

Crusade against the Cross

(The tragic life of Nietzsche)



by César Tort

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Contents

Crusade against the Cross 7

Appendix I *Der Antichrist* (Robert Sheaffer's book review) 75

Appendix II Last page of *The Antichrist* 95

Crusade against the Cross

Introduction

These days I have been rereading many of my books on Friedrich Nietzsche, some passages I haven't reread for years, if not decades. I did so because I consider Robert Sheaffer's article on *Der Antichrist* (see Appendix I) to be important, vital I would say to grasp the point of view of my website, *The West's Darkest Hour*.

One of the things I have complained about post-1945 National Socialism is the lack of a NS textbook. A few days ago when I resumed reading *This Time the World* I came across a passage in which George Lincoln Rockwell said that in Iceland he re-read *Mein Kampf* a dozen times. That is the only material he had in the island! Rockwell, of course, was unaware of the distinction between exoteric Hitlerism, plainly embodied in *Mein Kampf*, and esoteric Hitlerism: what the Führer confessed to his inner circle of friends about Christianity.

But Hitler didn't develop these anti-Christian ideas on his own: they were already circulating in Germany. Interestingly, if one looks at American white nationalism today, one notices that it is very similar to exoteric German NS regarding race realism and the Jewish Question. But the esoteric part of NS, what Richard Weikart exposed in *Hitler's Religion*, is completely absent on the American racial right, at least on the most popular websites.

The West's Darkest Hour is not a news blog. Rather, it is a crusade against the cross in that, unlike white nationalists, I am convinced that understanding the Christian Question is more important than the Jewish Question to save the Aryan man from his current self-loathing and thus future extinction. In fact, the present subtitle of my website is precisely 'Crusade against the Cross'.

For, as I have said elsewhere, the Western man, Christian and atheist alike, fanatically worships the Cross: the former with a Jew hanging on it, and the latter without it—though in their twisted minds they replace the crucified rabbi with the new Jesus: be it the marginalised black man or the marginalised trans person. Whoever is the leper of the age *is* worshipped as the crucified one by

contemporary atheists, and my crusade is directed precisely at these Christians and neo-Christian atheists.

Some say that the young Hitler carried a copy of *Thus Spake Zarathustra* in his knapsack during the First World War. Its author, Nietzsche, hasn't been understood because it is still a Christian age in the United States, and a neo-Christian age in Europe. If these days I reread what I have read about the German philosopher, it was precisely with the idea of introducing the visitor to this tragic figure. Given that I have voluminous biographies on Nietzsche, I can rephrase the anecdotes that seem relevant to our point of view, culminating with what, unlike the consensus (the *Zarathustra*), I believe to be his magnum opus: *Der Antichrist*, completed three months before the notorious philosopher lost his mind.

Axiologically, the Christian Weikart, an American, is our enemy; as is the neo-Christian Tom Holland, an Englishman, even though I have so highly recommended Holland's book *Dominion* on my website. Anti-NS Holland understood perfectly the implications of what a transvaluation of all Christian values would mean if implemented (e.g., the Jewish problem would be solved at once!). Sheaffer, another anti-NS, is right to say that Nietzsche's *Der Antichrist* is 'the most devastating and complete philosophical attack on Christian psychology, Christian beliefs and Christian values ever written'.

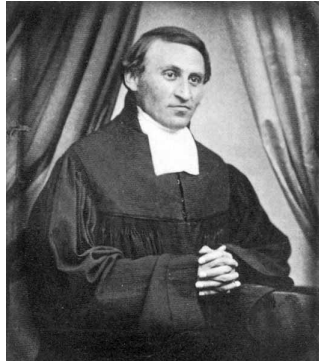
Therefore, it is high time to present not these axiological enemies who have served me so well in my little crusade, but the biography of the Röcken-born philosopher that will serve to shed some light on Hitler's anti-Christianity.

Lutheran father

Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche was born on 15 October 1844 in the small town of Röcken, near Lützen in Thuringia. Formerly part of the kingdom of Saxony, it was annexed to Prussia in 1815. Nietzsche was the first-born son of the local Protestant pastor, Karl Ludwig Nietzsche (1813-1849), who at the age of thirty had married a woman of seventeen, Franziska Oehler.

A year after the wedding Friedrich was born, followed a couple of years later by his sister Elisabeth (Nietzsche's younger brother was born afterwards, but died at the age of two). What is important to report is that, among the ancestors of the future

philosopher, on both the paternal and maternal sides there were several generations of theologians.



Nietzsche's father

Werner Ross, Nietzsche's biographer, mentions that exactly at the moment when Nietzsche was born the bells were ringing for the king's birthday service. The parson's eyes filled with tears as he uttered: 'My son, on this earth you shall be called Friedrich Wilhelm in memory of my royal benefactor, for you were born on his birthday'. He added that his son would be so-called because that is what Luther's Bible said. Friedrich Wilhelm IV, by the way, was no friend of the ideals of the French Revolution. Although benevolent, through the Holy Alliance he longed for a return to feudal times even with knights, orders and castles. Little Friedrich Wilhelm was instilled from the outset with the messianic consciousness of being a son of the medieval king. But like Kant, Nietzsche was brought up in the rigours of Lutheran pietism.

Kant's defence mechanism was to shut down all his emotions and he tried to do philosophy as a sort of Mr Spock through pure reason, like a soulless computer. Nietzsche's defence mechanism, as we shall see, would be the diametrical opposite: the mythopoetic explosion of emotions. Little Nietzsche was not allowed, in such a Prussian upbringing, to vent his emotions, let alone his anger. Curt Paul Janz's multi-volume biography on Nietzsche informs us of this:

As soon as the eldest son began to talk a little, the father took to spending some of his free time with him. The child did not disturb him in his study cabinet, where, as the mother writes, gazed 'Silently and thoughtfully' at the father

while he worked. But it was when the father ‘fantasised’ at the piano that the child was most enthusiastic. Already at the age of one year, little Fritz, as everyone called him, would sit in his pram on such occasions and pay attention to his father, completely silent and without taking his eyes off him. However, it cannot be said that during these early years he was always a good and obedient child. When something did not seem right to him he would lie on the ground and kick his little legs furiously. The father, it seems, proceeded against this with great energy, despite which the child must have continued for a long time to cling to his stubbornness whenever he was denied anything he wanted; but he no longer rebelled, but, without a word, retired to some quiet corner or to the lavatory, where he bore his anger alone.

Unlike what Alice Miller wrote about little Fritz in *The Untouched Key*, Janz didn’t suspect that the severe pietistic upbringing might have been abusive. When Nietzsche was four years old his father died, perhaps of a stroke (it is not clear that the Nietzsche family’s claim that this was due to his falling down the stairs is true). The family moved to Naumburg and Fritz found himself, from then on, as the only male in a household of women: his mother, grandmother, two aunts and younger sister. The adult women were to teach pious Christian virtues to little Fritz.

The Squirrel King

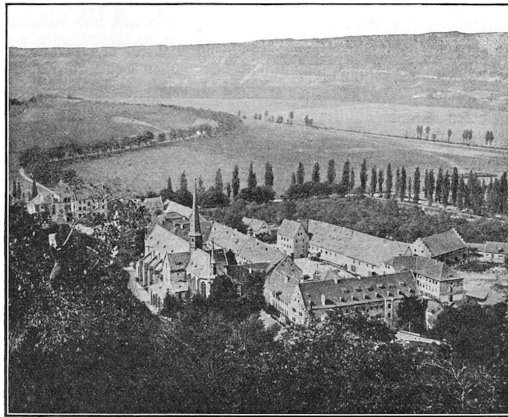
When one delves deeply into Nietzsche’s biography, curious anecdotes come to light that would be hard to imagine for those who are only familiar with his late writings.

Much has been said, for example, about the friendship between Richard Wagner and Nietzsche. But few know that Wagner was born in 1813: the year Nietzsche’s father was born. When Nietzsche was a little boy playing with his sister Elisabeth with tin soldiers and the porcelain figure ‘Squirrel King’ was executing rebels, the revolutionary Wagner was in serious trouble with the king and his life was spared because he was a conductor. The still-small Nietzsche was on the side of the rulers in his Christian kingdom. There were to be no revolutions!

When Nietzsche would later write about his life, he didn’t remember his home in Röcken except for the image of the parish priest, the father, whom he continued to idealise even after he had

finished *Der Antichrist*. Indeed, since his father had died when Nietzsche was four years old, the memories of Prussian discipline the priest had meted out to him, in which the little boy would furiously retreat to the toilet to rage alone, were left out of his memory (his mother would later tell some anecdotes about her young son's life). The idealisation of the parish priest was such that, in the words of Werner Ross, 'Nietzsche was to merge with his father to form a single figure with him'.

In the family it was taken for granted that little Fritz would become a clergyman like his father. His mother, who put him to bed, told him: 'If you go on like this, I'll have to carry you to bed in my arms until you study theology'. Fritz was an obedient child who knew several Bible passages and religious songs by heart so that his schoolmates called him 'the little shepherd', who was impressed above all by religious music. But since the pietistic oppression was a thorn his body began to rebel. In 1856, when Fritz was already a dozen years old, he began to suffer from head and eye ailments. Although he received special holidays for this reason, from that age he would always suffer from these psychosomatic complaints (which would only be completely alleviated with the catharsis of writing several books in a few months much later in his life).



Schulpforta near Naumburg in Germany, a boarding school system for advantaged pupils.

The young Fritz would sneak into the cathedral to watch the rehearsals of the *Requiem* and was shocked to hear the *Dies Irae*. At the age of fourteen he entered the famous school in Pforta, where he received an excellent humanistic education and his love of

music increased, although he continued to suffer from severe headaches. At Schulpforta he even attempted a *Mass* for solo, choir and orchestra, and at the age of sixteen he sketched a *Misere* for five voices. At seventeen the parson's son was ready to die to meet Jesus, and when another of his friends trained in Prussian education—broken in like a horse I'd better say!—received the confirmation, he wrote: 'with the earnest promise you enter the line of adult Christians who are held worthy of our Saviour's most precious legacy'.

Nevertheless, the first signs of rebellion, albeit still unconsciously, began to spontaneously sprout in his seventeenth year. In the Easter holidays of 1862 the student Nietzsche wrote to the union of his friends, under the title *Fate and History*, a prophetic declaration: 'But, as soon as it would be possible to overthrow the entire past of the world with a strong will, we would enter the roll of the independent Gods'. Schulpforta's severe discipline had been a kind of convent to train not only Nietzsche but also the rest of the inmates, but the adolescent Nietzsche, always at the head of the class and lacking an *esprit de corps*, was such a good boy that in cases of insubordination he sided with the teachers.

In his thick volume (866 pages in the edition I have) Werner Ross comments that the letters of the pupil Nietzsche are empty of content, in the sense that his inner life was still hermetically sealed off from him. Nevertheless, when the lad Nietzsche left Schulpforta on 7 September 1864, close to his twentieth birthday, and the following month went to study theology and classical philology at the University of Bonn, thanks to his Prussian education he already had the resources to approach classical authors.

Not a priest!

Nietzsche had to argue with his mother over his resolution not to continue his theological studies, i.e., to prepare for the career of parish priest and, in Bonn, he finally experienced his first breaths of freedom. He no longer had to comply with the rigorous rules of dress, or the obligation to attend religious services in what had been, de facto, the Schulpforta convent for kids. Moreover, Bonn was so far from his mother's home that he couldn't even afford to spend Christmas at home. The difference between Bonn and the sullen family life in Naumburg couldn't have been greater for the

young student who attended parties, something inconceivable in Schulpforta.

Nietzsche, who came to live very close to Beethoven's birthplace, visited Schumann's grave. His friend Paul Deussen, who was the same age (but who would outlive him by almost twenty years) told the anecdote that Nietzsche didn't accept the services of prostitutes when they took him to a brothel during one of his escapades in Cologne. More than adolescent sex, music was his girlfriend. As the teenage Hitler would later do, he attended concerts and the opera despite their financial hardship. A letter to Deussen opens a psychological window into how the young Nietzsche first discovered the late atavistic effects of pagan festivities in Cologne:

The entire population of the city lived for three days in total debauchery... There was complete freedom to visit and to receive visitors, even to kiss. Breakfast was ready in every home, accompanied by wine and punch; joking and laughing, drinking a glass, and then the round went on... When they arrived at the house of a slaughterer, the party had passed through the window, which was easy, since in the Rhineland houses have very low windows... The students kissed the splendid girl leaning out of the window and left through the front door. In the meantime, the father objected to the custom of wearing masks and wanted to prevent the parade. That's why I was called. I carried the rather stout man outside and closed the entrance, then collected up my kiss and the procession moved on.

It was a time when the young Nietzsche already wore a moustache, though by no means the bristling wig with which, after his death, his face became iconic. He was such a gregarious young man that in addition to the opera he attended the theatre with friends. No one could have suspected that he would eventually become a hermit. So little noticed was Nietzsche among lads of his age that, except Deussen, no member of the 'Franconia' association to which he belonged remembered anything about him when he was already famous. Nietzsche's German biographers swim in information and documents about his life, to the extent that even some of his class notebooks have come into the public light for centuries to come.

If, to his mother's chagrin, Nietzsche had abandoned his theological studies after one semester and started studying classical philology with Professor Friedrich Wilhelm Ritschl, the following year, in October 1865, following his teacher Ritschl, he went to the University of Leipzig. Nietzsche's experiences in Leipzig are recounted in a colourful account, *Retrospect of My Two Years in Leipzig*. When he enrolled in the faculty of philosophy at the University of Leipzig, a century had already passed since Goethe had done so. With his mentor Ritschl Nietzsche again showed himself industrious: a model student as he had been at Pforta. Ritschl gave his favourite pupil heavy assignments, such as extracting and collating ancient texts and indexing the issues of the *Rheinisches Museum für Philologie*. In 1866 Nietzsche gave his first lecture at the Philological Association and befriended the student Erwin Rohde, who was to become his best friend. This was the time of the war between Prussia and Austria, in which Prussia emerged victorious although Nietzsche, a Prussian in Leipzig, objected to the city becoming immediately Prussian. But the young scholar writes about that year: 'I often longed to be torn away from my monotonous labours'.

On 9 October 1867, Nietzsche began his military service with a cavalry regiment. These were terrible times on the other side of the Atlantic, when the Mexican Indian Benito Juárez had Emperor Maximilian shot in Mexico.¹ In March 1868 Nietzsche suffered a fall from a horse, but the period of convalescence served as an opportunity to approach philosophy and in October he finished his military service. Once again: terrible things were happening on the other side of the Atlantic. Blacks were granted the right to vote in the United States because of the triumphant Christian ethics of the Yankee Puritans at a time when Jewry hadn't yet taken over the media.

But by then the twenty-three-year-old young man already bears the name of Nietzsche.

¹ In sharp contrast to today's traitorous white Mexicans who admire Juárez, my great-great-grandfather José María Tort y Vivó, a Catalan living in Mexico mentioned by José Zorrilla in *Recuerdo del Tiempo Viejo*, was a staunch supporter of Maximilian of Habsburg.



A student philological organization in Leipzig. Nietzsche stands third from left facing Ernst Windisch, who is looking down.

The 19th century represented an awakening of a sector of the population in German-speaking countries to the Jewish question. As a man in tune with his times, Nietzsche would write to his mother that he had finally found a brewery ‘where you don’t have to swallow melted butter and Jewish facades’. With his typical aristocratic tendency, the young Nietzsche considered all commerce unworthy, not just Jewish commerce. The proletariat was alien to him. He always believed that an uprising of the working class would destroy the world, so it had to be opposed. For, having studied classical philology, Nietzsche had read directly the Greek writers of the ancient world, who weren’t infected by secular cross-worship in the sense of worshipping the crucified in turn. It was precisely the century in which Nietzsche lived that Doré, Dostoyevsky and Marx saw the horrors to which the Industrial Revolution had brought London and Manchester, times when ‘the crucified’ par excellence was the worker.

The decade before the photograph above, Count Gobineau had published his essay on the inequality of the human races, and Darwin on the origin of species. Those books written in French and English respectively ought to have been the best influences for the young philologist who knew so well the Greco-Roman classics and thus the scale of values before the advent of Judeo-Christianity. But Nietzsche would be impressed by what was then fashionable in German. He read David Friedrich Strauss’ *Life of Jesus*. I have complained on my website that much of the racial right is ignorant of the textual criticism that Germans have been making of the New

Testament since the Enlightenment. The special edition of Strauss' book that Nietzsche bought had been precisely the one that had appeared in German bookstores at a reasonable price for freethinkers of limited means. Nietzsche made the mistake of wanting to convey to a silly woman, Elisabeth, the reasons for his recent apostasy, now endorsed by the book in vogue at the time, while his sister replied to his letter confused and saddened by this typical turn of a 19th-century freethinking.

But Strauss wasn't the most important influence on Nietzsche. In an antiquarian bookshop he found Schopenhauer's *The World as Will and Representation* and began to leaf through it. He bought it and took it home to read. Later he would read *Parerga and Paralipomena*.

Except for Kant, Schopenhauer rejected the philosophers of German idealism, and showed Nietzsche what criticism of a nation's culture is: university philosophy serves the State and the Church since it is from them that the philosopher receives his livelihood (Schopenhauer is somewhat hypocritical in this matter, since *The World as Will and Representation* begins with a very dull two hundred Kantian pages that could also fall under such category). The young Nietzsche had found an educator, but more than Schopenhauer's doctrine, what was decisive was the attitude of the philosopher who not only opposed Hegel and company but presented himself to the world as a pessimistic and solitary hero. That Nietzsche's friends worshipped the rebellious philosopher is evident from the fact that every year a group of Schopenhauerians celebrated his birth by drinking to the memory of their late master at a bacchanalian dinner. These were years in which the subject of Richard Wagner was also the order of the day, the talk of Leipzig. Werner Ross tells us: 'The approach to Wagner is the most important event in Nietzsche's entire biography. It surpasses in intensity and scope even his appointment as professor at the University of Basel'.

Richard Wagner

Wagner was one of those Europeans aware of the Jewish problem and had written a book on the subject, but he needed fighters for his musical cause. Sophie Ritschl, the sister of Nietzsche's teacher, took advantage of a whirlwind visit by Wagner

to Leipzig to arrange an interview between Richard Wagner and Friedrich Nietzsche—a great honour for the latter. Everything seemed calculated to recruit the young genius to the Wagnerian cause! On 8 November 1868 Nietzsche met Wagner, to whose music he was fully converted. He would never forget those days in which he felt himself treated as an equal of the greatest genius of the age.

