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## On truth and lies in a nonmoral sense full text

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It was written in 1873, a year after the Birth of Tragedy,[2] but was published by his sister Elizabeth in 1896, when Nietzsche was already mentally ill. Nietzsche essay summary provides an account for (and therefore a critical a) contemporary considerations of truth and concepts. These considerations, Nietzsche argues, arose from the establishment in a language: Each word immediately becomes a concept, insofar as it is not intended to serve as a reminder of the unique and completely individualised original experience to which it owes birth, but must, at the same time, fit countless, more or less similar cases, which means, strictly speaking , never equal - in other words, a lot of unequal cases. Each concept originates from our equivalence of what is unequal. [3] According to Paul F. Glenn, Nietzsche argues that concepts are metaphors that do not correspond to reality. [4] Although all concepts are metaphors invented by humans (created by mutual consent to facilitate the ease of communication), writes Nietzsche, human beings forget this fact after inventing them and come to believe that they are true and correspond to reality. [4] Thus, Nietzsche argues that the truth is in fact: A mobile army of metaphors, methenies and anthropomorphisms—in short, a sum of human relationships that have been improved, transposed and embellished poetically and rhetorically, and which after a long use seem firm, canonical and binding on a people: truths are illusions that have been forgotten that this is they are; metaphors that are worn out and without sensual power; coins that have lost their images and now it only counts as metal, it is no longer like coins. [5] These ideas about truth and its relationship with human language have been particularly influential among postmodern theorists,[4] and Truth and Lies in a Nonmoral Sense is one of the works most responsible for Nietzsche's (albeit controversial) reputation as the godfather of postmodernism. [6] See also Beyond Good and Bad Deconstruction herd behavior on the Genealogy of Morality On the Use and Abuse of History for Life Truth Notes ^ The translation of Walter Kaufmann, which appears in The Portable Nietzsche, 1976 edition. Viking Press. ^ Portable Nietzsche 42. ^ Portable Nietzsche 46. ^ a b c Glenn, Paul F. (December 2004). The politics of truth: Power in Nietzsche's epistemology. Quarterly political research. 57 (4): 576. two:10.2307/3219819. JSTOR 3219819. ^ Portable Nietzsche 46-47. ^ Cahoone, Lawrence E. (2003). From modernism to postmodernism: an anthology. Wiley-Blackwell. p. 109. ISBN 9780631232131. Further reading Clark, Mhademarie (1990). Nietzsche on Truth and Philosophy. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press. ISBN 9780521348508. April 19, 2016. McKinnon, AM (May 2012). Metaphors in and for Sociology of Religion: Towards a theory after Nietzsche (PDF). Journal of Contemporary Religion. 27 (2): 203–216. two:10.1080/13537903.2012.675688. hdl:2164/3056. S2CID 143730044. 2014. Check date values in: |access-date= (help) Podgorski, Daniel (January 2016). Truth and lies in a genealogical sense: Tracing Friedrich Nietzsche's Discussion of Truth through his Life (taking into account two of his texts). The Gemsbok. April 2016. Check date values in: |access-date= (help) External links Original text in German on truth and lies in a nonmoral sense (English) On truth and lie in an extra-moral sense (English) On Truth and Lie in an extra-moral sense (English) Taken from Working off campus? Learn more about our remote access options This chapter contains the section entitled: INTRODUCTION 1 2 Notes from the will to power beyond good and evil from Twilight by Idols Paul D'Angelo, Jack Lule, W. Russell Neuman, Lulu Rodriguez, Daniela V. Dimitrova, Kevin M. Carragee, Beyond Framing: A Forum for Framing Researchers, Journalism & Mass Communication Quarterly, 10.1177/1077699018825004, (107769901882500), (2019). Ge Song, Conflicts and Complexities: a functional study of bilingual street signs in Hong Kong on translation, Journal of Multilingual and Multicultural Development, 10.1080/01434632.2019.1663860, (1-13), (2019). Paul Decolonialization and anthropocone: A trajectory of reflections on radical politics and human From Gandhi and Aurobindo to Dipesh Chakrabarty and Bruno Latour, SSRN Electronic Journal, 10.2139/ssrn.3249460, (2018).J. 