A World of Worldless Truths,[1] *An Invitation to Philosophy* (1999)

"Nature likes to hide."
Heracleitus[2]

"Not only the reason of millenia
but their madness too breaks out in us.
It is dangerous to be an heir."
Zarathustra[3]

"People should not have
points of view but thoughts."
The Future of Our Educational Institutions[4]

I

It is a good thing that you are sitting down...for I am about to hit you over the head with a hammer[5]...or at least the philosopher, about whom I will say a few words, so intends to hit you over the head. The author, one of those on the St. John's program, begins one of his earliest works with what might at first look like a fairy tale. It is a very modern tale... but not a happy one:

> "Once upon a time...,[6]"
>
> In some remote (sloughed off) corner of the universe, poured out in innumerable glittering solar systems, there was a heavenly body, on which clever animals discovered **knowing.** It was the haughtiest and most mendacious minute of 'world history,' but it was only a minute. After nature had drawn a few breadths, the heavenly body grew cold and congealed, and the clever animals had to die.[7] **[Let me read it once more.]**

...Shocking! Indeed. But this is the picture of the universe given to us by modern natural science.[8] 'In some remote corner of the universe'? Where? There's a wonderful T-shirt in the bookstore—that one can purchase for a nominal cost—depicting the vast swirl of the Milky Way with an arrow pointing to some seemingly indifferent place within, that has the notice attached **'You are here!'** But our question is **where is <u>here</u>?**

Shocking, indeed necessarily so. For one thing, our author felt he could not quietly, in scholarly fashion, draw our attention to this state of affairs but had to dramatize it, had to 'philosophize with a hammer' or bring about a personal '**earthquake**'[9] in the outlook of his readers. Writing in the late 19th century, he sought to capture the attention of an audience that was becoming increasingly unreflective about the character of their lives...or as he would revealingly illustrate, would begin their day by reading the morning newspaper (perhaps now by watching a morning talk show on television) instead of meditating on a devotional reading as had been customary. So he had to shock us ...and this from an age not yet formed and therefore desensitized by television, web surfing and other contemporary forms of diversion.

The character of our lives: transient, yes; exceptional, yes; but **problematic** too. For modern philosophy, following what it took to be the deepest implications of modern science, had informed us that the truth of our lives was even more curious than previously credited.[10] This needed to be thought through. Indeed deep reflection on the presuppositions of modern science would reveal for our author **two** very different implications: on the one hand, it would reveal what he feared were '**the nihilistic consequences of natural science**'[11] but on the other, it would allow '**completely different kinds of 'truths''** once more to come to light (88). And our author—not much different in age from many of you, only 29 years old at the time he wrote this (1873)—took it upon himself to commence his lifelong task to reassess and come to terms with modern learning.

II

It is not that we are lost in the infinity of space (nowadays, 81 billion light years) that is most earthshaking for our author, however, nor even that we are lost in the vastness of time (nowadays, 12 billion years since the Big Bang). To be sure, this is disorienting enough. What is still more consequential for us in his view is **the radical revaluation of ourselves and our faculties of knowledge** that the standpoint of the modern sciences requires.

Let us take an example. A noun for instance, such as 'wood.' A noun intends to name a thing. Are such designations, however, **congruent** with the things they seek to name? Is language therefore, as once thought, the '**adequate' expression** of a 'reality'? We are told by the new sciences that a word is something like '...a **copy** in sound of a **nerve stimulus**' (81). But from a nerve stimulus can 'a cause outside of us' be inferred? We say, for example, that this wood lectern is hard (82)—[Knock, knock]—and by hard we mean that the material is solid. Yet particle physics tells us that wood is not continuous, indeed is composed mostly of empty space. [Knock, knock] By hard, then, we can only mean **our response** to the fact that our knuckles hurt when we hit it ('a totally subjective stimulation'). When we speak otherwise, our author concludes, 'we **overstep** the canons of certainty' (82).[12]

What follows from this is earthshaking, for this is so not only in the case of nouns. '...With words [generally],' he infers, ' it is **never a question of truth, never a question of adequate expression**....' 'The 'thing in itself' (which is precisely what the pure truth...would be),' he says, 'is likewise something **quite incomprehensible**.... The creator [of language] only designates **the relation of things to man** and for expressing these relations, he lays hold—[and here our author surprises us]—of the boldest **metaphors**.'