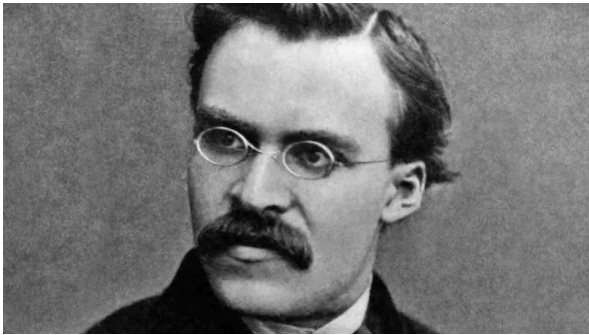
But we must take into consideration the time we are talking about. When I saw Wagner's first masterpiece, *Tannhäuser*, I was shocked that the Goddess Venus was defeated by invoking the voice of the Virgin Mary. While it is true that Wagner played with pre-Christian myths, he never broke with his Lutheran origins as drastically as Nietzsche would over the years. Nonetheless, when Nietzsche attended concerts playing the overtures to *Tristan* and *The Master-Singers of Nuremberg*, he wrote to his friend Rohde: 'I cannot keep calm before this music: every fibre, every nerve stirs in me, and it is a long time since I have had such a feeling of rapture as when listening to the above overture' (the same could be said of the impressions that the lad I was decades ago had!).

On 13 February 1869, the University of Basel appointed Nietzsche professor of classical philology: an astonishing case, for he was not even a doctor. This was mainly due to the influence of his teacher Ritschl, now indirectly involved in recruiting his pupil to the Wagnerian cause. On 23 March the University of Leipzig awarded Nietzsche a doctor's degree, without examination or thesis, based on papers published in Ritschl's *Rheinisches Museum*. Thus Nietzsche abandoned his German (Prussian) citizenship and became Swiss. Wagner invited Nietzsche to 'talk about music and philosophy' and the young man naturally accepted. On 17 May he visited Wagner for the first time in Tribschen and was captivated. Wagner was 'a fabulously lively and fiery man who speaks very fast, is very witty and brings joy to a meeting'.

On 28 May Nietzsche gave the inaugural address of his professorship: *Homer and Classical Philology* and met the Renaissance scholar Jacob Burckhardt. In 1870 he continued his classes, lectures and philological studies, and in April he was appointed full professor: the year in which *The Valkyrie* was premiered in Munich. On 8 August he asked the university for permission to take part in the Franco-Prussian war, which was granted, but only as a nurse. Ironically, Nietzsche became seriously ill with dysentery. In

October, he returned to Basel and began his important friendship with the theologian Franz Overbeck.

In 1871 Nietzsche began to write *The Birth of Tragedy Out of the Spirit of Music*: a plea for Wagner or proclamation that, through his music, the glorious days of ancient Greek values would return. (In this Nietzsche wasn't wrong, as the next century Hitler would intuit; and the dream would have crystallised had he won the war.) Early in 1872, *The Birth of Tragedy* was published, the book with which Nietzsche first introduced himself to the public at large. It was well received by his friends, but poorly received by the philologists in the profession. For this reason, Nietzsche even entertained the idea of leaving his chair in Basel to carry Wagner's gospel as an itinerant preacher. The young philologist had become enchanted by the man who had been born in the same year as his father. In April Wagner left Tribschen, and on 22 May Nietzsche attended the laying of the foundation stone of the Wagnerian theatre in Bayreuth. These were the times of his greatest interest in Wagner, and he met Malwilda von Meysenburg through Wagnerian circles. At this time Nietzsche also composed the *Manfred Meditation* for piano four hands.



Nietzsche in 1867.

Before saying a thing or two about the social impact on the educated sectors of Germany of Nietzsche's first book, I would like to tell some revealing anecdotes from the years already outlined. Given that the Nietzsche who would become popular was the philosopher—the hermit Nietzsche, taciturn, myopic and sullen—it is difficult to imagine him cheerful in 1867 when he enjoyed, as he put it, a 'strong march on foot' with his faithful friend Rhode: a march in the woods and mountains of Bohemia and Bavaria.

Nietzsche had procured sturdy double-soled boots and the experience, which freed him at least for a few days from his academic duties, had Munich and Salzburg as their destination, although they made their way as far as Nuremberg, mostly on foot.

It is also difficult to imagine the philologist gunner whistling Offenbach tunes in the morning, or that the chronic ailments mentioned above vanished that happy season, despite the horse accident as mentioned earlier. The medical examination deduced that he had torn his pectoral muscles, and during therapy, several cups were filled with pus; the sternum was affected and Nietzsche confesses that he had to learn to walk again. Nietzsche's book of notes during his convalescence covers many pages, where the philosophical concerns that were to take possession of his soul are absent. As a professor of classical philology, he now earned a decent salary at the University of Basel. For someone born in a humble village, this was like winning the lottery. His mother wrote to him euphorically:

My dear Fritz:

Professor of 800 thalers' salary! It was too much, my good son and I could not calm my heart in any other way than by immediately sending a telegram to Volkmann in Pforta.

Then I wrote to the good mother, the guardian, the Sidonchen, the Ehrenbergs, Miss von Grimmenstein and the Schenks in Weimar. In the meantime, Mrs Wenkel and Mrs Pinder came to congratulate us, at about 6 p.m. I took my letters to the post office, 25 pages in all, and communicated my joy first of all to the Luthers, who burst into shouts of joy; they called the old privy councillor, and all burst into tears, and heartily congratulated you, as well as Mrs. Haarseim, Mrs. Keil, Mrs. Grohmann with her daughter, Mrs. privy councillor Lepsius, who always shouted: My good son Fritz, as well as Mrs. Von Busch. And what a beautiful city, said the Keils, the Pinders and old Luther: the university at the top and the Rhine below.

The dream of Nietzsche's father, who saw it as a prodigy that his firstborn would be born when the king's birthday bells were ringing, seemed fulfilled. His academic success reinforced the fantasy that Nietzsche would be a genius and probably contributed to that familiar wine going to his head over the years. And what did his mentor Ritschl have to say? He wrote a eulogy in his reply letter

to Wilhelm Vischer, who was envious of the uncouth, medium-sized, light-brown-haired colleague who didn't yet dress elegantly. Ritschl wrote:

The man doesn't even have a doctorate, but only because the obligatory five-year period since completing the baccalaureate (incidentally, taken at Schulpforta) has not yet fully elapsed. Otherwise, he would already have had one. I want to formulate my judgement in a few words, and neither you nor Büchler, Ribbeck, Bernays, Usener [all disciples of Ritschl] or *tutti quanti* should take it badly.

With as many young people as, for more than thirty-nine years, I have seen being trained before my eyes I have never met, nor have I tried to promote in my speciality according to my possibilities, a lad who so early and so young was as mature as this Nietzsche. The papers for the *Rheinisches Museum* he wrote in the second and third year of his academic three-year term! He is the first one I have accepted in collaboration while still a student. God willing, he will live a long life. I prophesy that one day he will be at the forefront of German philology. He is only twenty-four years old; he is strong, vigorous, healthy, bizarre in body and character, made to please similar temperaments. Moreover, he possesses an enviable facility for calm as well as skilful and clear exposition in free expression. He is the idol and unwitting guide of the whole world of young philologists here in Leipzig, quite numerous, who cannot wait to hear him as a teacher.

You will say that I am describing a kind of phenomenon. Well, he is, and a kind and modest one at that. Also, a talented musician, which is irrelevant here. But I have not yet met any active authority who in a similar case has dared to go beyond the formal inadequacy, and I offer my entire philological and scholarly reputation as a guarantee that the thing will have a happy outcome.

No matter how much of a nose for academic talent Professor Ritschl might boast, he never imagined that his protégée was a time bomb that would blow apart the cloistering he had been suffering from since childhood. Instead of the grey monotony of Pforta that continued in Bonn, Leipzig and now Basel, Nietzsche would end his last sane days singing to the God Dionysus! The very intense blue sky seen in the islands of ancient Hellas, to which

Nietzsche always aspired, evokes another flight from the gloomy skies of the north to the limpid south.

Vincent van Gogh, who lived within Nietzsche's lifespan, was also the son of an austere and humble, though Dutch, Protestant pastor. Unlike Nietzsche, Vincent would become a Protestant pastor for a time, at the age of twenty-six, and go as a missionary to a mining region of Belgium in search of the crucified of the time: a sort of St. Francis in a Protestant version. Only after prolonged self-mortifications would Brother Vincent abandon this black period of his life—literally black, as he watched the poor miners leaving the mines covered in charcoal—and flee in search of the enlightened landscapes of Arles (Nietzsche would do something similar, but not in the South of France but in Italy).

The professor

Although 19th-century Basel was picturesque, it lacked hygiene to such an extent that a few years before Nietzsche lived there it had suffered a bout of cholera. When he was already a respectable town professor, Nietzsche wore a top hat: the only one in Basel to do so. His friend Rhode remained faithful if distant; with Wagner, he continued his affectionate relationship, and the theologian Overbeck became his closest friend. It is difficult to imagine this Prussian reading passages from Mark Twain's amusing novels in conversation with his friends, but this has come to light thanks to documents that have come into the possession of his biographers.



Erwin Rohde, Karl von Gersdorff and Nietzsche.

Although Nietzsche was already established and a member of the community, the Basilian professorship was to last only a decade. He didn't like to be a teacher, although the exercises of the Greek tragedies were somewhat close to his interests. Nor was he interested in philological minutiae but in the intense spirit of ancient Greeks. He wanted the spirit of ancient Hellas to be reborn and distinguished from the sombre way in which its study was taught in the formal academy. He also disliked that he had to appear daily before his students very early in the morning, in addition to preparing the countless hours of lectures and seminars. But he enjoyed the walks, the social life and the meals with his colleagues; he invited his students to his home—time and again he sought their warmth—and when he arrived home, a beautiful grand piano awaited him for his improvisations. With the anchorite image we have of him in his later years, it is hard to imagine him eating at his colleagues' invitations, joking and even dancing.

But he was too shy to take the step Wagner strongly urged him to take: marriage. Werner Ross tells us that Nietzsche 'has gone down in history as one of the few important men who has never even been known to have had a relationship with a woman. He was a special being; a fact that can be understood as a priestly renunciation for the sake of a mission that was to shake the world...'

Old-time friendships in Europe were deeper than ours. Curt Paul Janz observed that Nietzsche's compositions for piano responded to the motto of friendship. Of Rohde, for example, Nietzsche writes, 'of the best and rarest kind and faithful to me with touching love'. Rhode for his part wrote the following retrospective soliloquy in his diary of 1876: 'Think of the golden gardens of happiness in which you lived while, in the spring of 1870, Nietzsche played for you the fragment from *The Master Singers*: "Morning Brightness". Those were the best hours of my whole life'. And about the celebrated composer Nietzsche wrote about 'the warmest and most agreeable nature of Wagner, of whom I want to say that he is the greatest genius and greatest man of our time, decidedly immeasurable!' The group he had first formed with his Schopenhauerian friends mutated into a group that now deified a living man: Richard Wagner. Just as Bayreuth aimed to break with the way music was taught in Germany, Nietzsche wanted to break with the dead form in which philology was taught at the Academy.

Another of Nietzsche's friends, Karl von Gersdorff, pictured above with Rohde, converted Nietzsche to vegetarianism; and Nietzsche, in turn, converted him to Wagnerianism. Although Gersdorff was in complete agreement with Wagner's anti-Semitism and even viewed Mendelssohn's music with contempt, Wagner was exasperated that Nietzsche wouldn't eat meat when he invited him and even scolded him in front of Cosima.

It is very significant to note that neither the Jupiterian Wagner nor the aristocratic Nietzsche said a word about the victims during *La semaine sanglante* (the bloody week) with which the French government repressed the Paris Commune.

When Nietzsche visited the Wagner house he brought toys bought in the Eisengasse in Basel for Cosima's children, who saw the professor as a welcome playmate. Wagner himself began his letters with phrases like 'Dearest Herr Friedrich...' and had drawn up plans that, should he die prematurely, Nietzsche would be the tutor of his son Siegfried: named after the third opera of Wagner's tetralogy inspired by pagan mythology. This was Wagner's fervent wish when Nietzsche was already twenty-eight years old, so, understandably, the academic activity to which he was chained was experienced as an ordeal. By this time he had left philology behind and philosophy represented his real passion. But we must make it clear that Nietzsche didn't have in mind the nonsense that, before him, had been written by all the so-called great philosophers (whom I have referred as *neotheologians*). After all, none of them said anything influential about the Aryan race or the transvaluation of all Christian values. The 'great' philosophers had spent their lives discussing abstruse metaphysics and theories of knowledge but absolutely nothing relevant to our sacred words. Philosophy has been an immense Sahara of sterile discussions, and the fact that after so many centuries the philosophers haven't even intuited what eventually motivated Adolf Hitler, is testimony to the frivolity of their activity.

At this point in his life, Nietzsche was already beginning to glimpse a prophetic mission. Many things were on his mind besides the reform of philology on Greco-Roman authors, and the majestic Aryan art that was to give birth to a New Renaissance as envisaged by Wagner, to be inaugurated in Bayreuth: ideas that were swirling around in his head. We can imagine those times when the master already had white hair and the young professor sported a dark

moustache, meetings presided over by the slender and refined Cosima: a woman who was to become a kind of muse for Nietzsche. Although, as a passionate admirer of Greece, one could imagine the professor travelling to Attica, the circle of the inveterate bachelor didn't leave Naumburg, Leipzig, Lake Lucerne, Lake Geneva, the Swiss mountains and occasionally the Wagners' house. When the philosopher would mature, he would discover to his surprise that even Wagner had only been a way station on his spiritual odyssey.

Philological scandal

The publication of *Die Geburt der Tragödie aus dem Geiste der Musik* (*The Birth of Tragedy Out of the Spirit of Music*) caused so much trouble in the stagnant German-speaking academy that even when Rhode wanted to defend his friend Nietzsche against the attack of their colleagues, he was unable to obtain a professorship in Freiburg.

We are used to the culture of cancellation in the darkest hour of the West. For example, at the time of writing, on the Führer's birthday, Kevin MacDonald expressed his mixed feelings that his ideological enemy at Cambridge University, Nathan Cofnas, had been expelled for daring to talk about race and IQ. But already in 19th-century Europe things were far from an open marketplace of ideas. The aforementioned textual critic of the New Testament, David Friedrich Strauss, whom Nietzsche had read, was also unable to obtain a professorship after the publication of his book (even today academic exegetes don't even bother to read Richard Carrier's peer-reviewed treatise about the dubious historicity of Jesus). Once one understands that the academy is not the proverbial forum for an open marketplace of ideas, but for the ironclad and orthodox transmission of the paradigm of the day, one will understand that only the freelance philosopher will be able to write something worth reading. Always keep in mind that guys like Kant and Hegel didn't openly contradict the interests of the State or the Church, so their obscurantist philosophies weren't only tolerated, but promoted.

In *The Birth of Tragedy* Nietzsche not only expounds the content of his study of the Greeks, but begins to shape his philosophy. The book is a hybrid of philosophy and philology,

which is why Nietzsche himself called it a ‘centaur’. It deals with the birth of Attic tragedy, the motives that inspired it, and the causes of its demise. He aimed to interpret tragedy in ancient Greece, which differed from the concept that the learned had of it. The work develops the thesis that two great opposing forces govern art: the Dionysian force and the Apollonian force. These two forces, once united in Greek tragedy, were separated by the triumph of rationality with Socrates. Nietzsche hoped to rediscover this ancient union in the music of Richard Wagner, to whom he dedicated the book.

The Greece of the white sculptures came to us, but originally they were painted. (Something of this can be seen for at least a few seconds in Oliver Stone’s film in a scene of Alexander the Great’s father, though that film is generally Hollywood Greece rather than historical Greece.) And the same can be said of its architectural ruins: they were originally painted in bright colours, as can be seen in some contemporary reconstructions. To understand Nietzsche one would have to colour not only the sculptures and temple reconstructions, but the original *pathos* of Greek tragedy, insofar as the Germanic psyche of his time was burdened with what we might call an *ogre of the superego*: something like baptising the pagans through the late saintly Socrates, a figure who doesn’t represent the violent origins of Greece and the ensuing tragedy.

For the man of our century, one way to grasp the controversy that Nietzsche’s first book sparked would be to watch Michael Cacoyannis’ film about the tragedy of *Iphigenia* and compare it with thousands of Hollywood turkeys where we see no tragedy at all: the drama is simply resolved with a rational and even happy ending. Apollo is present but Dionysus is absent: prolefeed for the proles! If we take into account what we have said about how the degenerate Aryan, emasculated by comfort to the point of losing the tragic sense of life—and Hollywood has played a central role in making us forget about tragedy and believe that life is merely a drama—we will have, perhaps, a distant analogy to what happened after the publication of Nietzsche’s first book. Without going into the details, which can be read in scholarly biographies, Nietzsche had violated the rules of the philologists’ guild by saying that a German Renaissance could be catapulted by Wagner’s music. In *The Birth of Tragedy* a holy man, Socrates, was dethroned. I would add that, being physically ugly, Socrates was never a true Greek because

in the real Hellas physical ugliness was almost a refutation (being the son of a midwife, the baby Socrates avoided premature infanticide by the eugenicists of the time). According to Nietzsche, the original tragedy was lyrical-musical, like Wagner's musical tragedies. With Socrates and his calculating reason a dangerous optimism had penetrated the Greek psyche, and the original, deeply pessimistic tragedy died (I really suggest that any fan of Judaizing Hollywood watch the Greek film *Iphigenia*, mentioned above, to get a taste of what we are talking about).

Wagner went to great lengths to calm Cosima down from the shock of such iconoclasm, and she herself wrote to Nietzsche: 'The master must have told you what excitement I have been in, and also that all night long he had to talk to me about it, with all the details'. Wagner certainly applauded Nietzsche's daring, but he feared greatly for his academic future. For in turning against the *white* Greece to which 19th-century Europeans were accustomed, introducing the violent *colour* of the original culture, as well as advocating a revival of Germanism thanks to Wagner's musical dramas, the book was no longer a dull text: it was a political essay. By presenting himself not as an obscure Basilian professor whose texts are suitable only for colleagues but as a Dionysian dancer, Nietzsche, besides being too strong for the palate of his classicist contemporaries, was marked in relation to the notorious composer.

These were times when Wagner's *The Ring of the Nibelung*—the most pagan and ambitious of his operas—was much talked about in Germany. He was still working on the last of the four operas in that series. *Tannhäuser* had been left behind in public conversation and the neochristian *Parsifal* hadn't yet been composed. Nietzsche couldn't have imagined that he alone would lead the way in transvaluation while the Wagnerians would take a step backwards. Only the next century Himmler and his kind would take steps forward on the psychological Rubicon instead of the fear that the Rubicon causes by stepping back (say, like the regressive step William Pierce took after the exterminationist *The Turner Diaries* with his next novel, *Hunter*, where Pierce introduces a Christian character as the good guy in his drama!). Before *Parsifal* the medicine that Nietzsche prescribed for the general malaise of the Germanic peoples was still sold in the Wagnerian pharmacy. Richard, in fact, invited Nietzsche, now his herald, and in Cosima's diary we see that her husband even wept with happiness after the

publication of *The Birth of Tragedy*. Unfortunately, Nietzsche didn't attend because that winter he suffered from the typical Christmas depression that invaded him on the darkest days of the year.

The King of Bavaria himself, a great friend of Wagner, let it be known via third parties that he had received Nietzsche's book but didn't comment on its contents. Ritschl, the representative of academic philology who had been so supportive of the young man, wrote in his notes not intended for publication that the book was 'witty drunkenness'. For what was already apparent in this essay was a desire to reorganise German culture and to declare conventional philology, so devoid of bright colours and the tragic meaning of life, dead. For the depressed Nietzsche all that suited him: to fight. He wanted to pick a fight to get out of his depressions!

