental question is the relation of the Greek to pain, his degree of sensibility, – did this relation remain constant? or did it turn itself around? – that question whether his ever stronger craving for beauty, for festivals, for pleasures, for new cults, really grew out of lack, out of privation, out of melancholy, out of pain? For supposing that precisely this were true – and Pericles (or Thucydides) gives us to understand as much in the great funeral oration –: whence then must the opposite craving have sprung, the one which appeared earlier in time, the craving for the ugly, the good, stern will of the older Hellene to pessimism, to tragic myth, to the image of everything terrible, evil, enigmatic, annihilating, fateful at the ground of existence, – whence then must tragedy have sprung? Perhaps from delight, from strength, from overflowing health, from overgreat fullness? And what significance, then, physiologically speaking, has that madness out of which tragic as well as comic art grew, the Dionysian madness? What? Is madness perhaps not necessarily the symptom of degeneration, of decline, of an over-late culture? Are there perhaps – a question for alienists – neuroses of health? of the youth and youthfulness of a people? What does that synthesis of god and goat in the satyr point to? Out of what experience of himself, in response to what urge, did the Greek have to conceive of the Dionysian enthusiast and primordial man as a satyr? And as regards the origin of the tragic chorus: were there perhaps, in those centuries when the Greek body flourished and the Greek soul foamed over with life, endemic raptures? Visions and hallucinations that communicated themselves to whole communities, to whole cult assemblies? What? if the Greeks, precisely in the richness of their youth, had the will to the tragic and were pessimists? if it was precisely madness, to use a phrase of Plato's, that brought the greatest blessings upon Hellas? And if, on the other hand and conversely, the Greeks, precisely in the times of their dissolution and

weakness, became ever more optimistic, more superficial, more histrionic, more ardent too for logic and the logicizing of the world, and thus at once "more cheerful" and "more scientific"? What? might perhaps, in defiance of all "modern ideas" and prejudices of democratic taste, the triumph of optimism, the rationality that had become predominant, practical and theoretical utilitarianism, like democracy itself, with which it is contemporaneous, – be a symptom of declining strength, of approaching old age, of physiological weariness? And precisely not – pessimism? Was Epicurus an optimist – precisely as one who suffered? – – One sees that it is a whole bundle of difficult questions with which this book has burdened itself, – let us add its most difficult question! What, seen through the optics of life, does – morality signify? . . .

5.

Already in the preface to Richard Wagner, art – and not morality – is set forth as the truly metaphysical activity of man; in the book itself the suggestive proposition recurs several times that only as an aesthetic phenomenon is the existence of the world justified. Indeed, the whole book knows only an artistic meaning and – hidden meaning behind all that happens, – a "god", if you will, but certainly only an utterly unscrupulous and amoral artist-god, who, in building as in destroying, in good as in ill, wishes to become aware of his equal delight and sovereign self-glory, who, creating worlds, frees himself from the distress of fullness and overfullness, from the suffering of the contradictions crowded within him. The world, at every moment the attained redemption of God, as the eternally changing, eternally new vision of the most suffering, most antithetical, most contradiction-laden being, who knows how to redeem himself only in semblance: this whole artists' metaphysics one may call arbitrary, idle, fantastic –, what is essential in it is that it already betrays a spirit

which will one day, at whatever risk, defend itself against the moral interpretation and significance of existence. Here, perhaps for the first time, a pessimism "beyond good and evil" announces itself, here that "perversity of disposition" finds word and formula against which Schopenhauer never tired of hurling in advance his most wrathful curses and thunderbolts, – a philosophy which dares to place morality itself in the world of appearance, to degrade it, and not merely among "appearances" (in the sense of the idealist terminus technicus), but among "deceptions", as semblance, delusion, error, interpretation, contrivance, art. Perhaps the depth of this anti-moral propensity can best be measured by the wary and hostile silence with which Christianity is treated throughout the whole book, – Christianity as the most extravagant elaboration of the moral theme that humanity has ever yet been given to hear. In truth, there is no greater antithesis to the purely aesthetic interpretation and justification of the world, as it is taught in this book, than the Christian doctrine, which is and wishes to be only moral, and which with its absolute standards, for instance already with its truthfulness of God, relegates art, every art, to the realm of the lie, – that is to say, negates, damns, condemns it. Behind such a mode of thinking and valuing, which must be hostile to art so long as it is in any way genuine, I sensed from the very first also hostility to life, the furious, vengeful aversion to life itself: for all life rests upon semblance, art, deception, optics, the necessity of the perspectival and of error. Christianity was from the beginning, essentially and fundamentally, life's nausea and weariness at life, which merely disguised itself, merely hid itself, merely decked itself out under the belief in an "other" or "better" life. Hatred of the "world", the curse upon the passions, fear of beauty and sensuality, a beyond invented the better to slander the here-and-now, at bottom a craving for nothingness, for the end, for rest, toward the "Sabbath of Sabbaths" – all this, as well as Christianity's unconditional will to let only moral values count, always seemed to me the most dangerous and uncanny

form of all possible forms of a "will to destruction", at the least a sign of the deepest sickness, weariness, ill-humour, exhaustion, impoverishment of life, – for before morality (especially Christian, that is to say unconditional, morality) life must constantly and inevitably be in the wrong, because life is something essentially amoral, – life must finally, crushed under the weight of contempt and of the eternal No, be felt to be unworthy of desire, worthless in itself. Morality itself – what? might morality not be a "will to the denial of life", a secret instinct of annihilation, a principle of decay, of diminution, of slander, a beginning of the end? And, consequently, the danger of dangers?... Against morality, then, my instinct turned at that time, with this questionable book, as an instinct pleading on behalf of life, and invented for itself a fundamental counter-doctrine and counter-valuation of life, a purely artistic one, an anti-Christian one. What to call it? As a philologist and man of words I baptized it, not without some liberty – for who would know the rightful name of the Antichrist? – with the name of a Greek god: I called it the Dionysian. –

6.

Do you understand what task I already dared to touch upon with this book?... How much I now regret that I did not yet have the courage (or the immodesty?) at that time to allow myself, in every respect, a language of my own for such views and ventures of my own, — that I laboriously sought to express strange and new valuations with Schopenhauerian and Kantian formulas, valuations which ran fundamentally counter to the spirit of Kant and Schopenhauer, as well as to their taste! What, after all, did Schopenhauer think of tragedy? "What gives all that is tragic its peculiar impetus towards elevation — he says, World as Will and Representation II, 495 — is the dawning of the knowledge that the world, that life, can give no true satisfaction, and is consequently not worthy of our attachment: in this consists the

tragic spirit —; it accordingly leads towards resignation". Oh how differently Dionysus spoke to me! Oh how remote from me at that time was precisely this whole resignationism! — But there is something far worse about the book, something I now regret even more than having obscured and spoiled Dionysian intimations with Schopenhauerian formulas: namely, that I spoiled for myself altogether the grandiose Greek problem, as it had dawned upon me, by mixing in the most modern things! That I fastened hopes where there was nothing to hope for, where everything pointed all too plainly to an end! That, on the basis of the latest German music, I began to spin fables about the "German character", as though it were just on the point of discovering itself and finding itself again — and this at a time when the German spirit, which not long before had still possessed the will to dominion over Europe, the strength to lead Europe, was just abdicating by last will and testament, once and for all, and, under the pompous pretext of founding an Empire, was making its transition to mediocritization, to democracy and to "modern ideas"! Indeed, in the meantime I have learned to think hopelessly and unsparingly enough about this "German character", and likewise about present-day German music, which is Romanticism through and through and the most un-Greek of all possible art forms: and, moreover, a ruiner of nerves of the first rank, doubly dangerous among a people that loves drink and honours unclarity as a virtue, namely in its double quality as a narcotic that at once intoxicates and befogs. — Apart, to be sure, from all the overhasty hopes and faulty applications to the most present-day matters, with which I spoiled my first book at the time, the great Dionysian question mark, as it is set down there, continues to stand on and on, also with regard to music: what would a music have to be like that was no longer of Romantic origin, like the German, — but of Dionysian?...

7.

— But, my dear sir, what in all the world is Romanticism, if your book is not Romanticism? Can the deep hatred of the "present age", of "reality" and of "modern ideas" be carried further than it has been in your artists' metaphysics? — which would rather believe in Nothingness, rather believe in the Devil, than in the "Now"? Does not a ground bass of wrath and lust for annihilation rumble on beneath all your contrapuntal art of voices and seduction of the ear, a furious resolve against everything that is "now", a will which is not all too far from practical nihilism and seems to say "sooner let nothing be true than that you should be right, than that your truth should prevail!" Listen yourself, my dear Mr. Pessimist and deifier of art, with a more open ear, to one single chosen passage of your book, that not unelequent dragon-slayers passage, which may sound insidiously pied-piperish to young ears and hearts: what? is that not the true, the proper Romantic's confession of 1830, beneath the mask of the pessimism of 1850, behind which the customary Romantic finale is already preluding, — rupture, collapse, return and prostration before an old faith, before the old God . . . What? is your pessimist's book not itself a piece of anti-Hellenism and Romanticism, itself something "as intoxicating as it is befogging", a narcotic at any rate, even a piece of music, of German music? But listen:

"Let us imagine a rising generation with this fearlessness of gaze, with this heroic urge towards the monstrous, let us imagine the bold stride of these dragon-slayers, the proud audacity with which they turn their backs on all the feeble doctrines of optimism, in order to live resolutely in the whole and in the full: would it not be necessary that the tragic man of this culture, in his self-education towards earnestness and terror, must desire a new art, the art of metaphysical comfort, tragedy as the Helen that belongs to him, and must cry out with Faust:

And shall I not, with most yearning might, Draw into life that form beyond compare?"

"Would it not be necessary?" . . . No, three times no! you young Romantics: it would not be necessary! But it is very likely that it will end thus, that you will end thus, namely "comforted", as it is written, in spite of all self-education towards earnestness and terror, "metaphysically comforted", in short, as Romantics end, Christianly No! You ought first to learn the art of this-worldly comfort, — you ought to learn to laugh, my young friends, if indeed you are determined to remain pessimists; perhaps then, as laughers, you will one day send all metaphysical comforting to the Devil — and metaphysics first of all! Or, to say it in the language of that Dionysian fiend who is called Zarathustra:

"Lift up your hearts, my brothers, high, higher! And do not forget your legs either! Lift up your legs too, you good dancers, and better still: you stand on your heads as well!"

"This crown of the laugher, this rose-wreath crown: I myself have set this crown upon my head, I myself have pronounced my laughter holy. No one else did I find strong enough for it today."

"Zarathustra the dancer, Zarathustra the light one, who beckons with his wings, one ready for flight, beckoning to all birds, ready and prepared, a blissfully light-hearted one:" —

"Zarathustra the soothsayer, Zarathustra the sooth-laugher, no impatient one, no absolutist, one who loves leaps and side-leaps: I myself have set this crown upon my head!"

"This crown of the laugher, this rose-wreath crown: to you, my brothers, I throw this crown! Laughter I have pronounced holy: you higher men, learn — to laugh!"

Preface to Richard Wagner.

In order to keep far from me all the possible misgivings, agitations and misunderstandings to which the thoughts gathered in this work will give occasion, given the peculiar character of our aesthetic public, and in order also to be able to write its introductory words with the same contemplative delight whose mark it bears on every page, as the petrifaction of good and uplifting hours, I call to mind the moment when you, my highly revered friend, will receive this work: how you, perhaps after an evening walk in the winter snow, will contemplate the unbound Prometheus on the title page, read my name, and at once be convinced that, whatever may stand in this work, the author has something serious and urgent to say, and likewise that, in all that he devised, he conversed with you as with one present and could set down only what befitted that presence. You will recall, too, that it was at the same time as your splendid commemorative essay on Beethoven came into being, that is, amid the terrors and sublimities of the war that had just broken out, that I gathered myself to these thoughts. Yet those would err who, regarding this gathering, might think of the opposition between patriotic excitement and aesthetic indulgence, between valiant seriousness and cheerful play: to them, rather, upon a genuine reading of this work, it might become clear, to their astonishment, with what an earnestly German problem we are dealing, one which we place squarely at the centre of German hopes, as vortex and turning point. But perhaps for these very same people it will be offensive altogether to see an aesthetic problem taken so seriously, if, that is, they are able to recognize in art nothing more than a merry sideshow, a jingling of bells that could well be dispensed with, accompanying the "seriousness of existence": as if no one knew what is really meant, in this juxtaposition, by such a "seriousness of exist-

ence". Let these serious folk be instructed that I am convinced of art as the highest task and the truly metaphysical activity of this life, in the sense of the man to whom, as my sublime forerunner on this path, I wish this work to be dedicated.

Basel, end of the year 1871.

1.

We shall have gained much for the science of aesthetics once we have arrived not merely at the logical insight but at the immediate certainty of intuition that the continuing development of art is bound up with the duality of the Apollonian and the Dionysian, much as generation depends on the duality of the sexes, amid perpetual strife and only periodically occurring reconciliation. We borrow these names from the Greeks, who make the profound secret doctrines of their view of art perceptible to the discerning not, indeed, in concepts, but in the piercingly clear figures of their world of gods. To their two deities of art, Apollo and Dionysus, our recognition is linked that in the Greek world there exists a tremendous opposition, in origin and in aims, between the art of the sculptor, the Apollonian, and the imageless art of music, that of Dionysus: these two so different drives run side by side, mostly in open conflict with one another and continually provoking each other to new and more powerful births, in order to perpetuate in them the struggle of that opposition which the common word "art" only seemingly bridges; until at last, through a metaphysical miracle of the Hellenic "will", they appear paired with one another, and in this pairing finally beget the work of art of Attic tragedy, which is as Dionysian as it is Apollonian.

To bring those two drives closer to us, let us first conceive of them as the separate art-worlds of dream and of intoxication; between these physiological appearances a corresponding opposition may be observed, as between the Apollonian and the Dionysian. It was in dream, according to the notion of Lucretius, that the glorious figures of the gods first stepped before the souls of men; in dream the great sculptor beheld the ravishing frame of superhuman beings; and the Hellenic poet, if asked about the secrets of poetic begetting, would

likewise have recalled the dream and given an instruction much like that which Hans Sachs gives in the Meistersinger:

My friend, just this is the poet's art: to mark his dreaming and its sense impart. Believe me, man's most true delusion is in his dreams to him disclosed: all poetry and versifying is naught but true-dream interpreting.

The beautiful semblance of the dream-worlds, in the creation of which every man is a full artist, is the precondition of all plastic art, and indeed, as we shall see, of an important half of poetry as well. We take delight in the immediate understanding of the figure; all forms speak to us; there is nothing indifferent or unnecessary. Yet even amid the most intense life of this dream-reality we still have the glimmering sensation of its semblance: at least this is my experience, for whose frequency, indeed normality, I could adduce many a testimony and the sayings of the poets. The philosophical man even has the presentiment that beneath this reality in which we live and have our being there lies concealed a second, wholly different one, and that it too, therefore, is a semblance; and Schopenhauer explicitly designates as the mark of philosophical aptitude the gift of sometimes seeing men and all things as mere phantoms or dream-images. Now as the philosopher stands to the reality of existence, so the artistically excitable man stands to the reality of dream; he watches closely and gladly: for from these images he interprets life for himself, on these events he trains himself for life. It is not merely the pleasant and friendly images that he experiences in himself with that all-comprehending understanding: the grave, the gloomy, the sad, the dark, the sudden obstructions, the teasings of chance, the anxious expectations, in short the whole "divine comedy" of life, with its Inferno, passes before him, not merely like a shadow-play — for he lives and suffers along in these scenes — and yet not without that fleeting sensation of semblance; and perhaps many a one will recall, as I do, having at

times called out to himself encouragingly, and with success, amid the perils and terrors of a dream: "It is a dream! I will dream it on!" I have likewise been told of persons who were able to continue the causality of one and the same dream over three and more successive nights: facts which bear clear witness that our innermost being, the common ground of us all, experiences the dream in itself with deep delight and joyful necessity.

This joyful necessity of dream-experience was likewise expressed by the Greeks in their Apollo: Apollo, as the god of all image-making powers, is at the same time the soothsaying god. He who, by his root, is the "shining one", the deity of light, also rules over the beautiful semblance of the inner world of fantasy. The higher truth, the perfection of these states in contrast to the only fragmentarily intelligible reality of the day, and then the deep consciousness of nature healing and helping in sleep and dream, is at the same time the symbolic analogue of the soothsaying faculty and of the arts generally, through which life is made possible and worth living. But that delicate line, too, which the dream-image must not overstep lest it act pathologically — otherwise semblance would deceive us as crude reality — must not be lacking in the image of Apollo: that measured limitation, that freedom from the wilder stirrings, that wisdom-filled calm of the image-making god. His eye must be "sunlike", in keeping with his origin; even when it looks in anger and displeasure, the consecration of beautiful semblance rests upon it. And so what Schopenhauer says of man caught in the veil of Maya might, in an eccentric sense, be said of Apollo. World as Will and Representation I, p. 416: "As on the raging sea, which, boundless on every side, heaves and sinks howling mountains of waves, a boatman sits in a skiff, trusting in his frail vessel; so, in the midst of a world of torments, the individual man sits calmly, supported by and trusting in the principium individuationis". Indeed, it might be said of Apollo that in him the unshaken trust in that prin-

cipium and the calm sitting of the one caught in it have received their most sublime expression, and one might even designate Apollo as the glorious divine image of the principium individuationis, from whose gestures and glances the whole delight and wisdom of "semblance", together with its beauty, would speak to us.

In the same passage Schopenhauer has depicted for us the tremendous dread that seizes man when he suddenly loses his bearings among the cognitive forms of appearance, because the principle of sufficient reason, in one or another of its configurations, seems to suffer an exception. If to this dread we add the blissful rapture that rises up from the innermost ground of man, indeed of nature, at this same shattering of the principium individuationis, we cast a glance into the essence of the Dionysian, which is brought closest to us by the analogy of intoxication. Either through the influence of the narcotic draught of which all primitive men and peoples speak in hymns, or at the mighty approach of spring, pervading all nature with delight, those Dionysian stirrings awaken in whose intensification the subjective vanishes into complete self-forgetfulness. In the German Middle Ages, too, ever-growing throngs, singing and dancing, rolled from place to place under this same Dionysian power: in these St. John's and St. Vitus's dancers we recognize once more the Bacchic choruses of the Greeks, with their prehistory in Asia Minor, reaching back to Babylon and the orgiastic Sacaea. There are men who, from lack of experience or from obtuseness, turn away from such appearances as from "folk diseases", mockingly or pityingly, in the feeling of their own health: the poor creatures have no inkling, to be sure, how corpse-coloured and ghostly this very "health" of theirs looks when the glowing life of Dionysian enthusiasts roars past them.

Under the spell of the Dionysian not only is the bond between man and man sealed anew: nature too, estranged, hostile or subjugated, celebrates once more her feast of reconciliation with her lost son,

man. Freely the earth proffers her gifts, and peaceably the beasts of prey approach from the crags and the desert. The chariot of Dionysus is heaped with flowers and garlands: beneath its yoke stride panther and tiger. Let one transform Beethoven's jubilant hymn to "Joy" into a painting, and let one's imagination not lag behind when the millions sink trembling into the dust: thus may one draw near to the Dionysian. Now the slave is a free man, now all the rigid, hostile barriers break asunder that necessity, caprice or "insolent fashion" have set up between men. Now, at the gospel of universal harmony, each man feels himself not merely united, reconciled, fused with his neighbour, but one with him, as though the veil of Maya had been rent and now fluttered only in tatters before the mysterious Primordial One. Singing and dancing, man expresses himself as a member of a higher community: he has forgotten how to walk and how to speak and is on the point of flying up, dancing, into the air. From his gestures speaks enchantment. Just as the beasts now speak, and the earth yields milk and honey, so too something supernatural sounds forth from him: he feels himself a god, he himself now walks as rapt and exalted as he saw the gods walk in dream. Man is no longer artist, he has become a work of art: the artistic power of all nature, to the supreme rapturous satisfaction of the Primordial One, reveals itself here amid the shudders of intoxication. The noblest clay, the costliest marble, is here kneaded and hewn, man, and to the chisel-strokes of the Dionysian world-artist rings out the cry of the Eleusinian mysteries: "Do you fall prostrate, millions? Do you sense your Creator, world?" -

2.

Thus far we have considered the Apollonian and its opposite, the Dionysian, as artistic powers which burst forth from nature herself, without the mediation of the human artist, and in which her artistic drives are satisfied first of all and by the direct route: on the one hand

as the image-world of dream, whose perfection bears no relation whatever to the intellectual stature or artistic cultivation of the individual; on the other as an intoxicated reality, which likewise pays no heed to the individual, but even seeks to annihilate the individual and to redeem him through a mystical feeling of oneness. In relation to these immediate artistic states of nature every artist is an "imitator", and indeed either an Apollonian artist of dream or a Dionysian artist of intoxication, or finally - as for instance in Greek tragedy - an artist of intoxication and dream at once: as such we may perhaps picture him sinking down, in Dionysian drunkenness and mystical self-abandonment, alone and apart from the reveling choruses, and how then, through the Apollonian influence of dream, his own state, that is, his oneness with the innermost ground of the world, is revealed to him in a symbolic dream-image.

Having set out these general premises and contrasts, we now draw near to the Greeks, in order to discern to what degree and to what height those artistic drives of nature were developed in them: whereby we shall be enabled to understand and appreciate more deeply the relation of the Greek artist to his archetypes, or, in Aristotle's expression, "the imitation of nature". Of the dreams of the Greeks, despite all their dream literature and numerous dream anecdotes, we can speak only conjecturally, yet with fair certainty nonetheless: given the incredibly precise and sure plastic capacity of their eye, together with their bright and candid delight in colour, one cannot refrain, to the shame of all those born later, from presupposing for their dreams too a logical causality of lines and contours, colours and groupings, a sequence of scenes resembling their finest reliefs, whose perfection, were a comparison possible, would surely entitle us to call the dreaming Greeks Homers and Homer a dreaming Greek: in a deeper sense than when modern man dares to compare himself, as regards his dreams, with Shakespeare.

On the other hand we need not speak merely conjecturally when it comes to uncovering the immense chasm that separates the Dionysian Greeks from the Dionysian barbarians. From every corner of the ancient world - to leave the modern aside here - from Rome to Babylon, we can demonstrate the existence of Dionysian festivals, whose type stands, at best, in the same relation to the type of the Greek ones as the bearded satyr, to whom the goat lent name and attributes, stands to Dionysus himself. Almost everywhere the centre of these festivals lay in an extravagant sexual licentiousness, whose waves flooded over every family order and its venerable statutes; here the very wildest beasts of nature were unleashed, even to that abominable mixture of lust and cruelty which has always seemed to me the true "witches' brew". Against the feverish stirrings of those festivals, knowledge of which reached the Greeks by every route over land and sea, they were, it seems, for a time completely secured and protected by the figure of Apollo, here rising up in all his pride, who could hold up the Medusa's head against no more dangerous power than this grotesquely uncouth Dionysian one. It is in Doric art that this majestically repudiating attitude of Apollo has been immortalized. This resistance became more precarious and even impossible when at last similar drives broke forth from the deepest root of Hellenism itself: now the activity of the Delphic god confined itself to taking the annihilating weapons out of the hands of his mighty adversary by means of a reconciliation concluded at the right moment. This reconciliation is the most important moment in the history of Greek cult: wherever one looks, the upheavals wrought by this event are visible. It was the reconciliation of two adversaries, with a sharp determination of the boundary lines henceforth to be observed and with the periodic sending of gifts of honour; at bottom the chasm had not been bridged. But if we see how, under the pressure of that peace treaty, the Dionysian power revealed itself, we now recognize, in comparison with those Babylonian Sacaea and their regression of man to tiger and

ape, the significance of the Dionysian orgies of the Greeks as festivals of world-redemption and days of transfiguration.

Only with them does nature attain its artistic jubilation, only with them does the rending of the principium individuationis become an artistic phenomenon. That hideous witches' brew of lust and cruelty was powerless here: only the wondrous mixture and doubleness in the emotions of the Dionysian enthusiasts recalls it — as remedies recall deadly poisons — that phenomenon whereby pains awaken delight, whereby jubilation wrings tormented sounds from the breast. From the highest joy there rings out the cry of horror or the yearning lament over an irreplaceable loss. In those Greek festivals a sentimental trait of nature breaks forth, as it were, as though she had cause to sigh over her dismemberment into individuals. The song and the language of gesture of such doubly attuned enthusiasts was something new and unheard-of for the Homeric-Greek world: and Dionysian music in particular aroused terror and dread in it. If music was seemingly already known as an Apollonian art, it was so, strictly speaking, only as the wave-beat of rhythm, whose formative power was developed for the representation of Apollonian states. The music of Apollo was Doric architecture in tones, but in tones merely intimated, such as are proper to the kithara. Carefully kept at a distance, as un-Apollonian, is precisely the element that constitutes the character of Dionysian music and thus of music in general: the shattering force of tone, the unified stream of melody, and the utterly incomparable world of harmony. In the Dionysian dithyramb man is incited to the highest intensification of all his symbolic faculties; something never before felt presses toward utterance: the annihilation of the veil of Maya, oneness as genius of the species, indeed of nature. Now the essence of nature is to express itself symbolically; a new world of symbols is needed: first the entire symbolism of the body, not only the symbolism of the mouth, the face, the word, but the full gesture of

the dance that moves every limb in rhythm. Then the other symbolic powers, those of music, grow suddenly impetuous in rhythmics, dynamics and harmony. To grasp this total unfettering of all symbolic powers, man must already have arrived at that height of self-abandonment which seeks to express itself symbolically in those powers: the dithyrambic servant of Dionysus is thus understood only by his own kind! With what astonishment the Apollonian Greek must have gazed upon him! With an astonishment that was all the greater as there mingled with it the dread that all this was not, after all, so very foreign to him, indeed that his Apollonian consciousness only hid this Dionysian world from him like a veil.