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Brian Bix, Ross and Olivecrona on Rights, SSRN Electronic Journal, 10.2139/ssrn.892788, (2007). Altuğ Yalçıntaş, Small Historical Events and Eclipse of Utopia : Perspectives on Path Dependence in Human Thinking , Culture, Theory and Criticism, 10.1080/14735780600624019, 47, 1, (53-70), (2006). Janice Richardson, Feminist Theory and Legal Practice: Rethinking the Relationship, SSRN Electronic Journal, 10.2139/ssrn.2297308, (2005). The full text of this article hosted at iucr.org is not available due to technical difficulties. On Truth and Lie in an extra-moral sense Frederick Nietzsche 1 In a far corner of the universe, cast and shining in countless solar systems, there was once a star on which intelligent animals invented knowledge. This was the highest and worst minute in the history of the world – but only for a minute. After nature took a few breaths, the star cooled down and the intelligent animals had to die. One could invent such a fable and have not yet sufficiently illustrated how miserable, how dark and flying, how aimless and arbitrary, the human intellect appears in nature. There were eternity when they did not exist; and when it's over again, nothing's going to happen. Because this intellect no longer has any mission that leads beyond human life. It is human rather, and only its owner and manufacturer gives it such importance, as if the world pivoted around it. But if we could communicate with the mosquito, then we would learn that it floats through the air with the same self-importance, feeling in itself the flying center of the world. There is nothing in nature so despicable or insignificant that it cannot be immediately blown up like a bag of a slight breath of this power of and so every doorman wants an admirer, the proudest human being, believes that he sees on the eyes of the telescopically focused universe from all sides on his actions and thoughts. It is strange that it should be the effect of intellect, because, after all, it was given only as an aid to the most unfortunate, most delicate, most evanescent beings, in order to hold them for a minute in existence, from which otherwise, without this gift, they would have every reason to flee as fast as Lessing's son. [In a famous letter to Johann Joachim Eschenburg (31 December 1778), Lessing recounts the death of his son, who understood the world so well that he left it at the first opportunity.] This smugness that goes with knowledge and feeling, which envelops the eyes and senses of man in a blinding fog, therefore, disbeaks him about the value of existence by carrying out in itself the most flattering assessment of knowledge itself. Its most universal effect is deception; but even its most special effects have something of the same character. The intellect, as a means of preserving the individual, carries out its main powers in simulation; for this is the means by which weaker and less powerful individuals are preserved, for they are denied the chance to fight for existence with horns or tusks of the beasts of prey. In man this art of simulation reaches its peak: here deception, flattery, lying and cheating, talking behind the back, presenting, living in borrowed splendor, disguising the convention, acting a role before others and before himself—in short, constantly fluttering around the unique flame of vanity is so much the rule and the law that almost nothing is more incomprehensible than how a sincere and pure desire for truth could make its appearance among men. They are deeply immersed in illusions and dream images; their eye glides only on



the surface of things and sees shapes; Their feeling anywhere leads in truth, but the content itself with the receipt of stimuli, playing, so were, a game of buff blindman on the back of things. Moreover, man allows himself to be lied to at night, his long life, when he dreams, and his moral sense does not even try to prevent this – although it is said that people have overcome snoring by the power of will. What, indeed, man knows of himself! Can he even once perceive himself completely, laid out as if in an illuminated glass casing? Doesn't nature keep his nature too far from him, even his body, to enchant and limit him in a proud, deceitful consciousness, away from the coils of the intestines, the rapid current of blood flow, and the involved tremors of the fibers? He threw away the key, and woe to the callous curiosity that could only look once through a crack in the chamber of consciousness and look down, and feel that man is the merciless, the greedy, the unsted, the killed, in of his ignorance - hanging in dreams, so they were, on the back of a tiger. Given this, where does the need for truth come from all over the world? To the extent that the individual wants to keep himself against other individuals, in a natural state of things he uses the intellect mostly for simulation alone. But because man, out of need and boredom, wants to exist socially, herd-fashion, he needs a peace pact and he strives to banish at least the very cruel omni bellum against omnes [war of all against all] from his world. This peace pact brings with it something that seems to be the first step towards achieving this enigmatic exhortation to the truth. For now, which is established, which from now on will be truth; that is, a valid and binding regular name of things is invented, and this language legislation also provides the first laws of truth: because this is where the contrast between truth and lie originates. The liar uses valid names, words, to