And the fight actually came. One of the normies of the time, the philologist Ulrich von Wilamowitz-Moellendorf, who like Nietzsche had studied at the boys' cloister, asked the professor to leave the chair and wrote a pamphlet denouncing *The Birth of Tragedy*, where he writes: 'What a shame you inflict, Mr Nietzsche, on Mother Pforta' and later added that Nietzsche had degraded all that he had been taught as untouchable and sacred. Werner Ross comments: 'The serene Hellenism... was like a piece of religion for bourgeois and intellectuals that would not be extirpated'. For Wilamowitz had grasped Nietzsche's intention to create a new philology based on the original spirit of Ancient Hellas, on that deep blue of the Mediterranean and so distant from the grey skies of northern Europe.

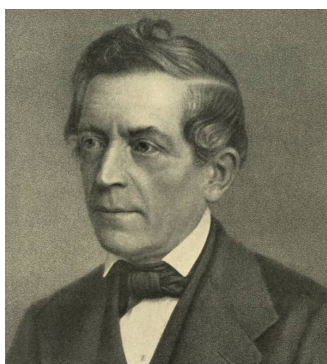
Rhode replied to Wilamowitz and even Wagner himself intervened in the exchange with a published text of his own (ignored by the philologists of course). Wilamowitz in turn replied to Rohde and other professionals intervened. Never before had such a furious controversy raged in philology, and Nietzsche took refuge in a further elaboration of his pregnant philosophy.

The Straussiad

Between 1873 and 1876 Nietzsche published separately four major essays, *David Strauss: the Confessor and the Writer*, *On the Use and Abuse of History for Life*, *Schopenhauer as Educator*, and *Richard Wagner in Bayreuth* (these four were later collected and entitled, together, *Untimely Meditations*). All four essays shared the orientation of a

general critique of German culture in an attempt to change its course, which Nietzsche foresaw as wrong. Since I am not trying to deal in depth with his complex legacy, but only to show how the anti-Christianity of Hitler's private conversations in the 20th century had been brewing in his homeland since the previous century, I will only say a few words about the first of the *Untimely Meditations*: the attack on David Friedrich Strauss.

If we remember that Nietzsche had read Strauss' magnum opus, *Das Leben Jesu, kritisch bearbeitet* (*The Life of Jesus, Critically Examined*, published in Tübingen in 1835-1836); that the book helped his apostasy; and that he even wanted to communicate this reading to his sister, it seems a mystery that in this first great essay after *The Birth of Tragedy* Nietzsche should fiercely attack Strauss. But it must be understood that Nietzsche was attacking another book by Strauss that was selling like a bestseller, published decades after *Das Leben Jesu*. I refer to *The Old and the New Faith: A Confession* (1871). So far I have based much of the biographical information in this series on Werner Ross' book on Nietzsche, originally published in German under the title *Der ängstliche Adler*. But I am afraid to say that, as far as the acerbic satire of the 'Straussiade' is concerned, Ross is wrong in saying that Nietzsche's essay was simply a commission from Wagner, whom Strauss had long before attacked mercilessly.



David Friedrich Strauss

What prompts me to say a word about this Nietzschean diatribe is that I have held Strauss in high esteem, in the sense that since 2012 and 2013 I presented him in my website as a pioneer of New Testament textual criticism. Critical exegesis aside, Ross, who

had a poor idea of Hitler, didn't realise that Nietzsche's concerns about Strauss' bestseller were genuine and that they arose naturally from his point of view. (To use a vulgar analogy, it is as if in our century I were to attack Richard Carrier's wokism even though I accept the thesis of his book on the dubious historicity of Jesus.) We must understand that Nietzsche had erected for himself an ideal of culture based on three pillars: pre-Platonic Greece, Schopenhauer and Wagner. Strauss' book was in exemplary opposition to them, and its success indicated that the danger for Germany was more serious than could have been supposed.

In *David Strauss: der Bekenner und der Schriftsteller* (*David Strauss: the Confessor and the Writer*, 1873) Nietzsche presents Strauss as an example of the German thought of the time. He casts the Straussian 'New Faith', based on the 'scientific' progression of history, as a vulgar reading of history in the service of a degenerate culture. Throughout his essay Nietzsche uses the term 'Philistine culture'. *Philistinism* was a pejorative term that, although of German origin, it was used from the 19th century onwards in the English language. By comparison with the ancient Philistines, in the cultural milieu of the Victorian era it was applied to vulgar, uneducated or insensitive people. Today the term is in disuse because vulgarity in the culture of the masses, and even of the elites, is no longer seen as vulgar. It is difficult to present Nietzsche's critique of culture on a few paragraphs because one must be immersed in the spirit of 19th-century Germany. Such an enterprise could only be of value to a scholar writing retrospectively. But for a taste of Nietzsche's essay, I will quote a few passages from his heated polemic. After prefacing his critique with the sentence 'There was once a Strauss who was a brave, rigorous scholar, not at all lightly clad, and we liked him just as much', Nietzsche tells us:

What kind of people are these who must have attained dominion in Germany and who can forbid such strong and simple feelings and prevent their expression? That power, that kind of people I will call by their name—they are the *cultphilistine*...

Because of this lack of self-knowledge, the Philistine has the firm and convinced feeling that his 'culture' is the full expression of true German culture: and since everywhere the Philistine goes he meets cultured people of his kind, and since all public institutions, all educational, cultural and artistic

establishments are organised by the Philistine's cult and needs, he wanders everywhere with the triumphalist feeling that he is the worthy representative of present-day German culture...

He finds everywhere the uniform imprint of himself, and from this uniform imprint of all 'cultured' people he derives a unity of style of German culture.

The posthumous fragments from the time of the composition of this first of the *Untimely Meditations*, such as one fragment from the spring-summer of 1873 are even more direct in probing Nietzsche's thinking:

Strauss is not a philosopher. He lacks feeling for style. He is not an artist...

The horrendous dilapidation of Hegelianism! Not even those who have been able to save themselves from it, like Strauss, are ever completely cured. Two misfortunes befell Strauss: firstly, Hegelianism took possession of him and made him dizzy at a time when he should have been guided by a serious philosopher. Secondly, his opponents made him fall into the mania that his cause was popular and that he was a popular author. As a result, it has never been possible for him to cease to be a theologian, and it has never been permissible for him to begin again to be a rigorous disciple of his science. Now he has done his utmost to eliminate Hegel and the theological ingredient as much as possible: but in vain. The former is evident in Strauss' chatteringly optimistic way of looking at the world, in which the Prussian state is the ultimate goal of world history; the latter in the irritated invective he hurls against Christianity. Strauss lacks something to lean on and throws himself into the arms of the State and of success; his thinking is not at any point a thinking *sub specie aeternitatis* [in the perspective of eternity], but a thinking *sub specie decenni* *vel biennii* [from the standpoint of the decade or the biennium]. This is how he becomes a 'classic populist', just like Büchner...

The *cultiphilistine* ignores what culture-unity of style is. He agrees that there are classics (Schiller, Goethe, Lessing) and forgets that they *wanted* a culture, but that they are not a foundation on which to rest.

What to say about Nietzsche's political ideas, would the philosopher have approved of the Third Reich had he lived lucidly

and for as many years as his sister? What is certain is that more than one pundit answered his diatribe against Strauss. For example, ‘Herr Friedrich Nietzsche and German Culture’ published in the Leipzig journal *Die Grenzboten* in October 1873 by the mysterious ‘B.F.’ rebuked Nietzsche for his lack of patriotism.²

Politics aside one thing is certain: the philologist was left behind and a philosopher was born: a critic of culture, the *Kulturkampf*. The context of Nietzsche’s *Untimely Meditations* must be understood within the legacy of Wagner and the work of ‘total art’, which detested the scientific fever, the faith in so-called progress and the mercantile spirit of the present. (He who advocates the transvaluation of these Judaizing values would say: *Let’s go back to the Germanic myths!*) These were the times when Nietzsche had made his first solo trip abroad, and in his diary, he wrote things like ‘This Alpine valley is absolutely my pleasure: here there are strong, pure airs, mountains’ and ‘roads I walk along for hours’. This is already the new Nietzsche, the man of little or no company (see the painting by Caspar David Friedrich on the cover of this book). Even to his mother he cites pen, ink and paper as his best companions: ‘All together we greet you from the bottom of our hearts’. This was also the year in which the opening of the Bayreuth theatre was planned. Wagner was already sixty years old, and Nietzsche was brimming with euphoria.

Strauss was to die the following year.

Philosophy

The man we see in the painting by Friedrich was never entangled in the cobwebs of what, misleadingly, Bertrand Russell would later call ‘Wisdom of the West’ (in reality, the philosophy of the Christian era had only been mental darkness). Nietzsche knew this, as he wrote in *On the Pathos of Truth* about the true lovers of

² It hasn’t been possible to find out who was behind the initials B.F. The official documents of the journal list Hans Blum, who was then its editor, as the author. Many years later, in 1909, Blum denied that he was the author of the article, but he couldn’t remember exactly who had given it to him; he hinted that it might have been a professor at the University of Leipzig or a publicist inspired by university media. It has also been claimed that the author may have been Bernhard Forster (the initials match), then and always an ardent supporter of the Reich, who later married Nietzsche’s sister. If this is so, Nietzsche’s critic would thus have become Nietzsche’s brother-in-law. Elisabeth, of course, denied it.

wisdom: 'Such people live in their own solar system'. Such sovereign independence was the antithesis of the mental illness that Kant's apotheosis had meant in Germany, a *folie en masse* that even Schopenhauer was infected by. The new philosopher 'speaks in forbidden metaphors and unheard-of complexes of concepts in order at least to respond creatively, by destroying and mocking the old conceptual barriers'. This new 'philosopher, insofar as he poeticises, knows; and insofar as he knows, poeticises'. As we shall see, this was a liberating vindication of the Id against the neotheologians' Superego.

Thus, in Nietzsche's mind, an innovation emerged: that of the philosopher-poet. And since one of his pillars was pre-Platonic philosophy, Heraclitus became his philosopher-artist. Years later, in *Ecce homo*, Nietzsche would come to confess that he felt more at home with Heraclitus: the philosopher of the burning of worlds from whom he would draw—what a splendid contradiction!—his own metaphysics: that of the eternal return. It was already the time when Nietzsche was beginning to cultivate a thicker moustache than in his earlier years. And before he came up with the word *Umwertung* (transvaluation), in his personal notebook we can read about the new philosopher: 'If he found a word which, if uttered, would destroy the world, do you think he wouldn't utter it?' As Stefan Zweig would write in *Der Kampf mit dem Dämon* (*The Struggle with the Daimon*), this man, who was not yet thirty, already knew that he had a *daimon* inside him. Werner Ross comments:

Nietzsche found himself slowly and painfully. Decisions matured: separation from Wagner and separation from the university. Both measures were necessary to achieve full independence and to face what awaited him which he himself defined as 'the sorrows of truthfulness'. But he was an anguished eagle [hence the title of Ross' book, *Der ängstliche Adler*] and, equipped as he had long been with the weapons of a bird of prey, he preferred to return to the home nest [spend some time in Naumburg]. The heroic had been applied to his soft temperament with violence: with cold water and unheated rooms, with swimming trials [in a lake] and a lot of early rising, with a lot of study and sexual abstinence.

Nietzsche, who had no contact with young girls, suffered from bodily ailments, perhaps psychosomatic in that, until the onset of madness in later times, Christmas was a critical time for his

depression. In an attempt to cure himself, he wrote to his friend Malwilda: 'Now I wish for myself, in confidence, a good woman very soon, and then I'll consider the wishes of my life to be fulfilled'. Meanwhile, the visionary Wagner believed that the symphony was to be replaced by his musical drama (Wagner didn't call his works 'operas'). And he somewhat was right, for with the advent of cinema—musical dramas with new technology—soundtracks would replace the conventional symphony genre.

I don't want to recount all the anecdotes about the eleven days Nietzsche later spent in Bayreuth, recorded lightly in Cosima Wagner's diary, except that at one point her husband Richard 'became very angry and spoke of his longing to find in music something about the superiority of Jesus Christ', as Ross writes. Suffice it to say that Nietzsche had dared to have brought a Brahms score! Later, when Nietzsche sent them his essay *Schopenhauer as Educator*, the Wagners received the text with delight. Richard wrote to him: 'I have thought that you should either marry or compose an opera; both would be useful to you. But marriage seems better to me', and invited him once more to his home. Nietzsche declined the invitation because he wanted to go on a pilgrimage to a high, lonely Swiss mountain. What he had in mind was to fulfil the role of the new philosopher: 'When there is much to destroy, in times of the chaos of degeneration, it is most useful'.

But Nietzsche lamented that he didn't yet know how to fly. For the moment the young eagle could only flap its wings, and he confessed that he was staggering backwards in the face of the immense free space, but that the day would come 'to soar as high as a thinker has never soared before, to the pure air of the Alps and the ice'. And more telling still: 'Or, to leave absolutely no doubt as to what I mean, when it matters unspeakably more the appearance of a philosopher on earth than the persistence of a State or a university'. Shortly afterwards he would be thirty years old.

Cosima Wagner was already a determined Christian. In Bayreuth, during the quiet winter evenings of 1875, she and her husband Richard immersed themselves in August Gfrörer's *Geschichte des Urchristentums* (*History of Early Christianity*). Although the Wagners were wise on the Jewish question, like today's white nationalists, the couple simply ignored David Strauss' book that had helped Nietzsche so much to take an important step on the road to apostasy.



Gfrörer still presented the Bible romantically, and the modern criticism of the New Testament didn't affect the Wagner couple in the least. In Cosima's diary one can even guess a sort of concordat of this pair in matters of religion: Christian faith and Schopenhauer's philosophy. (Can you see why I am repulsed by those first two hundred pages of Schopenhauer's magnum opus, which incidentally a quarter of a century ago I bought in Manchester, where the young philosopher presents the reader with the abstruse Kantian metaphysics—a neotheology in my view?)

Richard Wagner would crown his life with a Christian work, *Parsifal*. The *Parsifal* project had been in Wagner's mind since 1857, of which he wrote: 'A warm, sunny Good Friday inspired me with Parsifal', taken from the chivalric folklore about the mythical figure of Parzival.³ Looking at the matter through Savitri Devi's eyes, we discover that Wagner was 'a man of his time' and Nietzsche 'a man against his time'. While the Wagners entertained celebrities in their home—the emperor's son, several archdukes and beautiful ladies of high society—Nietzsche reluctantly followed his lessons.

For him, friendships were sacred. In Leipzig, he had befriended Heinrich Romundt (1845-1919), another classical philologist. Of his friends, Romundt was the closest to Nietzsche after Rhode and Gersdorff. But unlike Nietzsche, Romundt began to follow in Kant's footsteps, got a professorship in Basel, and unexpectedly wanted to become a Catholic priest. These were times when Pius IX had declared the Prussian anti-church law invalid! As

³ Musically it is, of his operas, the one I like best: so much so that I used to listen to *Parsifal* when driving thanks to the compact discs of Georg Solti's conducting the Vienna Philharmonic

one can guess from his correspondence with Rhode, Nietzsche was deeply hurt. Romundt had been a housemate in ‘the Basilian cave’, and had previously been in tune with these freethinkers.

After the loss of Romundt, as Gersdorff recounts in his letter of 17 April 1875, Nietzsche had a headache that lasted for thirty hours and repeated vomiting of bile. (It was the same nausea that the world gives me, but I avoid psychosomatic conversion by denouncing, in vindictive autobiographical books, the people who have betrayed me.) Elisabeth, his sister, recounts that in the autumn of 1875, when they lived together, Nietzsche played the hymn to solitude on the piano almost every night. But in October Nietzsche met the musician Heinrich Köselitz, whom he nicknamed ‘Peter Gast’—literally Peter the Guest—and became close friends with him: a friendship that was to replace, in a way, the loss of Romundt.

Nietzsche found himself in a dilemma: *mibi scribo, aliis vivo* (do I write for myself, do I live for others?). Part of his being demanded that he belong to a group. On the other hand, the philosopher had already detected what I have called the Christian question: the cause of German decline wasn’t *only* the Jewry that Wagner imagined. But if Nietzsche spoke his mind he would suffer social ostracism. And if he didn’t say what he thought, the daimon that already lived in him would transmute into terrible ailments. He chose a third way: to begin to hint at what his inner daimon was whispering to him, albeit for the moment hermetically, in obscure aphorisms.

In one of the posthumous fragments from that period we can read a quotation from Voltaire, *‘Il faut dire la vérité et s’immoler’*, to tell the truth is to immolate oneself. Stubbornly, he refused the Wagners’ generous invitations and went to meditate in the mountains and forests, on excursions where he felt freer. Above all, he had to avoid vomiting for hours on end that occurred without having eaten anything, and put aside the quackery cures of the time such as those shameful enemas and leeches that a doctor had prescribed. These were the times when the trumpets were already blowing for the opening of Bayreuth, and all his friends would gather there when the poor professor was still suffering from convulsions and stomach ailments: a *morbus Wagneri*. How could he proclaim the truth without aphorisms and in clear and transparent prose without self-immolation? Nietzsche wanted to surpass Wagner in stature, but that could only happen if another generation

would recognise him as the originator of the new religion that was already brewing inside him. He was ‘a premature birth of a future not yet verified’, he would write. ‘Only the day after tomorrow belongs to me. Some are born posthumously’.

To be sure, Nietzsche had certain consolations in his existential loneliness. His time with Elisabeth brought back the happy memories of his early childhood, abruptly interrupted when he was cloistered for years in Schulpforta. He wanted, as he wrote to Gersdorff, ‘a simple home with a very orderly daily life’ although he also confessed to him that he had then spent the worst Christmas of his life.

In 1876 Nietzsche published the fourth of his *Untimely Meditations*, entitled *Richard Wagner in Bayreuth*. Thus the sick young man paid homage to the healthy old man, and to the Wagners he would send deluxe copies. While in search of freedom in Geneva, Nietzsche met the twenty-one-year-old Mathilde Trampedach. She was ‘blonde, slender, green-eyed and had a Renaissance figure’, writes Ross. On 11 April Nietzsche made a sudden offer of marriage to her, whom he had met only five days earlier, but the gorgeous nymph... refused. In July the Bayreuth festivals began with *The Ring of the Nibelung*. Nietzsche was to arrive the following month.

Cross-crossing of swords!

In the same year as the great premiere of the Bayreuth opera house, Nietzsche began writing *Human, All Too Human*. This work breaks with his previous style. For the first time he experiments with short, penetrating aphorisms as an instrument for writing and communicating deep, incisive thought (he would write more clearly later). Nietzsche applied for a leave of absence from the university due to illness and took a year’s leave. He went to Sorrento, one of the world’s beautiful coasts with a mild climate, where he spent the winter with Malwilda von Meysenburg, Paul Rée and other friends.

