
"DIONYSIAN FEAST WITH NIETZSCHE"

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Cultural Interactions

INTRODUCTION

The play "Dionysian feast with Nietzsche" is the second part of the trilogy "Nietzsche, the philosopher and his times"

It is a dramatised presentation of Nietzsche's works and became the theme of a series of theatrical workshops for teachers and students of the FRIENDS of CULTURAL INTERACTIONS PROJECT and was staged at the AULA Theatre, University of Pretoria on the 27 June 2000, as part of the Third International Conference for Greek Philosophy and the Humanities, 26-29 June 2000, on the topic: "Nietzsche, the man and his philosophy"

The play was directed by Ava Papatheophilou, with Nik Williamson and Sam Sleeman taking the lead parts. The Classical Greek Dance and Traditional African Dance sequences were choreographed by Patricia Clancy-Kuhlman and Mary Zwane and performed by Anthea Moys, Lila O'Donovan, Dan Mahlangu and Mary Zwane's and Patricia Clancy-Kuhlman's students.

Final African Dance sequences were choreographed by Patricia Clancy-Kuhlman and Mary Zwane and performed by Anthea Moys, Lila O'Donovan, Dan Mahlangu and Mary Zwane's and Patricia Clancy-Kuhlman's students.

The play attempts to give to the audience some of the main ideas of Nietzsche's philosophy, these being the rejection of the Western moral values of his time, his ideas on education, the concept of the 'Overman' and eternal recurrence.

A look at the man himself in a period of his life where he was undergoing emotional transformations (elation and finally rejection) is presented as a series of conversations with his friend and confidant Heinrich Kosehtz alias Peter Cast, which are based on records from his letters.

Threaded through the play is the theme of the Dionysian and Apollonian nature of man and the influence of the above not only to the artistic expression of ancient Greeks in the form of the performing arts but also on himself.

A series of dance sequences (Dionysian and Apollonian) are blended with his moods, moods that eventually led to his mental collapse.

Poetry by Nietzsche and others which was felt was relevant to the various scenes is included.

Finally the choreography of the classical Greek dance and movement blended with the traditional African dances represent the universality and timelessness of his ideas and philosophy.

References:

- "Joyous Science" Friedrich Nietzsche
- "Thus Spake Zarathustra" Friedrich Nietzsche
- "The Birth of Tragedy" Friedrich Nietzsche
- "To Nietzsche: Dionysus, I love you! Ariadne" Claudia Crauford
- "Nietzsche" R J Hollingdale

Poems:

- "Sanctus Januanus" Friedrich Nietzsche
- "Only Poet! Only fool" Friedrich Nietzsche
- "Mistral Wind" Friedrich Nietzsche
- "RUMI Four Quatrains" John Mynne
- "Healing" D.H. Lawrence
- "To be a slave of intensity" Kabir - Version by R B

PART 1

SCENE 1

THE MADMAN- (THE DEATH OF GOD)

A market place. Year 2000.

House lights dim .Music ("Thus spoke Zarathustra"-Strauss).Music fades and curtain is raised. The Magician enters with drum and gives short introduction to the play. Chorus enters as vendors, singing gospel songs. Traditional African dance follows.

The madman lit a lantern and ringing a bell, ran to the market place and cried incessantly.

Madman: I seek God! I seek God!

To many of those who do not believe in God and were standing around just then, he provoked much laughter.

Person: Why, did he get lost?

Magician: Did he lose his way like a child?

Person: Or is he hiding? Is he afraid of us?

Magician: Is he gone on a voyage? Or emigrated?

Thus they yelled and laughed. The madman jumped into their midst and pierced them with his glances.

Madman: Whither is God (he cried). I shall tell you. We have killed him –You and I. All of us are his murderers. God is dead. And we have killed him. How shall we, the murderers of all murderers, comfort ourselves? What was holiest a powerful of all that the world has yet owned has to death under our knives. Who will wipe this blood off us? What water is there for us to clean ourselves? What festivals of atonement, what sacred games shall we have to invent? Is not the greatness this deed too great for us? Must not we ourselves become gods simply to seem worthy of it? There has never been a greater deed; and whoever will be born after us—for the sake of this deed he will be part of a higher history than all history hitherto.