3.

To comprehend this, we must dismantle that artful edifice of Apollonian culture, as it were stone by stone, until we behold the foundations upon which it is built. Here we first become aware of the splendid Olympian figures of the gods, who stand upon the gables of this edifice and whose deeds, depicted in far-shining reliefs, adorn its friezes. If Apollo too stands among them, as a single deity beside others and without claim to a foremost place, we must not let ourselves be misled by this. The same drive that found sensuous embodiment in Apollo gave birth to that whole Olympian world in general, and in this sense Apollo may count for us as its father. What was the tremendous need from which so radiant a society of Olympian beings sprang?

Whoever approaches these Olympians with another religion in his heart and seeks among them moral loftiness, indeed holiness, disembodied spiritualization, merciful glances of love, will soon have to turn his back on them, ill-humoured and disappointed. Nothing here recalls asceticism, spirituality and duty: here speaks to us only an exuberant, indeed triumphant existence, in which everything that

exists is deified, whether it be good or evil. And so the beholder may stand quite dumbfounded before this fantastic overflowing of life, asking himself with what magic potion in their bodies these high-spirited men can have enjoyed life, that wherever they look, Helen, the ideal image of their own existence "hovering in sweet sensuality," laughs back at them. But to this beholder, already turning away, we must call out: "Do not go hence, but first hear what Greek folk wisdom says of this same life that spreads itself before you here with such inexplicable cheerfulness. There is an old legend that King Midas long hunted in the forest for the wise Silenus, the companion of Dionysus, without catching him. When at last he had fallen into his hands, the king asks what is the very best and most excellent thing for man. Rigid and motionless the daemon keeps silent; until, compelled by the king, he at last breaks out with shrill laughter into these words: `Wretched ephemeral race, children of chance and of toil, why do you compel me to tell you what it would be most profitable for you not to hear? The very best is wholly beyond your reach: not to be born, not to be, to be nothing. But the second best for you is — to die soon`."

How does the Olympian world of gods stand in relation to this folk wisdom? As the rapturous vision of the tortured martyr stands to his torments.

Now the Olympian magic mountain opens before us, as it were, and shows us its roots. The Greek knew and felt the terrors and horrors of existence: in order to be able to live at all, he had to set before them the radiant dream-birth of the Olympians. That tremendous mistrust of the Titanic powers of nature, that Moira enthroned mercilessly above all knowledge, that vulture of the great friend of mankind Prometheus, that dreadful lot of the wise Oedipus, that family curse of the Atrides which compels Orestes to matricide, in short that whole philosophy of the sylvan god, together with its mythical exemplars, by

which the melancholy Etruscans perished — was overcome by the Greeks again and again through that artistic intermediary world of the Olympians, or at any rate veiled and withdrawn from sight. In order to be able to live, the Greeks had to create these gods, out of the deepest necessity: a process we must presumably imagine thus, that out of the original Titanic divine order of terror the Olympian divine order of joy was developed in slow transitions through that Apollonian drive toward beauty: as roses break forth from a thorny thicket. How else could that people, so sensitive in feeling, so impetuous in desire, so uniquely capable of suffering, have endured existence, had it not been shown to them in their gods, bathed in a higher glory? The same drive that calls art into being, as the complement and consummation of existence that seduces us into living on, also caused the Olympian world to arise, in which the Hellenic "will" held up before itself a transfiguring mirror. Thus the gods justify the life of men by living it themselves — the only satisfactory theodicy! Existence under the bright sunshine of such gods is felt to be worth striving for in itself, and the real pain of Homeric men refers to departing from it, above all to departing soon: so that one might now say of them, reversing the wisdom of Silenus, "the very worst for them is to die soon, the second worst to die at all." When lament rings out, it sounds once more of short-lived Achilles, of the leaf-like change and alteration of the human race, of the downfall of the heroic age. It is not unworthy of the greatest hero to long to live on, even as a day-labourer. So impetuously, at the Apollonian stage, does the "will" crave this existence, so at one with it does Homeric man feel, that even lament becomes its song of praise.

Here it must now be said that this harmony, indeed this unity of man with nature, gazed upon so longingly by modern men, and for which Schiller brought the technical term "naive" into currency, is by no means so simple, so self-evident, so to speak so inevitable a condi-

tion, one that we would be bound to encounter at the gate of every culture as a paradise of mankind: this could only be believed by an age that sought to imagine Rousseau's Émile as an artist too, and fancied it had found in Homer just such an artist Émile, raised at the heart of nature. Wherever we encounter the "naive" in art, we must recognize the highest effect of Apollonian culture: a culture which must always first overthrow a realm of Titans and slay monsters, and which must have triumphed, through powerful delusive phantasms and joyful illusions, over a terrible depth of world-contemplation and the most acute capacity for suffering. But how seldom is the naive attained, that complete absorption in the beauty of semblance! How inexpressibly sublime, therefore, is Homer, who, as an individual, stands in relation to that Apollonian folk culture as the individual dream artist stands to the dreaming capacity of the people and of nature in general. Homeric "naivety" can be comprehended only as the perfect victory of Apollonian illusion: it is an illusion of the kind that nature so often employs to achieve her purposes. The true goal is concealed by a phantom: we stretch out our hands towards the latter, and nature attains the former through our deception. In the Greeks the "will" wished to behold itself in the transfiguration of genius and of the world of art; in order to glorify itself, its creatures had to feel themselves worthy of glorification; they had to see themselves again in a higher sphere, without this perfected world of contemplation acting as an imperative or as a reproach. This is the sphere of beauty, in which they saw their mirror images, the Olympians. With this mirroring of beauty the Hellenic "will" fought against the talent for suffering and for the wisdom of suffering that is correlative to the artistic talent; and as the monument of its victory Homer stands before us, the naive artist.

4.

Concerning this naive artist the analogy of dream gives us some instruction. When we call to mind the dreamer who, in the midst of the illusion of the dream world and without disturbing it, calls out to himself, "It is a dream, I will dream it on"; when we must infer from this a deep inner delight in the contemplation of dream; when, on the other hand, in order to be able to dream at all with this inner delight in beholding, we must have entirely forgotten the day and its terrible importunity: then we may interpret all these phenomena, under the guidance of dream-interpreting Apollo, somewhat in the following manner. As certainly as, of the two halves of life, the waking and the dreaming half, the former seems to us by far the more privileged, more important, more dignified, more worth living, indeed the only one truly lived, so would I nevertheless, despite every appearance of paradox, maintain precisely the opposite estimation of dream with respect to that mysterious ground of our being of which we are the appearance. For the more I become aware in nature of those all-powerful artistic drives, and in them of an ardent longing for semblance, for being redeemed through semblance, the more I feel myself impelled to the metaphysical assumption that the truly existent, the Primordial One, as the eternally suffering and contradictory, at the same time needs the rapturous vision, the joyful semblance, for its constant redemption: a semblance which we, wholly caught up in it and consisting of it, are compelled to feel as the truly non-existent, that is, as a perpetual becoming in time, space and causality, in other words, as empirical reality. If, then, we disregard our own "reality" for a moment, if we conceive of our empirical existence, like that of the world in general, as a representation of the Primordial One generated at every moment, then dream must now count for us as the semblance of semblance, and hence as an even higher satisfaction of the primordial craving for semblance. For this same reason the innermost

core of nature takes that indescribable delight in the naive artist and the naive work of art, which is likewise only "semblance of semblance". Raphael, himself one of those immortal "naive" ones, has portrayed for us in an allegorical painting that depotentiation of semblance to semblance, the primordial process of the naive artist and at the same time of Apollonian culture. In his Transfiguration the lower half, with the possessed boy, the despairing bearers, the helpless, frightened disciples, shows us the reflection of the eternal primordial pain, the sole ground of the world: "semblance" here is the reflection of eternal contradiction, the father of things. Out of this semblance there now rises, like an ambrosial fragrance, a vision-like new world of semblance, of which those caught in the first semblance see nothing - a radiant hovering in purest bliss and painless contemplation beaming from wide-open eyes. Here we have before our eyes, in the highest symbolism of art, that Apollonian world of beauty and its underground, the terrible wisdom of Silenus, and we grasp, by intuition, their mutual necessity. Apollo, however, again confronts us as the deification of the principium individuationis, in which alone the eternally attained goal of the Primordial One, its redemption through semblance, is accomplished: with sublime gestures he shows us how the whole world of torment is necessary, so that through it the individual may be impelled to generate the redeeming vision and then, sunk in contemplation of it, sit calmly in his tossing boat amid the sea.

This deification of individuation, if it is conceived at all as imperative and prescriptive, knows but One law, the individual, that is, the observance of the limits of the individual, measure in the Hellenic sense. Apollo, as an ethical deity, demands measure of his own and, in order that they may observe it, self-knowledge. And so alongside the aesthetic necessity of beauty run the demands "Know thyself" and "Nothing in excess!", while presumption and excess were regarded as the truly hostile demons of the non-Apollonian sphere, and hence as qual-

ities of the pre-Apollonian age, the age of the Titans, and of the extra-Apollonian world, that is, the world of the barbarians. Because of his Titanic love for mankind Prometheus had to be torn to pieces by the vultures; for the sake of his excessive wisdom, which solved the riddle of the Sphinx, Oedipus had to plunge into a bewildering maelstrom of atrocities: thus did the Delphic god interpret the Greek past.

"Titanic" and "barbaric" was how the Apollonian Greek also deemed the effect that the Dionysian aroused: without being able, all the while, to conceal from himself that he too was nevertheless inwardly akin to those overthrown Titans and heroes. Indeed, he was bound to feel still more: his entire existence, with all its beauty and moderation, rested upon a veiled substratum of suffering and of knowledge, which was laid bare to him once more by that very Dionysian. And behold! Apollo could not live without Dionysus! The "Titanic" and the "barbaric" were in the end just as much a necessity as the Apollonian! And now let us imagine how into this world, built upon semblance and moderation and artificially dammed, there sounded the ecstatic tone of the Dionysian festival in ever more alluring magic strains, how in these the whole excess of nature in delight, sorrow and knowledge, even to the piercing scream, became audible: let us imagine what, set against this demonic folk chant, the psalmodizing artist of Apollo, with the ghostly sound of his harp, could signify! The Muses of the arts of "semblance" paled before an art that in its intoxication spoke the truth; the wisdom of Silenus cried out Woe! Woe! against the cheerful Olympians. The individual, with all his limits and measures, perished here in the self-oblivion of the Dionysian states and forgot the Apollonian precepts. Excess revealed itself as truth; contradiction, the bliss born of pain, spoke of itself out of the heart of nature. And thus, wherever the Dionysian broke through, the Apollonian was suspended and annihilated. But it is just as certain that where the first onslaught was withstood, the authority and majesty of the Delphic

god expressed itself more rigidly and more menacingly than ever. For I can explain the Doric state and Doric art to myself only as a perpetual war camp of the Apollonian: only in an unceasing resistance against the Titanic-barbaric nature of the Dionysian could so defiantly austere an art, enclosed by bulwarks, so martial and harsh an education, so cruel and ruthless a polity, endure for any length of time.

Up to this point, what I remarked at the outset of this treatise has been further developed: how the Dionysian and the Apollonian, in ever new births following one upon another, and mutually intensifying each other, have dominated the Hellenic character: how out of the "bronze" age, with its battles of the Titans and its harsh folk philosophy, the Homeric world developed under the sway of the Apollonian drive toward beauty, how this "naive" splendour was in turn swallowed up by the inrushing torrent of the Dionysian, and how, confronting this new power, the Apollonian rose to the rigid majesty of Doric art and Doric contemplation of the world. If in this manner the older Hellenic history, in the struggle of those two hostile principles, falls into four great artistic stages: then we are now urged to inquire further into the final design of this becoming and striving, unless perhaps the last period attained, that of Doric art, should count for us as the summit and purpose of those artistic drives: and here there presents itself to our gaze the sublime and highly celebrated artwork of Attic tragedy and of the dramatic dithyramb, as the common goal of both drives, whose mysterious marriage union, after a long preceding struggle, has glorified itself in such a child - who is at once Antigone and Cassandra.

5.

We now approach the actual goal of our inquiry, which is directed towards knowledge of the Dionysian-Apollonian genius and its work of art, or at least towards a presentient understanding of that mystery

of unity. Here we first ask where that new germ first makes itself noticeable in the Hellenic world which afterwards develops into tragedy and the dramatic dithyramb. On this point antiquity itself gives us figurative enlightenment when, on sculptures, gems and so on, it places Homer and Archilochus side by side as the forefathers and torch-bearers of Greek poetry, in the sure feeling that only these two are to be regarded as equally wholly original natures, from whom a stream of fire flows on over the whole of Greek posterity. Homer, the aged dreamer sunk within himself, the type of the Apollonian, naive artist, now gazes in astonishment at the passionate head of Archilochus, the warlike servant of the Muses, driven wildly through existence: and modern aesthetics knew only to add, by way of interpretation, that here the first "subjective" artist is set against the "objective" one. This interpretation is of little use to us, since we know the subjective artist only as a bad artist, and in every kind and at every height of art we demand above all and first of all the conquest of the subjective, redemption from the "I", and the silencing of every individual will and craving; indeed, without objectivity, without pure disinterested contemplation, we can never believe in even the slightest truly artistic creation. Therefore our aesthetics must first solve the problem of how the "lyrist" is possible as an artist: he who, according to the experience of all ages, always says "I" and sings before us the entire chromatic scale of his passions and desires. This very Archilochus, beside Homer, terrifies us with the cry of his hatred and scorn, with the drunken outbursts of his lust; is he not thereby, he the first artist to be called subjective, the true non-artist? But whence, then, the veneration shown to him, the poet, by the Delphic oracle too, the very hearth of "objective" art, in most remarkable utterances?

Concerning the process of his poetic creation, Schiller has shed light for us through a psychological observation inexplicable to himself, yet not apparently questionable; he confesses, namely, that the preparat-

ory state before the act of poetic creation was not something like a series of images, with an ordered causality of thoughts, before him and within him, but rather a musical mood ("With me the feeling is at first without a definite and clear object; this takes shape only later. A certain musical disposition of mind comes first, and only after it, with me, follows the poetic idea"). If we now add the most important phenomenon of all ancient lyric poetry, the union, indeed the identity, of the lyrist with the musician, everywhere regarded as natural—compared with which our modern lyric poetry appears like the statue of a god without a head—then we can now, on the basis of the aesthetic metaphysics set forth earlier, explain the lyrist to ourselves in the following way. He has first, as a Dionysian artist, become wholly one with the Primordial One, its pain and contradiction, and produces the copy of this Primordial One as music, if indeed music has rightly been called a repetition of the world and a second cast of it; but now this music becomes visible to him again, as in a symbolic dream image, under the Apollonian influence of dream. That imageless and conceptless reflection of primordial pain in music, with its redemption through semblance, now generates a second mirroring, as a single simile or example. The artist has already surrendered his subjectivity in the Dionysian process: the image which now shows him his oneness with the heart of the world is a dream scene that renders sensible that primordial contradiction and primordial pain, together with the primordial delight of semblance. The "I" of the lyrist therefore sounds from the abyss of being: his "subjectivity" in the sense of modern aestheticians is a fancy. When Archilochus, the first lyrist of the Greeks, proclaims his raging love and at the same time his contempt to the daughters of Lycambes, it is not his passion that dances before us in orgiastic frenzy: we see Dionysus and the Maenads, we see the intoxicated enthusiast Archilochus sunk down in sleep—as Euripides describes him to us in the Bacchae, sleeping on a high Alpine pasture in the midday sun—: and now Apollo steps up to him

and touches him with the laurel. The Dionysian-musical enchantment of the sleeper now, as it were, scatters sparks of images about it, lyric poems, which in their highest unfolding are called tragedies and dramatic dithyrambs.

The sculptor, and with him his kinsman the epic poet, is sunk in the pure contemplation of images. The Dionysian musician, without any image at all, is wholly and solely primordial pain itself and its primordial re-echo. The lyric genius feels a world of images and similes grow forth from the mystical state of self-relinquishment and oneness, a world which has an entirely different colouring, causality and speed from that world of the sculptor and the epic poet. While the latter lives in these images, and only in them, with joyful contentment, and never tires of contemplating them lovingly down to their smallest features, while even the image of wrathful Achilles is for him only an image, whose wrathful expression he enjoys with that dream-delight in semblance—so that, through this mirror of semblance, he is protected against becoming one and fusing with his figures—the images of the lyrist, on the contrary, are nothing but himself and, as it were, only different objectifications of him, which is why he, as the moving centre of that world, may say "I": only this selfhood is not the same as that of the waking, empirically real man, but the sole selfhood that truly exists at all, eternal, resting at the ground of things, through whose copies the lyric genius sees right down to that ground of things. Now let us imagine how, among these copies, he also beholds himself as non-genius, that is, his "subject", the whole throng of subjective passions and stirrings of the will directed towards a particular thing that seems real to him; if it now appears as though the lyric genius and the non-genius bound up with him were one, and as though the former spoke that little word "I" of himself, then this semblance will no longer be able to mislead us, as it has indeed misled those who have designated the lyrist as the subjective poet. In

truth Archilochus, the passionately inflamed man who loves and hates, is only a vision of the genius, who is already no longer Archilochus but world-genius, and who expresses his primordial pain symbolically in that simile of the man Archilochus: whereas that subjectively willing and desiring man Archilochus can never ever be a poet at all. It is not at all necessary, however, that the lyrist should see before him precisely the phenomenon of the man Archilochus alone as a reflection of eternal being; and tragedy proves how far the visionary world of the lyrist can remove itself from that phenomenon which, admittedly, stands nearest to him.

Schopenhauer, who did not conceal from himself the difficulty that the lyrist presents for the philosophical contemplation of art, believes he has found a way out, which I cannot take with him; whereas he alone, in his profound metaphysics of music, had been given the means by which that difficulty could be decisively removed: as I believe I have done here, in his spirit and to his honour. Instead, he describes the peculiar nature of song as follows (World as Will and Representation I, p. 295): "It is the subject of the will, that is, one's own willing, that fills the consciousness of the singer, often as a released, satisfied willing (joy), but still more often perhaps as an obstructed one (sorrow), always as affect, passion, an agitated state of mind. Beside this, however, and at the same time, the singer, through the sight of surrounding nature, becomes conscious of himself as the subject of pure, will-less knowing, whose unshakeable, blissful calm now enters into contrast with the urgency of willing, ever constrained, ever still needy: the feeling of this contrast, this interplay, is properly what is expressed in the whole of the song and what constitutes the lyrical state in general. In this state pure knowing comes to us, as it were, to deliver us from willing and its urgency: we follow; but only for moments: again and again willing, the remembrance of our personal aims, tears us away from calm contemplation; but again

and again, too, the nearest beautiful surroundings, in which pure willless knowledge offers itself to us, entice us away from willing. Therefore in song and the lyrical mood willing (the personal interest of aims) and the pure perception of the surroundings that present themselves are wondrously mingled with one another: relations between the two are sought and imagined; the subjective mood, the affection of the will, imparts its colour by reflection to the perceived surroundings, and these in turn to it: of this whole state of mind, thus mingled and divided, the genuine song is the impression."

Who could fail to recognise in this description that lyric poetry is here characterised as an art imperfectly attained, one that, as it were, arrives at its goal only by leaps and seldom, indeed as a half-art, whose essence is supposed to consist in this, that willing and pure contemplation, that is, the unaesthetic and the aesthetic state, are wondrously mingled with one another? We maintain rather that the whole opposition by which, as by a measure of value, even Schopenhauer still classifies the arts, that of the subjective and the objective, has no place at all in aesthetics, since the subject, the willing individual furthering his egoistic aims, can be conceived only as the adversary, not as the origin of art. But insofar as the subject is an artist, he is already delivered from his individual will and has become, as it were, a medium through which the one truly existing subject celebrates its redemption through semblance. For this above all must be clear to us, to our humiliation and our exaltation, that the whole comedy of art is by no means performed for us, for our improvement and cultivation, say, nor indeed are we the true creators of that artworld: but we may well assume of ourselves that for its true creator we are already images and artistic projections, and that we have our highest dignity in our significance as works of art - for only as an aesthetic phenomenon are existence and the world eternally justified: - while, to be sure, our consciousness of this our significance is

scarcely other than that which the warriors painted on a canvas have of the battle depicted upon it. Thus all our knowledge of art is at bottom a wholly illusory one, because as knowers we are not one and identical with that being which, as the sole creator and spectator of that comedy of art, prepares for itself an eternal enjoyment. Only insofar as the genius, in the act of artistic procreation, fuses with that primordial artist of the world does he know anything of the eternal essence of art; for in that state he is, marvellously, like the uncanny image of the fairy tale that can turn its eyes and gaze upon itself; now he is at once subject and object, at once poet, actor and spectator.

6.

Concerning Archilochus, learned research has discovered that he introduced the folk song into literature, and that on account of this deed that unique place beside Homer is his due in the general estimation of the Greeks. But what is the folk song in contrast to the wholly Apollonian epic? What else but the perpetuum vestigium of a union of the Apollonian and the Dionysian; its tremendous diffusion, extending over all peoples and intensifying in ever new births, is for us a testimony to how strong that dual artistic drive of nature is: which leaves its traces in the folk song in a manner analogous to the way the orgiastic movements of a people are immortalised in its music. Indeed it should also be historically demonstrable how every period richly productive of folk songs has at the same time been most powerfully stirred by Dionysian currents, which we must always regard as the substratum and precondition of the folk song.

The folk song, however, counts for us first and foremost as the musical mirror of the world, as the original melody, which now seeks for itself a parallel dream appearance and expresses this in poetry. The melody is therefore the first and universal thing, which for that reason can also undergo several objectifications, in several texts. It is also by

far the more important and necessary thing in the naive estimation of the people. The melody gives birth to the poetry out of itself, and does so again and again; this and nothing else is what the strophic form of the folk song would tell us: a phenomenon I had always regarded with astonishment, until at last I found this explanation. Whoever looks at a collection of folk songs, for example Des Knaben Wunderhorn, in the light of this theory will find innumerable examples of how the continually generating melody scatters sparks of images all about it: which in their motley variety, their abrupt change, indeed their mad headlong tumbling over one another, reveal a power utterly alien to epic semblance and its calm onward flow. From the standpoint of the epic this uneven and irregular image-world of lyric poetry is simply to be condemned: and this the solemn epic rhapsodes of the Apollonian festivals in the age of Terpander surely did.

In the poetry of the folk song, then, we see language strained to its utmost to imitate music: that is why a new world of poetry begins with Archilochus, one that contradicts the Homeric world at its deepest foundation. With this we have designated the only possible relationship between poetry and music, word and tone: the word, the image, the concept seeks an expression analogous to music and now suffers the power of music upon itself. In this sense we may distinguish two main currents in the linguistic history of the Greek people, according to whether language imitated the world of appearance and images or the world of music. One need only reflect a little more deeply on the linguistic difference of colour, of syntactic structure, of verbal material in Homer and Pindar in order to grasp the significance of this opposition; indeed, it becomes palpably clear to one that between Homer and Pindar the orgiastic flute melodies of Olympus must have sounded, which even in the age of Aristotle, amid an infinitely more developed music, transported people to drunken rapture and which, in their original effect, surely provoked all the poetic

means of expression of their contemporaries to imitation. I recall here a well-known phenomenon of our own day, one that our aesthetics finds merely objectionable. We experience again and again how a Beethoven symphony compels its individual listeners to speak in images, even if a compilation of the various image-worlds produced by a piece of music should look quite fantastically motley, indeed contradictory: to exercise its feeble wit upon such compilations and to overlook the phenomenon, which truly deserves explanation, is entirely in the manner of that aesthetics. Indeed, even when the tone-poet has spoken of a composition in images, as when he calls a symphony the pastoral and one movement "Scene by the Brook", another "Merry Gathering of Country Folk", these too are only metaphorical representations born of the music — and not, say, the imitated objects of the music — representations that can teach us nothing whatever about the Dionysian content of the music, and indeed have no exclusive value beside other images. This process of a discharge of music in images we must now transfer to a youthfully fresh, linguistically creative populace, in order to arrive at an inkling of how the strophic folk song comes into being, and how the entire faculty of language is stirred up by the new principle of the imitation of music.

If, then, we may regard lyric poetry as the imitative effulguration of music in images and concepts, we can now ask: "As what does music appear in the mirror of imagery and concepts?" It appears as will, the word taken in the Schopenhauerian sense, that is, as the opposite of the aesthetic, purely contemplative, will-less mood. Here one must distinguish as sharply as possible the concept of essence from that of appearance: for music, according to its essence, cannot possibly be will, because as such it would have to be banished entirely from the realm of art — for the will is the inherently unaesthetic —; but it appears as will. For in order to express its appearance in images, the lyrist needs all the stirrings of passion, from the whisper of affection

to the roaring of madness; under the impulse to speak of music in Apollonian metaphors, he understands the whole of nature, and himself within it, only as that which eternally wills, desires, longs. Yet insofar as he interprets music in images, he himself rests in the still calm of the sea of Apollonian contemplation, however much everything he beholds through the medium of music may be in urgent and driving motion around him. Indeed, when he beholds himself through the same medium, his own image shows itself to him in a state of unsatisfied feeling: his own willing, longing, groaning, exulting is for him a metaphor with which he interprets music to himself. This is the phenomenon of the lyrist: as Apollonian genius he interprets music through the image of the will, while he himself, wholly released from the greed of the will, is the pure, untroubled eye of the sun.