Rée was Nietzsche’s Jewish friend, which Cosima would eventually interpret as the betrayal of Judas. Although Nietzsche appreciated Rée, he always retained his reservations so that with the Jew he never used the *you* of a friend. In German—as in Spanish—there is a fundamental difference that English lacks. *Sie* (*usted* in Spanish) is used when we speak to strangers and *du* (*tú* in Spanish)

when we speak to people we know very well. The sabbatical year showed Nietzsche that his ailments were not, as he perhaps believed, a psychosomatic conversion of his tedious academic activities as his acute attacks continued. The aetiology remained mysterious, and surely his malady had deeper roots than mere academic tedium, but Nietzsche still couldn't find the right therapy.

The group of friends at the kindly Malwilda's house read the freethinkers, Voltaire and Diderot, although Albert Brenner wrote with astonishment: 'Rarely did the New Testament bring joy and comfort to unbelievers'. Epistolary, Malwilda confided to Cosima that Nietzsche disliked the Spanish writer Pedro Calderón de la Barca for his religiosity during the evening readings.

Elisabeth, like Cosima, had a better instinct for the Jewish question than her learned brother. For example, she was scandalised that her mother entered into an epistolary relationship with Rée. To my way of thinking, this means that intellectual sophistication should by no means be the yardstick for measuring the goodness of a philosophical system. Great philosophical cathedrals have been built on foundations of clay, and a plump and to some extent silly woman like Elisabeth could be much wiser in matters of Jewry than her sophisticated brother. This is a phenomenon I have encountered in life—a simple uncle turned out to be much wiser than another uncle with a high IQ—, but it was only until the third book of my autobiography that I matured in this matter, after decades of blindness.

In his sabbatical year in search of a cure, Nietzsche, already four years ill, began to discover that he was healthiest when he was alone. The first edition of his book, *Human, All Too Human*, was dedicated to Voltaire and its publication was planned for the centenary anniversary of his death on 30 May 1778 (in subsequent revised and expanded editions Nietzsche would remove the dedication to him). In early 1878 Nietzsche received Wagner's libretto of *Parsifal*, and as a first cross-crossing of swords with his father figure, Nietzsche sent him *Human, All Too Human!*

Wagner, like Cosima, had become devout and saw himself as a descendant of Luther. Sending the new book without any accompanying words (perhaps only Nietzsche's signature) was a major affront because the author criticised religious life and moral perceptions. The situation was made worse because Ernst Schmeitzner, who published both Wagner and Nietzsche, was

threatened by Wagner that he would take the *Bayreuther Blätter* out of print. But Schmeitzner didn't hold his tongue. He called the Wagners 'hypocrites, they stink of church; Mrs Wagner goes to church, he goes to church too though not much' and added that 'Wagner had knelt before the cross'. Wagner, for his part, considered it a terrible thing to take religion away from the German people.

This is where the paradoxes begin. Since he was seeking therapy for his ills, Nietzsche was doing himself a cathartic good by initiating a critique of Christianity—with which he had scores to settle from his cloistered time in Pforta—, albeit in the form of aphorisms for the time being. But he was flatly wrong on the Jewish question, which he mentions in section 475 of *Human, All Too Human*. Here the musician was right that the Jews should be expelled from Germany, as Cosima admits in her diary: a position not uncommon among 19th-century patriots. (We can compare it to the situation in the United States today: rustic Christians like Nick Fuentes and company are wiser on the Jewish question than the more cultured or sophisticated atheists.) Nietzsche, who after publication received a bust of Voltaire in the mail as a gift from a Parisian, feared he would be excommunicated in Bayreuth, as he let Peter Gast know, but thanks to the publication of his book he felt greatly rejuvenated. 'If you felt what I feel since I have fixed my ideal of life', Nietzsche wrote to Rhode, 'the fresh, pure air of height... you might be very, very glad of your friend'. But to the German palate *Human, All Too Human* seemed harsher than that of the French Enlightenment, even to his friends.

Nietzsche was wrong in his new book to say that art should make way for science. In this Wagner was right, and our horrendously technological, scientific century shows that the positivism of the new Nietzsche betrayed the earlier Nietzsche of *The Birth of Tragedy*. Wagner, for his part, wanted a return to Jesus Christ in a world without chemistry. He was right about chemistry (the fire of Prometheus shouldn't have been given to the Europeans so prematurely, we see what would happen in the First World War!). But Wagner was wrong about Jesus Christ. That's why I said that this is where the great paradoxes begin as far as the split between Wagner and Nietzsche is concerned. Each was right on some points and wrong on others.

Cosima, in her correspondence with Elisabeth who wanted to mediate the conflict, wrote that she still loved the Nietzsche of former times, but that the author of *Human, All Too Human* was in an unhealthy state and she ended her letter with the words: 'May you soon show signs of life again, and may we keep our affection, despite all the trials... This is what your Cosima wishes you, in embracing you'.

If I were to write a cold but informative article, I would say that by 1879 Nietzsche's health worsened with headaches, eye pains and continuous vomiting. On 2 May he called in sick and gave up his professorship in Basel. He travelled for the first time to the Upper Engadine, where he spent his summers from that year onwards. He spent the winter in Naumburg with his family. In the early 1880s, he went to Riva on Lake Garda and later to Venice, where he studied Christianity intensively. Nietzsche spent August in Marienbad and the next couple of months in Naumburg. He then spent his first harsh winter in Genoa and in November published *The Wanderer and His Shadow* (added to *Human, All Too Human*). In 1881 he published *The Dawn of Day* and spent his first summer in Sils-Maria (*The Dawn of Day* in some ways prefigures *The Antichrist* as far as the critique of compassion is concerned.⁴) In August he was assailed by the thought of the eternal return and in October he heard Bizet's *Carmen*.

But I don't like the informative style of encyclopaedias: it robs us of the real person and his inner experiences. The real Nietzsche then wrote things like 'I can't read, I can't deal with people'. This flesh-and-blood Nietzsche implored his friend Overbeck, the theologian, to visit him: his wish was granted. Nietzsche's joy was unbelievably great, as Overbeck later recounted. These were times when Nietzsche had already established his mode of work as walking in solitude for several hours until his best thoughts came to him, which he would catch on the fly from his walks in his notebook. Rhode had distanced himself from the philosopher, but not from the person, the friend; and the pains in

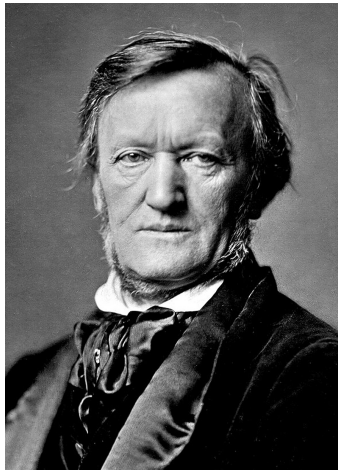
⁴ To try to understand Nietzsche we have to contextualise his philosophy in the present, when neochristian compassion taken to the extreme has led us to normalise pathologies such as those suffered by transsexuals. I have called these levels of compassion 'deranged altruism', and the same can be said about unbridled compassion for marginalised blacks.

his eyes meant that even his mother had to read books to him on his visits to Naumburg. Nietzsche was very depressed by the climate in his hometown. ‘Unfortunately, this year the autumn in Naumburg has turned out so cloudy and wet’, he wrote, where he continued to have horrible attacks of vomiting. ‘I can only endure the existence of walking, which here, in this snow and cold, is impossible for me’. To Overbeck, he wrote: ‘Last year I had 118 attacks’.

About his former friend, Wagner wrote in his notes: ‘Again, one must be surprised at this apostasy’, and on 19 October 1879, Wagner wrote to Overbeck:

How would it be possible to forget this great friend, separated from me?... It grieves me to have to be so totally excluded from taking part in Nietzsche’s life and notes. Would it be immodest of me to beg you cordially to send me some news about our friend?

A week later the report of Nietzsche’s disconsolate state reached him. At the end of December Wagner dares to read *The Wanderer and his Shadow* and even reads some passages to Cosima. ‘To have nothing but derision for so lofty and sympathetic a figure as Christ!’, Richard exclaimed angrily. The old composer was by then already in poor health, and like Nietzsche, he was burdened by the ‘permanently grey Bayreuth winter sky’, so he went to Italy for the winters. Nietzsche, for his part, spent four months with his new assistant, Peter Gast, who read aloud to him.



Like Wagner, in 1881 Nietzsche still loved his former friend, to the extent of confessing to close friends that if Wagner invited him to the premiere of *Parsifal* he would go to Bayreuth. But Wagner was repulsed by the whole course taken by Nietzsche. It is worth looking into the matter a little because the case has certain similarities with my tortuous relationship with the American racial right, and there is something I would like to clarify about the Jewish question. First, while Nietzsche wanted to push for a supranational European spirit, Wagner believed in the Germanic character as a culturizing force. Here, Wagner was right, while Nietzsche didn't seem to realise that the ethnic factor is fundamental.

American racialists, from this comparison, are closer to Nietzsche than to Wagner because, unlike German National Socialism, American anti-Nordicists imagine a supranational Europe, all united under the banner of a chimaera they call 'white nationalism'. Sebastian Ronin, the Canadian critic of the American racial right, was right to say that all nationalism is ethno-nationalism (just as Wagner and later Hitler believed as far as Germany and Austria were concerned). It follows that it makes no sense to grant amnesty to the mudbloods of the Mediterranean who have ceased to be properly white (or the mudbloods of Portugal, modern Greece, Russia, etc.).

Secondly, this is precisely why Wagner saw the emergence of the Jewish element as a threat, when Nietzsche fantasised that Jewish capital would finance his anti-Christian works. Wagner supported the anti-Semite Adolf Stöcker, of whom Nietzsche would go so far as to write years later, when he lost his mind, that he should be shot. Today, the impossibility of the collective Aryan unconscious to make a political movement in which, say, Swedes and Sicilians feel perfectly brotherly to the extent of making both a single empire, gives the lie to the precepts of so-called white nationalism in the US. Although Richard Wagner knelt before the cross, he was right on this point and Nietzsche was wrong. The Germanic race does matter, *as* does a healthy dose of anti-Semitism.

While it is true that Nietzsche was unable to detect the Jewish subversion that many in the 19th century could already detect, he was able to see, like no other, the subversion that had come from Judaism through Christianity. As Stefan Zweig wrote in the most lyrical essay ever written on the plummeting of the anguished eagle:

Nietzsche came to see that the malevolent thing was Christianity with its belief in a life beyond the tomb; that this was the principle which cast a shadow upon the modern world. 'Evil-smelling Judaism, a compost of rabbinism and superstition', had ruined and suppressed the sensuality and merriment of the world. For fifty generations it had served to dope and demoralise mankind, to paralyse all that had previously constituted the vital force of the universe. But now (and suddenly he sees the mission of his life) a crusade against the Cross must begin to reconquer the holy places of man's realm and existence upon this earth.

By embarking on a crusade, Nietzsche underwent the most radical change of his life from 1880 onwards. The previous year he had turned thirty-five, and he had always had the superstition that he would go into a mental tailspin just as his father had gone at the age of thirty-six. Nietzsche was then a little-known author: a marginal figure considered talented, but too eccentric for German speakers. But he discovered that it was precisely in the most painful periods of his existence that his philosophical productivity increased: what we now call a defence mechanism. By way of super-compensation for what was happening to him, he began to believe that he needed to leave for posterity an epoch-making legacy now that the Judeo-Christian god was dead.

These were the times when Cosima had decided that Nietzsche had committed a sin against the Holy Ghost, i.e. that he couldn't be forgiven, and when Peter Gast wrote from Venice that he had to guide his friend Nietzsche through the streets like a blind man. Headaches continued to ravage him. Nietzsche himself wrote: 'On five occasions I pleaded, as a doctor, for death'. The poor man sought refuge in the high mountains. He had to search long and hard before he found a suitable place: Sils im Engadin/Segl, also known as Sils-Maria, in the Swiss canton of Graubünden: whose name will henceforth be inseparably linked to his own because of the time he spent there, despite the terrible fatigue that such a journey entailed for a half-blind. At 1,830 metres above sea level, Sils-Maria was sometimes snowy and cold even in the middle of summer, and Nietzsche had to endure something that he found fatal: many storms. It is curious that later he researched in Genoa where there might be an ideal place without clouds and storms—Nietzsche couldn't bear an eternally cloudy sky—and even

entertained the idea of moving to Oaxaca in Mexico for its clear, cloudless skies and the sun he longed for.

To his only apostle at this point, Peter Gast, Nietzsche wrote: “There is nothing that can make up for the loss, in recent years, of Wagner’s sympathy for me. How often I dream of him, and always in our comforting meetings!” He had been abandoned by all his friends, who could no longer tolerate the freedom of his thought, the new viewpoint of the eagle who looked down on Europe from on high. Only the faithful Gast was left to him. As I have said, Nietzsche was a man against his time: a fact he could never digest and he spewed it out in his somatic attacks. That was why, like a wayward defence mechanism, with open arms he accepted the pain and sang his hymn of saying ‘yes’ to life. If he discovered that his illness served as a sting to his philosophising and that it was thanks to it that he left Basel, then the disease with its birth pains freed him so that his Zarathustra could be born. ‘Only pain gives knowledge’, he intones in poetic prose. ‘Only pain liberates the spirit, only pain forces us to descend into the depths of our being?’.

A martyr by contraries, he was not put to the torture because of a faith which had already become established in his mind. No, it was out of torment, it was when he was upon the rack, that he formulated his creed... Thus he ran over and over again to the fiery whirlwind of pain and submits to the torments so as to recapture ‘the enchanting sensation of good health’.

No sooner had he grasped the meaning of his illness and enjoyed the voluptuous delight of health than he wished to transform it into an apostolate... He desired further and more agonizing martyrdom... and in the excess of his enthusiasm... he goes out raising that flag without realising that it is the one that, at the same time, draws the bow that is going to shoot him the deadly arrow.

The philosophy of *Amor fati* was deceptive magic for the eagle (I have written on my website a piece on the subject.⁵) If we look at Nietzsche’s life not as today’s bio-reductionists want to see it, but as the all-too-human human he was, we will see that with the fall that really happened to him—though not in his 36th year but in

⁵ ‘Amor fati’, published on 19 August 2028 in *The West’s Darkest Hour*.

his 44th—we come upon a fact. With madness his ills disappeared, so I deduce that they were psychosomatic. Nietzsche himself had used, in speaking of himself, the metaphor of a machine that was about to explode: something that undoubtedly referred to his future insanity. Werner Ross tells us in his biography: ‘Insanity, therefore, is no longer an organic disease’. It was something almost premeditated in pursuit of a posthumous resurrection I would dare to add, so that the man *against his time* would miraculously become, after the psychotic outbreak, a man *of his time*.

Lou

Of French origin, although German was the family language, Lou Salomé’s Huguenot ancestors arrived in St Petersburg in 1810. Her father Gustav Salomé had a successful military career and was appointed inspector of the army by Tsar Alexander II. He later married Louise Wilm, of Danish descent, nineteen years younger. The marriage produced six children: after five boys, a cute girl who was named after her mother.

Louise (later called Lou) grew up in a male environment, just the opposite of Nietzsche, who grew up in a female environment after his father’s untimely death. Lou’s birth coincided with the day of the abolition of slavery in Russia. As liberalism—what I call neochristianity—claims more and more equality, the abolition of slavery was the antecedent of equal rights for women: an ideal that appeared early in Lou’s life. Thus, contrary to the rules of her time, the teenager refused to receive religious confirmation. At the age of eighteen, she began her studies under the guidance of Pastor Hendrick Gillot, who had her study the philosophers. Thin, blonde, flirtatious and with deep blue eyes, Gillot soon fell in love with her, ready to leave his family to marry the precocious brat, but Lou rejected him outright and realised that she had to go abroad. Her mother decided to accompany her.

The first destination was Zurich, where Gottfried Kinkel, an apostle of women’s rights at universities, was teaching (the University of Zurich was the only university at the time that accepted women). Falling ill with a lung condition, Lou travelled to warmer climes in search of therapy, and with her mother came to Rome. Kinkel had recommended that they meet Malwilda von Meysenburg (Nietzsche’s very close friend), at whose house literary gatherings were held. In February 1882 Malwilda received the

young Russian woman, who dressed sternly and never wore feminine ornaments. Paul Rée met her there and soon fell in love with her, but it occurred to both Rée and Malwilda to introduce Lou to Nietzsche, who was then on one of his eternal healing journeys, always in search of a clear, cloudless sky, and had been to Messina. It is curious to note that when Nietzsche received Rée's invitation, he replied with humour that indicated that he had overcome the depression that had led him to believe he would die at his father's age: 'I shall soon launch myself on the assault on her.—I need it in consideration of what I want to do for the next ten years'. He who yesterday was a candidate for death is now thinking of the great life!

When Nietzsche arrived in Rome he inquired where he could find Rée, and was told that he was visiting the Vatican. He went there to find him, who was with Lou, and asked them: 'From which stars have we fallen to meet each other here?' The retired professor was sixteen years older than Lou, who, at twenty-one, would soon captivate him with her feminine charms. The 'Trinity', as the freethinkers Nietzsche, Rée and Lou called their alliance, had a problem: both father and son fell in love with the holy spirit, which would eventually arouse great jealousy on Nietzsche's part, as they both made marriage proposals.

For Lou's self-esteem—Rée bombarded her with letters—, it was in her interest to continue collecting men whose proposals she had rejected since her experience with her mentor Gillot. Thus, the following weeks and months passed with great sorrow for the lovers, who had never before faced such a woman. Nietzsche in particular, now almost in his forties, had fallen in love like an adolescent, so much so that he was now willing to go to Bayreuth if Lou would accompany him, and precisely at the premiere of *Parsifal*, even if it was a Christian play! Nietzsche would have given anything to travel with Lou to the premiere, and he wrote to his sister notifying her that he had regained his health, adding: 'I no longer want to be alone and wish to learn to be a man again'. Elisabeth would meet Lou in Jena.

It is unnecessary to go into the details, but in discussing some of Nietzsche's indecorous proposals, Elisabeth and Lou became deadly enemies—enemies, as only women can be to each other. Suffice it to say that the whole pathetic episode of Rée and Nietzsche's falling in love, which separated the two friends, shows

that this pair had no experience whatsoever with women, let alone liberated women. The philosopher who would preach that when a man goes out with a woman he should never forget the whip allowed himself to be photographed with a woman holding a whip behind him!



Lou, Paul Rée and Nietzsche (may 1882).

Even in his amorous letters, the typical mistake of the inexperienced bachelor in his dealings with women is evident. Instead of being masculine, Nietzsche behaved like a supplicant bridegroom in search of the bride's 'yes':

*My dear Lou!
Sorry about yesterday!
A violent attack of my stupid headaches—today they have
passed. And today I see some things with new eyes.
At noon I'll accompany Dornburg, but before that, we still
have to talk for half an hour... yes?
Yes!
F.N.*

It didn't occur to the poorly pensioned man, clumsy and almost blind when he walked, that these weren't ways of winning her over, least of all a woman of steel like Lou, brought up among

tough males with connections in the army. When Nietzsche would later become disappointed with Lou, he would write things like ‘frightfully repressed sensuality/delayed motherhood—due to sexual atrophy and delay’. Of course, at Schulpforta the children were never taught that male sexuality is literally a thousand per cent more intense than female sexuality, and perhaps Nietzsche believed that Lou’s sexuality wouldn’t be much different from his! Interestingly, in that list of Lou’s faults that Nietzsche noted, we read that one of them was that she was not ‘docile’.

