



*In contemporary German literature, Friedrich Nietzsche appears to me to be the most interesting writer. Although little known even in his own country, he is a spirit of considerable stature who fully deserves to be studied, debated, opposed, and assimilated. Among his many good qualities, he possesses the ability to impart a mood and set thoughts in motion. For eighteen years, Nietzsche has written a long series of books and pamphlets. Most of these volumes consist of aphorisms, and the majority of his latest thoughts revolve around moral prejudices. His lasting significance lies in this area. However, he has also addressed a wide range of topics, writing about culture and history, art and women, social life and solitude, the state and society, the struggle for life, and death.*



If, on the other hand, we delve into the deepest recesses of human nature, beneath the realm of thought and imagination, we encounter a world of terror and rapture—the domain of Dionysus.

Above, beauty, measure, and moderation reign supreme; but beneath, nature's excess surges freely in both ecstasy and agony.

Viewed from Nietzsche's later stages of development, the deeper motivation behind this probing exploration of Greek antiquity becomes apparent.

Even at this point, he glimpses in what is considered morality a principle of degradation in opposition to nature ...



... seeks a fundamental contrast to it, and finds it in the purely artistic, most un-Christian principle, which he names Dionysian.





*I suspect my friend would sometimes contemplate the brain ailment of his father, a 'soft brain' they said. With his splitting headaches, would he be destined for the same fate?*

*He would recollect several vivid dreams of his father, returning from the grave ...*



*In one such dream, his father came to claim his younger brother Joseph.*

*Like an ominous forewarning, the dream came to pass. Within a year, Joseph would succumb to illness ...*





During a stay in Sils-Maria, he ventured farther up the mountain than ever before. Something happened to him up there.



Perhaps it was the vast expanse of the horizon, or the steep slope beneath his feet.



A revelation of sorts, yet at the same time it came perilously close to madness.



*"All those years you sought to flee, yet the farther you ran, the nearer I drew. Turn and see—you remain entombed within my shadow."*









*Have you forgotten what it felt like to be certain? To have faith? Eternal, immortal and immaculate. That's who we were, that's what you lost ...*