This entire discussion holds fast to the view that lyric poetry is just as dependent on the spirit of music as music itself, in its complete unboundedness, does not need the image and the concept but merely tolerates them beside it. The poetry of the lyrist can say nothing that did not already lie, in the most tremendous universality and universal validity, in the music that compelled him to speak in images. The world-symbolism of music can for that very reason in no way be exhaustively grasped by language, because it relates symbolically to the primordial contradiction and primordial pain in the heart of the Primordial One, and thus symbolizes a sphere that is above all appearance and prior to all appearance. In relation to it, every appearance is rather only a metaphor: hence language, as the organ and symbol of appearances, can never and nowhere turn the innermost depths of music outward, but always remains, as soon as it engages in the imitation of music, only in an external contact with music, while music's deepest meaning cannot be brought even a single step closer to us by all lyrical eloquence.

7.

All the artistic principles discussed so far we must now call to our aid in order to find our way in the labyrinth, for such we must call the origin of Greek tragedy. I do not think I am asserting anything absurd when I say that the problem of this origin has so far not even been seriously posed, let alone solved, however often the fluttering tatters of ancient tradition have been combinatorially stitched together and torn apart again. This tradition tells us with complete decisiveness that tragedy arose from the tragic chorus and was originally only chorus and nothing but chorus: whence we derive the obligation to look into the heart of this tragic chorus as the true primordial drama, without in any way contenting ourselves with the current artistic phrases — that it is the ideal spectator, or that it has to represent the people over against the princely region of the stage. That last-mentioned explanatory notion, which sounds sublime to many a politician — as though the immutable moral law were represented by the democratic Athenians in the popular chorus, which always remains in the right over and above the passionate excesses and extravagances of kings — may be ever so strongly suggested by a remark of Aristotle: it has no bearing on the original formation of tragedy, since from those purely religious origins the whole opposition of people and prince, indeed any political-social sphere whatever, is excluded; but we would also, with regard to the classical form of the chorus known to us in Aeschylus and Sophocles, consider it blasphemy to speak here of a presentiment of "constitutional popular representation", a blasphemy from which others have not shrunk back. A constitutional popular representation was unknown in practice to the ancient constitutions of state, and they have, one hopes, not even "presaged" it in their tragedy.

Far more famous than this political explanation of the chorus is the notion of A. W. Schlegel, who recommends that we regard the chorus,

in a certain sense, as the epitome and extract of the crowd of spectators, as the "ideal spectator". This view, held up against that historical tradition according to which tragedy was originally nothing but chorus, reveals itself for what it is: a crude, unscientific, yet dazzling assertion, which owes its dazzle, however, only to its concentrated form of expression, to the genuinely Germanic predilection for everything called "ideal", and to our momentary astonishment. For we are astonished as soon as we compare the theatre public so well known to us with that chorus and ask ourselves whether it could ever be possible to idealise out of this public anything analogous to the tragic chorus. We silently deny it, and now marvel just as much at the boldness of Schlegel's assertion as at the utterly different nature of the Greek public. For we had always supposed that the proper spectator, be he who he may, must always remain conscious that he has before him a work of art, not an empirical reality: whereas the tragic chorus of the Greeks is compelled to recognise in the figures on the stage beings of flesh and blood. The chorus of Oceanids really believes it sees before it the Titan Prometheus, and holds itself to be just as real as the god of the scene. And this is supposed to be the highest and purest type of spectator, to hold Prometheus, like the Oceanids, to be bodily present and real? And it would be the mark of the ideal spectator to run up onto the stage and free the god from his torments? We had believed in an aesthetic public, and had held the individual spectator to be all the more capable the more he was able to take the work of art as art, that is, aesthetically; and now Schlegel's expression intimated to us that the perfect ideal spectator lets the world of the scene act upon him not aesthetically at all, but bodily and empirically. Oh, these Greeks! we sigh; they overturn our aesthetics! But having grown accustomed to it, we repeated Schlegel's dictum whenever the chorus came up for discussion.

But that so explicit tradition speaks here against Schlegel: the chorus in itself, without a stage, that is, the primitive form of tragedy, and that chorus of ideal spectators cannot be reconciled with each other. What kind of artistic genre would that be which was drawn out of the concept of the spectator, and whose true form would have to be considered the "spectator in himself"? The spectator without a spectacle is an absurd concept. We fear that the birth of tragedy is to be explained neither from a high regard for the moral intelligence of the masses nor from the concept of the spectator without a play, and we consider this problem too deep even to be touched by such shallow modes of consideration.

An infinitely more valuable insight into the significance of the chorus had already been disclosed by Schiller in the famous preface to The Bride of Messina, who regarded the chorus as a living wall which tragedy draws around itself in order to shut itself off cleanly from the real world and to preserve its ideal ground and its poetic freedom.

With this, his principal weapon, Schiller fights against the common concept of the natural, against the illusion commonly demanded of dramatic poetry. Whereas daylight itself on the stage is only artificial, the architecture only symbolic, and the metrical language bears an ideal character, error still prevails in the whole: it is not enough, he says, that one merely tolerates as a poetic licence what is in fact the essence of all poetry. The introduction of the chorus, he says, is the decisive step by which war is openly and honestly declared on every kind of naturalism in art. - It is such a mode of consideration, it seems to me, for which our age, imagining itself superior, uses the disparaging catchword "pseudo-idealism". I fear that we, on the contrary, with our present veneration of the natural and the real, have arrived at the opposite pole of all idealism, namely in the region of the waxworks cabinet. There is an art in these too, as in certain popular

novels of the present day: only let no one torment us with the claim that this art has overcome the Schiller-Goethean "pseudo-idealism".

To be sure, it is an "ideal" ground on which, according to Schiller's correct insight, the Greek satyr chorus, the chorus of the original tragedy, is wont to walk, a ground raised high above the actual path trodden by mortals. For this chorus the Greek built the suspended scaffolding of a fictitious state of nature and placed upon it fictitious natural beings. Tragedy grew up on this foundation and was, for that very reason, released from the outset from any painstaking portrayal of reality. And yet it is no world arbitrarily fantasised into place between heaven and earth; rather, a world of the same reality and credibility as Olympus together with its inhabitants possessed for the believing Hellene. The satyr, as the Dionysian chorist, lives in a religiously acknowledged reality under the sanction of myth and cult. That tragedy begins with him, that the Dionysian wisdom of tragedy speaks out of him, is a phenomenon just as disconcerting to us here as the origin of tragedy from the chorus in general. Perhaps we shall gain a starting point for our consideration if I put forward the assertion that the satyr, the fictitious natural being, stands in the same relation to man of culture as Dionysian music does to civilisation. Of the latter Richard Wagner says that it is cancelled out by music as lamplight is by the light of day. In the same way, I believe, the Greek man of culture felt himself cancelled out in the presence of the satyr chorus: and this is the most immediate effect of Dionysian tragedy, that the state and society, and in general the gulfs between man and man, give way to an overpowering feeling of unity which leads back to the heart of nature. The metaphysical comfort - with which, as I intimate already here, every true tragedy dismisses us - that life, at the ground of things, despite all the changes of appearances, is indestructibly powerful and full of delight, this comfort appears with bodily distinctness as the satyr chorus, as a chorus of natural beings who live

ineradicably, as it were, behind all civilisation and, despite all the changes of generations and the history of peoples, remain eternally the same.

With this chorus the profound Hellene consoles himself, he who is uniquely capable of the tenderest and the heaviest suffering, who has looked with piercing gaze into the very midst of the terrible destructive frenzy of so-called world history, as well as into the cruelty of nature, and who is in danger of longing for a Buddhistic negation of the will. Art saves him, and through art life saves him - for itself.

For the rapture of the Dionysian state, with its annihilation of the ordinary bounds and limits of existence, contains, for as long as it lasts, a lethargic element in which everything personally experienced in the past is submerged. Thus, through this gulf of oblivion, the world of everyday reality and the world of Dionysian reality are severed from one another. But as soon as that everyday reality reenters consciousness, it is felt as such with nausea; an ascetic, will-negating mood is the fruit of those states. In this sense the Dionysian man resembles Hamlet: both have once cast a true glance into the essence of things, they have understood, and it nauseates them to act; for their action can change nothing in the eternal essence of things, and they feel it to be ludicrous or shameful that they should be expected to set right a world that is out of joint. Knowledge kills action; to action belongs the being-veiled by illusion - that is the doctrine of Hamlet, not that cheap wisdom of Jack the Dreamer, who, from too much reflection, as it were from a surplus of possibilities, never comes to act; not reflection, no! - true knowledge, insight into the horrible truth, outweighs every motive impelling to action, in Hamlet as well as in the Dionysian man. Now no comfort avails any longer; longing reaches out beyond a world after death, beyond the gods themselves; existence, together with its glittering reflection in the gods or in an immortal beyond, is negated. In the consciousness of

the truth once beheld, man now sees everywhere only the horror or the absurdity of being; now he understands what is symbolic in the fate of Ophelia, now he recognises the wisdom of the sylvan god Silenus: he is nauseated.

Here, in this supreme peril of the will, art draws near as a saving sorceress, skilled in healing; she alone is able to bend those nauseous thoughts about the horror or absurdity of existence into representations with which it is possible to live: these are the sublime, as the artistic taming of the horrible, and the comic, as the artistic discharge of the nausea of the absurd. The satyr chorus of the dithyramb is the saving deed of Greek art; those fits described a moment ago spent themselves upon the intermediary world of these Dionysian companions.

8.

The satyr, like the idyllic shepherd of our more recent times, is in both cases the offspring of a longing directed toward the original and the natural; but with what firm and fearless grip did the Greek seize upon his man of the woods, and how bashfully and effeminately did modern man trifle with the flattering image of a tender, fluting, soft-natured herdsman! Nature, upon which no knowledge has yet laboured, in which the bolts of culture have not yet been broken open — this is what the Greek saw in his satyr, who for that reason did not yet coincide for him with the ape. On the contrary: it was the archetype of man, the expression of his highest and strongest stirrings, as an inspired enthusiast enraptured by the nearness of the god, as a sympathetic companion in whom the suffering of the god is repeated, as a herald of wisdom speaking out of the deepest breast of nature, as a symbol of the sexual omnipotence of nature, which the Greek is accustomed to contemplate with reverent astonishment. The satyr was something sublime and divine: so he must have seemed especially to

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the painfully broken gaze of Dionysian man. The dressed-up, counterfeit shepherd would have offended him: upon the unveiled and unstunted magnificent handwriting of nature his eye lingered in sublime satisfaction; here the illusion of culture was wiped away from the archetype of man, here the true man revealed himself, the bearded satyr who shouts with jubilation to his god. Before him the man of culture shrivelled into a mendacious caricature. For these beginnings of tragic art, too, Schiller is right: the chorus is a living wall against the onstorming reality, because it — the satyr chorus — depicts existence more truthfully, more really, more completely than the man of culture, who commonly regards himself as the sole reality. The sphere of poetry does not lie outside the world, as a fantastic impossibility of a poet's brain: it wants to be the very opposite, the unvarnished expression of truth, and precisely for that reason must cast off the mendacious finery of that supposed reality of the man of culture. The contrast between this genuine truth of nature and the lie of culture that poses as the sole reality is similar to that between the eternal core of things, the thing in itself, and the entire world of appearance: and just as tragedy, with its metaphysical comfort, points to the eternal life of that core of existence amid the continual destruction of appearances, so the symbolism of the satyr chorus already expresses in a parable that primordial relation between thing in itself and appearance. That idyllic shepherd of modern man is merely a counterfeit likeness of the sum of illusions of cultivation that pass with him for nature; the Dionysian Greek wants truth and nature in their highest force — he sees himself enchanted into a satyr.

Under such moods and insights the swarming throng of the servants of Dionysus rejoices: their power transforms them before their own eyes, so that they fancy they behold themselves as restored geniuses of nature, as satyrs. The later constitution of the tragic chorus is the artistic imitation of that natural phenomenon; in which, to be sure, a

separation between Dionysian spectators and the Dionysian enchanted now became necessary. Only one must always bear in mind that the public of Attic tragedy found itself again in the chorus of the orchestra, that there was at bottom no opposition between public and chorus: for all is but one great sublime chorus of dancing and singing satyrs, or of those who let themselves be represented by these satyrs. Schlegel's phrase must here disclose itself to us in a deeper sense. The chorus is the "ideal spectator" insofar as it is the only beholder, the beholder of the visionary world of the scene. A public of spectators as we know it was unknown to the Greeks: in their theatres it was possible for everyone, owing to the terraced structure of the auditorium rising in concentric arcs, quite literally to overlook the entire world of culture around him and, in sated gazing, to fancy himself a chorist. In the light of this insight we may call the chorus, at its primitive stage in primordial tragedy, a self-mirroring of Dionysian man: a phenomenon best made clear through the process of the actor who, if truly gifted, sees the image of the role he is to portray hovering before his eyes, palpable enough to grasp. The satyr chorus is first and foremost a vision of the Dionysian mass, just as the world of the stage is in turn a vision of this satyr chorus: the force of this vision is strong enough to make the gaze dull and insensible to the impression of "reality", to the cultivated people ranged all around on the rows of seats. The form of the Greek theatre recalls a lonely mountain valley: the architecture of the scene appears like a luminous cloud-image which the Bacchantes swarming about the mountains behold from the heights, as the glorious frame in whose midst the image of Dionysus is revealed to them.

That primordial artistic phenomenon which we bring up here to explain the tragic chorus is, given our scholarly view of elementary artistic processes, almost offensive; whereas nothing can be more certain than that the poet is a poet only because he sees himself sur-

rounded by figures who live and act before him and into whose innermost being he gazes. Through a peculiar weakness of the modern gift, we are inclined to imagine the aesthetic primordial phenomenon as too complicated and abstract. For the genuine poet, metaphor is not a rhetorical figure but a substitutive image that actually hovers before him in place of a concept. For him a character is not a whole composed of individual traits gathered together, but an obtrusively living person before his eyes, distinguished from the painter's like vision only by its continuing to live and to act. Why does Homer depict so much more vividly than all the poets? Because he beholds so much more. We speak about poetry so abstractly because we are all wont to be bad poets. At bottom the aesthetic phenomenon is simple; one need only have the ability to see a living play continually and to live perpetually surrounded by hosts of spirits, and one is a poet; one need only feel the drive to transform oneself and to speak out of other bodies and souls, and one is a dramatist.

Dionysian excitement is capable of communicating to an entire mass this artistic gift of seeing itself surrounded by such a host of spirits, with which it knows itself inwardly one. This process of the tragic chorus is the dramatic primordial phenomenon: to see oneself transformed before oneself and now to act as though one had really entered into another body, another character. This process stands at the beginning of the development of drama. Here is something other than the rhapsode, who does not fuse with his images but, like the painter, sees them outside himself with contemplative eye; here there is already a surrender of the individual through entry into an alien nature. And indeed this phenomenon appears epidemically: a whole throng feels itself enchanted in this way. The dithyramb is therefore essentially different from every other choral song. The virgins who, with laurel branches in their hands, solemnly proceed to the temple of Apollo, singing a processional song as they go, remain who they are

and keep their civic names: the dithyrambic chorus is a chorus of the transformed, whose civic past and social standing are entirely forgotten: they have become the timeless servants of their god, living outside all spheres of society. All other choral lyric of the Hellenes is merely an enormous intensification of the Apollonian solo singer; whereas in the dithyramb there stands before us a community of unconscious actors who regard one another as transformed.

Enchantment is the precondition of all dramatic art. In this enchantment the Dionysian enthusiast sees himself as a satyr, and as a satyr in turn he beholds the god, that is, in his transformation he sees a new vision outside himself, as the Apollonian consummation of his condition. With this new vision the drama is complete.

In the light of this insight we must understand Greek tragedy as the Dionysian chorus which again and again discharges itself anew in an Apollonian world of images. Those choral passages with which tragedy is interwoven are thus, in a certain sense, the maternal womb of the whole so-called dialogue, that is, of the entire stage-world, of the drama proper. In several successive discharges this primal ground of tragedy radiates forth that vision of the drama: a vision which is wholly dream-appearance and in so far epic in nature, but which on the other hand, as the objectification of a Dionysian condition, represents not the Apollonian redemption through semblance but, on the contrary, the shattering of the individual and his becoming one with primal being. Thus the drama is the Apollonian embodiment in sense of Dionysian insights and effects, and is thereby separated from the epic as by a tremendous chasm.

The chorus of Greek tragedy, the symbol of the whole Dionysianly excited mass, finds its full explanation in this our conception. Whereas we, accustomed to the position of a chorus on the modern stage, especially an operatic chorus, could not at all comprehend how that

tragic chorus of the Greeks should be older, more original, indeed more important than the "action" proper, - as tradition so clearly told us it was - whereas we in turn could not reconcile with that traditional high importance and originality why it should nonetheless have been composed only of lowly, serving beings, indeed at first only of goatlike satyrs, whereas the orchestra before the stage always remained a riddle to us, we have now come to the insight that the stage together with the action was fundamentally and originally conceived only as vision, that the sole "reality" is precisely the chorus, which generates the vision out of itself and speaks of it with the whole symbolism of dance, of tone and of word. This chorus beholds in its vision its lord and master Dionysus, and is therefore eternally the serving chorus: it sees how he, the god, suffers and glorifies himself, and therefore does not itself act. In this position, wholly one of service towards the god, it is nevertheless the highest, namely the Dionysian, expression of nature, and therefore, like nature, speaks in its inspiration oracles and words of wisdom: as the one who suffers with, it is at the same time the wise one, proclaiming the truth from the heart of the world. Thus arises that fantastic and seemingly so offensive figure of the wise and inspired satyr, who is at the same time "the simple fool" in contrast to the god: image of nature and of its strongest drives, indeed symbol of them, and at the same time proclaimer of its wisdom and art: musician, poet, dancer, seer of spirits in one person.

Dionysus, the actual hero of the stage and centre of the vision, is, in accordance with this insight and in accordance with tradition, at first, in the very oldest period of tragedy, not truly present, but is only imagined as present: that is, originally tragedy is only "chorus" and not "drama". Later the attempt is made to show the god as a real one and to present the visionary figure together with its transfiguring frame as visible to every eye; with this the "drama" in the narrower

sense begins. Now the dithyrambic chorus is given the task of exciting the mood of the listeners Dionysianly to such a degree that, when the tragic hero appears on the stage, they do not see the shapelessly masked man, but a visionary figure born, as it were, of their own rapture. Let us imagine Admetus, deep in brooding thought of his recently departed wife Alcestis and wholly consuming himself in the spiritual contemplation of her - how suddenly a veiled figure of a woman, of similar form and similar gait, is led towards him: let us imagine his sudden trembling unrest, his stormy comparing, his instinctive conviction - and we have an analogue to the feeling with which the Dionysianly excited spectator saw the god striding onto the stage, the god with whose sufferings he has already become one. Involuntarily he transferred the whole image of the god, trembling magically before his soul, onto that masked figure and dissolved its reality, as it were, into a ghostly unreality. This is the Apollonian dream-state, in which the world of day becomes veiled and a new world, clearer, more comprehensible, more moving than that one and yet more shadowlike, is born anew before our eyes in perpetual change. Accordingly we recognise in tragedy a thoroughgoing contrast of styles: language, colour, mobility, dynamics of speech part asunder, in the Dionysian lyric of the chorus and on the other hand in the Apollonian dream-world of the stage, as entirely separate spheres of expression. The Apollonian appearances in which Dionysus objectifies himself are no longer "an eternal sea, a changing weaving, a glowing life", as is the music of the chorus, no longer those forces merely felt, not condensed into an image, in which the inspired servant of Dionysus senses the nearness of the god: now, from the stage, the clarity and firmness of epic form speaks to him, now Dionysus no longer speaks through forces but as an epic hero, almost with the language of Homer.

9.

Everything that comes to the surface in the Apollonian part of Greek tragedy, in the dialogue, looks simple, transparent, beautiful. In this sense the dialogue is an image of the Hellene, whose nature reveals itself in the dance, because in the dance the greatest strength is only potential, yet betrays itself in the suppleness and luxuriance of movement. Thus the language of the Sophoclean heroes surprises us by its Apollonian definiteness and brightness, so that we imagine we are at once gazing into the innermost ground of their being, with some astonishment that the way to this ground is so short. But if for once we disregard the character of the hero as it comes to the surface and becomes visible - which at bottom is nothing more than the light-image cast upon a dark wall, that is, appearance through and through - if instead we penetrate into the myth which projects itself in these bright reflections, then we suddenly experience a phenomenon that stands in an inverse relation to a familiar optical one. When, after a strenuous attempt to look directly at the sun, we turn away dazzled, we have dark coloured spots before our eyes, as a remedy, as it were: conversely, those light-image appearances of the Sophoclean hero, in short the Apollonian of the mask, are necessary products of a glance into the inner and terrible depths of nature, luminous spots, as it were, to heal the gaze wounded by gruesome night. Only in this sense may we believe that we rightly grasp the serious and significant concept of "Greek cheerfulness"; whereas, to be sure, we meet the falsely understood concept of this cheerfulness, as a state of unendangered comfort, on every road and path of the present.

The most sorrowful figure of the Greek stage, the ill-fated Oedipus, was understood by Sophocles as the noble man who, despite his wisdom, is destined for error and misery, but who in the end, through his tremendous suffering, exerts around himself a magical, blessed power that remains effective even beyond his passing. The noble man does

not sin, the profound poet would tell us: through his action every law, every natural order, indeed the moral world itself may perish, yet precisely through this action a higher magic circle of effects is drawn, which found a new world upon the ruins of the old one overthrown. That is what the poet, insofar as he is at the same time a religious thinker, would tell us: as poet he first shows us a wondrously tangled legal knot, which the judge slowly unravels, link by link, to his own ruin; the genuinely Hellenic delight in this dialectical solution is so great that a trait of superior cheerfulness thereby pervades the whole work, everywhere breaking the point off the dreadful presuppositions of that case. In "Oedipus at Colonus" we encounter this same cheerfulness, but raised up into an infinite transfiguration; over against the old man, stricken by the excess of misery, who is abandoned purely as a sufferer to all that befalls him - stands the supraterrestrial cheerfulness that descends from the divine sphere and intimates to us that the hero, in his purely passive conduct, attains his highest activity, which reaches far beyond his life, whereas his conscious striving and endeavour in his earlier life led him only to passivity. Thus the legal knot of the Oedipus fable, which for mortal eyes is inextricably entangled, is slowly unravelled - and the profoundest human joy comes over us at this divine counterpart of dialectics. If with this explanation we have done justice to the poet, it may still be asked whether the content of the myth is thereby exhausted: and here it becomes evident that the poet's entire conception is nothing but precisely that luminous image which healing nature holds up before us after a glance into the abyss. Oedipus the murderer of his father, the husband of his mother, Oedipus the solver of the Sphinx's riddle! What does the mysterious triad of these fateful deeds tell us? There is an ancient folk belief, especially Persian, that a wise magus can be born only of incest: which, with regard to the riddle-solving Oedipus who weds his mother, we must at once interpret to mean that wherever, through prophetic and magical powers, the spell of present and future, the rigid law of

individuation, and indeed the very enchantment of nature has been broken, a tremendous violation of nature - such as incest in that case - must have preceded as its cause; for how could one compel nature to surrender her secrets except by victoriously resisting her, that is, through the unnatural? This insight I see stamped upon that dreadful triad of the fates of Oedipus: the very one who solves the riddle of nature - of that double-natured Sphinx - must also, as murderer of his father and husband of his mother, shatter the most sacred orders of nature. Indeed, the myth seems to wish to whisper to us that wisdom, and precisely Dionysian wisdom, is an abomination against nature, that he who through his knowledge plunges nature into the abyss of annihilation must also experience the dissolution of nature in himself. "The point of wisdom turns against the wise: wisdom is a crime against nature": such terrible sentences the myth calls out to us: but the Hellenic poet touches the sublime and fearful Memnon's column of the myth like a ray of sunlight, so that it suddenly begins to sound - in Sophoclean melodies!

Against the glory of passivity I now set the glory of activity which shines around the Prometheus of Aeschylus. What the thinker Aeschylus had to tell us here, but what as poet he only lets us divine through his allegorical image, the youthful Goethe knew how to reveal to us in the audacious words of his Prometheus:

"Here I sit, forming men In my own image, A race that shall be like me, To suffer, to weep, To delight and to rejoice, And to pay no heed to thee, As I!"

