

Crane Brinton in his book on Nietzsche distinguishes three possible influences of this work, the dionysian prophet, the pioneer in a science of man, the political precursor of Hitler and Mussolini.

The only thing I can say about this smart classification is that this is not the Nietzsche with whom I have lived and who has pushed me out of my danger of becoming a Crane Brinton myself. I never was impressed by Zarathustra. I have not read it ever from cover to cover. It was too "voulu", too well done. The sociological insights, secondly, were interesting but as Brinton himself says, they are part of a European movement towards a psychology of power and morals and therefore read critically and, it (or: Ni?) has to (be?) seen to that by his obvious inconsistencies, never could be swallowed wholesale. /

And the undeniable role of Nietzsche in German politics and the German selfdestruction were his early part, the part to which his sister Elisabeth had access and which she could usurp for herself and the clique first, the Nazigang later. It was clear to me that Nietzsche here paid the penalty of his solitude, his remaining single, without son, disciple or mistress. Such a man can only live the first half of his life forward. At 45 we are overtaken by our ancestors if we have not created children. Elisabeth took over, built the Archive and her legend simply because in no other way was there any physical, earthly bond left between the Nietzsche in the flesh and the bodily world of his days. This recession into the womb from which man emerges, is notable where life finds no outlet forward by selfforgetful love. N. had himself prophesied this interlude. He knew that the / witches sabbath of European nihilism was to follow in the wake of his anticipation. Explicitly did he say so and claim that the dawn of the new day to which his soul belonged, would follow the wars and destruction and anarchy into which his sister's Nietzsche was lugged for the purely chronological reasons that the sister lived from 1890 to Hitler. N. attacks on Christianity too obviously came from complete ignorance. I thought them silly.

In all these then, singer, scientist, atheist, prophet, I was never interested or even repelled! I lived with few utterances of the writer. The aphorism "Lieben heisst jemand(em) eine Scham ersparen has helped me greatly. The verse Dass Dein (~~edem-main?~~) Glück Ende nicht heck (☹) seemed to me profoundly apt to express his own fate. * *lyg. Briefliche Wissenschaft K. Heller am II. 24 Das dein Glück und nicht beklü*

Zu tief ist mir der Wolken Sitz

Ich warte auf den nächsten Blitz

described my generation's certainty of the preliminary or provisional state of affairs in Europe at a time when the older generation gloried

in the fin de siècle, futuramas of which Grover Whalew's World's Fair in 1939 was a thoroughly / antiquated repetition. Such shows we saw in 1905 already with the mischievousness of boys who were no part of that game any longer.

What then made Nietzsche so important if his writings were not even read? His life. In the heart of the German University tradition, in the classics, a man had achieved succes and abandoned it. The one universal ambition of any German to become a professor, he had reached and transcended. I was young, I was 23 when I joined a university staff, I produced what seemed to me a magnum opus at 26. Obviously, this did not settle everything, then; perhaps, it settled nothing. Here was, at the beginning of Bismarck's Reich, a bifurcation, a protest, a shrill ending. My own teacher was the very man who had snubbed Nietzsche insultingly then, Wilamowitz Moelendorf. Wilamowitz had attacked N. in 1875 with his infamous *Die Zukunftsphilosophie des Herrn N.* I knew / that W. also used to attack Jakob Burckhardt and Erwin Rohde. My friend Rosenzweig much later in his immortal essay on translations, pilloried Wilamowitz for this as the man who had accomplished the task of mistaking the greatest thinker N., the greatest historian, B., the greatest philologist of his time for his inferiors. I saw Wilamowitz in all his splendor. I liked him. I shall never forget his victorious and attractive mien, the blue ribbon of the order 'pour le mérite' dazzling over the stiff white shirt, the elegant fur coat wide open, stepping out, after having listened to his Pindar. We approved of Wilamowitz as of today. And we believed in Nietzsche, as a signpost erected long before today into a tomorrow without Wilamowitzes. An unseen new trail had been beaten by N. around the times which surrounded me, free from / any requirements of institutions, but imperative for our real life in the future.

Never have I doubted, never have I shaken off my belief, that in N. something final had happened, an avatar of the divine ended. He had stepped outside his time. His sentence *St Moritz Both can't be alive, I or see (= Ich oder sie; they?)*. *Zwar ich leide zwar ich leide.* was innumerable times on my lips.

This was unshakeable and is it to this day.