What then is a word? **A word is a metaphor.**[13] This conclusion is far reaching. Nothing short of the traditional understanding of the truthfulness of perception as 'adequate' or 'corresponding' to (if not actually 'identical' with[14]) its object is herewith rejected as untenable.[15]

Perhaps a repetition of this earthquake is in order. He says, "To begin with, a nerve stimulus is transferred into an image: **first metaphor**. The image, in turn, is imitated in a sound [as a word]: **second metaphor**. And each time there is a **complete overleaping** of one sphere right into the middle of **an entirely new** and different one.' What first is presumed to begin in the realm of physics is then 'transferred' into the realm of neuro-physiology and then psychophysiology that, in turn, is then 'imitated' in the realm of psychology and linguistics. From one sphere to another to another to another. Yet how is one to account for the fact that we say that the image of the lectern we have in our minds is the wood lectern outside of us, that is for the presumed **continuity** between a subject and its object? According to our author there is **no accounting possible**.

The problem of continuity here is far more difficult than any comparable one, for example that of translation from one language to another. For there, at least, they are all of the same 'sphere,' all languages (however different). In the case of perception, however, we know **no** such common basis. It is like trying to determine the original language of a text on the basis of a translation alone. The image our author comes up with to help us picture this conundrum admittedly falls short of the full difficulty. He compares the great rift--the '**complete overleaping**'—to that of a deaf person who, failing to hear sound, might identify what other people speak of with vibrations he might experience (though in this image there is the implicit presumption that one is somehow the ground of the other).[16]

'It is this way with **all** of us concerning language,' our author reiterates, 'we believe that we know something about the things themselves when we speak of trees, colors, snow and flowers, and yet we possess **nothing but metaphors** for things—metaphors which **correspond in no way** to the original entities' (82-3). '...All the material ... with which the man of truth, the **scientist**, and the **philosopher** later works and builds,' he says, 'if not [simply] derived from cloud-cuckoo land (*Wolkenkukusheim*), is at least **not derived from the essence of things.**' Nietzsche's metaphors are not metaphors in the traditional sense. They have lost all sense of 'likeness' and intend a marked unconnectedness.

The immensity of the universe (the so-called infinity of space) is, in this view, but a vastness of our own making, of our own interior, as is the vastness of time (88). Perception, understood as **of** something genuinely **other**, is incomprehensible in this scientific perspective. Indeed all we can ever see are our own 'metaphors.' Thus the world that was supposed to be rendered intelligible by modern science ends up being through and through puzzling, thinkable only as a product of our own making. The 'windows' of the senses have been transvalued and judged to be but self-reflecting 'mirrors' ('echo' or 'copy' [85]). Rather than opening us up to a world at large, they now close us off. Blind to any presumed nature of things as they are themselves, we are left deluded (and disoriented) by the closed movie set of subjectivity ('chamber,' 'prison,' 'shaft').[17] In the words of another of his works "**...there is absolutely no escape, no back way ... into [some presumed] real world!**"[18]

III

The route to the formation of **concepts** is no less mysterious, no less problematic, in the eyes of our author. A 'word' becomes a general 'concept' when it can 'fit countless more or less similar cases' (83), but it can do this only by 'the equation of **unequal** things' (reduction or abstraction). For example, the concept of 'leaf' arises when we disregard all the differences among sumac, oak, aspen, mallow and mullen and disregard all the countless differences of the leaves themselves. This is the way we produce an 'original model' or concept (form, universal). But 'we obtain [this] concept, as we do the form, by **overlooking** what is individual and **actual**, whereas nature[19],' he says, 'is acquainted with **no forms**, and **no concepts**, and likewise with **no species**, but only with an 'X' that remains **inaccessible** and **undefinable** for us.'[20]

Given an unknowable nature, what then can 'truth' ever mean? He concludes about thought, what he was compelled to about perception: '...Between two absolutely different spheres as between subject and object, there [can be] **no** causality, **no** correctness, and **no** expression; there is ***at most* an aesthetic relation**....' Truth, then, can be nothing more than '...a movable host of metaphors, metonymies, and anthropomorphisms...a sum of **human relations** which have been poetically and rhetorically intensified, transferred and embellished...' (84).

We are now ready for another of his famous earthquakes—it is still good that you are sitting down. **'Truths,'** he now finds himself unable to avoid saying, **' are [but] illusions that we have forgotten are illusions.'**[21] **...[2x]...** In contrast to us perhaps, rather than being filled with apprehension by such a disorienting claim, our author allows himself to be moved by admiration: 'Here we may certainly admire man as a **mighty genius of construction**[22], who succeeds in piling up an infinitely complicated dome of concepts...,' and this despite the destabilizing fact that all this is built on a most '...unstable foundation...as it were, on running water' (85).