Man, raising himself to the Titanic, wins his culture for himself by struggle and compels the gods to ally themselves with him, because in his very own wisdom he holds their existence and their limits in his hand. Yet the most wonderful thing about that Prometheus poem, which in its fundamental idea is the veritable hymn of impiety, is the

profound Aeschylean yearning for justice: the immeasurable suffering of the bold "individual" on the one side, and the divine distress, indeed the foreboding of a twilight of the gods, on the other; the power of those two worlds of suffering compelling them to reconciliation, to metaphysical oneness — all this recalls in the strongest way the centre and cardinal tenet of the Aeschylean view of the world, which sees Moira enthroned above gods and men as eternal justice. In view of the astonishing boldness with which Aeschylus sets the Olympian world upon the scales of his justice, we must remind ourselves that the profound Greek possessed an immovably firm foundation of metaphysical thought in his mysteries, and that all his sceptical moods could discharge themselves upon the Olympians. The Greek artist in particular felt, with regard to these deities, an obscure sense of mutual dependence: and it is precisely in the Prometheus of Aeschylus that this feeling is symbolised. The Titanic artist found within himself the defiant faith that he could create men and at least destroy Olympian gods: and this through his higher wisdom, for which, to be sure, he was compelled to atone with eternal suffering. The glorious "ability" of the great genius, for which even eternal suffering is too small a price, the austere pride of the artist — this is the content and soul of the Aeschylean poem, whereas Sophocles in his Oedipus strikes up, as a prelude, the victory song of the saint. But even with that interpretation which Aeschylus gave the myth, its astonishing depth of terror is not fathomed: rather, the artist's delight in becoming, the cheerfulness of artistic creation that defies every calamity, is but a bright image of clouds and sky mirrored on a black lake of sorrow. The Prometheus legend is an original possession of the entire Aryan community of peoples and a document of their gift for the profoundly tragic; indeed, it might not be without likelihood that this myth holds for the Aryan character the very same characteristic significance that the myth of the Fall holds for the Semitic, and that between the two myths there exists a degree of kinship like that

between brother and sister. The presupposition of that Prometheus myth is the extravagant value which a naive humanity attaches to fire as the true palladium of every ascending culture: but that man should freely dispose of fire, and not merely receive it as a gift from heaven, as the kindling lightning bolt or the warming blaze of the sun, appeared to those contemplative primeval men as a sacrilege, as a robbery committed against divine nature. And so the very first philosophical problem sets up a painful, insoluble contradiction between man and god and rolls it like a boulder to the gate of every culture. The best and highest that humanity can partake of, it wins through a sacrilege, and must then in turn accept its consequences, namely the whole flood of sufferings and sorrows with which the offended celestials must visit the nobly aspiring human race: a bitter thought, which, through the dignity it confers upon sacrilege, contrasts strangely with the Semitic myth of the Fall, in which curiosity, lying deception, seducibility, lasciviousness, in short a series of chiefly feminine affections, were regarded as the origin of evil. What distinguishes the Aryan conception is the sublime view of active sin as the genuinely Promethean virtue: with which the ethical foundation of pessimistic tragedy has at the same time been found, as the justification of human evil, and indeed both of human guilt and of the suffering thereby incurred. The calamity in the essence of things — which the contemplative Aryan is not inclined to explain away by quibbling —, the contradiction at the heart of the world, reveals itself to him as a confusion of different worlds, for example of a divine and a human one, each of which is in the right as an individual, but as a single world alongside another must suffer for its individuation. In the heroic urge of the individual towards the universal, in the attempt to stride beyond the spell of individuation and to wish to be the one essence of the world itself, he suffers in himself the primordial contradiction hidden in things, that is, he commits sacrilege and suffers. Thus sacrilege is understood by the Aryans as man, sin by the Semites as woman, just as the original

sacrilege is committed by man, the original sin by woman. Besides, the witches' chorus says:

"We do not take it so precisely: With a thousand steps the woman makes it; But however she may hurry on, The man makes it with a single bound".

Whoever understands that innermost kernel of the Prometheus legend — namely the necessity of sacrilege imposed upon the Titanically striving individual — must also at the same time feel the un-Apollonian character of this pessimistic conception; for Apollo seeks to bring individual beings to rest precisely by drawing boundary lines between them and by reminding them again and again of these as the most sacred laws of the world, with his demands for self-knowledge and measure. But lest, under this Apollonian tendency, form should congeal into Egyptian rigidity and coldness, lest the movement of the whole lake should die away under the effort to prescribe to each single wave its course and its domain, the high tide of the Dionysian from time to time destroyed once more all those little circles within which the one-sidedly Apollonian "will" sought to confine Hellenism. That suddenly swelling tide of the Dionysian then takes the single little wave-crests of individuals upon its back, as the brother of Prometheus, the Titan Atlas, bears the earth. This Titanic urge to become, as it were, the Atlas of all individuals and to carry them on a broad back higher and higher, farther and farther, is what the Promethean and the Dionysian have in common. In this respect the Aeschylean Prometheus is a Dionysian mask, while in that deep yearning for justice mentioned earlier Aeschylus betrays to the discerning his paternal descent from Apollo, the god of individuation and of the boundaries of justice. And so the dual nature of the Aeschylean Prometheus, his at once Dionysian and Apollonian nature, might be expressed in a conceptual formula thus: "All that exists is just and unjust and equally justified in both."

That is your world! That is what is called a world! -

10.

It is an incontestable tradition that Greek tragedy in its oldest form had as its subject only the sufferings of Dionysus, and that for a considerable time the sole stage hero present was precisely Dionysus. But with equal certainty it may be asserted that never, right up to Euripides, did Dionysus cease to be the tragic hero; rather, all the celebrated figures of the Greek stage, Prometheus, Oedipus and so on, are only masks of that original hero, Dionysus. That a deity lurks behind all these masks is the one essential reason for the typical "ideality" of those celebrated figures, so often marvelled at. Someone, I know not who, has asserted that all individuals as individuals are comic and therefore untragic: from which one might infer that the Greeks simply could not bear individuals on the tragic stage. And indeed they seem to have felt this way: just as, in general, that Platonic distinction and valuation of the "Idea" as opposed to the "idol", the copy, lies deeply rooted in the Hellenic nature. But to avail ourselves of Plato's terminology, one might speak of the tragic figures of the Hellenic stage somewhat as follows: the one truly real Dionysus appears in a multiplicity of figures, in the mask of a struggling hero and, as it were, entangled in the net of the individual will. As the god who appears now speaks and acts, he resembles an erring, striving, suffering individual: and that he appears at all with this epic definiteness and clarity is the effect of Apollo, the interpreter of dreams, who interprets to the chorus its Dionysian state through that symbolic appearance. In truth, however, that hero is the suffering Dionysus of the Mysteries, that god who experiences in himself the sufferings of individuation, of whom wondrous myths tell how as a boy he was torn to pieces by the Titans and is now worshipped in this state as Zagreus: whereby it is intimated that this dismemberment, the properly Di-

onysian suffering, is like a transformation into air, water, earth and fire, and that we are thus to regard the state of individuation as the source and primal ground of all suffering, as something in itself reprehensible. From the smile of this Dionysus sprang the Olympian gods, from his tears sprang men. In that existence as the dismembered god, Dionysus has the double nature of a cruel, savage daemon and a mild, gentle ruler. But the hope of the epopts was directed towards a rebirth of Dionysus, which we must now understand, full of presentiment, as the end of individuation: it was to this coming third Dionysus that the roaring song of jubilation of the epopts resounded. And only in this hope is there a ray of joy upon the countenance of the world, torn apart and shattered into individuals: as myth pictures it in Demeter, sunk in eternal mourning, who rejoices for the first time again when she is told that she may once more give birth to Dionysus. In the views cited we already have together all the components of a profound and pessimistic contemplation of the world, and with them at the same time the mystery doctrine of tragedy: the fundamental knowledge of the oneness of all that exists, the view of individuation as the primal ground of evil, art as the joyous hope that the spell of individuation may be broken, as the presentiment of a restored oneness. -

It was intimated earlier that the Homeric epic is the poetry of Olympian culture, with which it sang its own song of victory over the terrors of the war of the Titans. Now, under the overpowering influence of tragic poetry, the Homeric myths are born anew, and show in this metempsychosis that meanwhile Olympian culture too has been vanquished by a still deeper contemplation of the world. The defiant Titan Prometheus announced to his Olympian tormentor that one day the gravest danger would threaten his rule unless he allied himself with him in good time. In Aeschylus we recognize the alliance of the terrified Zeus, fearful of his end, with the Titan. Thus the former age

of the Titans is belatedly brought back up from Tartarus into the light. The philosophy of wild and naked nature looks upon the myths of the Homeric world as they dance past with the unveiled countenance of truth: they grow pale, they tremble before the lightning eye of this goddess - until the mighty fist of the Dionysian artist forces them into the service of the new deity. Dionysian truth takes over the entire domain of myth as the symbolism of its insights, and expresses these partly in the public cult of tragedy, partly in the secret rites of dramatic mystery festivals, but always under the old mythical veil. What power was it that freed Prometheus from his vultures and transformed myth into a vehicle of Dionysian wisdom? It is the Heraclean power of music: which, having attained its highest appearance in tragedy, knows how to interpret myth with a new and most profound significance; as we have already had occasion to characterize this earlier as the mightiest faculty of music. For it is the fate of every myth to creep gradually into the narrow confines of a supposedly historical reality and to be treated by some later age as a unique fact with historical claims: and the Greeks were already well on the way to restamping, with acuity and arbitrariness, their whole mythical dream of youth into a historico-pragmatic history of youth. For this is the way in which religions are wont to die: when, namely, the mythical presuppositions of a religion are systematized, under the stern, rational eyes of an orthodox dogmatism, as a finished sum of historical events, and one begins anxiously to defend the credibility of the myths while resisting every natural living-on and proliferating of them; when, that is, the feeling for myth dies away and its place is taken by the claim of religion to historical foundations. This dying myth was now seized by the newborn genius of Dionysian music: and in its hand it blossomed once more, with colours such as it had never yet shown, with a fragrance that awakened a yearning presentiment of a metaphysical world. After this last flaring-up it collapses, its leaves wither, and soon the mocking Lucians of antiquity snatch at the faded

and ravaged flowers carried off by every wind. Through tragedy myth attains its most profound content, its most expressive form; once more it rises up, like a wounded hero, and the whole surplus of strength, together with the wisdom-filled calm of the dying, burns in its eye with a last, mighty radiance.

What did you want, sacrilegious Euripides, when you sought once more to force this dying one into your drudging service? He died beneath your violent hands: and now you needed a counterfeit, masked myth, which, like the ape of Heracles, knew only how to deck itself out in the old pomp. And as myth died for you, so too the genius of music died for you: though you might plunder all the gardens of music with greedy grasping, even so you achieved only a counterfeit, masked music. And because you abandoned Dionysus, Apollo too abandoned you; hunt up all the passions from their lairs and spellbind them within your circle, sharpen and file for yourself a sophistic dialectic for the speeches of your heroes - your heroes too have only imitated, masked passions and speak only imitated, masked speeches.

11.

Greek tragedy met its end differently from all the older sister genres of art: it died by suicide, in consequence of an insoluble conflict, and hence tragically, whereas those others all passed away at a ripe old age in the fairest and most tranquil of deaths. For if it accords with a happy natural condition to depart from life with fine offspring and without convulsion, then the end of those older genres shows us just such a happy natural condition: they sink slowly from sight, and before their dying gaze there already stands their fairer progeny, impatiently lifting its head with a bold gesture. With the death of Greek tragedy, on the other hand, there arose a tremendous void, deeply felt everywhere; just as Greek sailors in the time of Tiberius once heard upon a lonely island the harrowing cry "great Pan is dead": so now

there rang through the Hellenic world like a sorrowful lament: "Tragedy is dead! Poetry itself has perished with it! Away, away with you, you stunted, emaciated epigones! Away to Hades, that there for once you may eat your fill of the crumbs of your former masters!"

But when a new genre of art did after all burst into bloom, one that revered tragedy as its predecessor and mistress, it was perceived with horror that it did indeed bear the features of its mother, but those very features which she had shown in her long death-struggle. It was Euripides who fought this death-struggle of tragedy; that later genre of art is known as the New Attic Comedy. In it the degenerate form of tragedy lived on, as a monument to its exceedingly laborious and violent passing.

Given this connection, the passionate attachment which the poets of the newer comedy felt for Euripides is understandable; so that one is no longer surprised by the wish of Philemon, who would gladly have had himself hanged forthwith, merely in order to be able to seek out Euripides in the underworld: if only he could be sure that the departed still had his wits about him even now. But if one wishes to designate, as briefly as possible and without any claim to saying something exhaustive, what Euripides has in common with Menander and Philemon, and what had so stirringly exemplary an effect upon them, it suffices to say that the spectator was brought onto the stage by Euripides. Whoever has recognized from what material the Promethean tragedians before Euripides formed their heroes, and how far from their intention it was to bring the faithful mask of reality onto the stage, will also be clear about the utterly divergent tendency of Euripides. Through him the man of everyday life pressed forward from the auditorium onto the stage; the mirror in which formerly only the great and bold features had found expression now showed that painstaking fidelity which conscientiously reproduces even the botched lines of nature. Odysseus, the typical Hellene of the older art,

now sank in the hands of the newer poets to the figure of the Graeculus, who from now on, as the good-natured, crafty house-slave, stands at the centre of dramatic interest. What Euripides in the Aristophanic "Frogs" credits to himself as a merit, namely that by his household remedies he freed tragic art of its pompous corpulence, is to be felt above all in his tragic heroes. In essence the spectator now saw and heard his double on the Euripidean stage, and rejoiced that the fellow knew how to talk so well. But it did not end with this joy: people learned from Euripides how to speak themselves, and of this he boasts in his contest with Aeschylus: how through him the people had now learned to observe, to debate and to draw conclusions according to the rules of art and with the most cunning sophistications. Through this revolution in public speech he made the newer comedy possible at all. For from now on it was no longer a secret how, and with what maxims, the everyday could represent itself on the stage. Bourgeois mediocrity, upon which Euripides built all his political hopes, now had its say, whereas until then the demigod in tragedy, and in comedy the drunken satyr or the half-man, had determined the character of the language. And so the Aristophanic Euripides stresses to his own credit how he had portrayed the common, universally known, everyday life and doings, about which everyone was competent to judge. If now the whole mass philosophized, managed land and goods and conducted its lawsuits with unheard-of shrewdness, this was his merit and the result of the wisdom he had inoculated into the people.

It was to a mass thus prepared and enlightened that the newer comedy could now address itself, for which Euripides had become, as it were, the chorus-master; only that this time it was the chorus of spectators that had to be trained. As soon as this chorus was practised in singing in the Euripidean key, there arose that chess-like genre of drama, the newer comedy, with its perpetual triumph of cunning and

slyness. But Euripides - the chorus-master - was praised unceasingly: indeed, people would have killed themselves in order to learn still more from him, had they not known that the tragic poets were just as dead as tragedy. With tragedy, however, the Hellene had given up the belief in his immortality, not only the belief in an ideal past but also the belief in an ideal future. The phrase from the well-known epitaph, "as an old man, frivolous and capricious," applies also to Hellenism in its dotage. The moment, wit, frivolity, caprice are its highest deities; the fifth estate, that of the slave, now comes to power, at least in its cast of mind: and if one may now still speak of "Greek cheerfulness" at all, it is the cheerfulness of the slave, who knows of nothing grave to answer for, nothing great to strive for, nothing past or future to value more highly than the present. It was this semblance of "Greek cheerfulness" that so outraged the profound and fearsome natures of the first four centuries of Christianity: to them this womanish flight from earnestness and terror, this cowardly contentment with comfortable pleasure, seemed not only contemptible but the truly antichristian cast of mind. And it is to their influence that we must ascribe the fact that the view of Greek antiquity, living on through centuries, clung with almost invincible tenacity to that pale pink hue of cheerfulness - as if there had never been a sixth century with its birth of tragedy, its Mysteries, its Pythagoras and Heraclitus, indeed as if the artworks of the great age did not exist at all, which yet - each one by itself - cannot possibly be explained as springing from the soil of such a senile and slavish delight in existence and cheerfulness, and which point to an entirely different view of the world as the ground of their existence.

If it was asserted just now that Euripides brought the spectator onto the stage in order thereby, at the same time, to make the spectator truly capable for the first time of judging the drama, the semblance arises that the older tragic art never got beyond a disproportion in its

relation to the spectator, and one might be tempted to praise Euripides' radical tendency to achieve a fitting relation between work of art and public as an advance beyond Sophocles. But "public" is merely a word and by no means a homogeneous and constant magnitude. Whence should the artist derive the obligation to accommodate himself to a force whose strength lies solely in numbers? And if, in his gifts and his aims, he feels himself exalted above every single one of these spectators, how could he feel more respect for the collective expression of all these capacities subordinate to him than for the relatively most highly gifted individual spectator? In truth, no Greek artist treated his public throughout a long life with greater audacity and self-sufficiency than Euripides: he who, even when the masses threw themselves at his feet, in sublime defiance publicly struck his own tendency in the face, that same tendency with which he had triumphed over the masses. Had this genius possessed the slightest reverence for the pandemonium of the public, he would have collapsed beneath the club-blows of his failures long before the midpoint of his career. From this consideration we see that our expression, that Euripides brought the spectator onto the stage in order to make the spectator truly capable of judgment, was only a provisional one, and that we must seek a deeper understanding of his tendency. Conversely, it is known on all sides how Aeschylus and Sophocles enjoyed the full possession of popular favour all their lives, indeed long beyond them, and how, therefore, with these predecessors of Euripides there can be no question whatever of a disproportion between work of art and public. What drove this richly gifted artist, ceaselessly urged on to create, so violently away from the path above which shone the sun of the greatest poetic names and the cloudless sky of popular favour? What strange regard for the spectator led him to oppose the spectator? How could he, out of too high a respect for his public - disrespect his public?

Euripides felt himself - this is the solution of the riddle just set forth - as a poet exalted indeed above the masses, but not above two of his spectators: the masses he brought onto the stage; those two spectators he revered as the only judges and masters of all his art capable of judgment: following their directions and admonitions, he transferred the whole world of feelings, passions and experiences which until then had appeared on the spectators' benches as an invisible chorus at every festival performance, into the souls of his stage heroes; to their demands he yielded when for these new characters he sought also the new word and the new tone; in their voices alone he heard the valid verdicts upon his creation, as well as the encouragement that promised victory, whenever he saw himself once again condemned by the justice of the public.

Of these two spectators the one is - Euripides himself, Euripides as thinker, not as poet. Of him it might be said that the extraordinary abundance of his critical talent, much as with Lessing, if it did not beget, at least continually fertilised a productive artistic side-drive. With this gift, with all the brightness and nimbleness of his critical thinking, Euripides had sat in the theatre and striven to recognise anew in the masterpieces of his great predecessors, as in paintings grown dark, feature by feature, line by line. And here there had befallen him what cannot be unexpected to one initiated into the deeper mysteries of Aeschylean tragedy: he perceived something incommensurable in every feature and in every line, a certain deceptive definiteness and at the same time an enigmatic depth, indeed an infinitude of background. Even the clearest figure still trailed a comet's tail behind it, which seemed to point into the uncertain, the unilluminable. The same twilight lay over the structure of the drama, above all over the significance of the chorus. And how doubtful the solution of the ethical problems remained to him! How questionable the treatment of the myths! How uneven the distribution of fortune and misfortune!

Even in the language of the older tragedy there was much that offended him, or at least puzzled him; in particular he found too much pomp for simple circumstances, too many tropes and monstrosities for the plainness of the characters. Thus he sat in the theatre, restlessly brooding, and he, the spectator, confessed to himself that he did not understand his great predecessors. But if understanding counted for him as the true root of all enjoyment and creation, then he had to ask and look around him whether no one else thought as he did and likewise confessed to that incommensurability. But the many, and with them the best individuals, had only a mistrustful smile for him; yet no one could explain to him why, in the face of his misgivings and objections, the great masters were nevertheless in the right. And in this tormented state he found the other spectator, who did not comprehend tragedy and therefore did not respect it. In league with him he could venture, out of his solitude, to begin the tremendous struggle against the works of art of Aeschylus and Sophocles - not with polemical writings, but as a dramatic poet who sets his own conception of tragedy against the traditional one. -

12.

Before we name this other spectator, let us pause here a moment in order to recall to memory that impression, described earlier, of the discordant and incommensurable in the very essence of Aeschylean tragedy. Let us think of our own bewilderment before the chorus and the tragic hero of that tragedy, neither of which we could reconcile with our habits any more than with tradition - until we rediscovered that very duality as the origin and essence of Greek tragedy, as the expression of two interwoven artistic drives, the Apollonian and the Dionysian.

To eliminate that original and all-powerful Dionysian element from tragedy and to rebuild it purely and anew upon un-Dionysian art,

custom and view of the world - this is the tendency of Euripides, which now reveals itself to us in clear illumination.

Euripides himself, in the evening of his life, set the question of the worth and significance of this tendency before his contemporaries in a myth, and with the utmost emphasis. May the Dionysian exist at all? Ought it not to be forcibly uprooted from Hellenic soil? Certainly, the poet tells us, if only it were possible: but the god Dionysus is too mighty; the most rational adversary - like Pentheus in the "Bacchae" - is unexpectedly bewitched by him and afterwards runs, under this enchantment, to his doom. The judgement of the two old men, Cadmus and Tiresias, seems also to be the judgement of the aged poet: that the reflection of the cleverest individuals does not overthrow those ancient popular traditions, that eternally self-propagating veneration of Dionysus; indeed, that it is fitting, in the face of such wondrous powers, to show at least a diplomatically cautious participation: whereby it nevertheless remains possible that the god may take offence at so lukewarm an involvement and in the end turn the diplomat - as here Cadmus - into a dragon. This is what we are told by a poet who with heroic strength withstood Dionysus throughout a long life - only to close his career at the end of it with a glorification of his adversary and with a suicide, like one seized by vertigo who, merely to escape the horrible, no longer endurable whirling, hurls himself down from the tower. That tragedy is a protest against the practicability of his tendency; alas, and it had already been put into practice! The marvel had happened: when the poet recanted, his tendency had already triumphed. Dionysus had already been driven from the tragic stage, and indeed by a demonic power speaking through Euripides. Even Euripides was, in a certain sense, only a mask: the deity that spoke out of him was not Dionysus, nor Apollo either, but an altogether newborn demon, called Socrates. This is the new antithesis: the Dionysian and the Socratic, and the artwork of Greek tragedy per-

ished on it. Though Euripides may now seek to console us by his recantation, he does not succeed: the most glorious temple lies in ruins; what use to us is the lamentation of the destroyer and his confession that it was the most beautiful of all temples? And even the fact that Euripides, by way of punishment, has been turned into a dragon by the art critics of all ages - whom could this pitiful compensation satisfy?

Let us now draw near to that Socratic tendency with which Euripides fought and vanquished Aeschylean tragedy.

What goal - so we must now ask ourselves - could the Euripidean intention of founding drama solely on the un-Dionysian possibly have had, in the highest ideality of its execution? What form of drama still remained, if it was not to be born out of the womb of music, in that mysterious twilight of the Dionysian? Only the dramatized epic: in which Apollonian domain of art, to be sure, the tragic effect is unattainable. The content of the events represented does not matter here; indeed, I would venture to assert that it would have been impossible for Goethe, in his projected "Nausicaa", to make the suicide of that idyllic being - which was to fill the fifth act - tragically moving; so extraordinary is the power of the epic-Apollonian that it enchants the most terrible things before our eyes with that delight in semblance and redemption through semblance. The poet of the dramatized epic can no more fuse completely with his images than the epic rhapsode can: he is still always calm, unmoved contemplation gazing out of wide eyes, which sees the images before it. The actor in this dramatized epic still remains, at bottom, a rhapsode; the consecration of inner dreaming lies upon all his actions, so that he is never wholly an actor.

How, then, does the Euripidean play stand in relation to this ideal of Apollonian drama? As that younger rhapsode stands to the solemn

rhapsode of olden times, the one who describes his nature thus in Plato's "Ion": "When I say something sad, my eyes fill with tears; but if what I say is terrible and dreadful, then the hairs of my head stand on end with horror, and my heart pounds." Here we no longer notice anything of that epic absorption in semblance, of the passionless coolness of the true actor, who precisely in his highest activity is wholly semblance and delight in semblance. Euripides is the actor with the pounding heart, with the hair standing on end; as Socratic thinker he draws up the plan, as passionate actor he carries it out. A pure artist he is neither in the drafting nor in the carrying out. Thus the Euripidean drama is a thing at once cool and fiery, equally capable of freezing and of burning; it is impossible for it to attain the Apollonian effect of the epic, while on the other hand it has freed itself as far as possible from the Dionysian elements, and now, in order to have any effect at all, it needs new stimulants, which can no longer lie within the only two artistic drives, the Apollonian and the Dionysian. These stimulants are cool paradoxical thoughts - in place of Apollonian contemplations - and fiery affects - in place of Dionysian raptures - and, moreover, thoughts and affects imitated with the utmost realism, in no way dipped in the ether of art.