make the unreal seem real; he says, for example, I am rich, when the word poor would be the correct designation of his situation. He abuses fixed conventions by arbitrary changes or even by reversing names. When you do this in a self-serving way harmful to others, then society will no longer trust him, but exclude him. Thus, people do not run away from being deceived as much as to be damaged by deception: what they hate at this stage is not basically deception, but the evil and hostile consequences of certain types of deception. In an equally limited way man desires the truth: he desires the pleasant consequences of preserving the life of truth, but he is indifferent to pure knowledge, which has no consequences; he is even hostile to possibly harmful and destructive truths. And, moreover, does it stick with these conventions of language? Are they really the products of knowledge, of the sense of truth? Names and things coincide? Is language the proper expression of all realities? Only through oblivion can man ever realize the illusion of possessing a truth in the sense of only designated. If he does not wish to be satisfied with the truth in the form of a tautology – that is, with empty shells – then he will forever buy illusions for truths. What's a word? The image of a nervous stimulus in sounds. But to infer from nerve stimulus, a cause outside of us, which is already the result of a false and unjustified application of the principle of reason. If truth alone were the decisive factor in the genesis of language, and if the point of view of certainty had been decisive for designations, then we could dare to say stone is hard, as hard would have been something otherwise familiar to us, and not just a total stimulation We separate things by sex, designating the tree as male and the plant as female. what what Missions! How far this goes beyond the canons of certainty! We are talking about a snake: this name only touches its ability to twist and therefore could also fit a worm. What arbitrary differentiations! What unilateral preferences, first for that, then for that property of a thing! The different languages, set side by side, show that what matters with words is never truth, never an appropriate expression; otherwise there wouldn't be so many languages. The thing itself (because it is what pure truth, without consequences, would be) is quite incomprehensible to the creators of the language and not at all worth the purpose. One designates only the relationships of things to man, and to express them requires the boldest metaphors. A nervous stimulus, first transposed into an image - the first metaphor. The image, in turn, imitated by a sound – the second metaphor. And every time there is a complete overshoot of a sphere, right in the middle of a completely new and different one. We can imagine a man who is completely deaf and has never had a sense of sound and music. Perhaps such a person will look in amazement at Chladni's sound figures; perhaps he will discover their causes in the vibrations of the string and will now swear that he must know what people mean by sound. It is in this way with all of us in terms of language; we believe that we know something about the things themselves when we talk about trees, colors, snow, and flowers; and yet we have only metaphors for things – metaphors that do not in any way correspond to the original entities. In the same way that sound appears as a figure of sand, so that the mysterious X of the work itself appears first as a nervous stimulus, then as an image, and finally as a sound. Thus, the genesis of language does not unfold logically, in any case, and all the materials in and with which the man of truth, scientist, and the philosopher later work and build, if not derived from never-never-land, is at least not derived from the essence of things. Let us continue to pay particular attention to the formation of concepts. Each word immediately becomes a concept, insofar as it is not intended to serve as a reminder of the unique and completely individualized original experience to which the birth owes birth, but must, at the same time, fit the countless cases, more or less similar – which means, strictly speaking, never equal – in other words, a lot of unequal cases. Each concept originates from our equivalence of what is unequal. No leaf is entirely equal to another, and the concept of leaf is formed by an arbitrary abstraction from these individual differences, by forgetting the distinctions; and now gives rise to the idea that in nature there could be something besides leaves, which would leaves - a kind of original form, after which all the leaves were woven, marked, copied, colored, wavy, and and but with unqualified hands, so that no copy turned out to be a correct, reliable, and faithful image of the original form. We call an honest person. Why was he so honest today? Ask. Our answer usually sounds like this: because of his honesty. Honesty! That is to say again: the leaf is the cause of the leaves. After all, we don't know