From the outset modern science and modern philosophy knew well this problem of correspondence.[23] Its attempts at a solution took the various forms of idealism (problematic, subjective, critical, and transcendental). Yet in the end it had to forego any external, objective standard and content itself with an internal one, consistency above all. Modern science had hoped—a hope devoutly to be wished—that it would '...be able to dig successfully in this shaft [of laws of nature] forever, and [that] all things that [were] discovered [would] harmonize with and not contradict each other' (87), thereby not exposing its roots, its concepts and systems as but 'products of the imagination.' But this is only a comforting, if imperative (84), self-delusion. In the words of another of his works: '...All our so-called consciousness is a more or less fantastic commentary on an unknown, perhaps unknowable but felt text.... **To experience is to invent.**'[24]

Both the reflection on the truth of perception and on the truth of thought have led our author to the same ultimate insight: **'The drive toward the formation of metaphors is <u>the</u> fundamental human drive**, which one cannot for a single instant dispense with in thought, for one would thereby dispense with man himself' (88). That clever animal, once conceived as the 'rational animal' with insight into nature, is now understood anew, as an **artist**,[25] a genius of construction, a maker of metaphors and thereby the maker of his own world.[26] We see here why this outcome is far more humanly consequential for our author than the specific developments in the sciences themselves. For it means that we are not so much 'lost in space' but, more consequential still, 'lost in thought.'

IV

Given these earthshaking 'truths', **where is here?** Whatever tendency we might have had to seek refuge in some consoling notion of 'phenomena' must now be **distrusted**,[27] according to our author (87). Indeed it is no longer even an option. If the 'empirical world' is but the 'anthropomorphic world' (88), all that is present to us—both what appears and what we think underlies what appears (whether objectively or subjectively)—all of this is the work of our own genius.[28]

Yet our human drive to metaphor formation is hardly exhausted by the natural sciences. As alluded to earlier, there are other **'completely different kinds of truths'** (88). Indeed our drives can take other, more modern directions—directions that have come to define what we mean by the term 'modern' (and post-modern).[29] We are here presented with another of our author's earthquakes, though this time with one that no longer throws us off balance, but with one by which we ourselves are now very much defined. He says: '[Our drive] seek[s] a new realm and another channel for its activity, and it finds this in **myth** and in **art** generally'(89).

We are herewith directed to a very different realm, one where '[our] drive continually **confuses the conceptual** [that is, scientific and rational] **categories**...by bringing forward new transferences, metaphors, and metonymies. [One where] it continually manifests an ardent desire to **refashion the world** which presents itself to waking man, so that it will be as colorful, irregular, lacking in results and coherence, charming, and eternally new as **the world of dreams**'

(89).[30] What is this other dimension of human experience that so intrudes, that impresses itself on us most distinctively when asleep, when caught in a web of imaginings, when spiritually intoxicated? What is this that manifests itself in such different forms of expression, as myth, epic, lyric poetry, tragedy, dance, song, and the plastic arts? And above all, what is this language of theirs that isn't literal but finds its expression only in symbolic representations? Has it a rhyme (since nothing has a reason as such any more) of its own? He describes it here only tantalizingly: it is the world and language of **intuition** (90).

For our author the recovery of the full range of our human experiences requires that we look elsewhere for that depth and significance that had been lost sight of by 'scientifically disenchanted thinkers.' For a glimpse, he asks us to look anew at the life of pre-modern peoples, at 'mythically inspired peoples,' and especially for him at the culture and literature of the ancient Greeks. It is there that we see life in its manifoldness, where 'intuitive man' takes his rightful place along side 'rational man.'[31]

But what kind of truth is this 'completely different kind of 'truth[]'? Our author describes it this way: '...By shattering and mocking the old conceptual barriers, [one] may **at least correspond creatively** to the impression of the powerful present intuition' (90). Here our author gives a new (the modern) answer to the old problem of 'correspondence:' We are to **'correspond creatively** ....' Since there is no longer available to us any objective correspondence, we have but this one, that of an **internal correspondence,** a 'creative' response to ...our own intuitions. The **'liberated intellect'** (90), as our author now calls it, is opened 'at least' to **creativity**...if not to insight.

We are here witness to (one account of) that great revolution in our sense of ourselves and our being in the world that came to fruition at the end of the 19th century (though the outcome of centuries of philosophical discourse). Here is the metaphysical revision that returns to prominence such fundamental human[32] experiences as **intuition, dreams, myths, symbolism, morphology** on the one hand, and **imagination, spontaneity, creativity and aesthetics** on the other. Dignity (and equi-primordiality) is thus restored, it was thought, to that realm that modern rationalism has disparaged as but the work of 'subjectivity.'