If, then, we have recognized this much, that Euripides did not succeed at all in founding drama upon the Apollonian alone, that his un-Dionysian tendency rather went astray into a naturalistic and inartistic one, we may now draw nearer to the essence of aesthetic Socratism, whose supreme law runs roughly thus: "everything must be intelligible in order to be beautiful"; as the parallel proposition to the Socratic "only the knowing man is virtuous." With this canon in hand Euripides measured every single thing and rectified it according to this principle: the language, the characters, the dramaturgical structure, the choral music. What, in comparison with Sophoclean tragedy, we are so frequently wont to charge to Euripides as poetic deficiency

and regression is for the most part the product of that penetrating critical process, of that audacious intelligibility. Let the Euripidean prologue serve us as an example of the productivity of that rationalistic method. Nothing can be more repugnant to our stage technique than the prologue in the drama of Euripides. That a single person stepping forward at the opening of the play should relate who he is, what precedes the action, what has happened up to now, nay, what will happen in the course of the play, a modern dramatist would describe as a wanton and unpardonable renunciation of the effect of suspense. For one knows everything that is going to happen; who will want to wait and see it actually happen? - since here there is by no means the exciting relation of a prophetic dream to a reality that comes to pass later. Euripides reflected quite otherwise. The effect of tragedy never rested upon epic suspense, upon the tantalizing uncertainty as to what will occur now and afterwards, but rather upon those great rhetorical-lyrical scenes in which the passion and the dialectic of the chief hero swelled into a broad and mighty torrent. Everything prepared for pathos, not for action: and whatever did not prepare for pathos was deemed objectionable. But what most severely hinders delighted surrender to such scenes is a link missing for the listener, a gap in the fabric of the antecedent story; so long as the listener must still calculate what this or that person signifies, what presuppositions this or that conflict of inclinations and intentions has, his full immersion in the suffering and doing of the chief persons, the breathless fellow-suffering and fellow-fearing, is not yet possible. Aeschylean-Sophoclean tragedy employed the most ingenious artistic means to place in the spectator's hands in the first scenes, as if by chance, all those threads necessary for understanding: a trait in which that noble artistry proves itself which, as it were, masks what is formally necessary and lets it appear as accidental. Nevertheless Euripides believed he observed that during those first scenes the spectator was in a peculiar unrest, working out the arithmetic problem of the

antecedent story, so that the poetic beauties and the pathos of the exposition were lost on him. Therefore he placed the prologue even before the exposition and put it into the mouth of a person who could be trusted: a deity frequently had, as it were, to guarantee the course of the tragedy to the public and remove every doubt as to the reality of the myth: in a manner similar to that in which Descartes was able to prove the reality of the empirical world only by appealing to the truthfulness of God and His incapacity for lying. Euripides needs this same divine truthfulness once more at the close of his drama, in order to make the future of his heroes secure for the public; this is the task of the notorious deus ex machina. Between the epic preview and the epic prospect lies the dramatic-lyrical present, the "drama" proper.

Thus Euripides as a poet is above all the echo of his own conscious insights; and it is precisely this that lends him so memorable a position in the history of Greek art.

With regard to his critical-productive creating he must often have felt as though he were to bring to life for drama the opening of the treatise of Anaxagoras, whose first words run: "In the beginning all things were together; then came the understanding and created order." And if Anaxagoras with his "Nous" appeared among the philosophers like the first sober man among nothing but drunkards, Euripides too may have conceived his relation to the other tragic poets under a similar image. So long as the sole orderer and ruler of the universe, the Nous, was still excluded from artistic creation, all things were still together in a chaotic primordial pulp; thus Euripides was bound to judge, thus he was bound, as the first "sober" one, to condemn the "drunken" poets. What Sophocles said of Aeschylus, that he did what was right, though unconsciously, was certainly not said in the spirit of Euripides, who would have conceded only this much, that Aeschylus, because he created unconsciously, created what was wrong. The divine Plato too speaks of the creative faculty of the poet, insofar as it is not

conscious insight, for the most part only ironically, and puts it on a par with the gift of the soothsayer and the interpreter of dreams; for the poet, he says, is not capable of composing until he has become unconscious and no understanding dwells in him any longer. Euripides undertook, as Plato also undertook, to show the world the counterpart of the "unintelligent" poet; his aesthetic principle, "everything must be conscious in order to be beautiful," is, as I said, the parallel proposition to the Socratic "everything must be conscious in order to be good." Accordingly Euripides may count for us as the poet of aesthetic Socratism. Socrates, however, was that second spectator who did not comprehend the older tragedy and therefore did not esteem it; in league with him Euripides dared to be the herald of a new artistic creation. If the older tragedy perished by this, then aesthetic Socratism is the murderous principle: but insofar as the struggle was directed against the Dionysian element of the older art, we recognize in Socrates the adversary of Dionysus, the new Orpheus who rises up against Dionysus and, though destined to be torn to pieces by the Maenads of the Athenian court of justice, nevertheless compels the overmighty god himself to flee: who, as once when he fled from Lycurgus, king of the Edonians, saved himself in the depths of the sea, namely in the mystical floods of a secret cult that gradually spread over the whole world.

13.

That Socrates stood in a close kinship of tendency with Euripides did not escape the notice of his contemporaries in antiquity; and the most eloquent expression of this happy keenness of scent is that legend which circulated in Athens, that Socrates was in the habit of helping Euripides with his poetry. Both names were uttered in one breath by the adherents of the "good old days" whenever it came to enumerating the present-day seducers of the people: from whose influence it was

said to stem that the old Marathonian, square-built sturdiness of body and soul was falling ever more a victim to a dubious enlightenment, amid a progressive withering of the bodily and spiritual powers. In this key, half with indignation, half with contempt, Aristophanic comedy is wont to speak of those men, to the alarm of the moderns, who, though they will gladly give up Euripides, cannot sufficiently marvel that Socrates should appear in Aristophanes as the first and foremost Sophist, as the mirror and epitome of all sophistical endeavours: whereby the only comfort afforded is to put Aristophanes himself in the pillory as a dissolute, mendacious Alcibiades of poetry. Without defending at this point the profound instincts of Aristophanes against such attacks, I proceed to demonstrate, from the ancient feeling itself, the close affinity of Socrates and Euripides; in which sense it should be recalled in particular that Socrates, as an opponent of tragic art, refrained from attending the tragedy, and only appeared among the spectators when a new play by Euripides was being performed. Most famous, however, is the close juxtaposition of the two names in the Delphic oracle, which designated Socrates as the wisest among men, but at the same time delivered the judgement that the second prize in the contest of wisdom was due to Euripides.

Named third in this hierarchy was Sophocles; he who could boast, as against Aeschylus, that he did what was right, and did so because he knew what was right. Evidently it is precisely the degree of clarity of this knowledge that distinguishes those three men in common as the three "knowing ones" of their age.

But the sharpest word for that new and unheard-of esteem for knowledge and insight was spoken by Socrates when he found himself to be the only one who would confess that he knew nothing; while on his critical wanderings through Athens, calling upon the greatest statesmen, orators, poets and artists, he everywhere encountered the conceit of knowledge. With astonishment he recognized that all those

celebrities were without correct and certain insight even into their own calling, and practised it only by instinct. "Only by instinct": with this expression we touch the heart and centre of the Socratic tendency. With it Socratism condemns existing art just as much as existing ethics: wherever it directs its searching gaze, it sees the lack of insight and the power of delusion, and from this lack it infers the inner perversity and reprehensibility of what exists. From this one point Socrates believed that he had to correct existence: he, the solitary individual, with an air of disregard and superiority, as the forerunner of an altogether differently constituted culture, art and morality, steps into a world whose hem we should count it our greatest good fortune to catch hold of with reverence.

This is the tremendous misgiving which seizes us each time in the face of Socrates, and which provokes us again and again to discern the sense and purpose of this most questionable appearance of antiquity. Who is this that may dare, as a single individual, to deny the Greek nature, which, as Homer, Pindar and Aeschylus, as Phidias, as Pericles, as Pythia and Dionysus, as the deepest abyss and the loftiest height, is assured of our astonished adoration? What daemonic power is it that may make so bold as to pour this magic potion into the dust? What demigod is it to whom the spirit chorus of the noblest of mankind must cry out: "Woe! Woe! Thou hast destroyed it, the beautiful world, with mighty fist; it topples, it falls to ruin!"

A key to the nature of Socrates is offered us by that wondrous appearance which is designated the "daimonion of Socrates". In special situations, in which his tremendous understanding began to waver, he gained a firm foothold through a divine voice that made itself heard in such moments. This voice, whenever it comes, always dissuades. Instinctive wisdom shows itself in this wholly abnormal nature only in order to stand here and there as a hindrance in the way of conscious knowing. Whereas in all productive men instinct is precisely the cre-

ative-affirmative force, and consciousness comports itself critically and dissuasively: in Socrates instinct becomes the critic, consciousness the creator — a veritable monstrosity per defectum! And indeed we perceive here a monstrous defectus of every mystical disposition, so that Socrates might be designated the specific non-mystic, in whom the logical nature is developed, through a superfetation, just as excessively as is that instinctive wisdom in the mystic. On the other hand, however, it was wholly denied to that logical drive which appears in Socrates to turn against itself; in this unfettered onrush it displays a natural force such as we encounter, to our shuddering surprise, only in the very greatest instinctive powers. Whoever has felt from the Platonic writings even a breath of that divine naivety and assurance of the Socratic way of life feels also how the tremendous driving wheel of logical Socratism is, as it were, in motion behind Socrates, and how this must be viewed through Socrates as through a shadow. But that he himself had some inkling of this relation is expressed in the dignified earnestness with which he asserted his divine calling everywhere, and even before his judges. To refute him in this was at bottom just as impossible as to approve his instinct-dissolving influence. In this insoluble conflict, once he had been brought before the forum of the Greek state, only a single form of condemnation was called for, banishment; as something altogether enigmatic, unclassifiable, inexplicable, he might have been shown over the border without any posterity being justified in accusing the Athenians of a shameful deed. But that death, and not merely banishment, was pronounced upon him, Socrates himself seems to have brought about, with perfect clarity and without the natural shudder before death: he went to his death with that calm with which, in Plato's description, he leaves the Symposium as the last of the revellers in the early grey of dawn, to begin a new day; while behind him, on the benches and on the floor, his drowsy table companions remain behind, to dream of Socrates, the true eroticist. The dying Socrates became the new, never before

beheld ideal of noble Greek youth: above all, the typical Hellenic youth, Plato, prostrated himself before this image with all the fervent devotion of his enthusiast's soul.

14.

Let us now imagine the one great Cyclops eye of Socrates turned upon tragedy, that eye in which the sweet madness of artistic rapture had never glowed — let us imagine how that eye was denied the power to gaze with pleasure into the Dionysian abysses — what, then, must it actually have beheld in the "sublime and highly praised" tragic art, as Plato calls it? Something thoroughly irrational, with causes that seemed to be without effects, and effects that seemed to be without causes, and the whole besides so motley and manifold that it must be repugnant to a level-headed disposition, while for excitable and sensitive souls it was a dangerous tinder. We know which single genre of poetry he understood, the Aesopian fable: and this surely with that smiling condescension with which the honest, good Gellert, in the fable of the bee and the hen, sings the praise of poetry:

"In me you see what use it brings: To one who has not much of wit, The truth through images to tell".

But to Socrates tragic art seemed not even "to tell the truth": quite apart from the fact that it addresses itself to him who "has not much of wit", and thus not to the philosopher: a twofold reason for keeping away from it. Like Plato, he reckoned it among the flattering arts, which portray only the agreeable, not the useful, and therefore demanded of his disciples abstinence and strict separation from such unphilosophical allurements; with such success that the youthful tragic poet Plato first of all burned his poems in order to be able to become a pupil of Socrates. But where invincible gifts struggled against the Socratic maxims, their force, together with the weight of

that tremendous character, was still great enough to thrust poetry itself into new and hitherto unknown positions.

An example of this is the Plato just named: he who, in condemning tragedy and art in general, certainly did not lag behind the naive cynicism of his master, was nevertheless compelled out of sheer artistic necessity to create an art form that is inwardly related precisely to the existing art forms he had rejected. The chief reproach that Plato had to make against the older art — that it is the imitation of a phantom image, and thus belongs to a sphere even lower than the empirical world — could above all not be directed against the new work of art: and so we see Plato striving to go beyond reality and to represent the idea that underlies that pseudo-reality. But in doing so the thinker Plato had arrived by a detour at the very place where as a poet he had always been at home, and from where Sophocles and the whole of the older art solemnly protested against that reproach. If tragedy had absorbed into itself all earlier genres of art, the same may in turn be said, in an eccentric sense, of the Platonic dialogue, which, engendered by a mixture of all existing styles and forms, hovers midway between narrative, lyric and drama, between prose and poetry, and thereby also broke through the strict older law of a unified linguistic form; a path along which the Cynic writers went still further, who, in the greatest motleyness of style, in their wavering back and forth between prosaic and metrical forms, also attained the literary image of the "raving Socrates" whom they were wont to enact in life. The Platonic dialogue was, as it were, the boat in which the shipwrecked older poetry saved itself together with all its children: crowded into a narrow space and anxiously submissive to the one helmsman Socrates, they now sailed into a new world, which could never gaze its fill at the fantastic spectacle of this procession. Truly Plato gave to all posterity the model of a new art form, the model of the novel: which may be described as the infinitely heightened Aeso-

pian fable, in which poetry lives in a rank relative to dialectical philosophy similar to that which, for many centuries, this same philosophy held relative to theology: namely, as ancilla. This was the new position of poetry into which Plato thrust it under the pressure of the daemonic Socrates.

Here philosophical thought overgrows art and compels it to cling closely to the trunk of dialectic. The Apollonian tendency has chrysalised itself in logical schematism: just as in Euripides we had to perceive something corresponding, and in addition a translation of the Dionysian into naturalistic emotion. Socrates, the dialectical hero of the Platonic drama, reminds us of the kindred nature of the Euripidean hero, who must defend his actions by argument and counter-argument and thereby so often runs the risk of forfeiting our tragic pity: for who could fail to recognise the optimistic element in the essence of dialectic, which celebrates its jubilee in every conclusion and can breathe only in cool clarity and consciousness: the optimistic element which, once it has penetrated into tragedy, must gradually overgrow its Dionysian regions and necessarily drive it to self-annihilation — to the death-leap into bourgeois drama. Let one but call to mind the consequences of the Socratic propositions: "Virtue is knowledge; sin is committed only out of ignorance; the virtuous man is the happy man": in these three basic forms of optimism lies the death of tragedy. For now the virtuous hero must be a dialectician, now there must be a necessary, visible bond between virtue and knowledge, faith and morality, now the transcendental solution of justice in Aeschylus is degraded to the shallow and insolent principle of "poetic justice" with its customary deus ex machina.

How does the chorus, and in general the whole musical-Dionysian substratum of tragedy, now appear in the face of this new Socratic-optimistic stage-world? As something accidental, as a reminiscence of the origin of tragedy that could well be dispensed with; whereas we

have come to see that the chorus can be understood only as the cause of tragedy and of the tragic in general. Already in Sophocles that embarrassment regarding the chorus shows itself — an important sign that even with him the Dionysian ground of tragedy begins to crumble. He no longer dares to entrust to the chorus the chief share of the effect, but restricts its domain to such a degree that it now appears almost coordinate with the actors, just as if it were lifted out of the orchestra into the scene: whereby, to be sure, its essence is completely destroyed, even though Aristotle gives his assent precisely to this conception of the chorus. That displacement of the chorus's position, which Sophocles at any rate recommended by his practice and, according to tradition, even by a treatise, is the first step towards the annihilation of the chorus, whose phases follow one upon another with terrifying rapidity in Euripides, Agathon and the New Comedy. Optimistic dialectic, with the scourge of its syllogisms, drives music out of tragedy: that is, it destroys the essence of tragedy, which can be interpreted solely as a manifestation and imaging of Dionysian states, as the visible symbolisation of music, as the dream-world of a Dionysian intoxication.

If, then, we must even assume an anti-Dionysian tendency already at work before Socrates, one that merely gains in him an unheard-of and magnificent expression, we must not shrink from the question of what such an appearance as that of Socrates actually points to: an appearance which, in the face of the Platonic dialogues, we are surely unable to grasp as a merely dissolving, negative power. And as certainly as the most immediate effect of the Socratic drive tended towards a decomposition of Dionysian tragedy, so a profound experience in the life of Socrates himself compels us to ask whether there must necessarily be only an antipodal relation between Socratism and art, and whether the birth of an "artistic Socrates" is in any way something self-contradictory.

For that despotic logician had, here and there, in the face of art, the feeling of a gap, of a void, of a half-reproach, of a duty perhaps neglected. Often, as he tells his friends in prison, one and the same dream-apparition came to him, always saying the same thing: "Socrates, practise music!" Until his last days he reassures himself with the opinion that his philosophising is the highest art of the Muses, and does not quite believe that a deity would remind him of that "common, popular music". At last, in prison, in order to unburden his conscience entirely, he consents to practise even that music he held in low esteem. And in this frame of mind he composes a proem to Apollo and puts a few Aesopian fables into verse. It was something akin to the daemonic warning voice that urged him to these exercises; it was his Apollonian insight that, like a barbarian king, he did not understand a noble image of a god and was in danger of sinning against a deity — through his not-understanding. That utterance of the Socratic dream-apparition is the sole sign of any misgiving about the limits of the logical nature: perhaps — so he had to ask himself — what is not intelligible to me is not therefore at once the unintelligent? Perhaps there is a realm of wisdom from which the logician is banished? Perhaps art is even a necessary correlative and supplement of science?

15.

In the spirit of these last presentient questions it must now be declared how the influence of Socrates, down to this very moment and indeed on into all the future, has spread out over posterity like a shadow growing ever larger in the evening sun; how that influence ever and again compels the re-creation of art — and indeed of art in the already metaphysical, broadest and deepest sense — and, by its own infinity, also guarantees the infinity of art.

Before this could be recognised, before the innermost dependence of every art upon the Greeks, the Greeks from Homer to Socrates, had been convincingly demonstrated, it had to go with us and these Greeks as it went with the Athenians and Socrates. Almost every age and stage of cultivation has at some time sought, with deep ill humour, to free itself from the Greeks, because in their presence everything one had achieved oneself, everything seemingly wholly original and quite sincerely admired, suddenly seemed to lose colour and life and shrank to a botched copy, indeed to a caricature. And so, ever anew, there breaks out a heartfelt rancour against that presumptuous little people which dared to label everything non-native as "barbarian" for all time: who are they, one asks oneself, who, though they can show only an ephemeral historical splendour, only ridiculously narrow institutions, only a dubious soundness of morals, and are even marked by ugly vices, nonetheless lay claim to the dignity and singular station among the peoples that belongs to the genius amid the mass? Unfortunately no one was so fortunate as to find the cup of hemlock with which such a being could simply be done away with: for all the poison that envy, slander and rancour bred within themselves did not suffice to destroy that self-sufficient magnificence. And so one is ashamed and afraid before the Greeks; unless someone esteems truth above all things and so dares to admit to himself this truth too: that the Greeks, as charioteers, hold our culture and every culture in their hands, but that almost always the chariot and horses are of too poor a stuff and unequal to the glory of their drivers, who then think it a jest to drive such a team into the abyss — over which they themselves leap with the bound of Achilles.

To demonstrate the dignity of such a leading position for Socrates too, it suffices to recognise in him the type of a form of existence unheard of before him, the type of theoretical man, whose meaning and goal it is our next task to come to understand. Theoretical man, like the

artist, also finds an infinite satisfaction in what exists, and like the artist he is protected by that satisfaction against the practical ethics of pessimism and against its Lynceus eyes that shine only in the dark. For whereas the artist, at every unveiling of truth, ever clings with enraptured gaze only to what still remains veil even now, after the unveiling, theoretical man delights and finds satisfaction in the cast-off veil, and has his highest goal of pleasure in the process of an ever-successful unveiling accomplished by his own power. There would be no science if it were concerned only with that one naked goddess and with nothing else. For then its disciples would have to feel like men who wished to dig a hole straight through the earth: each of whom sees that, with the greatest lifelong exertion, he is able to dig through only a tiny piece of the monstrous depth, which before his eyes is filled in again by the labour of the next man, so that a third seems well advised to choose on his own account a new spot for his boring attempts. If now someone proves convincingly that the antipodal goal cannot be reached by this direct path, who will still wish to go on working in the old depths, unless in the meantime he has contented himself with finding precious stones or discovering laws of nature? That is why Lessing, the most honest of theoretical men, dared to declare that he cared more for the search for truth than for truth itself: whereby the fundamental secret of science was uncovered, to the astonishment, indeed the vexation, of the scientific. Now, to be sure, beside this isolated insight, as an excess of honesty if not of wantonness, there stands a profound delusion which first came into the world in the person of Socrates: that unshakeable faith that thought, following the guiding thread of causality, reaches down into the deepest abysses of being, and that thought is capable not only of knowing being but even of correcting it. This sublime metaphysical delusion is given to science as an instinct and leads it ever and again to its limits, where it must turn into art: which is in fact what this mechanism is aiming at.

If we now look at Socrates by the torch of this thought, he appears to us as the first who, led by the hand of that instinct of science, could not only live but — what is far more — also die: and therefore the image of the dying Socrates, as the man raised above the fear of death by knowledge and reasons, is the coat of arms above the entrance gate of science, reminding everyone of its vocation, namely to make existence appear comprehensible and thereby justified: to which end, to be sure, when reasons do not suffice, myth too must finally serve — myth, which I have just described even as the necessary consequence, indeed as the aim, of science.

Whoever once makes vividly clear to himself how, after Socrates, the mystagogue of science, one school of philosophers succeeds another, like wave upon wave; how a never-imagined universality of the thirst for knowledge, across the widest reaches of the cultivated world, and as the true task for everyone of higher ability, steered science out onto the high seas, from which it has never since been entirely driven back; how through this universality a common net of thought was for the first time stretched over the entire globe, indeed with prospects onto the lawfulness of a whole solar system; whoever calls all this to mind, together with the astonishingly lofty pyramid of knowledge of the present day, cannot refrain from seeing in Socrates the one turning-point and vortex of so-called world history. For if one were to imagine this whole incalculable sum of force, which has been expended for that world-tendency, applied not in the service of knowledge but to the practical, that is, egoistic aims of individuals and peoples, then probably, in universal wars of annihilation and continual migrations of peoples, the instinctive delight in life would have been so weakened that, with suicide having become habitual, the individual might perhaps feel the last remnant of a sense of duty when, like the inhabitant of the Fiji Islands, he strangles his parents as a son, his friend as a friend: a practical pessimism which could even engender a

gruesome ethics of genocide out of pity - a pessimism, moreover, that is present and has been present everywhere in the world where art has not appeared in some form or other, especially as religion and science, as a remedy and defence against that pestilential breath.

In the face of this practical pessimism Socrates is the archetype of the theoretical optimist, who, in the faith already described that the nature of things can be fathomed, ascribes to knowledge and insight the power of a universal medicine and understands error as evil in itself. To penetrate into those grounds and to separate true knowledge from semblance and from error seemed to Socratic man the noblest, even the only truly human vocation: just as that mechanism of concepts, judgements and inferences was prized, from Socrates onward, as the highest activity and most admirable gift of nature, above all other capacities. Even the most sublime moral deeds, the stirrings of pity, of self-sacrifice, of heroism, and that calm of the sea of the soul, so hard to attain, which the Apollonian Greek called Sophrosyne, were derived by Socrates and his like-minded successors down to the present from the dialectic of knowledge, and accordingly designated as teachable. Whoever has experienced in himself the delight of a Socratic insight and feels how it seeks, in ever wider rings, to encompass the whole world of appearances, will from then on feel no spur that could urge him towards existence more fiercely than the craving to complete that conquest and to spin the net impenetrably tight. To one so disposed the Platonic Socrates then appears as the teacher of an entirely new form of "Greek cheerfulness" and blissful affirmation of existence, which seeks to discharge itself in actions and will find this discharge for the most part in maieutic and educative influences upon noble youths, for the purpose of ultimately begetting genius.

But now science, spurred on by its powerful delusion, hastens irresistibly to its limits, where its optimism, concealed in the essence of logic, suffers shipwreck. For the periphery of the circle of science has

infinitely many points, and while there is as yet no telling how the circle could ever be completely surveyed, the noble and gifted man nonetheless, even before the middle of his existence and inevitably, comes upon such boundary points of the periphery, where he stares into the unilluminable. When he sees here to his horror how logic coils round itself at these limits and finally bites its own tail - then the new form of knowledge breaks through, tragic knowledge, which, merely in order to be endured, needs art as protection and remedy.

If, with eyes strengthened and refreshed by the Greeks, we look upon the highest spheres of that world which floods around us, we perceive the greed of insatiable optimistic knowledge, which appears in exemplary form in Socrates, transformed into tragic resignation and need of art: while, to be sure, this same greed, at its lower levels, must express itself as hostile to art and must above all inwardly abhor Dionysian-tragic art, as was illustrated, for example, in the struggle of Socratism against Aeschylean tragedy.

Here, then, with stirred hearts, we knock at the gates of the present and the future: will that "transformation" lead to ever new configurations of genius, and precisely of the music-practising Socrates? Will the net of art spread over existence, be it under the name of religion or of science, be woven ever more firmly and delicately, or is it destined to be torn to shreds amid the restless barbaric bustle and whirl that now calls itself "the present"? - Anxious, yet not disconsolate, we stand aside for a little while, as contemplative ones permitted to be witnesses of those tremendous struggles and transitions. Alas! It is the magic of these struggles that whoever beholds them must also fight them!

16.

By means of this historical example, worked out in detail, we have sought to make clear how tragedy perishes through the vanishing of the spirit of music just as surely as it can be born from this spirit alone. In order to soften the strangeness of this assertion and, on the other hand, to show the origin of this insight of ours, we must now place ourselves with unclouded gaze before the analogous phenomena of the present; we must step into the very midst of those struggles which, as I have just said, are being fought between insatiable optimistic knowledge and the tragic need of art in the highest spheres of our present world. In doing so I shall disregard all the other hostile drives which at all times work against art and precisely against tragedy, and which in the present too spread so confident of victory that of the theatrical arts, for example, only farce and ballet, in a somewhat luxuriant rankness, put forth their blossoms, which are perhaps not fragrant to everyone. I shall speak only of the most illustrious adversary of the tragic view of the world, and by this I mean science, optimistic in its deepest essence, with its ancestor Socrates at its head. Presently, too, the powers shall be named which seem to me to guarantee a rebirth of tragedy - and what other blessed hopes for the German spirit!