Nietzsche had in mind not a new philosophical system but rather a new religion. And as a new religion that despised the weak and ennobled the strong, what he now needed was a new metaphysics and disciples, and in his fantasies he had designated Lou and Rée as the first. It didn’t occur to him that he was forcing things, that they both had their own goals in life. For example, the way he wanted to overcome the competition was incredibly clumsy. In *Lebensrückblick (Life Review)*, Lou informs us that nothing had damaged her image of Nietzsche more than his attempts to demean Rée, and although the word wasn’t yet used, she blames him for lack of empathy: not realising that such a crude tactic was immediately detected as such.

Lou didn’t need Nietzsche. Nietzsche, the eternal bachelor whom Wagner had psychoanalysed well—to appease Eros the professor badly needed to get married!—did need Lou. Or rather, he didn’t need this liberated creature but one of the many ‘docile’ old-fashioned educated little women who at that time it wasn’t so difficult to ask for their hands. But the way Nietzsche wanted to pull her into his gravitational field was simply to imagine her as an apostle for his budding religion. In a letter to Overbeck, Nietzsche confessed: ‘At the moment—I don’t yet have a single disciple’. And in a missive to Malwilda, he clarifies: ‘By “disciple” I would understand a person who would swear an oath of unconditional fidelity to me—and for that, he would have to undergo a long period of trial and overcome difficult undertakings’.

The most sophisticated readers of Nietzsche’s work are unaware of his biography! It is very clear, from his own words, that he wanted to form a new cult. From this point of view the two scholarly, heavy treatises that Heidegger wrote about his favourite philosopher which begin with the lapidary sentence ‘Nietzsche, the name of the thinker attests to the *content* of his thought’ are rubbish!

In the hundreds of pages that follow, Nietzsche the man is altogether missing, only his philosophical ‘insights’ are present! Let’s not forget that Heidegger acknowledged to have read Luther. Much of the mission of the priest of holy words is to shake off the metaphysical cobwebs of the neotheologians and to philosophise from the real world: the real biography of an Aryan man, the protection of his race and the analysis of his straying from the straight and narrow.

It is more than significant that, before his death, the neotheologian Heidegger claimed that philosophy had come to an end and that now ‘Only a God can save us’. He also claimed that for only a few months he had believed in National Socialism, and that during his ten months as rector of the University of Freiburg he refused NS orders to put up an anti-Jewry poster; to remove works by Jewish authors from the library, and to allow the burning of books at the university. But on one thing I agree with Heidegger: academic philosophy (i.e., neotheology) is dead. The religion of the sacred words must emerge, stripped now from all Christian vestiges, and not in the form of ontologies written in corrupted German.

Nietzsche wanted to create a religion very different from ours (the 14 and 4 words). In her *Friedrich Nietzsche in seinen Werken*, published when the philosopher was already mad, Lou would reveal juicy anecdotes that open a window into his mind. In their conversations, Nietzsche revealed to Lou that he wanted to spend a decade of his life studying the natural sciences in order to obtain a scientific basis for his theory of the eternal return! Lou adds: ‘Only after whole years of absolute silence did he intend... to appear among men as the master of the eternal return’. The following passage is key to understanding how Nietzsche wanted to drag Lou toward the dark side of the force so to speak, as if this woman was to become a sort of Sith apprentice in the wake of the philosopher’s terrible revelation:

Then he rose to take his leave, and as we stood on the threshold his features suddenly transformed. With a fixed expression on his face, casting fearful glances around him, as if a terrible danger threatened us should any curious person eavesdrop on his words, muffling the sound of his voice with a hand to his mouth, he announced to me in a whisper the ‘secret’ that Zarathustra had whispered into the ear of Life, to which Life would have replied: ‘Do you know, Zarathustra?

No one knows'. There was something extravagant—indeed, sinister—in the way Nietzsche communicated to me 'the eternal return of the identical', and the incredible transcendence of this idea.

In Freemasonry, they speak of 'The Great Secret' that only the highest initiates can have access to. What Lou says was the great secret of the religion that Nietzsche now wanted to inaugurate. That the pensioned philologist wanted to make a new religion out of such an idea is noticeable in that he even wanted to erase the fact that this idea was traceable to his readings of Heraclitus. Instead, he wanted us to believe that Zarathustra arrived at the great secret by himself. The critic of mysticism had himself fallen into the initiatory practices of the ancient Greeks. Recall that for the Pythagoreans some mathematical findings were to be hidden from the people. Only the initiated were qualified for this knowledge, such as the existence of the dodecahedron. But Heraclitus was not Zarathustra. Nietzsche put something of his own into this doctrine since he didn't want it to be merely an updating of the old one.

It is not the professional philosophers, like Heidegger et al, who get to the heart of the matter but the biographers, and sometimes the translators. If any scholars had to delve into the marrow of Nietzsche's thought, it was his translators into English and Spanish: Reginald John Hollingdale (1930-2001) and Andrés Sánchez Pascual (1936-). It was precisely because of Sánchez Pascual's translations that I began to read Nietzsche in 1976 when I was seventeen years old; translations accompanied by countless erudite footnotes, without which it would have been impossible for me to understand the obscure passages of Nietzsche's legacy.

Hollingdale for his part made me see that Nietzsche had mixed what he had read in Schulpforta about Heraclitus with the ruthless Lutheran pietism with which he had been brought up—programmed, rather—: a mixture of Christian beatitudes with the terror of eternal damnation. Let us remember what elsewhere I have called parental introjects, and that Nietzsche came from a family of theologians in both his father's and his mother's line. From his childhood, he had been imprinted with the idea of infinite individual responsibility in every personal affair, which would result in either reward or punishment. From this Nietzsche derived, according to R.J. Hollingdale, the idea of his new metaphysics. The

question 'Is this how you would do it an infinite number of times?' or the imperative 'Let us live in such a way that we wish to live again and live like this eternally!' surpass even the categorical imperative of the other German philosopher whose Id had also been shattered by the bogeyman of the pietistic superego: Kant.

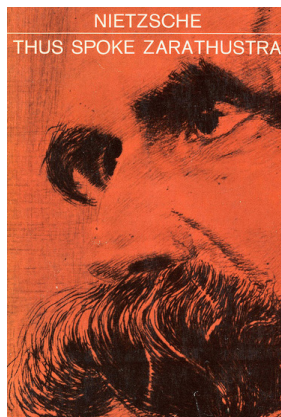
On the eternal return of the identical Nietzsche said that 'a doctrine of this kind is to be taught as a new religion'—Zarathustra's gospel. But even though it was a post-theistic religion, it was still in some ways the old one. This reminds me of what someone who was in Freemasonry once told me: that to enter that cult, the candidate was required to believe in the immortality of the human soul. In other words, it doesn't matter that 19th-century Freemasons were rabid anti-clericals: they were still slaves to parental introjects (unlike Nietzsche, they even asked the novice to believe in the existence of God). Hollingdale hit the nail. In his introduction to his translation of the *Zarathustra*, he interprets Nietzsche's *Amor fati* as the Lutheran acceptance of life's events as divinely willed, and the implication is that to hate our fate is blasphemous. For if in Lutheran pietism the events of life are divinely willed, it is impiety to wish that things should have turned out differently than they did.

Thus, the Nietzschean doctrine of eternal return was strongly influenced by Christian concepts of eternal life. Same song, different tune! Like the Freemasons, and despite the anti-clericalism that Nietzsche shared with them, none of them was free of the malware that our parents installed in our souls. With his Zarathustra, Nietzsche himself thus became a neotheologian, and the same could be said of the much more recent New Age, and even of secular neochristianities as I have so often exposed on my website. There is always a neotheological tail that drags even the most radical racialist into the abyss, as Balrog's whip of fire dragged Gandalf into the bowels of the earth. Our mission is to cleanse these last vestiges of Christian programming, however recondite they may be hidden in the Aryan collective unconscious: something that can be done by fulfilling the commandment of the Delphic oracle, to know thyself (which is why I have written introspective autobiography).

Zarathustra

But let us return to our biographee. By post, Nietzsche received a refusal from Lou, who went alone to Bayreuth where she had a great time and would even meet the great Wagner himself. (These were times when Nietzsche, for his part, was to receive the printing proofs of *The Gay Science*.) Never was he so close to despair and suicide as in the winter that followed his farewell to Lou. Eventually, this smart woman would write the novel *Im Kampf um Gott* (*The Struggle for God*). The central character is the son of a parish priest who falls in love with a girl...

'Poor Nietzsche'—Wagner's expression—didn't impregnate Lou. But nine months after his amorous disaster, and in the greatest intoxication of Dionysian inspiration he ever suffered, he gave birth to his most beloved son, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*. Like Dante who never savagely possessed the body of his Beatrice he coveted so much—which is what he really needed instead of terrorising the Aryan man with hellish nonsense—, Nietzsche thus transformed his tragicomic private life into the high flights of lyricism, pushing the expressive power of the German language to its limits like no other poet.



Can a book like *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*, which I have heard of being recommended to high school kids to read, be a good book for our sacred words? I would say that if the System recommends it, it cannot be a good book, even though it sometimes says things so beautiful and profound that it is possible to quote it tersely.

In general, I don't like *Zarathustra* for the same reason that I don't like *Mein Kampf*: it cannot be read with the intensity of a novel that itches you to know the ending. For a book to be truly a work of art it is vital not only for its content to be germane but how it has been put together. While the content of the three volumes of *The Gulag Archipelago* is important, very few will read the trilogy because it is boring. It needed an editor to condense it into one, with Solzhenitsyn's approval—as happened in real life—to make it both vital and aesthetic. Only then could I read it as if it was a highly entertaining novel. But it is still worth saying something about the book that would make Nietzsche famous.

This soul in sorrow was pregnant with ideas, pregnant with the sun (his *Zarathustra* begins with a hymn to the sun), hence the metaphor 'my son Zarathustra'. The eruption of feelings that motivated him to write, at the time of Richard Wagner's death (Nietzsche sent a letter of condolence to Cosima), must be understood as the resolution of an intellectual crisis. I never tire of repeating that his father and both his grandfathers were Lutherans; that his paternal grandfather was a Superintendent, the equivalent of a bishop, and that as a child Nietzsche was intensely pious. As he grew up, the hermit of Sils-Maria burst out of this iron pietism: a supernova-like explosion of feelings repressed during his upbringing, releasing the vital energy once locked up.

His translator, Hollingdale, makes a sharp observation about Nietzsche's previous books. From the one he wrote on Schopenhauer onwards, they all led him to scepticism and even nihilism, not unlike the nihilism in vogue in the 19th century. This is one of the problems that contemporary racialists have detected: the loss of Christian faith doesn't translate into, say, a scientific vision like those texts of Charles Darwin where he said that blacks, now considered an obsolete race of *Homo sapiens*, were to be exterminated. Instead, apostasy leads either to atheistic hyper-Christianity—the polar opposite of Darwin: negrolatry!—or to the nihilistic liberalism we complain so much about in the darkest hour of the West. In Nietzsche's spiritual odyssey all his books, Hollingdale said, from the second of his *Untimely Meditations* to *The Gay Science*, he reached the end of the road: not axiological hyper-Christianity but nihilism. If Nietzsche had stayed there, let's say as the typical 19th-century freethinker who so angered Wagner, he wouldn't have gone down in the history of the great philosophers.

But he didn't stay there. The pietistic armour that had imprisoned his spirit in a torment like that of the iron maiden had to fly into a thousand pieces. And this intellectual crisis gave birth to the religious figure of Zarathustra: a process begun in August 1881 when Nietzsche was assailed by the thought of the eternal return. It was then that he began to devise his philosophy of *Amor fati* without realising that, rather than in an iron maiden, he was locked in a sort of Russian doll. He blew up the first iron shell, yes: but he didn't realise that it, in turn, was wrapped in another shell, insofar as *Amor fati* was but the post-theistic phase of 'Thy will be done', i.e. the phase without a personal god. In other words, with what Nietzsche calls in *Zarathustra* his 'abysmal thinking' we see that he was still a victim of the ogre of the pietistic superego.

To his astonishment, after having deluded himself that he would go to Bayreuth to ingratiate himself with all his old buddies (remember the letter to his sister: 'I no longer want to be alone and wish to learn to be a man again'), with Lou's refusal he suddenly found himself on square one: alone. It is not surprising that *Zarathustra* begins with a hermit who wants to return to his village only to be mocked by the people and has to return to his cave. The worst thing is that Nietzsche was to stay that way, alone, from the end of 1882 to the beginning of 1883.

In January of the latter year came the furious eruption: something which in my soliloquies I call the vindication of Id. Nietzsche underwent an inner transformation similar to those who suffer from colour blindness and are given special glasses so that they can see colours for the first time in their lives: they burst into tears. The tremendous eruption of feelings, thanks to which he was able to write the first part of *Zarathustra*, feelings so suppressed not only in Schulpforta but in the dense intergenerational atmosphere of clerics, would continue, later on, with the second and third parts: the latter even in a state of greater euphoria—the culmination of the book!—written in January 1884. The overman, the death of God, the will to power, *Amor fati*, the eternal return, the great noon: these were the intense colours that Nietzsche could at last see, so vivid that he couldn't interrupt the weeping (by way of anti-climax, he would write the fourth part of *Zarathustra* at the end of 1884).

But the unconscious eruption of the central ideas of the *Zarathustra* had already been coming, as Hollingdale detectively surmised, from the earliest years of his life, albeit distorted and

unrecognisably. This is exactly why I try to protect myself from religious aggression (even horribler than Nietzsche's Lutheran home) in a healthy way—plain and direct autobiography—instead of wayward defence mechanisms.

One of the reasons I generally dislike *Zarathustra* is that it suffers from the poets' secrets that require the most erudite exegesis to unravel. For example, Werner Ross claims that the passage that begins with 'I saw his woman' and then speaks of a 'doll up lie' and that 'every time a saint and a goose mate', when checked against Nietzsche's letters he deduces that Elisabeth was the goose and Lou the doll up lie! And the same can be said of an important figure in *Zarathustra*: Ariadne. It is only thanks, years later, to the letters of madness that we discover that Ariadne was none other than Cosima Wagner! Why not state things clearly from the beginning, with the real names, as I do in my writing, instead of such esoteric circumlocutions that only the author understands?

In *Thus Spake Zarathustra* we see that Nietzsche's alter ego didn't offer his philosophy indiscriminately. First, Zarathustra spoke to all the people gathered in the marketplace. But the death of God—the central theme of the first part—and the will to power are ideas that Zarathustra announces only to his disciples. And of the eternal return, he speaks exclusively to himself. Similarly, some chapters are narrative, others have a doctrinal character, and others of a lyrical nature represent the pinnacle of the work: oratory turned into music (a dozen years earlier Baudelaire had already created a new genre: poetic prose). Although in the second part of the book the central theme is the will to power, the final chapter of that part already brings to the fore, in a sinister manner, the revelation of the eternal return.

When studying the *Zarathustra* the reader must always bear in mind that the book is intended to be a shadow of the Lutheran translation of the Bible, known to Nietzsche in detail from the early years of his life, including Luther's syntactical construction. Zarathustra speaks again and again of the tablets of the law to be broken—Nietzsche even asked his publisher to put a black bar on each page to represent his new tablets of the law! The mixture of the biographical account of Zarathustra with doctrinal sentences was copied by Nietzsche from the Christian gospels, and it is not surprising that he wanted to elevate his *Zarathustra* to the status of holy scripture.

In my humble opinion, writing a parable of his spiritual odyssey rather than a vindictive autobiography, with all the repudiation of the family that in the next century I would begin to write, was a preamble to the breakdown that had already been foreshadowed. In fact, this whole period from August 1881 to December 1888 may be regarded as the genesis of the wayward defence mechanism which, in January 1889, would burn out the mind of the alienated philosopher. Moreover, the light we occasionally see in *Zarathustra* is not a light of dawn. It is a mere lightning light at midnight. It illuminates everything but only for a fraction of a second. Then the thickest darkness returns. But I would like to mention a snapshot of what the lightning illuminated.

After Kalki's apocalypse, the surviving Aryan will realise that the immeasurable universe wasn't designed to visit it as the mad earthling of the 20th and 21st century fantasised, but to know himself to the extent of knowing the universe and the Gods. In the trillions of galaxies each intelligent species stays at home, on its own planet, given the impossibility of crossing those billions of light-years of distance with manned devices—a pointless enterprise because those we would leave behind would remain forever inaccessible. These are the words I like best from *Zarathustra*: *I love those who do not first seek behind the stars for a reason to go under⁶ and be a*

⁶ 'Untergehen'. It is one of the key words that illustrate the figure of Zarathustra. According to Nietzsche's German-Spanish translator Andrés Sánchez Pascual, this German verb contains several nuances that hardly may be held simultaneously in his Spanish translation. *Untergehen* is primarily, and literally, 'walk (*gehen*) down (*unter*):' Zarathustra, in effect, gets down from the mountains. Secondly the term usually designate the 'sunset,' and Zarathustra makes it clear that he wants to act like the sun at sunset. Thirdly, *Untergehen* and the substantive *Untergang* are used to mean sinking, destruction, decay; thus the title of the famous work of Spengler's, *Der Untergang des Abendlandes* (translated as *The Decline of the West*). Zarathustra also declines in his task and fails. His task, he says several times, destroys him. As a Castilian *terminus technicus* of *Untergehen*, Sánchez Pascual adopted 'hundirse en su ocaso'—literally, 'sinking into his sunset'. Contrast it with the Cambridge translation of Nietzsche's *Zarathustra*, 'go down', which seems to retain the three senses. However, Nietzsche plays countless times with this German compound word and also in contrast to other compounds. For example, he contrasts and joins *Untergang* and *Übergang*. *Übergang* is 'passing to the other side' over something, but it also means 'transition.' Man, Zarathustra would say, is 'a transit and a sunset.' That is, by sinking into his decline, like the sun, he moves to the other side (of the earth, it is understood, according to the old

sacrifice, but who sacrifice themselves for the earth, that the earth may some day become the overman's. Hitler also said that over-humanity could only be achieved by the Aryan on earth...

In the 1880s only Peter Gast, the enemy of the Church, became a kneeling apostle, and about *Zarathustra* he wrote to his mentor something the latter loved: 'Of this book one must wish to spread it like the Bible'. Gast was unaware that this was impossible insofar as Nietzsche's was an artificial religion; a true religion, as Savitri Devi tells us, comes into being only when it arises spontaneously from the collective unconscious (like National Socialism). On the other hand, Nietzsche's Zarathustrian defence mechanism was very similar to my own. When in the 1980s, a century after Nietzsche's mental agony, I tried to exorcise my parental introjects I fell into the greatest hells because I didn't yet realise—as Nietzsche's *Amor fati*—that the mechanism I elaborated was also a kind of neotheology inspired by New Testament stories. I have spoken at length about this in the last chapter of my *Hojas Susurrantes* and need not summarise it here.