But the '**arts**,' as newly understood here, are viewed in a 'completely different' way. This metaphysical revision requires that we see them no longer simply as the **products** of culture but as themselves **formative** of culture, not just its **culmination** (refinement, erudition) but as one of its **originative sources**. And with this, a new understanding of the '**liberal arts**' follows. This new philosophical take on the arts has changed the way we think about these liberal disciplines. There is consequent a revitalized interest in the humanities (*trivium*), a new way of 'reading' all human products as expressions of these 'completely different 'truths', and a new model of significance, the text. Hence these are the '**modern arts**.'[33] Let us not forget, however, that this new way of reading the world was adopted because it was thought that the mode of insight represented by the 'modern sciences' did not provide the exhaustive archetype of intellectual discovery and this because the traditional understanding of 'objective correspondence' was thought forever foreclosed.

V

So where are we? Where is here? In some remote corner of the universe or in some far off corner of the vast, nay infinite reaches of the mind, that is some metaphorical world of our own making? These two questions, as we have seen, emerge from the **same problem**, a problem we too inherit.

What Nietzsche feared—oh, the author we've been speaking about is Friedrich Nietzsche—is now plainer. 'The nihilistic consequences of natural science'[34] seem to stem from at least two sources: 1) modern sciences' inability to adequately address **the problem of correspondence** and subsequent alienation of subject and object, and 2) its correlative failure to understand '**subjectivity**' and consequent depreciation.[35] Our author confronted these questions boldly. He found the underlying unity in the very same place as did modern idealism (Kant!), namely in 'subjectivity,' if in this case a much richer one. Thereby he thought he saw a way to restore the full breadth and depth of human experience.

Nietzsche's attempted responses to these problems are not without their own difficulties, however.[36] He is not any more successful than his predecessors in peering through a crack in 'the chamber of consciousness.' All of human experience remains 'subjective in the highest degree.'[37] The result: **a world of worldless truths,** truths without objective reference, without universality, and accompanied by an exaggerated suspicion of our own faculties of discovery (an overreaction to our earlier inflated expectations).[38] This too is **our** inheritance.[39]

Nietzsche sought **to find the common source** out of which all of human experience emerges. Yet, though attempting to overcome the scientific-romantic polarities he inherited—subject and object, reason and intuition, science and art—he ends up perpetuating them in turn (though subjectivized). He thus ends up in some sense where he began, thereby highlighting for us the very great importance of making **the right beginning.**

There's a wonderful mime of this. In the words of another:

> The late Munich comedian, Karl Vallentin—one of the greatest of the rare race of metaphysical clowns—once enacted the following scene: the curtain goes up and reveals darkness; and in this darkness is a solitary circle of light thrown by a street lamp. Valentin, with his long-drawn and worried face, walks round and round this circle of light, desperately looking for something. 'What have you lost?' a policeman asks who has entered the scene. 'The key to my house.' Upon which the policeman joins him in his search; they find nothing; and after a while he inquires: 'Are you sure you lost it here?' 'No,' says Vallentin, and pointing to a dark corner of the stage: 'Over there.' 'Then why on earth are you looking for it here?' 'There is no light over there,' says Vallentin.[40]

Our question, as we commence our course of studies today, is 'where to begin?' This question is more difficult than it might first seem, for the place where we have to make our beginning may not be the place with the most light. **We ask you today** to join us in our search to discover that place of rightful beginnings.[41]

Lastly, the question we have been considering began with the way of looking at our relationship to the world proposed by the natural sciences (perception and thought).[42] It was then taken up by philosophy and seen to be through and through problematic. An attempt at a response led our author (and subsequent generations) to a new way of thinking about art and literature, with evident cultural and political implications (discussed elsewhere in his essay). From natural science to philosophy to literature to politics, this question thus spans all four of the principal segments of the Liberal Arts program of the Graduate Institute. This is a very St. John's kind of inquiry, not fractured by the disciplinary divisions of modern academia, but rather providing us with a model of integrated thoughtfulness.[43] **We ask you today** to continue this

mode of integrated questioning and to philosophize with us—though perhaps without the hammer.

Thank you.

VI: Afterword: Goethe and Nietzsche

> "I once saw a storm raging over the sea
> and a clear blue sky above it; it was then that
> I came to dislike all sunless, cloudy passions
> which know no light, except the lightning."[44]

As conceived by Nietzsche, the fate of modern philosophy (if not also of modern man)—that of being sealed in a **windowless 'chamber of consciousness'** (80)—was not one with which he could easily live. He would have preferred a very different 'tale,' one where we were 'lost in space' perhaps—for at least then we would be open to a world—but not 'lost in thought.' Still this is the world philosophy bequeathed to him, and us, and from which he feared one could find 'no escape or back way.'