Before we plunge into the midst of those struggles, let us wrap ourselves in the armour of the insights we have so far conquered. In contrast to all those who are eager to derive the arts from a single principle, as the necessary wellspring of life for every work of art, I keep my gaze fixed upon those two artistic deities of the Greeks, Apollo and Dionysus, and recognise in them the living and vivid representatives of two art-worlds differing in their deepest essence and their highest aims. Apollo stands before me as the transfiguring genius of the principium individuationis, through whom alone redemption through semblance is truly to be attained: whereas beneath

the mystical cry of jubilation of Dionysus the spell of individuation is shattered and the way lies open to the Mothers of Being, to the innermost core of things. This tremendous opposition, which yawns open between plastic art as the Apollonian art and music as the Dionysian art, has become manifest to one single one of the great thinkers to such a degree that, even without that guidance of Hellenic divine symbolism, he granted music a character and origin different from all the other arts, because it is not, like all of them, a copy of appearance, but directly a copy of the will itself, and thus represents, in relation to everything physical in the world, the metaphysical, and in relation to all appearance, the thing in itself. (Schopenhauer, World as Will and Representation I, p. 310). Upon this most important insight of all aesthetics, with which, taken in a more serious sense, aesthetics first begins, Richard Wagner, in confirmation of its eternal truth, set his seal when he established in his "Beethoven" that music is to be measured according to aesthetic principles quite different from those of all the plastic arts, and not at all according to the category of beauty: although an erroneous aesthetics, led by the hand of a misguided and degenerate art, has, proceeding from that concept of beauty valid in the plastic world, grown accustomed to demanding of music an effect similar to that of the works of plastic art, namely the arousal of pleasure in beautiful forms. Having recognised that tremendous opposition, I felt a strong compulsion to draw near to the essence of Greek tragedy and thereby to the deepest revelation of the Hellenic genius: for only now did I believe myself master of the magic needed to set the primordial problem of tragedy bodily before my soul, beyond the phraseology of our customary aesthetics: whereby so strangely peculiar a glimpse into things Hellenic was granted me that it could not but seem to me as though our classical-Hellenic scholarship, bearing itself so proudly, had in the main hitherto known how to feast only upon shadow-plays and externalities.

That primordial problem we might perhaps touch upon with this question: what aesthetic effect arises when those artistic powers of the Apollonian and the Dionysian, separate in themselves, come into activity side by side? Or, in briefer form: how does music relate to image and concept? - Schopenhauer, to whom Richard Wagner, precisely on this point, ascribes a clarity and lucidity of exposition that cannot be surpassed, expresses himself on this matter most fully in the following passage, which I shall reproduce here in its entire length. World as Will and Representation I, p. 309: "In consequence of all this, we can regard the phenomenal world, or nature, and music as two different expressions of the same thing, which is therefore itself the sole mediating element of the analogy between the two, and knowledge of which is required in order to discern that analogy. Music, accordingly, if regarded as an expression of the world, is a language universal in the highest degree, which even stands to the universality of concepts roughly as these stand to individual things. Its universality, however, is by no means that empty universality of abstraction, but of quite another kind, and is bound up with thoroughgoing, distinct determinateness. In this it resembles geometrical figures and numbers, which, as the universal forms of all possible objects of experience and applicable a priori to them all, are nevertheless not abstract but perceptible and thoroughly determinate. All possible strivings, excitements and manifestations of the will, all those processes within man which reason throws into the broad negative concept of feeling, can be expressed by the infinitely many possible melodies, but always in the universality of mere form, without the matter, always only according to the in-itself, not according to the appearance, as it were the innermost soul of it, without body. From this intimate relation which music has to the true essence of all things this too is to be explained: that when suitable music sounds to any scene, action, event or surrounding, it seems to unlock for us its most secret sense and comes forward as the most correct

and distinct commentary upon it; likewise, that to one who gives himself up wholly to the impression of a symphony it is as though he saw all the possible events of life and of the world passing by before him: yet if he reflects, he cannot point to any resemblance between that play of tones and the things that hovered before his mind. For music, as has been said, differs from all the other arts in this, that it is not a copy of appearance, or, more correctly, of the adequate objectivity of the will, but is directly a copy of the will itself, and thus represents the metaphysical to everything physical in the world, the thing in itself to every appearance. One could accordingly call the world embodied music just as well as embodied will: from this, then, it can be explained why music at once makes every painting, indeed every scene of real life and of the world, stand out in heightened significance; all the more, of course, the more analogous its melody is to the inner spirit of the given appearance. On this it rests that one can set a poem to music as song, or a perceptible representation as pantomime, or both as opera. Such individual images of human life, set to the universal language of music, are never bound to it or corresponding to it with thoroughgoing necessity; rather, they stand to it only in the relation of an arbitrary example to a universal concept: they represent in the determinateness of reality that which music utters in the universality of mere form. For melodies are to a certain extent, like universal concepts, an abstraction of reality. For reality, that is, the world of individual things, supplies the perceptible, the particular and individual, the single case, both to the universality of concepts and to the universality of melodies, which two universalities, however, are in a certain respect opposed to each other; since concepts contain only the forms first abstracted from perception, as it were the stripped-off outer shell of things, and are thus quite properly abstractions; music, on the other hand, gives the innermost kernel preceding all formation, or the heart of things. This relation could be quite well expressed in the language of the Schoolmen by saying: concepts are the universalia

post rem, but music gives the universalia ante rem, and reality the universalia in re. That, however, a relation between a composition and a perceptible representation is possible at all rests, as has been said, on the fact that both are simply quite different expressions of the same inner essence of the world. When now, in the individual case, such a relation is actually present, that is, when the composer has known how to utter in the universal language of music the stirrings of will which make up the kernel of an event: then the melody of the song, the music of the opera, is expressive. The analogy discovered by the composer between those two must, however, have proceeded from immediate knowledge of the essence of the world, unconsciously to his reason, and must not be imitation mediated by concepts with conscious intention: otherwise the music does not express the inner essence, the will itself, but merely imitates its appearance inadequately; as all properly imitative music does". -

We therefore understand music, according to the teaching of Schopenhauer, directly as the language of the will, and feel our imagination stirred to give shape to that spirit-world which speaks to us, invisible and yet so vividly in motion, and to embody it for ourselves in an analogous example. On the other hand, image and concept, under the influence of a truly corresponding music, attain a heightened significance. Dionysian art thus customarily exerts two kinds of effect upon the Apollonian artistic faculty: music incites us to a parable-like beholding of the Dionysian universality, and music then lets the parable-like image stand forth in the highest significance. From these facts, intelligible in themselves and not inaccessible to any deeper observation, I infer the capacity of music to give birth to myth, that is, the most significant exemplum, and precisely to tragic myth: the myth which speaks of Dionysian knowledge in parables. In the phenomenon of the lyrist I have shown how music in the lyrist strives to make its essence known in Apollonian images: if we now imagine that mu-

sic in its highest intensification must also seek to attain a highest embodiment in imagery, we must hold it possible that it also knows how to find the symbolic expression for its own proper Dionysian wisdom; and where else shall we have to seek this expression, if not in tragedy and in the concept of the tragic altogether?

From the essence of art, as it is commonly conceived according to the single category of semblance and beauty, the tragic cannot honestly be derived at all; only out of the spirit of music do we come to understand a joy in the annihilation of the individual. For in the particular instances of such an annihilation we are made aware only of the eternal phenomenon of Dionysian art, which gives expression to the will in its omnipotence, as it were behind the principium individuationis, to eternal life beyond all appearance and in spite of all annihilation. The metaphysical joy in the tragic is a translation of instinctive, unconscious Dionysian wisdom into the language of the image: the hero, the highest appearance of the will, is negated to our delight, because he is after all only appearance, and the eternal life of the will is not touched by his annihilation. "We believe in eternal life", so tragedy cries out; while music is the immediate idea of this life. The art of the sculptor has an altogether different aim: here Apollo overcomes the suffering of the individual through the radiant glorification of the eternity of appearance, here beauty triumphs over the suffering inherent in life, pain is in a certain sense lied away from the features of nature. In Dionysian art and in its tragic symbolism this same nature addresses us with its true, undisguised voice: "Be as I am! Amid the ceaseless change of appearances, the eternally creative primordial mother, eternally compelling into existence, eternally finding satisfaction in this change of appearances!"

17.

Dionysian art, too, would convince us of the eternal delight of existence: only we are to seek this delight not in appearances but behind appearances. We are to recognize how everything that comes into being must be ready for a sorrowful downfall; we are compelled to gaze into the terrors of individual existence - and yet we are not to grow rigid: a metaphysical comfort tears us for the moment out of the bustle of the changing figures. For brief instants we really are the primordial being itself and feel its unbridled lust and delight in existence; the struggle, the torment, the annihilation of appearances now seem to us as though necessary, given the excess of countless forms of existence pressing and thrusting their way into life, given the exuberant fruitfulness of the world-will; we are pierced by the raging sting of these torments in the very same instant in which we have, as it were, become one with the immeasurable primordial delight in existence, and in which we sense, in Dionysian rapture, the indestructibility and eternity of this delight. In spite of fear and pity, we are the happy living beings, not as individuals, but as the one living being with whose procreative delight we are fused.

The history of the origin of Greek tragedy now tells us with luminous precision how the tragic art-work of the Greeks was really born out of the spirit of music: through which thought we believe we have for the first time done justice to the original and so astonishing meaning of the chorus. At the same time, however, we must admit that the significance of tragic myth set forth above never became transparent with conceptual clarity to the Greek poets, let alone to the Greek philosophers; their heroes speak, so to say, more superficially than they act; the myth by no means finds its adequate objectification in the spoken word. The structure of the scenes and the visible images reveal a deeper wisdom than the poet himself can grasp in words and concepts: as the same is observed in Shakespeare too, whose Hamlet,

for instance, in a similar sense speaks more superficially than he acts, so that the Hamlet-doctrine mentioned earlier is to be gathered not from the words but from a deepened contemplation and survey of the whole. With regard to Greek tragedy, which to be sure confronts us only as word-drama, I have even suggested that this incongruence between myth and word could easily seduce us into thinking it shallower and less meaningful than it is, and accordingly into presupposing for it a more superficial effect than, according to the testimonies of the ancients, it must have had: for how easily one forgets that what the word-poet had not succeeded in achieving, the highest spiritualization and ideality of myth, he could achieve at every moment as creative musician! We, to be sure, must reconstruct the superior power of the musical effect almost by scholarly means in order to receive something of that incomparable comfort which must be proper to true tragedy. Yet even this musical superiority we would have felt as such only if we were Greeks: whereas in the whole development of Greek music - set against the music known and familiar to us, so infinitely richer - we believe we hear only the youthful song of musical genius, struck up with a timid feeling of strength. The Greeks are, as the Egyptian priests say, eternal children, and in tragic art too only the children who do not know what sublime plaything has come into being under their hands and - is being smashed.

That struggle of the spirit of music for pictorial and mythical revelation, which intensifies from the beginnings of lyric poetry to Attic tragedy, suddenly breaks off, after having only just attained its luxuriant unfolding, and vanishes, as it were, from the surface of Hellenic art: while the Dionysian view of the world born of this struggle lives on in the mysteries and, in the most wondrous metamorphoses and degenerations, does not cease to draw more serious natures to itself. Will it not one day rise again out of its mystical depths as art?

Here we are occupied with the question whether the power against whose opposition tragedy was shattered has strength enough for all time to prevent the artistic reawakening of tragedy and of the tragic view of the world. If ancient tragedy was forced off its track by the dialectical drive towards knowledge and the optimism of science, then from this fact one would have to infer an eternal struggle between the theoretical and the tragic view of the world; and only after the spirit of science has been led to its limit, and its claim to universal validity annihilated by the demonstration of those limits, might a rebirth of tragedy be hoped for: for which form of culture we should have to set up the symbol of the music-practising Socrates, in the sense discussed earlier. In this juxtaposition I understand by the spirit of science that faith, first brought to light in the person of Socrates, in the fathomability of nature and in the universal healing power of knowledge.

Whoever recalls the immediate consequences of this restlessly forward-pressing spirit of science will at once realize how myth was annihilated by it, and how, through this annihilation, poetry was driven from its natural ideal soil, as one now homeless. If we have rightly ascribed to music the power to give birth to myth again out of itself, then we shall also have to seek the spirit of science on the path where it confronts this myth-creating power of music as an enemy. This happens in the development of the newer Attic dithyramb, whose music no longer expressed the inner essence, the will itself, but only rendered appearance inadequately, in an imitation mediated through concepts: from which inwardly degenerate music the truly musical natures turned away with the same aversion they felt toward the art-murdering tendency of Socrates. The surely grasping instinct of Aristophanes certainly seized upon the right thing when he comprehended Socrates himself, the tragedy of Euripides and the music of the newer dithyrambists in the same feeling of hatred, and scented in all three phenomena the marks of a degenerate culture. Through that

newer dithyramb music was wantonly made into an imitative counterfeit of appearance, for instance of a battle, of a storm at sea, and was thereby indeed wholly robbed of its myth-creating power. For if it seeks to arouse our delight only by compelling us to look for external analogies between an event of life and nature and certain rhythmic figures and characteristic sounds of music, if our understanding is to be satisfied with the recognition of these analogies, then we are dragged down into a mood in which a reception of the mythical is impossible; for myth wants to be felt vividly as a single instance of a universality and truth that stares into the infinite. Truly Dionysian music confronts us as just such a universal mirror of the world-will: that vivid event which is refracted in this mirror expands at once, for our feeling, into the image of an eternal truth. Conversely, such a vivid event is at once stripped of every mythical character by the tone-painting of the newer dithyramb; now music has become a meagre copy of appearance and therefore infinitely poorer than appearance itself: through which poverty it drags down, for our feeling, even appearance itself, so that now, for instance, a battle thus musically imitated exhausts itself in the noise of marches, the sound of signals and so forth, and our imagination is held fast precisely by these superficialities. Tone-painting is thus in every respect the counterpart to the myth-creating power of true music: through it appearance becomes poorer still than it is, whereas through Dionysian music the individual appearance is enriched and expanded into an image of the world. It was a mighty victory of the un-Dionysian spirit when, in the development of the newer dithyramb, it had estranged music from itself and pressed it down into the slave of appearance. Euripides, who in a higher sense must be called a thoroughly unmusical nature, is for this very reason a passionate adherent of the newer dithyrambic music, and employs with the liberality of a robber all its showpieces and mannerisms.

From another side we see the power of this un-Dionysian spirit, directed against myth, at work when we turn our gaze to the growing predominance of character portrayal and psychological refinement in tragedy from Sophocles onward. Character is no longer to be allowed to expand into an eternal type, but on the contrary is to work so individually, through artificial secondary traits and shadings, through the finest precision of every line, that the spectator no longer feels myth at all, but rather the mighty truth to nature and the imitative power of the artist. Here too we perceive the victory of appearance over the universal, and the delight in the single, as it were anatomical, specimen; we already breathe the air of a theoretical world, for which scientific knowledge counts higher than the artistic reflection of a cosmic law. The movement along the line of the characteristic proceeds swiftly: while Sophocles still paints whole characters and harnesses myth to the yoke for their refined unfolding, Euripides already paints only great individual traits of character which know how to express themselves in violent passions; in the newer Attic comedy there are only masks with a single expression, frivolous old men, cheated procurers, cunning slaves in tireless repetition. Whither now the myth-forming spirit of music? What still remains of music is either music of excitement or music of remembrance, that is, either a stimulant for dull and worn-out nerves, or tone-painting. For the former the underlying text scarcely matters any longer: already in Euripides, once his heroes or choruses begin to sing, things grow thoroughly dissolute; to what pass may it have come with his impudent successors?

But most clearly of all the new un-Dionysian spirit reveals itself in the endings of the newer dramas. In the old tragedy the metaphysical comfort had been felt at the close, without which the delight in tragedy cannot be explained at all; perhaps most purely in Oedipus at Colonus there sounds the reconciling tone from another world. Now,

when the genius of music had fled from tragedy, tragedy is, in the strict sense, dead: for whence should one now be able to draw that metaphysical comfort? Men therefore sought an earthly resolution of the tragic dissonance; the hero, after he had been sufficiently tormented by fate, reaped a well-deserved reward in a stately marriage, in divine tokens of honour. The hero had become a gladiator, to whom, after he had been soundly flayed and covered with wounds, freedom was now and then granted. The deus ex machina has stepped into the place of metaphysical comfort. I do not mean to say that the tragic view of the world was everywhere and completely destroyed by the onrushing spirit of the un-Dionysian: we know only that it was forced to flee from art, as it were into the underworld, degenerating into a secret cult. But over the widest domain of the surface of Hellenic being raged the consuming breath of that spirit which makes itself known in that form of "Greek cheerfulness" of which there was already talk earlier, as of a senile, unproductive delight in existence; this cheerfulness is a counterpart to the glorious "naivety" of the older Greeks, which, according to the characterization given, is to be understood as the blossom of Apollonian culture growing up out of a gloomy abyss, as the victory which the Hellenic will, through its mirroring of beauty, carries off over suffering and the wisdom of suffering. The noblest form of that other form of "Greek cheerfulness", the Alexandrian, is the cheerfulness of theoretical man: it shows the same characteristic marks which I have just derived from the spirit of the un-Dionysian — that it combats Dionysian wisdom and art, that it strives to dissolve myth, that in place of a metaphysical comfort it sets an earthly consonance, indeed a deus ex machina of its own, namely the god of machines and crucibles, that is, the forces of the spirits of nature recognized and employed in the service of a higher egoism; that it believes in a correction of the world through knowledge, in a life guided by science, and is also truly able to confine the individual human being within a most narrow circle of solvable tasks, within

which he cheerfully says to life: "I will thee: thou art worthy to be known".

18.

It is an eternal phenomenon: the greedy will always finds a means, through an illusion spread over things, to hold its creatures fast in life and compel them to live on. One is fettered by the Socratic delight in knowing and by the delusion that through it the eternal wound of existence can be healed; another is ensnared by art's seductive veil of beauty fluttering before his eyes; yet another by the metaphysical comfort that beneath the whirl of appearances eternal life flows on indestructible: to say nothing of the commoner and almost still more powerful illusions which the will holds ready at every moment. Those three stages of illusion are in any case only for the more nobly endowed natures, by whom the burden and weight of existence is felt at all with deeper displeasure, and who must be deceived out of this displeasure by exquisite stimulants. Of these stimulants consists everything we call culture: according to the proportion of the mixtures we have a predominantly Socratic or artistic or tragic culture: or, if historical exemplifications are permitted: there is either an Alexandrian or a Hellenic or a Buddhist culture.

Our whole modern world is caught in the net of Alexandrian culture and recognizes as its ideal theoretical man, equipped with the highest powers of knowledge and labouring in the service of science, whose archetype and progenitor is Socrates. All our means of education have this ideal originally in view: every other existence must struggle up laboriously alongside, as a permitted, not an intended, existence. In an almost terrifying sense the cultivated man has here for a long time been found solely in the form of the scholar; even our poetic arts have had to develop out of scholarly imitations, and in the chief effect of rhyme we still recognize the origin of our poetic form in artificial

experiments with a language not native to us, a properly scholarly language. How unintelligible must Faust, the modern man of culture, intelligible enough in himself, have seemed to a genuine Greek—Faust, storming unsatisfied through all the faculties, given over to magic and the devil out of the drive for knowledge—Faust, whom we need only set beside Socrates for comparison in order to recognize that modern man is beginning to sense the limits of that Socratic delight in knowledge and longs for a shore out of the wide, desolate sea of knowledge. When Goethe once remarks to Eckermann, with reference to Napoleon: "Yes, my good fellow, there is also a productivity of deeds," he has, in a gracefully naive way, reminded us that the non-theoretical man is for modern man something incredible and astonishing, so that once again the wisdom of a Goethe is needed to find so strange a form of existence comprehensible, indeed forgivable.

And now let us not hide from ourselves what lies hidden in the womb of this Socratic culture! Optimism, deeming itself unlimited! Now let us not be alarmed when the fruits of this optimism ripen, when society, leavened by such a culture down to its lowest strata, gradually trembles with luxuriant surgings and cravings, when the belief in the earthly happiness of all, when the belief in the possibility of such a universal culture of knowledge gradually turns into the menacing demand for such an Alexandrian earthly happiness, into the conjuring of a Euripidean deus ex machina! Let it be noted: Alexandrian culture needs a slave class in order to exist in the long run: but in its optimistic view of existence it denies the necessity of such a class, and therefore, when the effect of its fine words of seduction and appeasement about the "dignity of man" and the "dignity of labour" is used up, it moves gradually toward a horrifying annihilation. There is nothing more fearsome than a barbaric slave class that has learned to regard its existence as an injustice and is preparing to take revenge not only for itself but for all generations. Who dares, in the face of such threat-

ening storms, to appeal with confident courage to our pale and weary religions, which have degenerated even in their foundations into scholars' religions: so that myth, the necessary precondition of every religion, is already everywhere paralysed, and even in this realm that optimistic spirit has come to dominion which we have just described as the germ of destruction in our society.

While the calamity slumbering in the womb of theoretical culture gradually begins to frighten modern man, and he, uneasy, reaches into the treasury of his experiences for means to avert the danger, without himself truly believing in these means; while, that is, he begins to sense his own consequences: great, universally gifted natures have known how, with incredible deliberation, to use the very armoury of science to set forth the limits and the conditionality of knowledge as such, and thereby decisively to deny the claim of science to universal validity and universal ends: in which demonstration that delusion was for the first time recognized as such which, guided by causality, presumes to be able to fathom the innermost essence of things. The tremendous courage and wisdom of Kant and Schopenhauer achieved the hardest victory, the victory over the optimism lying hidden in the essence of logic, which in turn is the substratum of our culture. Whereas this optimism, relying on the aeternae veritates it never questioned, had believed in the knowability and fathomability of all the riddles of the world, and had treated space, time and causality as entirely unconditioned laws of the most universal validity, Kant revealed how these really served only to elevate mere appearance, the work of Maya, to the sole and highest reality and to set it in the place of the innermost and true essence of things, and thereby to make real knowledge of that essence impossible—that is, in a phrase of Schopenhauer's, to lull the dreamer still more soundly to sleep (W. a. W. u. V. I, p. 498). With this insight a culture is inaugurated which I venture to call a tragic one: its most important characteristic is that

wisdom takes the place of science as the highest goal, wisdom which, undeceived by the seductive diversions of the sciences, turns with unmoved gaze toward the total image of the world and seeks to grasp the eternal suffering in it, with sympathetic feelings of love, as its own suffering. Let us imagine a rising generation with this fearlessness of gaze, with this heroic pull toward the tremendous; let us imagine the bold stride of these dragon-slayers, the proud audacity with which they turn their backs on all the doctrines of weakness of that optimism in order "to live resolutely" in the whole and in the full: would it not be necessary that the tragic man of this culture, in his self-education toward seriousness and terror, must desire a new art, the art of metaphysical comfort, tragedy, as the Helen belonging to him, and cry out with Faust:

And shall I not, with longing's mightiest force, Draw into life that form, the one and only?

But now that Socratic culture has been shaken from two sides and can hold the sceptre of its infallibility only with trembling hands, first from fear of its own consequences, which it is at last beginning to sense, and then because it is itself no longer convinced, with its former naive confidence, of the eternal validity of its foundation: it is a sad spectacle to see how the dance of its thought ever longingly hurls itself upon new forms in order to embrace them, and then suddenly, like Mephistopheles with the seductive Lamiae, lets them go again with a shudder. This is indeed the hallmark of that "breach" of which everyone is accustomed to speak as the primordial affliction of modern culture: that theoretical man takes fright at his consequences and, unsatisfied, no longer dares to entrust himself to the terrible icy torrent of existence: anxiously he runs up and down along the bank. He no longer wants to have anything wholly, wholly with all the natural cruelty of things as well. So far has the optimistic way of looking at things coddled him. Moreover, he feels how a culture built upon

the principle of science must perish when it begins to become illogical, that is, to flee back from its consequences. Our art reveals this universal distress: in vain does one lean imitatively upon all the great productive periods and natures, in vain does one gather the whole of "world literature" around modern man for his comfort and set him down in the midst of the artistic styles and artists of all ages, so that he may give them names, as Adam did the beasts: he remains nonetheless the eternally hungry one, the "critic" without delight and strength, Alexandrian man, who is at bottom a librarian and proofreader and goes wretchedly blind from book-dust and printing errors.

19.

One cannot designate the innermost content of this Socratic culture more sharply than by calling it the culture of opera: for in this domain this culture has expressed itself with peculiar naivety about its willing and knowing, to our astonishment, when we hold the genesis of opera and the facts of operatic development up against the eternal truths of the Apollonian and the Dionysian. I recall first the origin of the stilo rappresentativo and of recitative. Is it credible that this wholly externalised music of opera, incapable of devotion, could be received and cherished with enthusiastic favour, as if it were the rebirth of all true music, by an age from which the ineffably sublime and sacred music of Palestrina had only just arisen? And who, on the other hand, would hold merely the distraction-craving luxuriance of those Florentine circles and the vanity of their dramatic singers responsible for the delight in opera that spread so impetuously? That in the same age, indeed in the same people, alongside the vaulted edifice of Palestrinian harmonies, on which the entire Christian Middle Ages had built, there awoke that passion for a half-musical manner of speech, I can

explain to myself only by an extra-artistic tendency at work in the essence of recitative.