anything of a quality essence-like called honesty; we know only numerous individualised, and thus unequal, actions, which we equate by uneven lymitting and then calling them honest actions. Finally, we will distill from them an occult qualitas [hidden quality] with the name of honesty. We get the concept, that's how we shape it, overlooking what is individual and real; whereas nature knows no forms and concepts, and no species, but only an X which remains inaccessible and indefinable to us. Because even our contrast between the individual and the species is anthropomorphic and has no origin in the essence of things; although we should not assume that this contrast does not correspond to the essence of things: this would, of course, be a dogmatic statement and, as such, would be as indemonstrable as its opposite. What is the truth? A mobile army of metaphors, methenies and anthropomorphisms—in short, a sum of human relationships that have been improved, transposed and embellished poetically and rhetorically and which, after a long use, seem firm, canonical and binding on a people: truths are illusions which have been forgotten to be what they are; metaphors that are worn out and without sensual power; coins that have lost their images and now it only counts as metal, it is no longer like coins. We still don't know where the need for truth comes from; for until now i have only heard of the obligation imposed by society that there should be: to be honest is to use ordinary metaphors – in moral terms: the obligation to lie according to a fixed convention, to lie like a herd in a style binding on all. Now, man, of course, forgets that this is how things stand for him. Thus, it is in the indicated way, unconscious and in accordance with habits that are centuries old; and it is precisely through this unconsciousness and oblivion that he reaches his sense of truth. From the sense that one is obliged to designate one thing as red, another as cold, and a third as mute, there is a moral boost in terms of truth. The veneration, reliability and usefulness of truth is something that a person demonstrates for himself from the contrast with the liar, which no one trusts and which everyone excludes. As a rational being, he now places his behavior under the control of abstractions. He will no longer tolerate being carried away by sudden impressions, by intuitions. First he universalizes all these impressions into less colorful, cooler concepts so he can entrust them with the guidance of his life and behaviour. Everything that distinguishes man from animals depends on this ability to volatilize perceptual metaphors in a scheme, and thus to dissolve an image into a concept. For something is possible in the field of these schematics, which could not be achieved with vivid first impressions: building a pyramidal order according to castes and degrees, creating a new world of laws, privileges, subordinations, and boundaries clearly marked a new world, one that now faces that other living world of first impressions as more solid, more universal, better known , and more human than the immediately perceived world, and thus as the regular and imperative world. While each perceptual metaphor is individual and without equals and is therefore able to circumvent all classifications, the great edifice of concepts displays the rigid regularity of a Roman columbarium and logically exhales that strength and coolness that is characteristic of mathematics. Anyone who has felt this cold breath [of logic] will hardly believe that even the concept-that is as bone, foursquare, and transposable as a mold-is, however, just the residue of a metaphor, and that the illusion that is involved in the artistic transfer of a nerve stimulus into images is, if not the mother, then the grandmother of every single concept. But in this conceptual game crap truth means using each die designated, counting its spots accurately, fashion the right categories, and never violates the order of caste and rank class. So the Romans and Etruscans cut the heavens with rigid mathematical lines and limited a god in each of the spaces thus delimited, as in a temple, so that each people has a conceptual lye mathematically divided similarly above them and from now on believes that truth requires that every conceptual god be sought only in its sphere. Here one can certainly admire man as a powerful construction genius, who manages to piling an infinitely complicated dome of concepts on an unstable foundation, and, so they were, on running water. Of course, to be supported by such a foundation, its construction must be like one built of cobwebs: delicate enough to be carried by the waves, strong enough not to be blown away by every wind. As a genius of the construction man rises far above the bee in the following way: while the bee builds with wax which it gathers from nature, man builds with the much more delicate conceptual material that he must produce from himself. In this, he is very much to admire, but not because of his unity for the truth