This led to his own lifelong, titanic efforts to peer through 'a crack in the chamber of consciousness,' to push the complements of modern materialism and idealism to their logical end. He says: 'To have paced out the whole circumference of modern consciousness, to have explored every one of its recesses—this is my ambition, my **torture**, and my bliss....'[45] Yet failing to pull reality out of the hat of metaphor, he had but to content himself with **worldless truths**, with an immediacy without objectivity, an exaggerated phenomenalism, and remain—horrible to say—an idealist, if a resistant one, if one who sought to think through to its bitter end the significance of our not ever being able to peer through to some 'real world.' The result was, as he wrote, that 'my life is now comprised in the wish that the truth about things be **different** from my way of seeing it: **if only someone would convince me of the improbability of my truths.**'[46]

There was someone who, if he did not 'convince [him] of the improbability of [his worldless] truths,' at least held out the prospect of a different way of being in the world and dealing with the fundamental challenge of modern philosophy: **Goethe**. What he sought most deeply, he said, was 'really to overcome [modern] pessimism—and as a result [to reach] a **Goethean vision full of love and good will** (*ein Goethischen Blick voll Liebe und gutem Willem).*' Despite being attracted to such an alternative, Nietzsche was never 'convinced' that such a way was possible any more.

We see this later (1881-6) when he reconsiders the 'indecency' of his earlier philosophical voyeurism:

> No, this bad taste, this will to truth, to '**truth at any price**,' this youthful madness in the love of truth has lost their charm for us: for **that** we are too experienced, too serious, too merry, too burned, too profound. **We no longer believe that truth remains truth when the veils are withdrawn:** we have lived too much to believe this. Today we consider it a matter of decency **not** to wish to see everything naked, or to be present at everything, or to understand and know everything.... One should have more respect for the bashfulness with which nature has hidden riddles and iridescent uncertainties.... Oh, those Greeks! They knew how to live. What is required for that is **to stop courageously at the**

> surface...to adore appearances, to believe in forms, tones, words, in the whole Olympus of appearances. **Those Greeks were superficial—*out of profundity.*** And is not this precisely what we are again **coming back** to, we daredevils of the spirit who have climbed the highest and **the most dangerous peak of present thought** and looked around from up there—we who have looked down from there?[47]

Here Nietzsche would be content 'to stop courageously at the surface.' Yet as such, he remains caught in the traditional polarity of 'appearance and reality,' 'surface and depth,' 'superficiality and profundity,' 'veil and nakedness' (revised in modern times as 'text and subtext') that he sought, so desperately, to overcome. A return to a world of primary experience, of 'forms' and 'words,' seemed lost forever. He found no 'escape or back way.' Indeed our very efforts to think our way 'out or back' appear to put it that much more out of reach.

This is the closest Nietzsche himself could come to Goethe's wisdom,[48] a wisdom he characterized in a still later work (1888) as 'a grand attempt to overcome the eighteenth century.' Unlike himself, Goethe was able to 'surround himself with nothing but **closed horizons**.' 'He did not sever himself from life, he placed himself **within** it.' 'Goethe conceived of a strong, highly cultured human being...[who] dares to allow himself the whole compass and wealth of naturalness, who is strong enough for this freedom....' And his final judgment: 'A spirit thus *emancipated* stands in the midst of the universe with a joyful and trusting fatalism, in the *faith* that only what is separate and individual may be rejected—*he no longer denies*.... But such a faith is the highest of all possible faiths: I have baptized it with the name ***Dionysus.***' Dionysus!

But he feared such a paradigm was '**a beautiful 'in vain.'**"[49] By contrast Nietzsche was a man of the nineteenth century, unable himself to take such a regulative leap, to share in such a 'high faith.' Though seeking what Goethe sought, the outcome was the opposite of what was intended: 'How does it happen,' he asks, 'that the total result is not a Goethe but a **chaos, a nihilistic sigh**, a not knowing which way to turn...[a] **brutalized** eighteenth century, that is to say a *decadence?*' He was not able to break with his beginnings. As he said in his early essay (1873): 'Only by **forgetting** this primitive world of metaphor can one live with any repose, security, and consistency; only by means of the petrifaction and coagulation of a mass of images which originally streamed from the primal faculty of the imagination like a fiery liquid...only by forgetting that he is himself **an artistically creating subject** does man live in repose.... If but for an instant he could escape from the prison wall of this faith [in a 'real world'], his 'self-consciousness' would be destroyed' (86; see also 81, 84).[50] Nietzsche's 'forgetting,' Nietzsche's 'faith,' thus remains a denial. It is not Goethe's 'high faith.' 'Truths,' after all, 'are illusions we have forgotten are illusions.'