The listener who wishes to hear the word distinctly beneath the singing is accommodated by the singer in that he speaks more than he sings and sharpens the pathetic expression of the words in this half-song: by this sharpening of pathos he eases the understanding of the word and overcomes that remaining half of the music. The real danger that now threatens him is that he may at some point, at the wrong moment, give music the upper hand, whereby the pathos of speech and the distinctness of the word would at once be bound to perish: while on the other hand he always feels the drive toward musical discharge and the virtuoso display of his voice. Here the "poet" comes to his aid, who knows how to offer him enough opportunities for lyrical interjections, repetitions of words and sentences, and so on: passages at which the singer can now rest in the purely musical element, without regard to the word. This alternation of emotionally urgent yet only half-sung speech and fully sung interjection, which lies in the essence of the stilo rappresentativo, this rapidly alternating effort to act now upon the concept and the idea, now upon the musical ground of the listener, is something so wholly unnatural and so inwardly contradictory to the artistic drives of the Dionysian and of the Apollonian alike, that one must infer an origin of recitative lying outside all artistic instincts. According to this description, recitative is to be defined as the commingling of epic and lyric delivery, and by no means the inwardly stable mixture, which could not be attained with things so wholly disparate, but the most external mosaic-like conglutination, such that something of this kind is entirely without model in the realm of nature and experience. But this was not the opinion of those inventors of recitative: rather, they themselves, and their age with them, believed that through that stilo rappresentativo the secret of ancient music had been solved, from which alone the tremendous

effect of an Orpheus, an Amphion, indeed of Greek tragedy too, could be explained. The new style was held to be the reawakening of the most potent music, that of ancient Greece: indeed, given the universal and wholly popular conception of the Homeric world as the primeval world, one could surrender oneself to the dream of having now descended once more into the paradisal beginnings of mankind, in which music too must necessarily have possessed that unsurpassed purity, power and innocence of which the poets knew how to tell so touchingly in their pastoral plays. Here we look into the innermost becoming of this truly modern genre of art, opera: a mighty need here forces an art into being, but a need of an unaesthetic kind: the longing for the idyll, the belief in a primeval existence of the artistic and good human being. Recitative was taken to be the rediscovered language of that primordial man; opera as the recovered land of that idyllically or heroically good being who at the same time follows a natural artistic drive in all his actions, who in everything he has to say at least sings something, so that at the slightest stirring of feeling he at once sings with full voice. It is a matter of indifference to us now that with this newly created image of the paradisal artist the humanists of that time were fighting against the old ecclesiastical notion of man as in himself corrupt and lost: so that opera is to be understood as the oppositional dogma of the good man, with which, however, a means of comfort had at the same time been found against that pessimism to which precisely the earnest-minded of that time, amid the horrifying insecurity of all conditions, were most strongly provoked. Enough, if we have recognised how the real magic, and with it the genesis, of this new art form lies in the satisfaction of a wholly unaesthetic need, in the optimistic glorification of man as such, in the conception of primordial man as the naturally good and artistic man: a principle of opera which has gradually transformed itself into a menacing and appalling demand that we, in the face of the socialist movements of the present,

can no longer fail to hear. The "good primordial man" wants his rights: what paradisal prospects!

Beside this I set yet another, equally clear confirmation of my view that opera is built upon the same principles as our Alexandrian culture. Opera is the birth of theoretical man, of the critical layman, not of the artist: one of the strangest facts in the history of all the arts. It was the demand of thoroughly unmusical listeners that above all one must understand the words: so that a rebirth of the art of music was to be expected only when some manner of singing should be discovered in which the word of the text would rule over the counterpoint as master over servant. For the words, it was held, were as much nobler than the accompanying harmonic system as the soul was nobler than the body. With the lay, unmusical crudeness of these views the union of music, image and word was handled in the beginnings of opera; in the spirit of this aesthetic, too, the first experiments came about in the distinguished lay circles of Florence, through poets and singers patronised there. The man impotent in art produces for himself a kind of art precisely by being the inartistic man as such. Because he has no inkling of the Dionysian depth of music, he transforms the enjoyment of music into the rational rhetoric of passion in word and tone of the stilo rappresentativo and into the voluptuousness of the arts of song; because he is incapable of beholding a vision, he presses the machinist and the scene-painter into his service; because he does not know how to grasp the true nature of the artist, he conjures up before himself the "artistic primitive man" after his own taste, that is, the man who sings in passion and speaks verses. He dreams himself into an age in which passion suffices to engender songs and poems: as if any emotion had ever been capable of creating something artistic. The presupposition of opera is a false belief about the artistic process, and indeed that idyllic belief that every feeling person is in truth an artist. In the sense of this belief, opera is the

expression of amateurism in art, which dictates its laws with the cheerful optimism of theoretical man.

Should we wish to unite under one concept the two notions just described as operative in the origin of opera, nothing would remain for us but to speak of an idyllic tendency of opera: in which we should need only to avail ourselves of Schiller's mode of expression and explanation. Either, he says, nature and the ideal are an object of mourning, when the former is represented as lost and the latter as unattained. Or both are an object of joy, in being represented as real. The first yields the elegy in the narrower sense, the other the idyll in the widest sense. Here attention must at once be drawn to the feature common to those two notions in the genesis of opera, that in them the ideal is not felt as unattained, nor nature as lost. According to this feeling there was a primordial age of man in which he lay at the heart of nature and, in this naturalness, had at the same time attained the ideal of humanity in a paradisal goodness and artistry: from which perfect primitive man we were all supposed to descend, indeed whose faithful image we still were: only we must cast off a few things in order to recognise ourselves once more as this primitive man, by means of a voluntary renunciation of superfluous learning, of overabundant culture. The cultivated man of the Renaissance let himself be led back by his operatic imitation of Greek tragedy to such a harmony of nature and ideal, to an idyllic reality; he used this tragedy as Dante used Virgil, to be guided up to the gates of Paradise: while from here he strode on further by himself and passed over from an imitation of the highest Greek art form to a "restoration of all things", to a recreation of man's original world of art. What confident goodnaturedness in these audacious endeavours, in the very lap of theoretical culture! - to be explained solely by the comforting belief that "man as such" is the eternally virtuous hero of opera, the eternally piping or singing shepherd, who must always in the end find himself

again as such, should he ever at some time really have lost himself for a while; solely the fruit of that optimism which here rises up out of the depths of the Socratic view of the world like a sweetly seductive column of fragrance.

Upon the features of opera, therefore, there lies by no means that elegiac pain of an eternal loss, but rather the cheerfulness of eternal refinding, the comfortable delight in an idyllic reality which one can at least imagine as real at every moment: whereby one may perhaps sometimes suspect that this supposed reality is nothing but a fantastic, silly dalliance, to which anyone able to measure it against the terrible earnestness of true nature and to compare it with the actual primal scenes of humanity's beginnings would have to cry out with nausea: Away with the phantom! Nevertheless one would deceive oneself in believing that so dallying a creature as opera could simply be scared off, like a ghost, by a forceful shout. Whoever would destroy opera must take up the struggle against that Alexandrian cheerfulness which expresses itself in it so naively about its favourite notion, indeed whose proper art form it is. But what is to be expected for art itself from the working of an art form whose origins do not lie in the aesthetic realm at all, which has rather stolen over from a half-moral sphere into the artistic domain and has been able only now and then to deceive us about this hybrid origin? On what saps does this parasitic operatic creature feed, if not on those of true art? Is it not to be surmised that, under its idyllic seductions, under its Alexandrian arts of flattery, the highest task of art, the one truly to be called earnest - to redeem the eye from gazing into the horror of night and to rescue the subject, through the healing balm of semblance, from the spasm of the stirrings of the will - will degenerate into an empty and distracting tendency towards amusement? What becomes of the eternal truths of the Dionysian and the Apollonian in such a mixture of styles as I have exhibited in the nature of the stilo rappresentativo? where

music is regarded as servant, the word of the text as master, where music is compared to the body, the word of the text to the soul? where the highest aim will at best be directed towards a paraphrasing tone-painting, much as formerly in the new Attic dithyramb? where music is wholly estranged from its true dignity of being the Dionysian mirror of the world, so that nothing remains for it but, as the slave of appearance, to imitate the formal nature of appearance and to arouse an external delight in the play of lines and proportions. To a strict consideration, this fateful influence of opera upon music coincides outright with the entire development of modern music; the optimism lurking in the genesis of opera and in the nature of the culture represented by it has succeeded with alarming speed in stripping music of its Dionysian world-vocation and in stamping upon it a character of formal play and amusement: a change with which perhaps only the metamorphosis of Aeschylean man into Alexandrian man of cheerfulness might be compared.

But if we have been right, in the exemplification here indicated, to connect the vanishing of the Dionysian spirit with a most striking, yet hitherto unexplained transformation and degeneration of Greek man — what hopes must revive in us when the very surest auspices vouch to us for the reverse process, the gradual awakening of the Dionysian spirit in our present world! It is not possible that the divine strength of Heracles should languish forever in voluptuous bondage to Omphale. Out of the Dionysian ground of the German spirit a power has arisen which has nothing in common with the primordial conditions of Socratic culture and can be neither explained nor excused by them, but is rather felt by this culture as the terribly inexplicable, the overpoweringly hostile: German music, as we are to understand it above all in its mighty solar course from Bach to Beethoven, from Beethoven to Wagner. What, at best, can the knowledge-lusting Socraticism of our day begin to do with this demon rising up out of in-

exhaustible depths? Neither from the jagged and arabesque ornamentation of operatic melody, nor with the help of the arithmetical abacus of the fugue and of contrapuntal dialectic, will the formula be found in whose thrice-mighty light one might subdue that demon and compel it to speak. What a spectacle, when our aestheticians now, with the butterfly net of a "beauty" peculiar to themselves, strike and snatch at the genius of music frolicking before them with incomprehensible life, amid movements that will no more be judged by the standard of eternal beauty than by that of the sublime. One need only look at these patrons of music in the flesh and at close quarters, when they cry so tirelessly Beauty! Beauty!, to see whether they bear themselves like nature's favourite children, fashioned and pampered in the lap of the beautiful, or whether they are not rather seeking a mendaciously concealing form for their own coarseness, an aesthetic pretext for their own sober poverty of feeling: here I am thinking, for example, of Otto Jahn. But let the liar and the hypocrite beware of German music: for it is precisely this, amid all our culture, that is the one pure, clear and purifying spirit of fire, from which and toward which, as in the teaching of the great Heraclitus of Ephesus, all things move in a double orbit: all that we now call culture, cultivation, civilization will one day have to appear before the unerring judge Dionysus.

Let us then recall how the spirit of German philosophy, streaming from the same sources, was enabled through Kant and Schopenhauer to destroy the contented delight in existence of scientific Socraticism by demonstrating its limits; how through this demonstration an infinitely deeper and more earnest consideration of ethical questions and of art was inaugurated, which we may straightforwardly describe as Dionysian wisdom grasped in concepts: whither does the mystery of this unity between German music and German philosophy point us, if not to a new form of existence, of whose content we can inform

ourselves only by divining it from Hellenic analogies? For to us, who stand at the boundary between two different forms of existence, the Hellenic model retains this immeasurable value, that in it all those transitions and struggles too are stamped into a classically instructive form: only that we live through the great principal epochs of the Hellenic nature analogically, as it were in reverse order, and now, for instance, seem to be stepping backward out of the Alexandrian age into the period of tragedy. And with this there lives in us the feeling that the birth of a tragic age is to mean for the German spirit only a return to itself, a blissful finding of itself again, after for a long time tremendous powers forcing their way in from without had compelled it, living on in helpless barbarism of form, into servitude under their form. Now at last, after its homecoming to the primal source of its being, it may dare to stride forth before all peoples, bold and free, without the leading-strings of a Romance civilization: if only it knows how to learn steadfastly from one people, from whom to be able to learn at all is already a high glory and a distinguishing rarity — from the Greeks. And when did we need these loftiest of teachers more than now, when we are experiencing the rebirth of tragedy and are in danger of knowing neither whence it comes nor being able to interpret to ourselves whither it would go?

20.

Let it one day be weighed, under the eyes of an incorruptible judge, in what age and in which men the German spirit has hitherto striven most vigorously to learn from the Greeks; and if we assume with confidence that this unique praise would have to be awarded to the noblest struggle for cultivation of Goethe, Schiller and Winckelmann, it would at all events have to be added that since that time, and since the nearest effects of that struggle, the endeavour to arrive by the same path at cultivation and at the Greeks has grown weaker and

weaker in an incomprehensible manner. Ought we not, so as not to be forced to despair entirely of the German spirit, to be permitted to draw from this the conclusion that in some principal point even those champions may not have succeeded in penetrating to the core of the Hellenic nature and in establishing a lasting bond of love between German and Greek culture? So that perhaps an unconscious recognition of that deficiency awakened, even in the more earnest natures, the despondent doubt whether, after such predecessors, they would get any further than these along this path of cultivation, or reach the goal at all. Hence we see, since that time, the judgement on the value of the Greeks for cultivation degenerating in the most alarming manner; the expression of compassionate superiority is to be heard in the most diverse camps of the spirit and of the spiritless; elsewhere a wholly ineffectual fine talk dallies with "Greek harmony", "Greek beauty", "Greek cheerfulness". And precisely in those circles whose dignity it might be to draw tirelessly from the Greek riverbed for the welfare of German cultivation, in the circles of the teachers at the institutions of higher learning, men have learned best how to come to terms with the Greeks early and comfortably, not seldom to the point of a sceptical abandonment of the Hellenic ideal and a total perversion of the true purpose of all classical studies. Whoever in those circles has not entirely exhausted himself in the effort to be a reliable corrector of ancient texts or a natural-historical microscopist of language perhaps seeks also to appropriate Greek antiquity "historically", alongside other antiquities, but at all events according to the method and with the superior airs of our present cultivated historiography. If, accordingly, the real cultivating power of the higher institutions of learning has perhaps never been lower and feebler than in the present, if the "journalist", the paper slave of the day, has carried off the victory over the higher teacher in every respect concerning cultivation, and nothing remains to the latter but the metamorphosis already often witnessed, of now moving about, he too, in the journalist's

manner of speech, with the "light elegance" of that sphere, as a cheerful cultivated butterfly — in what painful confusion must the persons so cultivated in such a present stare at that phenomenon which could only be grasped by analogy from the deepest ground of the hitherto ungrasped Hellenic genius, the reawakening of the Dionysian spirit and the rebirth of tragedy? There is no other period of art in which so-called cultivation and real art have stood facing each other so estranged and averse as we see with our own eyes in the present. We understand why so feeble a cultivation hates true art; for it fears its own downfall through it. But should not an entire kind of culture, namely the Socratic-Alexandrian, have lived itself out, after it could run out into so dainty and slender a point as present-day cultivation is! If it was not granted to such heroes as Schiller and Goethe to break open that enchanted gate which leads into the Hellenic magic mountain, if with their most courageous struggling they got no further than that yearning gaze which Goethe's Iphigenia sends from barbarian Tauris homeward across the sea, what would remain for the epigones of such heroes to hope, if the gate did not suddenly open of itself for them, on a quite different side, untouched by all the endeavours of previous culture — amid the mystical sound of the reawakened music of tragedy.

Let no one seek to blight our faith in a yet impending rebirth of Hellenic antiquity; for in it alone do we find our hope for a renewal and purification of the German spirit through the fire-magic of music. What else could we name that, amid the desolation and exhaustion of present culture, might awaken any comforting expectation for the future? In vain do we look out for a single vigorously branching root, for one patch of fertile and healthy soil: everywhere dust, sand, torpor, languishing. Here a disconsolate solitary could choose no better symbol than the Knight with Death and the Devil, as Dürer has drawn him for us, the armoured knight with the brazen, hard gaze, who

knows how to take his terrible path, undeterred by his gruesome companions and yet without hope, alone with horse and hound. Such a Dürer knight was our Schopenhauer: he lacked all hope, but he wanted the truth. There is none his equal. -

But how suddenly that wilderness of our wearied culture, just described so gloomily, is transformed when the Dionysian magic touches it! A storm wind seizes everything outlived, rotten, broken, stunted, wraps it whirling in a red cloud of dust and carries it like a vulture into the air. Bewildered, our eyes seek what has vanished: for what they see has risen as from a sunken depth into the golden light, so full and green, so luxuriantly alive, so immeasurably full of longing. Tragedy sits in the midst of this superabundance of life, suffering and delight, in sublime rapture; she listens to a distant melancholy song — it tells of the Mothers of Being, whose names are: Delusion, Will, Woe. - Yes, my friends, believe with me in Dionysian life and in the rebirth of tragedy. The age of Socratic man is over: crown yourselves with ivy, take the thyrsus in your hand, and do not marvel if tigers and panthers lie down fawning at your knees. Only dare now to be tragic men: for you shall be redeemed. You shall escort the Dionysian procession from India to Greece! Arm yourselves for hard strife, but believe in the miracles of your god!

21.

Gliding back from these exhortative tones into the mood befitting the contemplative man, I repeat that only from the Greeks can one learn what such a wondrous, sudden awakening of tragedy must signify for the innermost ground of a people's life. It is the people of the tragic mysteries that fights the battles against the Persians: and again, the people that waged those wars needs tragedy as a necessary draught of convalescence. Who would have supposed that precisely in this people, after it had been stirred to its very depths for several genera-

tions by the most violent convulsions of the Dionysian daemon, there could still be so uniformly vigorous an outpouring of the simplest political feeling, of the most natural instincts of home, of the original manly lust for battle? For with every significant spread of Dionysian excitements one can always sense how the Dionysian release from the fetters of the individual makes itself felt first of all in an impairment of the political instincts heightened to the point of indifference, indeed of hostility, just as surely as, on the other hand, the state-founding Apollo is also the genius of the principium individuationis, and state and sense of home cannot live without affirmation of the individual personality. From orgiasm there leads, for a people, only one path, the path to Indian Buddhism, which, in order to be endured at all with its longing for nothingness, requires those rare ecstatic states with their elevation above space, time and individual: just as these in turn demand a philosophy that teaches how to overcome the indescribable displeasure of the intervening states by means of an idea. Just as necessarily does a people, starting from the unconditional validity of the political drives, fall into a course of the most extreme secularization, whose grandest but also most terrifying expression is the Roman imperium.

Placed between India and Rome and pressed toward a seductive choice, the Greeks succeeded in inventing, in classical purity, a third form besides, not indeed for long use of their own, but for that very reason for immortality. For that the favourites of the gods die young holds true in all things, but just as surely that they then live eternally with the gods. Let no one demand of the noblest of all things that it should have the durable toughness of leather; that coarse endurance which belonged, for example, to the Roman national drive, is probably not among the necessary predicates of perfection. But if we ask by what remedy it was made possible for the Greeks, in their great age, with the extraordinary strength of their Dionysian and political drives,

to exhaust themselves neither through ecstatic brooding nor through a consuming grasping after world dominion and world renown, but rather to attain that glorious blend such as a noble wine possesses, at once firing and disposing to contemplation, then we must call to mind the tremendous power of tragedy, stirring, purifying and discharging the whole life of the people; whose highest value we shall only begin to divine when it confronts us, as it did the Greeks, as the epitome of all prophylactic healing powers, as the mediatress holding sway between the strongest and in themselves most fateful qualities of the people.

Tragedy absorbs into itself the highest orgiasm of music, so that it positively brings music to perfection, among the Greeks as among us; but then it sets beside it the tragic myth and the tragic hero, who then, like a mighty Titan, takes the whole Dionysian world upon his back and relieves us of it: while on the other hand, through the same tragic myth, in the person of the tragic hero, it knows how to redeem us from the greedy urge toward this existence, and with admonishing hand reminds us of another being and of a higher delight, for which the struggling hero prepares himself with foreboding through his downfall, not through his victories. Between the universal validity of its music and the Dionysially receptive listener, tragedy places a sublime parable, the myth, and awakens in him the semblance that music were merely a supreme means of representation for bringing to life the plastic world of myth. Trusting in this noble deception, it may now move its limbs in the dithyrambic dance and give itself up without misgiving to an orgiastic feeling of freedom, in which, as music in itself, without that deception, it could not dare to revel. Myth shields us from music, just as on the other hand it first gives music its highest freedom. In return music bestows upon tragic myth, as a counter-gift, a metaphysical significance so penetrating and convincing as word and image, without that unique aid, could never at-

tain; and in particular, through it there comes over the tragic spectator precisely that sure presentiment of a highest delight, to which the path leads through downfall and negation, so that he thinks he hears the innermost abyss of things speaking audibly to him.

If with these last sentences I have perhaps been able to give this difficult idea only a provisional expression, immediately intelligible to few, I may not, precisely at this point, desist from urging my friends to a renewed attempt and from asking them to prepare themselves for the knowledge of the general proposition by a single example from our common experience. In this example I may not refer to those who use the images of the scenic events, the words and emotions of the acting persons, in order with this aid to approach the feeling of music; for none of these speak music as their mother tongue, and even with that aid they get no further than the vestibules of musical perception, without ever being permitted to touch its innermost sanctuaries; some of them, like Gervinus, do not by this path even reach the vestibules. Rather, I must turn only to those who, immediately akin to music, have in it as it were their mother's womb and are connected with things almost solely through unconscious musical relations. To these genuine musicians I put the question whether they can imagine a human being who would be able to perceive the third act of "Tristan and Isolde" without any aid of word and image, purely as a tremendous symphonic movement, without expiring in a convulsive spreading of all the wings of the soul? A human being who, as here, has laid his ear, as it were, upon the heart-chamber of the world-will, who feels the raging desire for existence pouring forth from here into all the veins of the world, as a thundering torrent or as the gentlest spray-dispersed brook, should he not shatter all at once? Should he endure, in the wretched glass casing of the human individual, to hear the echo of countless cries of delight and woe out of the "wide space of the night of worlds", without fleeing irresistibly, at this shepherd's dance

of metaphysics, to his primordial home? But if such a work can nonetheless be perceived as a whole, without negation of individual existence, if such a creation could be created without shattering its creator - whence do we take the solution of such a contradiction?

Here, between our supreme musical excitement and that music, there interposes itself the tragic myth and the tragic hero, at bottom only as a likeness of the most universal facts of all, of which music alone can speak by a direct path. As a likeness, however, the myth, were we to feel as purely Dionysian beings, would remain standing beside us wholly without effect and unheeded, and would not for a single moment turn us aside from offering our ear to the echo of the universalia ante rem. Here, however, the Apollonian power, directed toward the restoration of the almost shattered individual, breaks forth with the healing balm of a blissful illusion: suddenly we believe we see only Tristan, as, motionless and numb, he asks himself: "the old tune; why does it wake me?" And what earlier struck us as a hollow sighing from the very centre of being now seeks only to tell us how "waste and empty the sea." And where we fancied we were breathlessly expiring, in the convulsive straining of all our feelings, with only a little still binding us to this existence, we now hear and see only the hero, wounded unto death and yet not dying, with his despairing cry: "Longing! Longing! In dying still to long, and not for longing to die!" And if earlier the jubilation of the horn, after such an excess and such a multitude of consuming torments, cut through our heart almost like the highest of torments, now there stands between us and this "jubilation in itself" the exultant Kurwenal, turned toward the ship that bears Isolde. However powerfully pity seizes hold of us, in a certain sense it is pity that rescues us from the primordial suffering of the world, just as the symbolic image of the myth rescues us from the immediate beholding of the supreme world-idea, just as thought and word rescue us from the unchecked outpouring of the unconscious

will. Through that glorious Apollonian illusion it seems to us as though even the realm of tones confronted us like a plastic world, as though in it too only the fate of Tristan and Isolde had been formed and sculpturally imprinted, as in a most delicate and expressive material.

Thus the Apollonian tears us away from Dionysian universality and fills us with rapture for individuals; to these it fastens our stirred pity, through these it satisfies our sense of beauty, which thirsts for great and sublime forms; it leads images of life past us and incites us to a thoughtful grasp of the core of life contained in them. With the tremendous force of the image, the concept, the ethical teaching, the sympathetic emotion, the Apollonian lifts man up out of his orgiastic self-annihilation and deceives him, beyond the universality of the Dionysian process, into the delusion that he is seeing a single image of the world, for example Tristan and Isolde, and that through the music he is only meant to see it better and more inwardly. What can the healing magic of Apollo not accomplish, when it can even arouse in us the illusion that the Dionysian, in the service of the Apollonian, could really heighten its effects, indeed that music is even essentially an art of representation for an Apollonian content?

By virtue of that pre-established harmony which reigns between the perfect drama and its music, the drama attains a supreme degree of visibility otherwise inaccessible to the spoken drama. As all the living figures of the scene simplify themselves before us, in the independently moving lines of melody, to the clarity of the curved line, the coexistence of these lines resounds to us in the change of harmonies that sympathises in the most delicate way with the moving action: through which the relations of things become immediately perceptible to us in a sensuously apprehensible, by no means abstract manner, just as we likewise recognise through it that only in these relations does the essence of a character and of a line of melody purely reveal

itself. And while music thus compels us to see more, and more inwardly, than usual, and to spread out the action of the scene before us like a delicate web, the world of the stage is for our spiritualised, inward-gazing eye as infinitely expanded as it is illuminated from within. What could the poet of words offer that is analogous, he who, with a far more imperfect mechanism, by an indirect path, starting from the word and the concept, toils to attain that inner expansion of the visible stage-world and its inner illumination? Although musical tragedy too takes the word in addition, it can at the same time place beside it the ground and birthplace of the word and make clear to us, from within, the becoming of the word.