CHORUS: We didn't know it! We didn't know it!
Real are we entirely, and without belief or superstition.

The Madman points at the left bank of the stage and he asks his listeners from the left front stage.

Madman: What are the churches now, if not the tombs and sepulchres of God?

Here the madman goes to central stage silent and looks again at his listeners; and they too were silent and stared at him in astonishment.

Madman: I come too early...my time has not come yet. This tremendous event is still on its way; still wandering it has not yet reached the ears of man. Lightning and thunder require time, the light of the stars requires time, deeds require time even after they are done before they can be seen and heard. This deed is still more distant from them than the most distant stars.

He walks out, he stops right stage and yet they have done it themselves. He goes out. The Magician plays the drum and Chorus leader dances (African dance).

Magician: I am not a mechanism, an assembly of various sections. And it is not because the mechanism is working wrongly, that I am ill. I am ill because of wounds to the soul, to the deep emotional self and the wounds to the soul take a long, long time, only time can help and patience, and a certain difficult repentance, long, difficult repentance, realisation of life's mistake, and the freeing oneself from the endless repetition of the mistake which mankind at large has chosen to sanctify.

CHORUS: We didn't know it! We didn't know it!
Real are we entirely, and without belief or superstition.

SCENE 2

At the same market place later in the afternoon .The Magician and the Chorus is still on stage. Zarathustra enters with his eagle and snake.

Zarathustra: God is a conjecture; but I desire that your conjectures should not reach beyond your creative will. Could you create a god? Then do not speak to me of any gods. But you could well create the Overman. Perhaps not you yourselves, my brothers. But into fathers and forefathers of the Overman you could re-create yourselves: and let this be your best creation. God is a conjecture; but I desire that your conjectures should be limited by what is thinkable. Could you think a god? But this is what the will to truth should mean to you: that everything be changed into what is thinkable for man, visible for man, feelable by man. You should think through your own senses to their consequences. And what you have called world, that shall be created only by you: your reason, your image, your will, your love shall thus be realised. And verily, for your own bliss, you lovers of knowledge. And how would you bear life without this hope, you lovers of knowledge? You could not have beef, born either into the incomprehensible or into the irrational. But let me reveal my heart to you entirely, my friends: if there were gods, how could I endure not to be a god! Hence there are no gods. Though I drew this conclusion, now it draws me. God is a conjecture; but who could drain all the agony of this conjecture without dying? Shall his faith be taken away from the creator, and from the eagle, his soaring to

eagle heights? God is a thought that makes crooked all that is straight, and makes turn whatever stands. How? Should time be gone, and all that is impermanent a mere lie? To think this is a dizzy whirl for human bones, and a vomit for the stomach; verily, I call it the turning sickness to conjecture thus. Evil I call it, and misanthropic—all this teaching of the One and the Plenum and the Unmoved and the Sated and the Permanent. All the permanent—that is only a parable. And the poets lie too much.

Magician: Indeed! The poets lie too much.

Zarathustra: I am a suitor of truth!

Magician: Suitor of truth? You?

He walks right back stage, stops and looks back at the market.

Zarathustra: Yes, I am

Magician: *(playing his drum he recites some lines from Nietzsche's poem)*

No! Only poet!

An animal knowingly, willingly lie:

Lusting for prey,

Colourfully masked,

A mask for itself,

Prey for itself— This, the suitor of truth?

No! Only fool! Only poet!

Only speaking colourfully,

Only screaming colourfully out of fools' masks,

Climbing around on mendacious word bridges,

On colourful rainbows,

Between false heavens

And false earths,

Roaming, hovering-

Only fool! Only poet! cunning, preying, prowling,

That must lie,

That must

Zarathustra: *(from right back stage, responding to the Magician's poem)*

It is of time and becoming that the best parables should speak: let them be praise and a justification of all impermanence. Indeed I am SUITOR OF TRUTH.