Digression

Nietzsche was already forty years old when, in May 1885, his sister Elisabeth married Dr Ludwig Bernhard Förster, a man wise on the Jewish problem. The newlyweds moved to Paraguay to found a Jew-free New Germania. The quixotic enterprise would obviously fail because the only way to achieve such an ideal would have been to conquer the country militarily.

Nietzsche, for his part, finding himself isolated ('in my most dreadful times of loneliness...') and without social recognition, began to use his soliloquies, missives and philosophy to boost his self-esteem and increasingly overvalue himself: a dangerous medicine!, for it can lead to a delirium of grandeur. An unpublished draft for a four-part work, which was to be called *Noon and Eternity* and which opens with a great hubbub of heralds' trumpets, announces: 'The Earth now appears as a marble workshop: a ruling race of indispensable violence is needed'. In May 1886, when Nietzsche was living in Nice, he published *Beyond Good and Evil: Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future*. But the futurist philosopher had,

belief). And 'passing to the other side' means surpassing oneself and becoming the Overman.

as he put it, a ‘dog’s life’ and never understood the rustic, though healthy, flourishing anti-Semitism of the time; or why his sister had become involved with Dr Förster. After his dreadful experience with Lou, Nietzsche didn’t dare to make any further advances towards women. Nevertheless, he composed music for a poem by Lou, which was later adapted for choir and orchestra by Peter Gast, and then recorded and published. Nietzsche always hoped that his friend Gustav Krug would perform this work in Cologne.

In Monte Carlo, Nietzsche heard the overture to *Parsifal* for the first time and was rapt. To Gast, he wrote in January 1887: ‘Has Wagner ever composed anything better?’ The following month Nietzsche read, for the first time, Dostoevsky and in July he published *On the Genealogy of Morals*, written in Sils-Maria, where he makes mention of a term that would become famous in the next century, ‘the blond beast’. When confronted with the contents of this book we see that, although Nietzsche had lost all his social faculties, he had reached the peak of his intellectual maturity: for the first time in Christendom someone had detected how the Judaic infection had corrupted our souls through the black magic of the New Testament. The book is divided into three parts. The first part is a treatise on the psychology of Christianity: a movement that rebelled against the dominance of the aristocratic values of the Greco-Roman world (see the quotations from *On the Genealogy of Morals* on pages 116-118 of *The Fair Race’s Darkest Hour*, linked in my website).

A digression is in order here. One of the older commenters on my website never understood why I reject the US as a project of nationhood. I reject it precisely because that country was founded from this inversion of aristocratic values, something that is noticeable even from the time of the American Revolutionary War of Independence, led by Washington (one hundred years before the publication of *On the Genealogy of Morals*, the Constitution of the US was signed in 1787 in Philadelphia). In his 1887 book Nietzsche realised that the motive of the early Judeo-Christians was the thirst for revenge of the priestly people par excellence: the Jews. I would add that it shouldn’t surprise us that creating a new nation by the founding fucks, who never rejected the Bible, ended up in New Zion. This inversion, Nietzsche tells us, calls evil what was once good, and today’s neochristianity (‘liberalism’) is heir to this inversion of the values. Everything inspired by the Bible is not a

religion of love, Nietzsche discovered: it is a religion of the deepest hatred of what is good and noble.

No wonder that a powerful nation under the sky of this inversion ended up not only assassinating the Third Reich, but defaming it after its death and, with it, condemning the Aryan race to eventual extinction. I write these paragraphs shortly after Putin and the Russians celebrated, in grand style, Stalin's victory over Hitler; and on this day they launched a major military assault against enemy forces in Ukraine. This is what prompted my digression! Had it not been for Christian and neochristian Anglo-Americans, this May we might be celebrating the defeat of Stalin by the Nazis in a transvalued world: something that the American racial right is still unable to see.

But let us return to our German philosopher. In the autumn of 1887 Nietzsche's old friend Paul Deussen decided to visit him at Sils-Maria with his wife. His report is worth reading because it paints a very good picture of the hermit:

With a beating heart I rushed to meet my friend and, deeply moved, embraced him after fourteen years of separation. But what changes had taken place in him during that time! The proud attitude, the elastic step, and the flowing words of another time were no longer there. He seemed to be slurring and leaning a little to one side: quite often his speech became clumsy and clipped. Perhaps he wasn't having a good day either.

'Dear friend', he said gloomily, as he pointed to some passing clouds, 'to be able to concentrate my thoughts I must have a blue sky above me'. Then he took us to his favourite places. I especially remember a grassy spot, situated next to a chasm, above a mountain stream that roared past in the depths. 'Here', he said, 'is where I like to lie and where I have my best thoughts'. The next morning he took me to his dwelling, or as he put it, to his cave...

We left in the afternoon, and Nietzsche accompanied us to the next village, an hour down the valley. Here he spoke once more of the gloomy omens which, alas, were so soon to be fulfilled. When we parted he had tears in his eyes, which I had never noticed in him before. I would never see him again in his right mind.

On the day spring broke out in 1888, Nietzsche asked Gast where he should now go, always in search of the ideal sky: 'Zurich? Never! The Italian lakes—suffocating, depressing! Switzerland? Still too wintry, cloudy, misty'. In his reply, Gast, his best correspondent who didn't like to leave Venice, recommended Turin as an intermediate station.

At the beginning of April 1888, Nietzsche left for Turin. (This was the year when Vincent van Gogh, who used to paint with as much frenzy as Nietzsche would write that year, would paint his most famous self-portrait and *Vase with Fourteen Sunflowers*.) Nietzsche felt very much at home in the Italian city. He didn't even seem much affected by the clouds. Not long afterwards a Danish newspaper reached him with the wonderful news that a professor, Georg Brandes, had started a series of lectures on his books.

Frantic writing

Nietzsche had very little time left with a lucid mind, something he was well aware of, as we saw from Paul Deussen's testimony about his visit to Sils-Maria. Therefore, working frantically in Turin in 1888, Nietzsche left no less than six works ready for printing: *The Case of Wagner*, *Twilight of the Idols*, *The Antichrist*, *Ecce homo*, *Dithyrambs to Dionysus* and *Nietzsche contra Wagner!* This frantic writing, which as I said reminds me of van Gogh's frenzy those very same months under the splendid sun of Arles—which brought out the colours like few other places in the French countryside!—brings to mind Zweig's metaphor: the *daimon* wanted to get out of those bodies using maximum artistic works before they were both burnt by their inner fires (one committed suicide, the other ended up mad).

When the daimonic-inspired writing about everything he had in mind began, Nietzsche was forty-three years old and in his letters he admits that his new invective against Wagner was only 'a distraction', and that the main work was *The Will to Power*. But before his magnum opus, now that the muse was visiting him every single day without mercy or respite, he wanted to publish a 'compendium' of his philosophy: so he rips up the material accumulated for his projected capital work, tears out pages here and there, and shortly sends the compendium to the publisher. It is essential to know the letters Nietzsche wrote at that time to find out

exactly what was going on in his mind. On 12 September 1888, he told Peter Gast about the compendium: 'The writing can serve as a kind of initiation, as an appetizer for my *Transvaluation of Values*'. By this time he had already changed the title of his main work, *The Will to Power*, to *Transvaluation of Values*. To George Brandes, his discoverer in Copenhagen, he wrote the next day; and to Deussen, the day after that:

Dear friend...

There is already in the hands of my publisher *another* manuscript, containing a very rigorous and subtle expression of all my philosophical heterodoxy—hidden under much grace and malignity. It is called: *A Psychologist's Idleness*. —Ultimately, these two writings [i.e., *The Case of Wagner* and *A Psychologist's Idleness*] are but mere recreations amid an inordinately grave and decisive task, which, if understood, will split the history of mankind into two halves. The meaning of it is stated in five words: Transvaluation of all values.

Around this time he also writes to his old and very understanding friend, the theologian Overbeck:

Dear friend...

To my surprise, the first book of *The Transvaluation of All Values* is now ready, in its final form, up to the middle. Its energy and transparency are such that perhaps no philosopher has ever achieved them before. It seems to me as if I had suddenly learned to write.

As far as the content or the passion of the problem is concerned, this work splits the millennia—the first book is called, let it be clear between us, *The Antichrist*, and I would swear that all that has hitherto been thought and said to criticise Christianity is futile childishness in comparison with it. —Such an enterprise makes necessary, even from a hygienic point of view, deep pauses and distractions. One of them will reach you in about ten days: it is called *The Case of Wagner: A Musician's Problem*. It's an all-out declaration of war...

Also, a second manuscript, completely ready for printing, is already in the hands of Mr G.G. Naumann. However, we shall wait a little longer. It is entitled *A Psychologist's Idleness* and is very dear to me because it expresses my essential philosophical heterodoxy in a very brief (perhaps

also witty) way. Otherwise, it is very ‘tempting’: I say my ‘finesses’ about countless thinkers and artists of today.

Peter Gast’s letter to Nietzsche contained a sentence that led to the title being changed from *A Psychologist’s Idleness* to *Twilight of the Idols*. Gast wrote: ‘Ah, I beg you if it is unlawful for an unfit man to beg: a more brilliant, more splendid title!’ Nietzsche replied on 27 September:

Dear friend...

As far as the *title* was concerned, my own reservations had anticipated your *very human objection*: I finally found in the words of the prologue the formula which will perhaps also satisfy the need felt by you.

What you write about ‘heavy artillery’ I simply have to accept, being as I am about to finish the first book of the *Transvaluation*. It really ends with horrible detonations: I don’t think that in all literature you will find anything parallel to this first book as far as orchestral sonority (including cannon fire) is concerned. —The new title (which brings with it very minor modifications in three or four passages) will be:

Twilight of the Idols
Or
How to Philosophise with the Hammer
by
F.N.

Proofreading was completed at the beginning of November, and on the 25th of the same month, Nietzsche received the first copies of the work. It would be the last of his writings to reach his hands while he was still lucid (*Twilight of the Idols* would go on sale at the beginning of the following year).

Above I said a few harsh words about the founding fathers in the neighbouring country to the north (I live in Mexico), but here things were even worse: Hernán Cortés himself married an Indian woman and had a mestizo child with her! At least the northern Protestants would take a little longer to repudiate their anti-miscegenation laws but Catholic Cortés did it from the start. On the other side of the Atlantic, things were never much better, as the Europeans had already betrayed themselves with Christianity for many centuries. In *Twilight of the Idols* Nietzsche told some home

truths to his compatriots. In §4, ‘The Improvers of Mankind’ Nietzsche wrote:

These regulations [the *Laws of Manu*] are instructive enough: we encounter *Aryan* humanity at its purest and most primordial; we learn that the concept of ‘pure blood’ is very far from being a harmless concept. On the other hand, it becomes obvious in *which* people the chandala hatred against this Aryan ‘humaneness’ has become a religion, eternalized itself, and become *genius* — primarily in the Gospels, even more so in the Book of Enoch.

Christianity, sprung from Jewish roots and comprehensible only as a growth on this soil, represents the *counter-movement* to any morality of breeding, of race, privilege: it is the *anti-Aryan religion par excellence*. Christianity — the revaluation of all Aryan values, the victory of chandala values, the gospel preached to the poor and base, the general revolt of all the downtrodden, the wretched, the failures, the less favoured, against ‘race’: the undying chandala hatred is disguised as a *religion of love*.

And in §5 he adds: ‘*all* the means by which one has so far attempted to make mankind moral were through and through *immoral*’. Nietzsche starts the next chapter, ‘What the Germans lack’ with these words: ‘Perhaps I know the Germans, perhaps I may even tell them some truths’. They have ‘more virile virtues than any other country in Europe can show, much cheerfulness and self-respect’.

But this people has deliberately made itself stupid, for nearly a millennium: nowhere have the two great European narcotics, alcohol and Christianity, been abused more dissolutely... How much disgruntled heaviness, lameness, dampness, dressing gown — how much *beer* there is in the German intelligence! How is it at all possible that young men who dedicate their lives to the most spiritual goals do not feel the first instinct of spirituality, *the spirit’s instinct of self-preservation* — and drink beer?... the gentle degeneration which beer produces in the spirit!

And in §5 of that chapter Nietzsche adds: ‘In present-day Germany no one is any longer free to give his children a noble education: our “higher schools” are all set up for the most ambiguous mediocrity, with their teachers, curricula, and teaching

aims'. In §7 he adds: 'Learning *to think*: in our schools one no longer has any idea of this... That the Germans have been able to stand their philosophers at all, especially that most deformed concept-cripple of all time, the *great* Kant, provides not a bad notion of German grace'.

Countless times I have cited my favourite Nietzsche quote, which I put as an epigraph in the seminal text of *The West's Darkest Hour*, 'The Red Giant' (a German translation is also readable in my website). Now I will put that quote in context, by citing the preceding pages of 'Skirmishes of an Untimely Man' of *Twilight of the Idols*. It is here that can be seen that it's very difficult to follow Nietzsche without considerable European culture, which is why Sánchez Pascual's heavily annotated German-Spanish translation of *Twilight of the Idols* was useful. Without his explanatory endnotes I couldn't have followed the philosopher in his finesses.⁷ In the German-English translation by Walter Kaufmann and R.J. Hollingdale of *Twilight of the Idols* the translators removed a good amount of italics from the original German (italics that I add back below). Bold type added on my favourite Nietzsche quote:

§ 1 *My impossible ones.* — *Seneca*: or the *toreador* of virtue. *Rousseau*: or the return to nature in *impuris naturalibus* [in natural filth]. *Schiller*: or the Moral-Trumpeter of Säckingen. *Dante*: or the hyena who writes poetry in tombs. *Kant*: or cant as an intelligible character. *Victor Hugo*: or the pharos at the sea of nonsense. *Liszt*: or the school of smoothness — with women. *George Sand*: or *lactea ubertas* — in translation, the milk cow with 'a beautiful style.' *Michelet*: or the enthusiasm which takes off its coat. *Carlyle*: or pessimism as a poorly digested dinner. *John Stuart Mill*: or insulting clarity. *Les frères de Goncourt*: or the two Ajaxes in battle with Homer — music by Offenbach. *Zola*: or 'the delight in stinking.'

§ 2 *Renan.* — Theology: or the corruption of reason by 'original sin' (Christianity). Witness Renan who, whenever he risks a Yes or No of a more general nature scores a miss with painful regularity. He wants for example, to weld together *la science* and *la noblesse*: but *la science* belongs with democracy; what could be plainer? With no little ambition, he wishes to

⁷ Friedrich Nietzsche: *Crepúsculo de los ídolos*. Madrid: Alianza Editorial, fourteenth edition: 1996 (I originally read the 1973 or 1976 edition, a copy now lost).

represent an aristocracy of the spirit: yet at the same time he is on his knees before its very counter-doctrine, the *evangile des humbles* — and not only on his knees. To what avail is all free-spiritedness, modernity, mockery, and wry-neck suppleness, if in one's guts one is still a Christian, a Catholic — in fact, a priest! Renan is most inventive, just like a Jesuit and father confessor, when it comes to seduction; his spirituality does not even lack the broad fat popish smile — like all priests, he becomes dangerous only when he loves. Nobody can equal him when it comes to adoring in a manner endangering life itself. This spirit of Renan's, a spirit which is *enervated*, is one more calamity for poor, sick, will-sick France.

§ 3 *Sainte Beuve*. — Nothing of virility, full of petty wrath against all virile spirits. Wanders around, cowardly, curious, bored, eavesdropping — a female at bottom, with a female's lust for revenge and a female's sensuality. As a psychologist, a genius of *médiance* [slander], inexhaustibly rich in means to that end; no one knows better how to mix praise with poison. Plebeian in the lowest instincts and related to the *ressentiment* of Rousseau: *consequently*, a romantic — for underneath all *romantisme* lie the grunting and greed of Rousseau's instinct for revenge. A revolutionary, but still pretty well harnessed by fear. Without freedom when confronted with anything strong (public opinion, the Academy, the court, even Port Royal). Embittered against everything great in men and things, against whatever believes in itself. Poet and half-female enough to sense the great as a power; always writhing like the famous worm because he always feels stepped upon. As a critic, without any standard, steadiness, and backbone, with the cosmopolitan *libertine's* tongue for a medley of things, but without the courage even to confess his *libertinage*. As a historian, without philosophy, without the power of the philosophical eye — hence declining the task of judging in all significant matters, hiding behind the mask of 'objectivity.' It is different with his attitude to all things in which a fine, well-worn taste is the highest tribunal: there he really has the courage to stand by himself and delight in himself — there he is a master. In some respects, a preliminary version of Baudelaire.

§ 4 *De imitatione Christi* is one of those books which I cannot hold in my hand without a physiological reaction: it

exudes a *perfume* of the Eternal-Feminine which is strictly for Frenchmen — or Wagnerians. This saint has a way of talking about love which arouses even Parisian women to curiosity. I am told that that *cleverest* of Jesuits, Auguste Comte, who wanted to lead his Frenchmen to Rome via the *detour* of science, found his inspiration in this book. I believe it: ‘the religion of the heart.’

§ 5 *G. Eliot*. — They are rid of the Christian God and now believe all the more firmly that they must cling to Christian morality. That is an *English* consistency; we do not wish to hold it against little moralistic females à la Eliot. **In England one must rehabilitate oneself after every little emancipation from theology by showing in a veritably awe-inspiring manner what a moral fanatic one is. That is the penance they pay there. — We others hold otherwise. When one gives up the Christian faith, one pulls the *right* to Christian morality out from under one’s feet.** This morality is by *no* means self-evident: this point has to be exhibited again and again, despite the English flatheads. Christianity is a system, a whole view of things thought out together. By breaking one main concept out of it, the faith in God, one breaks the whole: nothing necessary remains in one’s hands.

If there is something I really love about Nietzsche it is that, once you realise that Christianity and its bastard son neochristianity are the cause of all Western evil, *everyone* in today’s West seems incredibly idiotic to you: something similar to the child with zero superego—the vindication of the Id!—who sees the king naked.

Fluch auf das Christentum

Becoming like the child of the story represents a huge problem for the adult visionary. ‘Running towards the sun’—Nietzsche’s poetic words to describe himself—in search of ultimate truth results in the visionary being charred, moth-like, as he approaches the primary source of light.

While I was harsh on Nietzsche in criticising what I call in my autobiography ‘idiotic defence mechanisms’, albeit in his case referring to the eternal return of the identical, I am happy to point out that with *The Antichrist* this mechanism disappears. Nietzsche himself, in a letter to Franz Overbeck, had acknowledged in April 1884 that his *Zarathustra* was an ‘anteroom’ and that he was going to

spend the next years of his life on ‘the development of my philosophy’. In *The Antichrist*, both Zarathustra and the eternal return disappear. Zarathustra would only reappear in his poem *Dionysian Dithyrambs*, but it is very significant that by this time in December 1888 Nietzsche had already lost his self, and the very title of the first poem of that collection of nine poems to Dionysus is entitled ‘Only Mad! Only Poet!’