But of this process just described it would have to be said just as definitely that it is only a glorious semblance, namely that Apollonian illusion mentioned before, through whose effect we are meant to be relieved of the Dionysian onrush and excess. At bottom, indeed, the relation of music to drama is precisely the reverse: music is the true idea of the world, drama only a reflected gleam of this idea, an isolated shadow-image of it. That identity between the line of melody and the living figure, between the harmony and the relations of character of that figure, is true in a sense opposite to the one that might seem to us, while watching the musical tragedy. We may set the figure in motion in the most visible way, animate it and illuminate it from within, yet it remains always only appearance, from which there is no bridge leading into true reality, into the heart of the world. But it is out of this heart that music speaks; and countless appearances of that kind might pass by to the same music, yet they would never exhaust its essence, but would always be only its externalised copies. With the popular and wholly false antithesis of soul and body, to be sure, nothing can be explained about the difficult relation of music and drama, and everything confused; but the unphilosophical crudity of that antithesis seems to have become, precisely among our aestheti-

cians, who knows for what reasons, a willingly professed article of faith, while about an antithesis of appearance and the thing in itself they have learned nothing or, for reasons likewise unknown, cared to learn nothing.

Should it have emerged from our analysis that the Apollonian in tragedy, through its illusion, has carried off complete victory over the Dionysian primal element of music and has made the latter serviceable to its own ends, namely to the highest clarification of the drama, then a very important qualification would indeed have to be added: at the most essential point of all, that Apollonian illusion is broken through and annihilated. The drama, which with the help of music spreads itself out before us in such inwardly illuminated clarity of all movements and figures, as though we were watching the fabric come into being on the loom in its rising and falling jerks, achieves as a whole an effect that lies beyond all Apollonian artistic effects. In the total effect of tragedy the Dionysian regains the upper hand; it closes with a sound that could never ring out from the realm of Apollonian art. And thereby the Apollonian illusion proves to be what it is, the veiling, lasting for the duration of the tragedy, of the true Dionysian effect: which is yet so mighty that at the close it drives the Apollonian drama itself into a sphere where it begins to speak with Dionysian wisdom and where it negates itself and its Apollonian visibility. Thus the difficult relation of the Apollonian and the Dionysian in tragedy could truly be symbolised by a fraternal union of the two deities: Dionysus speaks the language of Apollo, but Apollo finally speaks the language of Dionysus: whereby the highest goal of tragedy and of art in general is attained.

22.

Let the attentive friend call to mind, from his own experience, the effect of a true musical tragedy, pure and unmixed. I believe I have

described the phenomenon of this effect on both its sides in such a way that he will now know how to interpret his own experiences. He will remember, namely, how, in beholding the myth unfolding before him, he felt himself raised to a kind of omniscience, as though the seeing power of his eyes were now no mere power of surfaces but able to penetrate into the interior, and as though he now saw before him, with the help of music, the surgings of the will, the struggle of motives, the swelling torrent of the passions, rendered as it were sensuously visible, like an abundance of vividly moving lines and figures, and could thereby plunge down into the most delicate secrets of unconscious stirrings. While he thus becomes conscious of a supreme intensification of those drives of his that are directed towards visibility and transfiguration, he nevertheless feels just as definitely that this long series of Apollonian artistic effects does not, after all, produce that blissful lingering in will-less contemplation which the sculptor and the epic poet, that is, the properly Apollonian artists, bring forth in him through their works of art: that is to say, the justification of the world of the individuatio attained in that contemplation, which is the summit and the epitome of Apollonian art. He beholds the transfigured world of the stage and yet denies it. He sees the tragic hero before him in epic clarity and beauty and yet rejoices in his annihilation. He comprehends the action of the scene to its innermost core and gladly takes refuge in the incomprehensible. He feels the deeds of the hero to be justified and is yet still more exalted when these deeds annihilate their author. He shudders at the sufferings that will befall the hero and yet divines in them a higher, far more overwhelming delight. He sees more and more deeply than ever and yet wishes himself blind. Whence are we to derive this wondrous self-division, this breaking of the Apollonian summit, if not from the Dionysian spell which, while seemingly stimulating the Apollonian stirrings to their utmost, is yet able to force even this superabundance of Apollonian power into its service? Tragic myth is to be understood

only as an imaging of Dionysian wisdom through Apollonian artistic means; it leads the world of appearance to the limits where it denies itself and seeks to flee back once more into the womb of the true and sole reality; where it then, with Isolde, seems to strike up its metaphysical swan song thus:

In the sea of rapture's billowing swell, in the fragrant waves' resounding knell, in the world-breath's wafting All — to drown — to sink — unconscious — highest delight!

Thus, through the experiences of the truly aesthetic listener, we call to mind the tragic artist himself, how he, like a lavish deity of the individuatio, creates his figures, in which sense his work could hardly be understood as "imitation of nature" — but how then his tremendous Dionysian drive devours this whole world of appearances, in order to let a supreme artistic primordial joy be divined behind it and through its annihilation, in the womb of the Primordial One. Of this return to the primordial home, of the fraternal union of the two art-deities in tragedy, and of the at once Apollonian and Dionysian excitement of the listener, our aestheticians, to be sure, have nothing to report, while they never tire of characterizing the struggle of the hero with fate, the victory of the moral world-order, or a discharge of emotions effected by tragedy as what is properly tragic: an indefatigability which brings me to the thought that they may not be aesthetically excitable men at all, and perhaps come into consideration, when listening to tragedy, only as moral beings. Never yet, since Aristotle, has an explanation of the tragic effect been given from which artistic states, an aesthetic activity of the listeners, might be inferred. Now pity and fear are supposed to be pressed by the solemn events towards a relieving discharge, now we are supposed to feel exalted and inspired by the victory of good and noble principles, by the sacrifice of the hero, in the sense of a moral view of the world; and as surely as I believe that for numerous men precisely this and only this is the

effect of tragedy, just as clearly does it follow that all of these, together with their interpreting aestheticians, have experienced nothing of tragedy as a supreme art. That pathological discharge, the catharsis of Aristotle, of which the philologists are not quite sure whether it should be reckoned among medical or moral phenomena, recalls a remarkable intimation of Goethe's. "Without a lively pathological interest," he says, "I too have never succeeded in treating any tragic situation, and I have therefore rather avoided than sought it out. Might it perhaps also have been one of the advantages of the ancients that the highest pathos was for them merely aesthetic play, whereas with us the truth of nature must collaborate in order to bring forth such a work?" This so profound last question we may now, after our glorious experiences, answer in the affirmative, having experienced with astonishment, precisely in musical tragedy, how the highest pathos can in truth be merely an aesthetic play: for which reason we may believe that only now can the primordial phenomenon of the tragic be described with some success. Whoever now still has nothing to tell of but those vicarious effects from extra-aesthetic spheres, and does not feel himself raised above the pathological-moral process, may simply despair of his aesthetic nature: whereas we recommend to him, as an innocent substitute, the interpretation of Shakespeare after the manner of Gervinus and the diligent tracking down of "poetic justice".

Thus with the rebirth of tragedy the aesthetic listener too is born again, in whose place there had hitherto been wont to sit in the theatre a strange quid pro quo, with half moral and half learned pretensions: the "critic". In his former sphere everything was artificial and merely whitewashed with a semblance of life. The performing artist in fact no longer knew what he was to do with such a listener, one who comported himself critically, and therefore, together with the dramatist or opera composer who inspired him, peered restlessly for the last

remnants of life in this pretentiously barren being, incapable of enjoyment. Of such "critics", however, the public had hitherto consisted; the student, the schoolboy, indeed even the most harmless female creature had, without knowing it, already been prepared by education and newspapers for an identical perception of a work of art. The nobler natures among the artists counted, with such a public, on the arousal of moral-religious forces, and the invocation of the "moral world order" stepped in vicariously where in truth a mighty artistic magic ought to have enraptured the genuine listener. Or else the dramatist presented some grander, or at least stirring, tendency of the political and social present so plainly that the listener could forget his critical exhaustion and abandon himself to emotions like those he felt in patriotic or warlike moments, or before the speaker's rostrum of parliament, or at the condemnation of crime and vice: an estrangement from the true aims of art which here and there was bound to lead outright to a cult of tendency. But here there ensued what has always ensued with all contrived arts: a rapidly sweeping depravation of those tendencies, so that, for example, the tendency to employ the theatre as an institution for the moral cultivation of the people, which in Schiller's time was taken seriously, is already reckoned among the incredible antiquities of a superseded cultivation. While the critic had come to rule in theatre and concert hall, the journalist in the school, the press in society, art degenerated into an object of entertainment of the lowest kind, and aesthetic criticism was used as the binding agent of a vain, distracted, selfish and moreover paltry and unoriginal sociability, whose meaning is conveyed by Schopenhauer's parable of the porcupines; so that at no time has there been so much chatter about art and so little regard for art. But can one still associate with a person who is capable of conversing about Beethoven and Shakespeare? Let each answer this question according to his feeling: with his answer he will in any case prove what he understands by

"cultivation", provided that he tries to answer the question at all and has not already fallen dumb with astonishment.

On the other hand, many a person more nobly and delicately endowed by nature, even though he had gradually become a critical barbarian in the manner described, might have something to tell of an effect as unexpected as it was wholly incomprehensible, which, say, a happily successful performance of Lohengrin exerted upon him: only that perhaps he lacked any hand to take hold of him, admonishing and interpreting, so that that incomprehensibly different and altogether incomparable sensation which shook him then likewise remained isolated and, like an enigmatic star, went out after a brief shining. Then he had divined what the aesthetic listener is.

23.

Whoever wishes to test himself quite precisely, to see how closely he is akin to the true aesthetic listener or whether he belongs to the community of Socratic-critical men, need only ask himself sincerely about the feeling with which he receives the miracle represented on the stage: whether he feels his historical sense, directed towards strict psychological causality, to be offended by it; whether, with a benevolent concession, he admits the miracle, as it were, as a phenomenon intelligible to childhood but estranged from himself; or whether he undergoes something else altogether. For by this he will be able to measure how far he is at all capable of understanding myth, that contracted image of the world which, as an abbreviation of appearance, cannot do without the miracle. It is likely, however, that almost everyone, upon strict examination, will feel himself so corroded by the critical-historical spirit of our cultivation that he can make the former existence of myth credible to himself only by learned means, through mediating abstractions. Without myth, however, every culture forfeits its healthy creative natural power: only a horizon ringed about with

myths closes off a whole cultural movement into a unity. All the powers of fantasy and of the Apollonian dream are rescued from their indiscriminate roaming only through myth. The images of myth must be the unnoticed, omnipresent daemonic guardians under whose care the young soul grows up, by whose signs the man interprets to himself his life and his struggles: and even the state knows no mightier unwritten laws than the mythical foundation that guarantees its connection with religion, its growing forth out of mythical conceptions.

Let us now set beside this the abstract man, guided without myths, abstract education, abstract morality, abstract law, the abstract state: let us call to mind the lawless roaming of the artistic fantasy, curbed by no native myth: let us imagine a culture that has no fixed and sacred primordial seat, but is condemned to exhaust all possibilities and to nourish itself wretchedly on all cultures - that is the present, as the result of that Socratism bent on the annihilation of myth. And now mythless man stands, eternally hungering, among all pasts, and digging and grubbing he searches for roots, even if he must dig for them in the remotest antiquities. What does the tremendous historical need of unsatisfied modern culture point to, the gathering about itself of countless other cultures, the consuming desire to know, if not to the loss of myth, the loss of the mythical home, the mythical maternal womb? Let us ask ourselves whether the feverish and so uncanny stirring of this culture is anything other than the greedy grasping and snatching after food of the hungering man - and who would still wish to give anything to such a culture, which cannot be sated by all that it devours, and at whose touch the strongest, most wholesome nourishment is wont to turn into "history and criticism"?

One would have to despair painfully of our German nature as well, if it had already become inextricably entangled with its culture in the same way, indeed had become one with it, as we can observe to our horror in civilised France; and that which was for a long time France's

great advantage and the cause of its enormous preponderance, precisely that oneness of people and culture, might compel us, at this sight, to praise our good fortune that this so questionable culture of ours has as yet nothing in common with the noble core of our national character. All our hopes, rather, reach out longingly towards the perception that beneath this restlessly convulsing cultural life and spasm of cultivation there lies hidden a glorious, inwardly healthy, primeval power, which, to be sure, stirs mightily only in tremendous moments and then dreams on again towards a future awakening. Out of this abyss the German Reformation grew forth: in whose chorale the future strain of German music first resounded. So deep, courageous and soulful, so exuberantly good and tender did this chorale of Luther's ring out, as the first Dionysian luring call that breaks forth from dense thicket at the approach of spring. It was answered in vying echo by that consecrated and exuberant festive procession of Dionysian enthusiasts to whom we owe German music - and to whom we shall owe the rebirth of German myth!

I know that I must now lead the friend who follows sympathetically to a lofty place of solitary contemplation, where he will have but few companions, and I call out to him encouragingly that we must hold fast to our shining guides, the Greeks. From them we have hitherto borrowed, for the purification of our aesthetic knowledge, those two images of gods, each of whom rules over a separate realm of art of its own, and concerning whose mutual contact and intensification we arrived at an intimation through Greek tragedy. The downfall of Greek tragedy had to appear to us as brought about by a remarkable tearing asunder of these two primordial artistic drives: with which process a degeneration and transformation of the Greek national character was in accord, summoning us to earnest reflection on how necessarily and closely art and people, myth and morality, tragedy and state, are grown together in their foundations. That downfall of tragedy was at

the same time the downfall of myth. Until then the Greeks had been involuntarily compelled to link everything they experienced at once to their myths, indeed to comprehend it only through this linking: whereby even the most immediate present had to appear to them at once sub specie aeterni and in a certain sense as timeless. Into this stream of the timeless, however, the state plunged just as much as art, in order to find rest in it from the burden and the greed of the moment. And a people - as, incidentally, also a man - is worth just so much as it is able to press the stamp of the eternal upon its experiences: for thereby it is, as it were, de-secularised, and shows its unconscious inner conviction of the relativity of time and of the true, that is, the metaphysical significance of life. The opposite occurs when a people begins to comprehend itself historically and to smash the mythical bulwarks around it: with which is usually bound up a decided secularisation, a break with the unconscious metaphysics of its earlier existence, in all its ethical consequences. Greek art, and above all Greek tragedy, held back the annihilation of myth before all else: it had to be annihilated along with it, so that, detached from the native soil, one could live unbridled in the wilderness of thought, morality and deed. Even now that metaphysical drive attempts to create for itself a form of transfiguration, albeit a weakened one, in the Socratism of science that presses towards life: but on the lower levels the same drive led only to a feverish searching, which gradually lost itself in a pandemonium of myths and superstitions heaped together from everywhere: in whose midst the Hellene nonetheless sat with unappeased heart, until he learned, with Greek cheerfulness and Greek frivolity, as Graeculus, to mask that fever, or to stupefy himself completely in some dull Oriental superstition.

Since the reawakening of Alexandrian-Roman antiquity in the fifteenth century, after a long interlude that is hard to describe, we have drawn near to this condition in the most striking manner. On the

heights the same superabundant lust for knowledge, the same insatiable delight in discovery, the same tremendous secularization; alongside it a homeless roaming about, a greedy crowding at foreign tables, a frivolous deification of the present or a dull, stupefied turning away, everything sub specie saeculi, of the "present age": and these same symptoms let us guess at the same lack at the heart of this culture, at the annihilation of myth. It seems scarcely possible to transplant a foreign myth with lasting success without damaging the tree beyond remedy through this transplanting: the tree may perhaps once be strong and healthy enough to expel that foreign element again in a fearful struggle, but as a rule it must waste away, sickly and stunted, or consume itself in morbid overgrowth. We think so highly of the pure and vigorous core of the German nature that we dare to expect from it precisely that expulsion of forcibly implanted foreign elements, and we deem it possible that the German spirit will return to itself in reflection. Perhaps some will think that this spirit must begin its struggle with the expulsion of the Romance element: for which it might recognize an outward preparation and encouragement in the victorious valour and bloody glory of the last war, but must seek the inward necessity in the striving to be ever worthy of the sublime champions on this path, of Luther as well as of our great artists and poets. But let it never believe that it can fight similar battles without its household gods, without its mythical home, without a "bringing back" of all things German! And if the German should look about him fearfully for a guide to lead him back again to the long-lost home whose ways and paths he scarcely knows any more—then let him but listen to the blissfully enticing call of the Dionysian bird that sways above him and would point him the way thither.

24.

Among the peculiar artistic effects of musical tragedy we had to emphasize an Apollonian illusion, by which we are to be rescued from immediate oneness with Dionysian music, while our musical excitement can discharge itself upon an Apollonian domain and upon a visible intermediary world interposed between. In this we believed we had observed how, precisely through this discharge, that intermediary world of the scenic action, the drama as a whole, became visible and intelligible from within to a degree unattainable in all other Apollonian art: so that here, where this art was as it were winged and borne aloft by the spirit of music, we had to acknowledge the highest intensification of its powers, and thus, in that fraternal union of Apollo and Dionysus, the summit of the Apollonian as well as of the Dionysian artistic aims.

To be sure, the Apollonian image of light, precisely in its inner illumination by music, did not attain the peculiar effect of the weaker degrees of Apollonian art; what the epic or the animated stone can do —compel the beholding eye to that calm delight in the world of the individuatio—that would not be achieved here, despite a higher animation and distinctness. We beheld the drama and penetrated with piercing gaze into its inner, agitated world of motives—and yet it seemed to us as though only a symbolic image were passing before us, whose deepest meaning we almost believed we could guess and which we wished to draw aside like a curtain, in order to glimpse the primordial image behind it. The brightest distinctness of the image did not suffice us: for it seemed just as much to reveal something as to veil it; and while with its symbolic revelation it seemed to summon us to tear the veil, to unveil the mysterious background, that very illuminated all-visibility in turn held the eye spellbound and forbade it to penetrate deeper.

Whoever has not experienced this—having at once to behold and at once to long beyond the beholding—will hardly imagine how definitely and clearly these two processes coexist and are felt side by side in the contemplation of tragic myth: while the truly aesthetic spectators will confirm for me that among the peculiar effects of tragedy this side-by-side is the most remarkable. Let one now transfer this phenomenon of the aesthetic spectator to an analogous process in the tragic artist, and one will have understood the genesis of tragic myth. It shares with the Apollonian sphere of art the full delight in semblance and in beholding, and at the same time it negates this delight and takes a still higher satisfaction in the annihilation of the visible world of semblance. The content of tragic myth is first of all an epic event with the glorification of the struggling hero: but whence comes that in itself enigmatic trait, that the suffering in the hero's fate, the most painful overcomings, the most agonizing conflicts of motives, in short the exemplification of that wisdom of Silenus, or, aesthetically expressed, the ugly and the disharmonious, is represented ever anew, in such countless forms, with such predilection, and precisely in the most luxuriant and youthful age of a people—unless a higher delight is perceived in all this?

For the fact that life really does go so tragically would least of all explain the origin of an art form; if indeed art is not merely imitation of natural reality but precisely a metaphysical supplement to natural reality, set beside it for its overcoming. Tragic myth, insofar as it belongs to art at all, also partakes fully of this metaphysical intent of transfiguration proper to art in general: but what does it transfigure when it presents the world of appearance under the image of the suffering hero? Least of all the "reality" of this world of appearance, for it says to us precisely: "Look! Look closely! This is your life! This is the hour hand on the clock of your existence!"

And it was to transfigure this life before us that myth showed it? But if not, wherein lies the aesthetic delight with which we let those images too pass before us? I ask about the aesthetic delight, and know full well that many of these images may besides at times also produce a moral pleasure, say in the form of pity or of an ethical triumph. But whoever would derive the effect of the tragic from these moral sources alone, as indeed was customary in aesthetics all too long, let him not believe that he has thereby done anything for art: which must above all demand purity within its domain. For the explanation of tragic myth the very first requirement is to seek the delight peculiar to it in the purely aesthetic sphere, without encroaching upon the territory of pity, of fear, of the morally sublime. How can the ugly and the disharmonious, the content of tragic myth, arouse an aesthetic delight?

Here, then, it becomes necessary to swing ourselves with a bold running leap into a metaphysics of art, as I repeat my earlier proposition that only as an aesthetic phenomenon do existence and the world appear justified: in which sense it is precisely tragic myth that has to convince us that even the ugly and the disharmonious is an artistic game which the will, in the eternal fullness of its delight, plays with itself. This primordial phenomenon of Dionysian art, so difficult to grasp, becomes intelligible by a direct path and is immediately apprehended, however, only in the wondrous significance of musical dissonance: just as music in general, set down beside the world, can alone give us a notion of what is to be understood by the justification of the world as an aesthetic phenomenon. The delight that tragic myth engenders has the same homeland as the pleasurable sensation of dissonance in music. The Dionysian, with its primordial delight perceived even in pain, is the common womb from which music and tragic myth are born.

Might not that difficult problem of tragic effect have meanwhile been made substantially easier by our having called to our aid the musical relation of dissonance? For now we understand what it means, in tragedy, to want at once to look and to long to go beyond looking: a state which, with regard to artistically employed dissonance, we should have to characterise in just the same way, namely that we want to hear and at the same time long to go beyond hearing. That striving into the infinite, that wingbeat of longing, together with the highest delight in clearly perceived reality, remind us that in both states we must recognise a Dionysian phenomenon, which reveals to us ever anew the playful building up and shattering of the world of individuals as the outflowing of a primordial delight, in a manner similar to that in which Heraclitus the Obscure likens the world-forming force to a child who playfully sets stones here and there and builds up heaps of sand and knocks them down again.

In order, therefore, to assess rightly the Dionysian capacity of a people, we would have to think not only of the music of that people but, just as necessarily, of the tragic myth of that people as the second witness to that capacity. Now, given this closest kinship between music and myth, it is likewise to be supposed that a degeneration and depravation of the one will be bound up with a withering of the other: if indeed the weakening of myth gives expression to a weakening of the Dionysian faculty in general. About both, however, a glance at the development of the German character should leave us in no doubt: in opera as in the abstract character of our mythless existence, in an art sunk to mere amusement as in a life guided by the concept, there had been revealed to us that nature of Socratic optimism, equally unartistic and gnawing at life. To our comfort, however, there were signs that the German spirit, in spite of all, rests and dreams undestroyed in glorious health, depth and Dionysian power, like a knight sunk into slumber, in an inaccessible abyss: from which abyss the Dionysian

song rises up to us, to give us to understand that this German knight even now still dreams his age-old Dionysian myth in blissfully earnest visions. Let no one believe that the German spirit has lost its mythic homeland for ever, when it still so clearly understands the voices of the birds that tell of that homeland. One day it will find itself awake, in all the morning freshness of a tremendous sleep: then it will slay dragons, destroy the treacherous dwarfs and awaken Brünnhilde - and Wotan's spear itself will not be able to bar its way!

My friends, you who believe in Dionysian music, you also know what tragedy means for us. In it we have, reborn out of music, tragic myth - and in it you may hope for everything and forget what is most painful! But what is most painful for us all is - the long degradation under which the German genius, estranged from house and homeland, lived in the service of treacherous dwarfs. You understand the word - as you will also, at the close, understand my hopes.

25.

Music and tragic myth are in equal measure the expression of the Dionysian capacity of a people, and inseparable from one another. Both spring from a realm of art that lies beyond the Apollonian; both transfigure a region in whose chords of delight dissonance, just as much as the terrible image of the world, dies away in charm; both play with the sting of displeasure, trusting in their exceedingly mighty arts of magic; both justify by this play the existence even of the "worst of worlds." Here the Dionysian, measured against the Apollonian, shows itself as the eternal and original artistic power that calls the whole world of appearance into existence at all: in whose midst a new transfiguring semblance becomes necessary in order to hold fast in life the animated world of individuation. If we could conceive of dissonance become man - and what else is man? - this dissonance would need, in order to be able to live, a glorious illusion that would cast a veil of

beauty over its own essence. This is the true artistic intention of Apollo: in whose name we comprehend all those countless illusions of beautiful semblance which at every moment make existence worth living at all and urge us on to live the next moment.

Yet of that foundation of all existence, of the Dionysian substratum of the world, only precisely so much may enter the consciousness of the human individual as can in turn be overcome by that Apollonian power of transfiguration, so that these two artistic drives are compelled to unfold their forces in strict mutual proportion, according to the law of eternal justice. Where the Dionysian powers rise up as impetuously as we are experiencing it, there Apollo too, wrapped in a cloud, must already have descended to us; whose most luxuriant effects of beauty a coming generation will no doubt behold.

That this effect is necessary, however, anyone would most surely feel by intuition, if he once, even if only in a dream, felt himself transported back into an ancient Hellenic existence: walking beneath lofty Ionic colonnades, gazing upward to a horizon cut off by pure and noble lines, beside him reflections of his transfigured form in gleaming marble, all around him people solemnly striding or delicately moving, with harmoniously sounding voices and a rhythmic language of gesture - would he not, amid this ceaseless inflowing of beauty, have to raise his hand to Apollo and cry out: "Blessed people of the Hellenes! How great must Dionysus be among you, if the Delian god deems such enchantments necessary to heal your dithyrambic madness!" - To one so attuned, however, an aged Athenian, looking up at him with the sublime eye of Aeschylus, might reply: "But say this too, you strange stranger: how much must this people have suffered in order to be able to become so beautiful! But now follow me to the tragedy, and sacrifice with me in the temple of both deities!"

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