or for the pure knowledge of things. When someone hides something behind a bush and searches it again in the same place and finds it there, it's also not much to in such searches and findings. However, this is the way things stand in terms of searching for and finding the truth in the area of reason. If I invent the definition of a mammal, and then, after inspecting a camel, I declare look, a mammal I have indeed brought a truth to light in this way, but it is a truth of limited value. I mean, it's a completely anthropomorphic truth that doesn't contain a single point that would be true in itself or really and universally valid apart from man. At the bottom, what the investigator of such truths seeks is only the metamorphosis of the world into man. He strives to understand the world as something analogous to man and, at best, realizes through his struggles the feeling of assimilation. Similar to how astrologers considered stars to be in the service of man and connected with his happiness and sadness, such an investigator considers the entire universe in connection with man: the entire universe as the infinite fractured echo of an original sound man; the entire universe as an infinitely multiplied copy of an original human-image. His method is to treat man as a measure of all things, but in doing so he continues again from the error of believing that he has these things [which he intends to measure] immediately before him as mere objects. He forgets that the original perceptual metaphors are metaphors and takes them to be the things themselves. Only by forgetting this primitive world of metaphor can one live with any rest, security and consistency: only by petrification and coagulation of a mass of images that originally flowed from the primary faculty of the human imagination as a liquid of fire, only in the invincible belief that this sun, this window, this mass is a truth in itself, in short, just forgetting that it itself is a subject that creates artistic , man lives with any rest, security and consistency. If, for a moment, he could escape from the prison walls of this faith, his self-awareness would be immediately destroyed. It is even a difficult thing for him to admit to himself that the insect or bird perceives a world completely different from that which of these perceptions of the world is the most correct is quite meaningless, because this should have been decided previously, according to the criterion of correct perception , which means, according to a criterion that is not available. But in any case, it seems to me that the correct perception - which would mean the proper expression of an object in the subject - is a contradictory impossibility. Because between two spheres absolutely different, as between subject and object, there is no causality, no fairness, and no expression; there is, at most, an aesthetic relationship: I mean, a suggestive transfer, a stuttering translation a completely foreign language – for which I am in any case necessary a freely inventive intermediate sphere and a mediation force. Appearance is a word that contains many temptations, which is why I avoid as much as possible. Because it is not true that the essence of things appears in the empirical world. A handless painter who wanted to express in song the image before his mind, through this substitution of spheres, still reveals more about the essence of things than about the empirical world. Even the relationship of a nerve stimulus to the generated image is not necessary. But when the same image has been generated millions of times and transmitted for several generations and finally appears on the same occasion every time for all mankind, then it finally acquires the same meaning for men that it would have if it were the only necessary image and if the relationship of the original nervous stimulus with the generated image was a strictly causal one. In the same way, an eternally repeated dream will surely be felt and judged as reality. But the strengthening and congealing of a metaphor guarantees absolutely nothing about the need and exclusive justification. Every person who is familiar with such considerations has undoubtedly felt a profound distrust in all this idealism: just as often he became convinced quite early on of the eternal consistency, ubiquity and fallibility of the laws of nature. He concluded that as far as we can penetrate here - from telescopic highs to microscopic depths - everything is safe, complete, infinite, regular, and without shortcomings. Science will be able to successfully dig into this well forever, and the things that are discovered will harmonize and not contradict each other. How little it resembles a product of imagination, because if it were, there would have to be a place where illusion and reality can be divined. Against this, it must be said the following: if each of us had a different kind of perception of meaning- if we could perceive things only now as a bird, now as a worm, now as a plant, or if one of us saw a stimulus as red, another