That the cause of Nietzsche’s madness was unknown to the doctors who treated him is clear from a letter to Peter Gast of 29 September 1904 written by Otto Binswanger, the director of the Psychiatric Clinic in Jena, where Nietzsche was interned for some months: ‘No one will be able to write an exact medical history of Friedrich Nietzsche’, Binswanger asserted, ‘since the beginnings of the illness have not been fully established’. Why, then, the mania of the last decades to see the aetiology of Nietzsche’s disorder as a somatic disease (neurosyphilis or something similar)? Because it is part of Big Pharma to sell us their damned drugs from the 1950s onwards.⁸ And the same can be said of those who have written about van Gogh, who would also be temporarily committed to a psychiatric ward. A better approach to the tragedy of both simultaneous cases can be found in the last words of the third volume of Curt Paul Janz’s extensive biographical study of Nietzsche:

The indulgent veil of mental derangement meant that he no longer had to be aware of it. It gave him something else: the *tremendum* of the genius chord. Without this ending, the fascination that his entire philosophy exerts on the history of philosophy, which places him close to the heroic-tragic end of Socrates—that Socrates whose rival (at least as much) he wanted to be—would certainly be lacking. But, in Nietzsche, it is not only about the end. His whole existence was a martyrdom. And this opens up for him the connection... with a great community. It means the way from the loneliness so badly endured to belonging to the community of the martyrs of the spirit that is far greater than one is usually willing to admit.

⁸ See e.g., the articles on psychiatry in my book *Daybreak*.

This last sentence has been with me for a long time since a Spanish girlfriend gave me Janz's book as a present in March 1992, when I was living in Barcelona.

Already in January 1889, Nietzsche sent his incredible missives to several characters, including Franz Overbeck. When Overbeck arrived at the Via Carlo Alberto guesthouse in Turin on 8 January 1889 to rescue his friend, he found him already mad and 'surrounded by papers'. After returning Nietzsche to his native Germany, Overbeck took the papers back to Basel and, among them, he found the manuscript of *The Antichrist*, carefully wrapped in a folio. By saving this book, Overbeck saved the key to Nietzsche's thought. Overbeck wrote to Peter Gast, asking him which works Nietzsche had left unfinished; Gast wrote back and, by return of post, Overbeck replied as follows in February 1889:

Of the *Transvaluation of All Values*, in particular, there is only the first book, also wrapped in a white folio, with the title:

The Antichrist

Transvaluation of All Values

The second line is crossed out and replaced by the words *Fluch auf das Christentum* [Curse on Christianity].

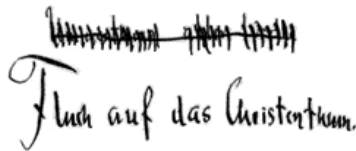
Five weeks later, after reading the work, Overbeck sent Gast another letter, in which he says: 'In particular, Nietzsche's conception of Christianity seems to me to be too political, so to speak'. Overbeck wrote that line in criticism, but that is exactly what, 130 years later, David Skrbina would conclude in *The Jesus Hoax*: that Christianity was originally a political manoeuvre of the Jews against Rome. It is clear from the correspondence between Overbeck, the first reader of *The Antichrist* and Gast that, as Nietzsche neared his end, his ideas about his work changed completely. The *Transvaluation of All Values* had been intended as a four-volume work, of which *The Antichrist* would have been the first. But Nietzsche himself wrote to George Brandes at the beginning of December 1888: 'In three weeks I shall give orders for the printing of *The Antichrist: Transvaluation of All Values*'. In other words, once he had finished *The Antichrist* Nietzsche decided to burn the midnight oil, and what had been the first part of the work was transformed in its entirety.

A month after his letter to the Jew Brandes, Nietzsche had already carbonised himself internally, writing letters such as 'to

shoot the German emperor and all anti-Semites'. Sánchez Pascual says that despite the psychotic breakdown, 'at that moment Nietzsche makes a totally lucid and consistent decision: he crossed out the subtitle "Transvaluation of all values" and under it, he writes the following: "Curse on Christianity".'



Der Antichrist.



~~Umwertung aller Werte~~
Fluch auf das Christentum.

Alas, because Nietzsche lost his mind he didn't send the manuscript to his publisher, as planned. When, not long afterwards, the manuscript of *The Antichrist* fell into Elisabeth's hands, she mutilated not only the subtitle but the climax of the book—the final page—when she published it in 1895! Had her brother not become disturbed, the original version that Overbeck found ready for the press would have been published as early as 1889, after *Twilight of the Idols*. It was not until Elisabeth died well into the 20th century that all the manuscripts of the Nietzsche Archive were made freely available to researchers.

In 1961, seventy-three years after the work was written, Erich Podach published a landmark book on Nietzschean editions. He showed that *The Antichrist* had undergone mutilations in addition to those already known, and made known for the first time the 'Law against Christianity' (see Appendix II). By 1964, what appears to be the definitive edition of Nietzsche's entire works was underway. Directed by the Italians Giorgio Colli and Mazzino Montinari, it was published simultaneously in German, Italian and French. The following decade I was to benefit from the Spanish translation of *The Antichrist* as Nietzsche had left the manuscript carefully wrapped in a white folio, translated by Sánchez Pascual. He tells us that this work 'is the most coherent conclusion, the necessary conclusion, of his entire mental path. If Nietzsche's thought does not lead to *The Antichrist*, it leads nowhere'. And he

adds that to remain in his previous texts and ‘not to advance to *The Antichrist* is, quite simply, not to dare to look Nietzsche in the eye’.

Epilogue

Sometime before he sent his mad letters, when Nietzsche was charring in Turin, he wrote *Ecce Homo: How One Becomes What One Is*, which no longer contains any new ideas. *Ecce homo* was only the presentation of his books under the delirium that he was soon to split history in twain. A few months later, when the martyr of the spirit was interned in the psychiatric hospital in Jena, Adolf Hitler was born. Nietzsche would later be taken by his mother to Naumburg. When her mother died, Elisabeth took her brother to Weimar.

On August 25, 1900, Nietzsche died after contracting pneumonia. When he was buried, his friends surrounded his grave and recited some of Zarathustra’s poems.

Adolf Hitler grew up, matured and, when he was already at the height of power, visited the house of the Nietzsche Archive. As a reward for the visit, Elisabeth gave him a relic: her brother’s walking stick!



Unfortunately Hitler didn’t win the war, so the West is now ruled by an anti-Hitlerian, anti-Nazi, anti-national, anti-White, anti-Gentile, anti-male and anti-heterosexual ideology. Because the Anglo-Americans ‘won’ the war, and told—and tell—the story that rules the West, I have to reiterate what I have so often said in *The West’s Darkest Hour*.

Many among the racialist folk are actively deluding themselves by not recognising the Christian problem. The old saying ‘You can’t solve a problem if you can’t first define it

precisely' applies to those who believe that there is only the Jewish problem and not a Christian problem. Most racialsists ignore the history of Constantine and his successors not only explained in some PDFs of my featured post, but even available in books still in print, such as *The Darkening Age*.

But the problem are *all* Westerners. From the mighty Woke liberals to the comparatively small racist reaction, via traditionalist Christians, liberal Christians, agnostics and atheists, *all* find themselves bending the knee before the cross. Just look at the news these days: kids on the campuses fanatically worshipping the cross, imagining there the recently crucified Palestinian! At the opposite pole, those who belong to the anti-Semitic racial right also worship it, as can be seen in the number of articles in *The Unz Review*: both authors and commenters pity the same crucified Palestinian! Not to mention the traditional Christians who, literally every day, kneel in their churches in front of an image of the crucified rabbi!

While it is a breakthrough that one aspect of the Jewish Problem is finally beginning to be discussed—the state of Israel—what these people, Christians, atheists, liberals and white nationalists are unable to see is that it is impossible to win the battle by having the cross as the sign in the sky through which, they believe, they will win. It is impossible to win with Christian ethics because it is a suicidal path that practises the most aggressive dysgenesis. Unlike all of them, the National Socialists at the top of the Third Reich repudiated not only anti-racism but the very essence of what it means to kneel before the Cross: that a crucified victim is, by definition, morally more worthy than the crucifying Romans. That is why Himmler gave texts about Genghis Khan to the SS: to prepare them psychologically about what, once values are transvalued, we have to do.

Nietzsche was dazzled when he saw how Christians inverted Greco-Roman values through precisely the symbol of the cross:

This reminds me again of the invaluable words of Paul. 'The *weak* things of the world, the *foolish* things of the world, the *base* things of the world, and the things that are *despised*, hath God chosen': *this* was the formula; decadence was victorious *in hoc signo – God on the cross –*. Have people still not grasped the gruesome ulterior motive behind this symbol? – Everything that suffers, everything nailed to the cross is

divine... Christianity won, and with this, a *nobler* sensibility was destroyed, – Christianity has been the worst thing to happen to humanity so far. – – [*The Antichrist*, §51]

The Christianity of Nick Fuentes and the rest of the white nationalists who fantasise about a new religious awakening in their country won't save the Aryan man from extinction. We already saw what happened when the Iberian Christians conquered the Americas: they immediately became mongrelised despite their Jew-wise Inquisition. Fuentes and company will never save us because, as Nietzsche said above, everything that suffers, everything nailed to the cross is considered divine! Thus, not only was the crucified rabbi by the Romans divine in Christendom; in modern neochristianity the slave that the Anglo-Saxons liberated was also 'divine' (cf., e.g., the American Civil War), as last century was the holocausted Jew and the black American; and this century the deranged transexual...

I would like to end this series with the plea that Nietzsche's self-immolation after running towards the sun was not in vain.

Let us begin a movement parallel to American white nationalism: a movement in which, though minuscule for the moment—*The West's Darkest Hour*—we have already taken up the crusade against the cross!

It's time to show the nationalists that there is a higher idea than the dumb and stubborn monocausalism they preach. What does it matter if so few people visit my website, or that hardly anyone comments on the discussion threads of my posts? What matters is to plant the insignificant—microscopic I dare say!—mustard seed in the hope that it will eventually grow and compete with the plant planted two millennia ago by Saul of Tarsus—the worst thing to happen to humanity so far!

I teach you the Overman. Man is something that shall be overcome. What have you done to overcome him?... The time has come for man to set himself a goal. The time has come to plant the seed of his highest hope. —Thus Spake Zarathustra.

Appendix I

Nietzsche's *Der Antichrist*:
Looking Back From the Year 100

by Robert Sheaffer

I read 'Nietzsche's *Der Antichrist: Looking Back From the Year 100*' in late 1993, in a hard copy issued in the winter of 1988/1989: one of the back copies of *Free Inquiry* that arrived in the mail when I discovered that organisation of freethinkers.

I met the author, Robert Sheaffer, at the 1994 CSICOP conference. If memory serves, he wore sandals, was dressed casually and had a beard. Last year (2023) I exchanged some correspondence with him.

Sheaffer is anything but a Hitlerite. However, the article that I abridge below is perfect for understanding a central part of esoteric Hitlerism. I mean that Uncle Adolf's anti-Christianity, which wasn't revealed to the masses of Germans (hence the epithet 'esoteric'), already had antecedents in Germany.

Sheaffer's complete article can be read at his website.⁹

⁹ http://www.debunker.com/texts/anti_chr.html

Secular humanists have not infrequently criticized the beliefs and practices of the Christian religion, and its harmful effects on civilization and culture. Unfortunately, their voice is seldom heard. The proponents of the Christian world-view vastly outnumber secularists both in number and in activity. While humanists wonder what they can do to more effectively convey their criticisms of religion, most of them have never read, and indeed have barely even heard of, a book written exactly a century ago containing the most devastating and complete philosophical attack on Christian psychology, Christian beliefs and Christian values ever written: Nietzsche's *Der Antichrist*.

1888 was the final productive year of the life of Friedrich Nietzsche, but it was a year of incredible activity. He wrote five books during a six-month period in the latter part of that year. After that, he wrote nothing. Nietzsche's works of 1888 have not received enough attention, especially given the inclination of many to concentrate primarily on the flamboyant and somewhat confusing *Also Sprach Zarathustra*, a book of intricate allegories and parables which requires that one *already* understand the principal elements of Nietzschean thought in order to decipher its hidden relationships and meanings. *Zarathustra* will be clearer if it is read at the *end* of a course of study of Nietzsche, not at the beginning.

The first book of 1888 was *The Case of Wagner*, in which Nietzsche set forth his aesthetic and philosophical objections to the music and the writings of his former close friend Richard Wagner... Next came *The Twilight of the Idols* (in German, *Die Gotzen-dammerung*, an obvious parody of Wagner's *Die Gotterdammerung*, "The Twilight of the Gods"), in which he criticizes romanticism, Schopenhauer's pessimism, German culture, Socrates' acceptance of death as a "healing" of the disease of life, Christianity, and a good many other things. Then, in September of 1888, Nietzsche wrote *Der Antichrist*.

Unlike *Zarathustra*, there can be no mistaking the language or the intention of *Der Antichrist*, a work of exceedingly clear prose

and seldom-equalled polemics. Even today, the depth of Nietzsche's contempt for everything Christianity represents will surprise and shock many people, and not only devout Christians. Unlike other critics of religion, Nietzsche's attack extends beyond religious theology to Christian-derived concepts that have spread out far beyond their ecclesiastical origins, to the very core of the value-system of Western, Christianized society.

Der Antichrist begins with a warning that "This book belongs to the very few," perhaps to no one yet living. Nietzsche hints that only those who have already mastered the obscure symbolism of his Zarathustra could appreciate this work. Warnings aside, he begins by sketching the idea of declining vs. ascending life and culture. An animal, a species, or an individual is "depraved" or "decadent" when it loses its instincts for that which sustains its life, and "*prefers* what is harmful to it." Life itself presupposes an instinct for growth, for sustenance, for "the will to power", the striving for some degree of control and mastery of one's surroundings. Christianity sets itself up in opposition to those instincts, and hence Christianity is an expression of decadence, a negation of the will to life [*Antichrist*, section 6].

"Pity", says Nietzsche, is "practical nihilism", the contagion of suffering. By elevating pity to a value—indeed, the highest value—its depressive effects thwart those instincts which preserve life, establishing the deformed or the sick as the standard of value. [A 7] To Nietzsche, the rejection of pity did not proscribe generosity, magnanimity, or benevolence—indeed, the latter are mandated for "higher" types—; what is rejected is to allow the ill-constituted to define what is good. Nietzsche was not hostile to the sick—Zarathustra bids the sick to "become convalescents", and expresses sympathetic understanding of their unhappy frame of mind [Z I 3]—but what he opposed was the use of the existence of sickness and other afflictions to thereby claim "life is refuted" [Z I 9].

No doubt Nietzsche's attack on "pity" was triggered in part by his revulsion against Wagner's blatantly irrational opera *Parsifal*, in which the formerly irreligious Wagner returned once again to pious Christian themes. In *Parsifal*, a series of calamities occur because a once-holy knight succumbs to "sins of the flesh," and it is prophesied that the situation cannot be remedied by any act of self-directed effort, but only by one "through pity made wise, a pure

fool.” Nietzsche’s contempt for the limp Christianity in *Parsifal* and for “the pure fool” knew no bounds. The already-strained bond between the two men, who were once extremely close, was irreparably broken.

Nietzsche explains that the pessimistic philosophy of Arthur Schopenhauer is, like Christianity, decadent. Schopenhauer taught that since it is impossible to satisfy the desires of the will, one must ceaselessly renounce striving for what one wants, and become resigned to unhappiness. In the late 19th century Schopenhauer’s doctrines were extremely popular, especially among the Wagnerians. Wagner’s monumental *Tristan and Isolde* is an expression of Schopenhauerian nihilism, as the lovers sing of the impossibility of earthly happiness, and of their expected mystical union in the realm of “night” after their death. The opera closes with Isolde’s famous *Liebestod*, or “love-death”, as she sings of a vision of her dead lover gloriously and mystically transfigured in the nether-regions, then dies to join him. Schopenhauer was hostile to life, says Nietzsche, “*therefore pity became for him a virtue.*” [A 7]

Nietzsche charges that Christianity denigrates the world around us as mere “appearance”, a position grounded in the philosophy of Plato and Kant, and hence invents a “completely fabricated” world of pure spirit. However, “pure spirit is pure lie,” and hence the theologian requires one to see the world falsely in order to remain a member in good standing in the religion. The Christian outlook was, he says, immensely bolstered against the attacks of the Enlightenment by Immanuel Kant, whose philosophy renders reality unknowable. (For Kant a virtue is something *harmful* to one’s life, a view Nietzsche could never accept. If you *want* to do something, Kant would say your action cannot possibly be virtuous; any action which contains an element of self-interest is by definition not virtuous.) Nietzsche summarizes, “*anti-nature* as instinct, German decadence as philosophy—that is Kant.” [A 8-11]

Nietzsche praises the skeptic (or “free spirit”) who rejects the priestly inversion of “true” and “untrue”. He says we skeptics no longer think of human life as having its origins in “spirit” or in “divinity”, but recognize the human race as a natural part of the animal kingdom... [A 12-14].

Returning to the theme of Christian doctrine as misrepresentation, Nietzsche charges that “in Christianity neither morality nor religion come into contact with reality at any point.”

The religion deals with imaginary causes (such as God, soul, spirit) and imaginary effects (sin, grace, etc.), and the relationships between imaginary beings (God, souls, angels, etc.). It also has its own imaginary natural science (wholly anthropomorphic and non-naturalistic), an imaginary human psychology (based on repentance, temptation, etc.), as well as an imaginary teleology (apocalypse, the kingdom of God, etc.). Nietzsche concludes that this “entire fictional world has its roots in the hatred of the natural” world, a hatred which reveals its origin. For “who alone has reason to *lie himself out* of actuality? He who *suffers* from it” [A 15]. Here is the proof which convinced Nietzsche that Christianity is not only decadent in its origins, but rotten to its very core: no one reasonably satisfied with his own mind and abilities would wish to see the real world replaced with a lie.



Comparing religions, Nietzsche came to the conclusion that in a healthy society, its gods represent the highest ideals, aspirations, and sense of competence of that people. For example, Zeus and Apollo were obviously powerful ideals for Greek society, an image of the mightiest mortals projected into the heavens. Such gods are fully human, and display human strengths and weaknesses alike. The Christian God, however, shows none of the normal human attributes and appetites. It is unthinkable for this God to desire sex, food, or even openly display revengefulness (as did the Greek gods). Such a God is clearly emaciated, sick, castrated, a reflection of the people who invented him. If a god symbolizes a people’s perceived sense of impotence, he will degenerate into being merely “good” (an idealized image of the kind master, as desired by all slaves), void of all genuinely human attributes. The Christian God

represents the “divinity of decadence,” the reduction of the divine into a God who is the contradiction of life. Those impotent people who created such a God in their own image do not wish to call themselves “the weak,” so they call themselves “the good.” [A 16-19].

Nietzsche next compares Christianity to Buddhism. Both, he says, are religions of decadence, but Buddhism is a hundred times wiser and more realistic. Buddha does not demand prayer or asceticism, demanding instead ideas which produce repose or cheerfulness. Buddhism, he says, is most at home in the higher and learned classes, while Christianity represents the revengeful instincts of the subjugated and the oppressed. Buddhism promotes hygiene, while Christianity repudiates hygiene as sensuality. Buddhism is a religion for mature, older cultures, for persons grown kindly and gentle—Europe is not nearly ripe for Buddhism. Christianity, however, tamed uncivilized barbarians, needing to subjugate wild “*beasts of prey*,” who cannot control their own “will to power.” The way it did so was to make them sick, making them thereby too weak to follow their destructive instincts. Thus Buddhism is a religion suited to the decadence and fatigue of an ancient civilization, while Christianity was useful in taming barbarians, where no civilization had existed at all. [A 20-22].