Because of Nietzsche's detouring the time from 1889 to the zenith of Wilamowitz (and Gilbert Murray and B. Wheeler) for my soul, and cautioning me to expect another climate, another eon, his madness became as much a part of his life as his previous stages. We now have the good term "underground" for an existence in / suspense. That N. had, after *Ecce Homo*, every reason to loose his mind, but that by living another eleven years his soul was still making demands on the living, seemed very rational. Hölderlin's madness as well as his Diotima's

death - they occurred simultaneously - to me always made sense. Hölderlin was "insane" for 41 years. But we would not know of him had his body not outlasted his harp's melodies this long time. Norbert Hellingrath who in this respect was the faithful mouthpiece of my generation, he was killed in world war I as all the best of my generation, has tenderly tried to express our faith in the meaning of such "madness". If we, as I do, think of human lives as arcs which interlace, Hölderlin, the eternal adolescent could not / die as adolescent. That would never have proved that he could not later have become as virile as Schiller, as wizardlike as Jean Paul. No, since Hölderlin was destined to embody one certain form of the divine in the form of the adolescent, in the German Realm of spirits, his spirit had cause to vanish when the last shred of adolescence had been torn from him. His body (it)self lived the normal life of seventy years. His spirit was unable to inspire or to fill the later bodies of his life. And the perfection, the unbelievable perfection of this one phase he himself felt as blocking the path to later avatars.

"Einmal hab ich gelebt wie
Götter

und mehr bedarfs nicht.

His whole poetry for the ten singing, that is inspired years of his life took this risk deliberately: to be this decade so completely as nobody ever since Alkibiades or Plato, to be it in excess, and then to comply with Hades and the dark demons of the netherworld. I challenge anybody who has been able to admire H. as he deserves to be admired, if the price paid really is too high. The miseries of all the illegitimate children of Goethe, the debts of Balzac, the starvation of Mrs. Blake -- the offuscation of Hölderlin's spirit to me seems a nobler, more genuine price paid for a unique tone on the harp of human song.

The common denominator which linked / Hölderlin and Nietzsche in my heart and mind, was their fate, their madness. But N. did not succumb for the same reason. To Hölderlin who found G. and S. (= Goethe and Schiller) in the government of the German Olympus so to speak, it fell to be for ever their Ganymed, their younger adolescent. But N. raced in 15 years, one half generation, skating (?) the whole gamuth of literary utterance, from footnote to a Greek text to the (?) contemporary criticism to philosophy to poetry, to a new legislation of man to prophesy, to self revelation. He exhausted, that is, the forms of human speech. This has never been sufficiently reasoned out as since the days of the fathers of the Church the inventory of human styles of speech never has been taken seriously. Goethe / has said once or twice a deep word about a source alphabet of forces in our soul beyond which we cannot go. Long before I knew of this old tradition of

the four Rivers of paradise and long before I tested the possible styles myself in my *Angew. Seelenkunde*, long that is before my reasoning analysis could prove it, Nietzsche revealed the fact to me that he had touched on and exhausted the keyboards on which our soul may speak. His madness sat in, when on every one of these keyboards he had masterfully played and not found a response.

What do the people think N. meant when he said: God was dead? Something quite concrete: Inspiration, spirit / was confined to the individual, spoke and nobody listened or answered. *Meine Seele ein Saitenspiel sang sich selber ihr Lied. Hörte ihr jemand zu.*^{*}

That N. truly spoke with power, nobody sensitive to Speech at all, could doubt. He did not speak like Brinton or any other maker of books, out of his mind. His soul, his genitals, his bowels, his heart, are on N. lips. If this shocks the hypocrites, let them condemn all truth. The salesman, the softspoken joiner certainly lets the skull produce his words. Who cares for any of his stockphrases? But where are the stockphrases first created when they are not yet stockphrases?

* The poem in *Ecce Homo, Warum ich so klug bin* 7 runs:

An der Brücke stand
jüngst ich in brauner Nacht.
Fernher kam Gesang;
goldener Tropfen quolls
Über die zitternde Fläche weg.
Gondeln, Lichte, Musik -
trunken schwamms in die Dämmerung hinaus...

Meine Seele, ein Saitenspiel,
sang sich, unsichtbar berührt,
heimlich ein Gondellied dazu,
zitternd vor bunter Seligkeit.
- Hörte jemand ihr zu?

Manuscript of Eugen Rosenstock-Huessy, found at Four Wells, Norwich Vt. 12 pp. without page numbers. The book of Brinton on Nietzsche appeared in 1941. I guess that the talk on that book was in the same year: 1941. Typewriting by Lise van der Molen, Winsum, The Netherlands 19. 9. 1988