Despite his early distrust of such consoling notions of phenomena (87), there is here a 'coming back,' a resurfacing, but only by keeping the 'veils' in place. Thus there is **no simple return.** Goethe's alternative is not retrievable for him. By contrast Goethe would have us think and live very differently. If there is truth in the 'surface,' we have to find a mode of being and access (not 'point of view') that can touch such 'profundity' without devaluing it as 'superficial,' he thought. Indeed that the process of the 'artistically creating subject' is ultimately unaccountable or mysterious—that all we can say (with Kant) is that it is the outcome of the 'spontaneous employment of the faculties'—opens it up, in turn, to the old question: **whence the ground of its possibility?** Therewith the character of 'subjectivity' once more has to become a question for us. **We ask you today** to join the Goethe and Nietzsche and to ask anew the question that gave form and direction to their lives.

Endnotes

1 A convocation address given on June 20th, 1999 to open the summer session of the Graduate Institute in Liberal Education, St. John's college, Santa Fe. This address with consider an early essay by Friedrich Nietzsche, "On Truth and Lies in a Nonmoral Sense (1873" (***Philosophy and Truth: Selections from Nietzsche's Notebooks of the Early 1870s,*** translated by Breazeale, New Jersey, 1990, pp. 79-97; the editor allows that a more literal translation of ***aussermoralischen*** would be 'extramoral.') This brief essay is one of those gems the author prided himself on containing whole books in a few sentences (***Twilight of the Idols,*** # 51).

2 DK 123; cp. "Does not nature conceal most things...in order to confine and lock [man] within a proud, deceptive consciousness ...?" (80).

3 Nietzsche, ***Zarathustra,*** .....

4 Nietzsche, ***The Future of our Educational Institutions,*** translated by Kennedy, New York, 1964, p. 24.

5 ***Ecce Homo,*** translated by Hollingdale, London, 1979, p. 37; the prospect by itself should be enough to drive us to thought. But it is not. People have often wondered about Nietzsche's exaggerated, not to mention hysterical, presentations. But he asks that we think about ourselves and our insensitivity to the simple, direct, and gentler mode of speech.

6 Nietzsche says "one might invent such a fable (79)" and thus Braezeale translates it.

7 A somewhat free translation by this author.

8 At the onset of the modern age, Pascal gave poignant expression to our gasp in his distressed admission: "The silence of these infinite spaces frightens me" (***Pensees,*** # 206; contrast Goethe, ***Conversations with Eckermann,*** April 11, 1827).

9 Earthquake: "when one loses one's familiar confidence in a firmly grounded earth" (***Philosophy in the Tragic Age of the Greeks,*** translated by Cowan, Chicago, 1964, p.54).

10 "Natural science is in the process of becoming self-conscious ..." (#179/p. 95).

11 Erich Heller remarks that this was a frequent jotting of Nietzsche at this time (***The Importance of Nietzsche: Ten Essays,*** Chicago, 1988, p. 7).

12 Paul de Man cites Nietzsche (1956 Schlecta edition [III 804-5]): "...We have seen that the perceptions which one naively considers as determined by the outside world are much rather determined from the inside; that the actual impact of the outside world is never a conscious one.... The fragment of the outside world of which we are conscious is a correlative of the effect that has reached us from the outside and that is then projected, ***a posteriori,*** as a ' cause'" ('The Rhetoric of Tropes," ***Allegories of Reading,*** New Haven, 1979, p.107).

13 It is interesting to remember an earlier use of 'metaphor' when it designated a unique capacity for insight (requiring a rare natural endowment) that allowed us to transcend particular differences and comprehend fundamental commonalities (Aristotle, ***Poetics,*** 59a; also cf. 51b). Here by contrast, metaphor marks our non-originality, our derivativeness, our inability to transcend the world of our own making.

14 Cf. Aristotle, ***De Anima,*** I 409b26–410a13, II 417a1–418a6; ***Nicomachean Ethics,*** VI 1139a10.

15 "The adequate expression of a object in a subject is a contradictory impossibility [*Unding*]" (p. 86).