Nietzsche next emphasises Christianity’s origin in Judaism, and its continuity with Jewish theology. He was fond of pointing out the essential Jewishness of Christianity as a foil to the anti-Semites he so despised, effectively taunting them, “you who hate the Jews so, why did you adopt their religion?”. It was the Jews, he asserts, who first falsified the inner and outer world with a metaphysically complete anti-world, one in which natural causality plays no role. (One might of course object that such a concept considerably predates Old Testament times.) The Jews did this, however, not out of hatred or decadence, but for a good reason: to survive. The Jews’ will for survival is, he asserts, the most powerful “vital energy” in history, and Nietzsche admired those who struggle mightily to survive and prevail. As captives and slaves of more powerful civilizations—the Babylonians and the Egyptians—the Jews shrewdly allied themselves with every “decadence” movement, with everything that weakens a society, not because they were decadent themselves, but in order to weaken their oppressors. Thus, Nietzsche views the Jews as shrewdly inculcating guilt,

resentment, and other values hostile to life among their oppressors as a form of ideological germ warfare, taking care not to become fully infected themselves. This technique was ultimately successful in defeating stronger parties—Babylonians, Egyptians, and Romans—by in essence making them “sick,” and hence less powerful. (The Romans, of course, succumbed to the *Christian* form of Judaism, in this view.) This parallels St. Augustine’s comment, quoting Seneca, that the Jews “have imposed their customs on their conquerors.” [A 23-26; *De Civitate Dei* VI 11]

“On a soil *falsified* in this way, where all nature, all natural value, all *reality* had the profoundest instincts of the ruling class against it, there arose Christianity, a form of mortal hostility to reality as yet unsurpassed.” The revolt led by Jesus was not primarily religious, says Nietzsche, but was instead a secular revolt against the power of the Jewish religious authorities. The very dregs of Jewish society rose up in “revolt against ‘the good and the just’, against ‘the saints of Israel.’” This was the political crime of Jesus, a crime of which he was surely guilty, and for which he was crucified. Nietzsche examines the psychology of Jesus, as is best possible from the Biblical accounts, and detects a profound sense of withdrawal: resist not evil, the kingdom of God is within you, etc. He sees parallels in the psychology of Christ not with some hero, but with Dostoyevsky’s *The Idiot*. (Dostoyevsky is not mentioned here by name, but we know from other sources that this is the “idiot” Nietzsche had in mind.)

Nietzsche deduces that the earliest Christians sought to retreat into a state of extreme withdrawal from “the world”, undisturbed by reality of any kind. They rejected all strong feelings, favorable or otherwise. Their fear of pain, even in infinitely small amounts, “cannot end otherwise than in a religion of love.” Thus Nietzsche sees early Christianity as promoting an extremely dysfunctional state resembling autism, a defense mechanism for those who cannot deal with reality. Noting Christianity’s claims to deny the world, and its stand in opposition to every active virtue, Nietzsche asks how can any person of dignity and accomplishment not feel *ashamed* to be called a Christian? [A 27-30; 38]...

By placing the center of life outside of life, in “the beyond”, Nietzsche says we deprive life of any focus or center whatsoever. The invention of the immortal soul automatically levels all rank in society: “‘immortality’ conceded to every Peter and Paul has so far

been greatest, the most malignant attempt to assassinate *noble* humanity”. Thus “little prigs and three-quarter madmen may have the conceit that the laws of nature are constantly broken for their sakes,” thereby obliterating all distinctions grounded in merit, knowledge or accomplishment. Christianity owes its success to this flattering of the vanity of “all the failures, all the rebellious-minded, all the less favored, the whole scum and refuse of humanity who were thus won over to it.” For Christianity is “a revolt of everything that crawls upon the ground directed against that which is elevated: the gospel of the ‘lowly’ *makes* low.” Here we clearly see Nietzsche’s repudiation of Christianity’s attitudes as well as its theology: as he pointedly noted in *Ecce Homo*, “no one hitherto has felt Christian morality beneath him”. All others saw it as an unattainable ideal. [A 43; EH 4 (“Why I Am a Fatality”) 8] Pre-Christian thinkers did not, of course, see poverty as suggestive of virtue, but rather of its absence. One point Nietzsche was unable to either forgive or forget was that the enemies of the early Christians were “the intelligent ones”, persons far more civilized, erudite, and accomplished than themselves, people who Nietzsche felt more fit to rule than the Christians.

Nietzsche sees the Gospels as proof that corruption of Christ’s ideals had already occurred in those early Christian communities. They say “Judge Not!”, then send to Hell anyone who stands in their way. Arrogance poses as modesty. He explains how the Gospel typifies the morality of *ressentiment* (a French term Nietzsche used in his German texts), a spirit of vindictiveness and covert revengefulness common among those who are seething with a sense of their own impotence, and hence must hide their desire for vengeance. “Paul was the greatest of all apostles of revenge,” writes Nietzsche [A 44-45]...

At this point, Nietzsche advises the reader to “put on gloves” when reading the New Testament, because one is in proximity to “so much uncleanness.” It is impossible, he says, to read the New Testament without feeling a partiality for everything it attacks. The Scribes and the Pharisees must have had considerable merit, to have been attacked by the rabble in such a manner. Everything the first Christians hate has value, for theirs is the unthinking hatred of the rabble for everyone who is not a wretched failure like themselves. Nietzsche sees Christianity’s origins in what

Marxists would call “class warfare,” and sides with those possessing learning and self-discipline against those having neither. [A 46].

He next turns to a point essential for the understanding of Nietzschean thought: the inevitability of a “warfare” between Christianity and science. Because Christianity is a religion which has no contact with reality at any point, it “must naturally be a mortal enemy of ‘the wisdom of the world,’ that is to say, of *science*.” Here “science” is not to be understood as merely the physical sciences, but as any rigorous and disciplined field of human knowledge, all of which are potentially threats to Christian dogma. Hence Christianity must calumniate the “disciplining of the intellect” and intellectual freedom, bringing all organized secular knowledge into disrepute; for “Paul *understood* the need for the lie, for faith.” Nietzsche refers to the Genesis fable of Eve’s temptation, asking whether its significance has really been understood: “God’s mortal terror of science”? The priest perceives only *one* great danger: the human intellect unfettered. Continuing the metaphor of science as eating from the tree of knowledge:

Science makes godlike—it is all over with priests and gods when man becomes scientific. Moral: science is the forbidden as such—it alone is forbidden. Science is the *first* sin, the *original* sin. *This alone is morality* “Thou shalt not know”—the rest follows.

The priest invents and encourages every kind of suffering and distress so that man may not have the opportunity to become scientific, which requires a considerable degree of free time, health, and an outlook of confident positivism. Thus, the religious authorities work hard to make and keep people feeling sinful, unworthy, and unhappy. [A 47-49]

In previous works, Nietzsche had emphasised the necessity of struggling hard to uncover truth, of preferring an unpleasant truth to an agreeable delusion. [*The Gay Science* 344; *Beyond Good and Evil* 39] Consequently, he sees another reason for being suspicious of Christianity in its notion that “faith makes blessed,” that is, creates a state of pleasure in harmony with God. He re-iterates that whether or not a doctrine is comforting tells us nothing about its truth. Nor does the willingness of martyrs to suffer and die for a belief constitute any proof of veracity, suggesting that a visit to a madhouse will suffice to demonstrate the fallaciousness of such

arguments. Martyrdoms have, in fact, been a great misfortune throughout history because “they have seduced” us into questionable doctrines. “Blood is the worst witness of truth”. [A 50-51, 53]



Christianity, says Nietzsche, needs sickness as much as Hellenism needed health. (To understand this point, compare a Greek statue of a tall, handsome, naked God with a Christian religious image of an unhygienic, slovenly figure suffering greatly.) One does not “convert” to Christianity, but rather one must be made “sick enough” for it. The Christian movement was, from its beginning, “a collective movement of outcast and refuse elements of every kind,” seeking to come to power through it. “In hoc signo *decadence* conquered.” Christianity also stands in opposition to intellectual, as well as physical, health. To doubt becomes sin.

Nietzsche defines faith as “not *wanting* to know what is true,” a description which strikes me as stunning, and quite exact. [A 51-52]...

Nietzsche now turns to consider *why* the lie is told. Once again, Christian teachings are compared to those of another religion, that of Manu, “an incomparably spiritual and superior work.” Unlike the Bible, the *Law-Book of Manu* is a means for the “noble orders” to keep the mob under control. Here, human love, sensuality, and procreation are treated not with revulsion, but with reverence and respect. After a people acquires a certain experience and success in life, its most “enlightened,” most “reflective and far-sighted class” sets down a law summarizing its formula for success in life, which is represented as a revelation from a deity, for it to be accepted unquestioningly. Such a set of rules is a formula for obtaining “happiness, beauty, benevolence on earth.” This aristocratic group considers “the hard task a privilege... life becomes harder and harder as it approaches the heights—the coldness increases, the responsibility increases.” All ugly manners and pessimism are below such leaders: “indignation is the privilege of the Chandala” (Indian untouchable). What is bad? “Everything that proceeds from weakness, from revengefulness.” [A 57]

Thus Nietzsche holds that the *purpose* for the lie of “faith” makes a great difference in the effect it will have on society. Do the priests lie in order to preserve (as in the book of Manu, and presumably Greek myth), or to destroy (as in Christianity)? Thus Christians and socialist Anarchists are identical in their instincts: both seek solely to destroy. The Roman civilization was a magnificent edifice for the prosperity and advancement of life, “the most magnificent form of organization under difficult circumstances which has yet been achieved”, which Christianity sought to destroy *because* life prospered within it. These “holy anarchists” made it a religious duty to “destroy the world”, which actually meant, “destroy the Roman Empire”. They weakened the Empire so much that even “Teutons and other louts” could conquer it. Christianity was the “vampire” of the Roman Empire. These “stealthy vermin,” shrouded in night and fog, crept up and “sucked out” from everyone “the seriousness for true things and any instinct for reality.” Christianity moved truth into “the beyond”, and “with the beyond one kills life.”

Before charging Nietzsche with possibly irresponsible invective, compare the above with Gibbon's summary of the role of Christianity in *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*:

The clergy successfully preached the doctrines of patience and pusillanimity; the active virtues of society were discouraged; and the last remains of a military spirit were buried in the cloister: a large portion of public and private wealth was consecrated to the specious demands of charity and devotion; and the soldiers' pay was lavished on the useless multitudes of both sexes who could only plead the merits of abstinence and chastity.

On the positive side, Gibbon notes that even though Christianity clearly hastened the demise of Rome, it "mollified the ferocious temper of the conquerors". This would seem to parallel Nietzsche's view that Christianity seeks to control the uncivilized not by teaching them the self-discipline needed to control their own impulses, but by making them too "sick" to do a great deal of harm. [A 58; Gibbon, Chapter 38]

"The whole labor of the Ancient World in vain!": thus does Nietzsche overstate the magnitude of the calamity. (Our civilization's heritage from classical antiquity is obviously far from nothing!). Nonetheless, no one who prefers civilization to barbarism can be indifferent to the point here raised. Nietzsche emphasises that the foundations for a scholarly culture, for science, medicine, philosophy, and art, had all been magnificently laid in antiquity, only to be destroyed by the advent of Christianity. Today, he says, we have certainly made great progress, but each of us still retains bad Christian habits and instincts which we must work hard to overcome. Two thousand years ago, we had acquired that clear eye for reality, patience, attention to detail, seriousness in even small matters—and it was not obtained by "drill" or from habit, but flowed naturally from a civilized instinct. All this was lost! And it was not lost to some natural disaster or destroyed by "Teutons and other buffalos" (Nietzsche's contempt for German nationalism and militarism knew no bounds!) but it was "ruined by cunning, stealthy, invisible, anemic vampires. Not vanquished—merely drained. Hidden vengefulness, petty envy become master." Everything that was miserable and filled with bad feelings about itself came to the top at once. [A 59]...

The meaning and significance of the Renaissance is considered in this next-to-last section of *Der Antichrist*. “The Germans have cheated Europe out of the last great cultural harvest which Europe could still have brought home—that of the Renaissance.” Nietzsche views the Renaissance as “the revaluation of Christian values,” that is, the repudiation of life-denying Christian values and their replacement with secular values which emphasise art, culture, learning, and so on. With the Renaissance in Italy, Christianity was being repudiated at its very seat. “Christianity no longer sat on the Papal throne! Life sat there instead!”



A Glass of Wine with Cesare Borgia by John Collier.

Nietzsche envisions the immortal roar of laughter that would have risen up from the gods on Mount Olympus had Cesare Borgia actually succeeded in his ruthless quest to become Pope. (The notorious murderer and poisoner Borgia, the son of Pope Alexander VI, spread his power ruthlessly across Italy. Father and son appointed or poisoned Cardinals as needed to position the son for election as the next Pope. However, the plan went awry when they accidentally tasted some wine that had been “prepared” to rid themselves of a wealthy cardinal! The father died, and the son became gravely ill, and was hence in no position to coerce the selection of his father’s successor.)

Nietzsche laments that this great world-historical event—*life* returning to Western culture—was ultimately undone by the work of “a German monk,” Martin Luther, who harbored the vengeful

instincts of “a failed priest.” Through Luther’s Reformation, and Catholicism’s answer to it, the Counter-Reformation, Christianity was restored. [A 60] One might be tempted to dismiss Nietzsche’s dramatic interpretation of the Renaissance, except that his view meshes with that of Jacob Burckhardt, the single most influential historian of Renaissance civilization who ever lived. Burckhardt’s monumental work, *The Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy* (1860), has influenced the study of that period as much as Gibbon’s *Decline and Fall* did that of ancient Rome. Nietzsche and Burckhardt were colleagues at the University of Basle, and friends as well. In the first section of his *Civilization*, Burckhardt writes that the greatest danger ever faced by the Papacy was its secularization during the Renaissance.

The danger that came from within, from the Popes themselves and their nipoti (relatives, “nepotism”), was set aside for centuries by the German Reformation... The moral salvation of the papacy was due to its mortal enemies... Without the Reformation—if indeed it is possible to think it away—the whole ecclesiastical state would have passed into secular hands long ago.

Pope Julius II, powerfully anti-Borgia, was “the savior of the Papacy,” who put an end to the practice of the buying and selling of Church positions. However, the Counter-Reformation “annihilated the higher spiritual life of the people,” according to Burckhardt. Nietzsche would have said this was because they had become *Christian* once again.

The final section of *Der Antichrist* contains “the most terrible charge” against the Christian Church that “any prosecutor has ever uttered... I call Christianity the *one* great curse, the *one* great intrinsic depravity, the *one* great instinct for revenge for which no expedient is sufficiently poisonous, secret, subterranean, *petty*—I call it the *one* immortal blemish of mankind.” Nietzsche suggests that instead of calculating time from the “unlucky day” on which this “fatality” arose, time should be measured instead from its last day: “from today.” [A 62].

Needless to say, Nietzsche’s *Der Antichrist* did not prove to be the dagger in the heart of Christianity he hoped it would. After finishing this work (which was not actually published until 1895), Nietzsche wrote *Ecce Homo*, a philosophical autobiography, in which

we first see signs of the self-aggrandizing delusions which were to characterize his incipient mental collapse. The final major work of 1888 was *Nietzsche Contra Wagner*, containing more polemics against the “decadence” and anti-Semitism of Wagner’s followers, much of which was taken from his earlier published works. Nietzsche’s philosophical writings end there, in the closing weeks of 1888. No doubt the breakdown which followed was hastened by the frantic pace of work during that period. Living in Turin, Italy, alone as was his habit, he continued to send letters to his family and friends.

Early in January, 1889, Nietzsche collapsed on the street in Turin. Some local people helped him back to his room, and he was soon alone again. On January 6 he sent letters to Burckhardt and to Franz Overbeck, another friend and colleague at the University of Basle, displaying obvious signs of insanity. Burckhardt, quite concerned, consulted Overbeck, who was soon on a train headed for Turin to assist his friend. Overbeck brought Nietzsche back to his mother in Germany. He was placed in an institution for a few months, and was then released to the care of his family, where he lived another eleven years as an invalid. Nietzsche actually died twice: his mind died in 1889, while his body lived on helplessly until 1900...

If Nietzsche’s polemically effective suggestion had been adopted—to begin counting time from the start of Christianity’s presumed demise, the writing of *Der Antichrist*—then I would now be writing these words in the year 100 P.C., the hundredth year of the post-Christian era. It would obviously be premature to expect such a calendar to gain widespread acceptance today! Yet the failure of Nietzsche’s impossibly high expectations should not cause us to overlook the significance of this monumental work, with its searing insights into the psychology of Christian belief. All those who wish not to renounce life but to affirm it, all who seek to proclaim a triumphant “yes” to human prosperity, knowledge, and happiness, will find in *Der Antichrist* invaluable insights on how those goals can be achieved—and on what stands on the way of them.

Note

There are two excellent English translations of *Der Antichrist* readily available, one by R. J. Hollingdale (Penguin Classics, 1968),

the other by Walter Kaufmann (in Kaufmann's *The Portable Nietzsche*, Penguin Books, 1978).¹⁰

¹⁰ *Note by César Tort:* The 2005 translation by Judith Norman of the Cambridge Texts in the History of Philosophy series is problematic. As a couple of book-reviewers have said, it lacks both fidelity to the exact meaning of Nietzsche's original text *and* fidelity to his writing style.

Appendix II

Last page of
Der Antichrist

Law against Christianity

Given on the Day of Salvation, on the first day of the year one (30 September 1888, according to the false calculation of time).

War to the death against vice: the vice is Christianity

First article. — Every type of anti-nature is a vice. The priest is the most vicious type of person: he *teaches* anti-nature. Priests are not to be reasoned with, they are to be locked up.

Second article. — Any participation in church services is an attack on public morality. One should be harsher with Protestants than with Catholics, harsher with liberal Protestants than with orthodox ones. The criminality of being Christian increases with your proximity to science. The criminal of criminals is consequently the *philosopher*.

Third article. — The execrable location where Christianity brooded over its basilisk eggs should be razed to the ground and, being the *depraved* spot on earth, it should be the horror of all posterity. Poisonous snakes should be bred on top of it.

Fourth article. — The preacher of chastity is a public incitement to anti-nature. Contempt for sexuality, making it unclean with the concept of ‘uncleanliness’, these are the real sins against the holy spirit of life.

Fifth article. — Eating at the same table as a priest ostracizes: you are excommunicated from honest society. The priest is *our* Chandala, — he should be ostracized, starved, driven into every type of desert.

Sixth article. — The ‘holy’ history should be called by the name it deserves, the *cursed* history; the words ‘God’, ‘saviour’, ‘redeemer’, ‘saint’ should be used as terms of abuse, to signify criminals.

Seventh article. — The rest follows from this.

Friedrich Nietzsche – The Antichrist