as blue, while a third even heard the same stimulus as a sound- then no one would speak of such a regularity of nature , rather, nature would only be understood as a creation that is subjective in the highest degree. After all, what is a law of nature as such for us? We are not familiar with it itself, but only with its effects, which means in its relationship with other laws of nature - which in turn are known to us only as amounts of relationships. Therefore, all these relationships always refer again to others and are completely incomprehensible to us in their essence. All we actually know about these laws of nature is what we ourselves bring them - time and space, and therefore succession relations Number. But all that is wonderful about the laws of nature, everything that amazes us in them and seems to ask for explanations, everything that could lead us to idealism distrust: all this is complete and only contained in the strictness of mathematics and the inviolability of our representations of time and space. But we produce these representations in and out of ourselves with the same necessity with which the spider spins. If we are forced to understand all things only in these forms, then it ceases to be amazing that in all the things we actually understand nothing but these forms. Because everyone has to carry in themselves the laws of number, and exactly the number is the most amazing in things. All this compliance with the law, which impresses us so much in the movement of stars and in chemical processes, coincides at the bottom with those properties that we bring to things. Thus, we are the ones who impress in this way. In connection with this, it follows, of course, that the artistic process of metaphorical formation with which each sensation begins in us already assumes these forms and thus appears in them. The only way in which the possibility of further construction of a new conceptual edifice from metaphors can be explained to them by the firm persistence of these original forms, that is, this conceptual edifice is an imitation of temporal, spatial and numerical relations in the field of metaphor. 2 I saw is originally the language that works on the construction of concepts, a work taken up in later centuries of science. So the bee simultaneously builds cells and fills them with honey, so science works tirelessly on this great columbarium of concepts, the graveyard of perceptions. It's always building new, bigger stories and shoring up, cleaning, and renovating old cells; Above all, it takes pain to fill this monstrously towering frame and to arrange in it the entire empirical world, which is to say, the anthropomorphic world. While the man of action ties his life to reason and his concepts so that he is not swept away and lost, the scientific investigator builds his hut right next to the tower of science so that he can work on it and find shelter for himself under those walls that currently exist. And he needs shelter, because there are frightening powers that continually break over him, powers that oppose scientific truth with completely different types of truths that carry on their shields the most varied types of emblems. The unity to form metaphors is the fundamental human unity, from which one cannot give up for a single moment in thought, because it would thus dispense with man himself. This unity is not truly defeated and barely subdued by the fact that a regular and rigid new world is built as its of its own ephemeral products, concepts. He searches for a new realm and another channel for his work, and finds it in myth and art in general. This unit continually confuses conceptual categories and cells by bringing in new transfers, metaphors and methonims. It continually manifests a burning desire to renovate the world that presents itself to the awake man, so as to be as colorful, irregular, lacking in results and coherence, charming, and eternally new as the world of dreams. Indeed, only through the rigid and regular canvas of the concepts the man who wakes up clearly sees that he is awake; and that is precisely why he sometimes believes that he must dream when this network of concepts is torn apart by art. Pascal is right in arguing that if the same dream came to us every night we would be as busy with it as we are with the things we see every day. If a worker would surely dream for twelve hours every night that he is king, Pascal said, I think he would be as happy as a king who dreamed for twelve hours every night that he was a worker. In fact, because of the way the myth takes for granted that miracles always happen, the waking life of a mythically inspired people - the ancient Greeks, for example - is more like a dream than the waking world of a scientifically unenchanted thinker. When every tree can suddenly speak like a nymph, when a bull-shaped god can drag virgins, when even the goddess Athena herself is suddenly seen in the company of Peisastratus driving through the athens market with a beautiful team of horses—and that is what the honest