16 Later, he attempts another: that of a painter without hands who must find another mode of expression than that which can simply translate his vision and chooses that of a 'completely different' sense, song (p. 87).

17 He here spells out with discomforting lucidity the implications of the closed 'sphere of subjectivity' or ' 'monodology' of modern philosophy.

18 ***Daybreak [Dawn]: Thoughts on the Prejudices of Morality,*** translated by Hollingdale, Cambridge, 1982, #117 / p. 73.

19 Some notion of an atomic, material nature is presumed as a useful, conventional correlate here, even though, as he now adds, we can know this 'X' no better than the process of concept formation (83-4).

20 Cf. # 177/p. 94.

21 "Truths are illusions which we have forgotten are illusions...metaphors that have become worn out...drained of sensuous force, coins that have lost their embossing and are now considered as metal and no longer as coins."

22 Comparable to **spiders** (though in contrast to **bees**): "...man builds with the far more delicate conceptual material which he first has to manufacture from himself' (85).

23 Cp. p. 86 and Descartes, ***Meditations on First Philosophy,*** III AT29: '...The principal error and the commonest which we may meet with in them [judgments], consists in my judging that the ideas which are in me are **similar** or **conformable** to the things which are outside me...' (Haldane and Ross, p. 160).

24 ***Daybreak,*** # 119 / p, 76; also "Truth and Lie," p. 85; ***Beyond Good and Evil,*** # 22.

25 It is perhaps surprising, indeed shocking, to hear people like our author use the word 'artistic' in this context. Did not people once think that 'the artistic constitution of experience' was a recipe for fantasy? But even his predecessor, the sober 'Mandarin of Konigsberg,' intent as he was to penetrate the hiddenmost workings of consciousness and in spite of the fact that he had gone far, as he thought, to articulate the deepest rational principles that make experience intelligible, even Kant could in the end come up with **no better** term to characterize what we must be doing when we make our experience 'whole' and give it the integrity that is implied in the word 'world.'

"The reflective judgment thus works with given appearances so as to bring them under empirical concepts of determinate natural things not schematically, but technically, not just mechanically, like a tool controlled by the understanding and the senses, but **artistically**, according to the universal but at the same time **undefined** principle of a purposive, systematically ordering of nature. Our judgment is favored...by nature in the conformity of the particular natural laws (about which the understanding is silent) to the possibility of experience as a system, which is a presupposition without which we have **no hope of finding our way in the labyrinth of the multiplicity of possible special laws.** Thus the judgment itself posits *a priori* the *technic of nature* as the principle of its reflection, **without being able to explain it or to determine it more exactly or to have thereby an objective basis of determination for the universal concepts of nature from a knowledge of things in themselves,** but only in order to facilitate its reflection in accordance with its own subjective laws and needs while also in harmony with laws of nature in general" (Kant, 'Of Reflective Judgement,' ***First Introduction to the Critique of Judgment,*** translated by Haden, Indianapolis, 1965, pp. 18-19). On Kant's legacy, see also S. Rosen, "Transcendental Ambiguity," ***Hermeneutics and Politics,*** Oxford, 1987, pp. 19-49.

This is not a flippant use of a term by Nietzsche (nor Kant), giving license to our worst and most irresponsible tendencies. It is one that seeks to name our profoundest and most responsible activity as world makers, we who, as our author put it, 'invented knowledge.'

26 'All that we actually know about the laws of nature is what we ourselves bring to them.' '...We produce these representations in and from ourselves with the same necessity with which the spider spins.' See E. Blondel, "Nietzsche: Life as Metaphor," ***The New Nietzsche,*** New York, 1977, p. 151.

27 Cp. Leo Strauss, ***Thoughts on Machiavelli,*** Glencoe, Illinois, 1958, p. 297.

28 And 'knowing' this doesn't get us out of the conundrum (cp. de Man, "Rhetoric of Tropes," p. 112). Indeed, for Nietzsche there is no 'second sailing' (Plato, ***Phaedo,*** *99),* no 'simple and artless speech' that will save us from the harsh realities, but only a 'third sailing,' a speech whose significance no longer refers to being, no longer strives for 'adequacy.' Hence Nietzsche's **boldness**: We have but this one choice, making a virtue of necessity, to relish the new possibilities for 'meaning.'

29 "This drive is not truly vanquished and scarcely subdued by the fact that a regular and rigid new world is constructed as its prison from its own ephemeral products, the concepts" (p. 89).

30 Nietzsche is arguing for the **equivalence** of the world of dreams and the world of natural science. That there are sometimes linkages between dreams and waking experience doesn't here necessarily mean that dreams are the 'truth' of waking experience. It is rather the presumed greater truthfulness of scientific constructions that he is at pains to dispute.