Athenian thought—then, as in a dream, anything is possible at every moment , and all nature swarms around man as there would be nothing but a masquerade of the gods, who were just funny themselves by deceiving people in all these forms. But the man has an invincible inclination to be deceived and is, so they were, charmed by happiness when the rapsoDIST calls him epic fables that these would be true, or when the actor in the theater acts more regally than any real king. As long as he is able to deceive without hurting, that the master of deception, the intellect, is free; is freed from his former slavery and celebrates Saturnalia. It's never lushier, richer, prouder, smarter and bolder. With creative pleasure, he throws metaphors into confusion and moves the boundary stones of abstractions, so that, for example, he designates the flow as the moving path that takes the man where he would otherwise go. The intellect has now cast the symbol of bondage by itself. Other times he strives, with a sombre officosity, to show the way and demonstrate the tools of a poor individual who covets existence; It's a servant who goes in search of prey and prey for his master. But now he has become a master and dares to erase from his face the expression of indignity. Compared to his previous behavior, everything he does now bears the mark of concealment, as does the previous distortive behavior. Free intelligence copies human life, but believes that this life is good and seems to be quite pleased with it. This huge frame and planking of concepts to which the needy man clings all his life long in order to preserve himself is nothing but a scaffold and toy for the most daring deeds of the liberated intellect. And when he breaks this frame into pieces, he throws it into confusion, and puts it back in an ironic way, pairing the most foreign things and separating the closest, it demonstrates that he doesn't need these improvised indigenous things and that he will now be guided by intuitions rather than concepts. There is no regular way to rule from these intuitions in the land of ghostly schematics, the land of abstractions. There is no word for these insights: when man sees them, he becomes stupid, or else he speaks only in forbidden metaphors and in unheard combinations of concepts. He does this because by breaking and mocking old conceptual barriers he can at least creatively correspond to the impression of strongly present intuition. There are ages in which rational man and intuitive man stand side by side, one in fear of intuition, the other with contempt for abstraction. The latter is as irrational as the first is inartistic. Both want to rule over life: the first, knowing to satisfy their needs in principle through foresight, prudence and regularity; the latter, ignoring these needs and, as a hero too glad, counting as real only that life that was disguised as illusion and beauty. Whenever, so was perhaps the case in ancient Greece, the intuitive man deals with his weapons more authoritatively and victoriously than his opponent, then, in favorable circumstances, a culture can take the form and mastery of art over life can be established. All manifestations of such a life will be accompanied by this disavowal, by this disavowal of indigeneity, by this glitter of metaphorical intuitions and, in general, by this imminence of deception: neither the house, nor the walk, nor the clothes, nor the clay ulcers show that they were invented because of a pressing need. It seems that they were all meant to express an exalted happiness, an Olympic jerk, and, as it would be, a serious game. The man who is guided by concepts and abstractions succeeds only by such means to banish misfortune, without ever gaining any happiness for himself from these abstractions. And while he aims for the greatest pain, the intuitive man, standing in the middle of a culture, is already reaping from his intuition a harvest of enlightenment, joy and salvation that is continually approved—in addition to obtaining a defense against misfortune. To be sure, he suffers more intensely when he suffers: he suffers even more frequently because he doesn't understand to learn from experience and keeps falling over and over again in the same ditch. He is then as irrational in pain as he is in happiness: he cries out loud and will not be consoled. How different is the stoic man who learns from experience and governs himself through concepts is affected by the same misfortunes! This man, who at other times seeks nothing but sincerity, truth, freedom of deception and protection against surprise attacks trapped, is now performing a masterpiece of deception: he executes his masterpiece of deception in misfortune, while the other type of man executes in times of happiness. He doesn't wear a trembling, changeable human face, but, to be, a mask with dismal, symmetrical features. He does not cry; he doesn't even change his voice. When a true storm cloud thunders above him, he wraps himself in the cloak, and with slow steps he walks from under it.