31 Here at least it is only a question of recovery. That both vie for preeminence—'they both desire to rule life' (90)—does not mean that one can do without the other. Cp. Nietzsche's great fear that he will be misunderstood, Letter to his sister, June 1884 (cited by Heller, ***The Importance of Nietzsche,*** p.2).

32 The root of the modern manifesto ("That which makes us human is something totally *subjective*" [#178/ p. 95]) and the modern value trinity ("The truest things in the world are love, religion, and art.... These are the three illogical powers" [#177/ p. 95]).

33 We all become 'psychologists,' or 'readers of signs' (***Human, All Too Human,*** translated by Hollingdale, Cambridge, 1986, section 8, p. 10).

34 See ***Twilight of the Idols,*** #50, where he speaks of "...the **reckless realism** [of the 19th century] ... whose result is a chaos, a nihilistic sigh, a not knowing which way to turn, an instinct of weariness." This he contrasts to Goethe's realism that had no such outcome. See **VI. Afterword: Goethe and Nietzsche.**

35 There may be a third source (treated elsewhere), namely the value neutrality or moral ambiguity of modern science. Nietzsche also alludes to a fourth, the problem of ambiguous power (see Goethe's poem 'The Sorcerer's Apprentice" on which the Disney cartoon is based).

36 If the modern critique is credible, that there is no way that we can know 'the secret springs of nature' (Hume), the 'thing-in-itself' or *noumenon* (Kant), then this 'truth' applies **no less** to the new realms of experience reopened for our discovery as well (not excluding the 'drives,' will, Dionysian spirit, *Geist,* history, and all those presumably equi-fundamental inexplicit, if not unconscious, principles that modern philosophers and psychologists have claimed work 'cunningly' behind our backs [Hegel]). While perhaps not cognitive, catagorial, or 'rational,' they are no less the work of this 'genius of construction' of ours (and constituted by the same categories [88]). In this respect, Nietzsche remains a true 'Kantian.'

37 There is thus **no** "crack in the chamber of consciousness:" "...Woe to that **fatal curiosity** which might one day...peer...through a crack in the chamber of consciousness...and suspect that man is sustained...by that which is pitiless, greedy, insatiable and murderous (80)." Is curiosity fatal here?

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38 Giving rise to such wonderful oxymorons as truths of '**different kinds**' and of '**limited value**' (88, 85).

39 Revolutions have not always solved the problems they sought to address, nor always ended up ameliorating the failings they sought to correct. This is true both of modern science and Nietzsche.

40 As told by Erich Heller in ***The Disinherited Mind,*** New York, 1959, p. 196.

41 Cf. ***The Future of our Educational Institutions,*** p. 139.

42 The physiological view remains the dominant view of human being. Its claim to insightfulness, if partial, remains to be accounted for.

43 Cf. *'The Pathos of Truth,'* ***Philosophy and Truth,*** pp. 62-3.

44 Notes from the time of ***Zarathustra*** (cited in Heller, ***The Importance of Nietzsche,*** p. 16); see n. 8 above.

45 ***The Will to Power,*** # 1031 (Heller's translation).

46 Letter to Overbeck, July 2, 1885 (cited in Heller, ***The Importance of Nietzsche,*** p. 16).

47 ***The Gay Science,*** translated by Kaufman, New York, 1974, Preface, #4, p. 38; cp. also ***The Future of Our Educational Institutions,*** p. 23 and ***Philosophy in the Tragic Age of the Greeks,*** pp. 30-1.

48 ***Twilight of the Idols,*** # 49; see also Levine, *'The Political Philosophy of Nature: A Preface to Goethe's Human Sciences,'* ***Graduate Faculty Philosophy Journal,*** XI 2, 1986, pp. 163-178.

49 ***Twilight of the Idols,*** #50.

50 From reflections of this sort, some in the 19th and 20th century have drawn the conclusion that there must be a hierarchy of realms, that the 'surface' has to be subordinated to some 'depth,' that 'consciousness' is derivative of some 'unconscious realm' (see n. 37). In such a view, the up-thrust, the outcropping, or seepage is from something thought more fundamental and therefore the primary source of meaning. At least in this early work, Nietzsche is reluctant to take this characteristically post-modern step and claim that the one is the ground of the other. That something can be 'traced back to a necessity' (#183, p. 96) doesn't mean that one necessity is prior. One might try to maintain an equi-primordiality. In this sense, Nietzsche is not yet a depth-psychologist. (See n. 30)