(He leaves the stage)

Magician: Suitor of truth? You? Only fool! Only poet!

(He follows Zarathustra off the stage)

CHORUS: We didn't know it! We didn't know it!
Real are we entirely, and without belief or superstition.

(Vendors play around and are having fun.)

Movement and dance by Chorus (African dance).

(Sun sets at the market place. The people leave the stage singing gospel songs.)

SCENE 3

At the beginning of July of 1882 Gast, accompanying Nietzsche, arrived in Tautenburg to help him by copying the manuscript of the Joyous Science. (Gay Science).

Nietzsche with Gast at his room.

(Gast is in the room. Nietzsche enters.)

Nietzsche: (to Gast) Here you are! I completed the manuscript of the Joyous Science. I did not sleep all night. You will take it to the printer next week... I loose my good mood when I am thinking that you are leaving so soon...

Gast: You look tired; why you do not sleep? Why do you write all night?

Nietzsche: The writing is the only thing that helps me to get rid of my thoughts....

Gast: I understand! But your health is sensitive... You are a sensitive boy! (they laugh)

Nietzsche: It is so good for you to be here with me. You are my only guest, my friend, my only "gast".

Gast: I know it. I know that you are selective of your companions and I feel honoured. That is why I accepted the name that you gave me. Peter Gast! Peter Gast instead of Heinrich Kosehtz. My forefathers were so proud of their name!

Nietzsche: And so you are! But my Maestro, you are an ARTIST! Artists change their names. Some times they change faces to!

Gast: Like you!

Nietzsche: Exactly! I am a buffoon! I have created my own caricature. The Madman is my own caricature.

- Gast: Who is the Madman?
- Nietzsche: The Madman is my spokesman in *Joyous Science*.
- Gast: And what does the madman say? If I may ask?
- Nietzsche: He is announcing the death of God. But, when a book opens, the mouth of the author closes. Now my Madman speaks for me!
- Gast: Really? So, I will have a lot of fun during the copy of the manuscript.
- Nietzsche: I hope so! When are you planing to start with this?
- Gast: Soon! Now I am curious to know more about the exiting news. This Death of God!
- Nietzsche: The Death of God! An awful yet exhilarating thought! Awful because we feel abandoned by our former protector, yet exhilarating because suddenly our world opens to infinity. Anything now is imaginable...
"My ambition is to say in ten sentences what everyone else says in a book -what every one else does not say in a book".
"If you desire peace of soul and happiness, then believe; if you would be a disciple of truth then inquire".
- Gast: True! If you desire peace of soul and happiness, then believe; if you would be a disciple of truth then inquire"
- Nietzsche: The "free spirits" among us will feel joy at this news: "Our heart overflows with gratitude, astonishment, presentiment, expectation-at last the horizon seems to us again free, even if it is not bright, at last our ships can put out again, no matter what the danger; every daring venture of knowledge is again permitted; the sea, our sea, again is there open before us; perhaps there has never yet been such an 'open sea.'
- Gast: Yes but Schopenhauer preaches asceticism and the denial of life.
- Nietzsche: Schopenhauer preaches asceticism and the denial of life. I shall teach the joyful affirmation of life.
- Gast: But Wagner says.... Schopenhauer, appeared to him in his solitude as a messenger from Heaven....his central thought,...the final negation of the Will to live, is of a terrible seriousness; but it is the only way of salvation.
- Nietzsche: Wagner has become pious! Wagner stands for the Christian concept; Thou must and shall believe.
- Gast: "So if you desire peace of soul and happiness, then believe; if you would be a disciple of truth then inquire".
- Nietzsche: Schopenhauer, Wagner and Christianity became for me synonymous with decadence, weakness, nihilism and

the denial of life. The so-called instincts of pity and self-sacrifice become "the great danger of mankind, its most sublime temptation and seduction — seduction to what? To nothingness. the Will turning against life."

Gast: Exactly!

Nietzsche: The break with the Wagners was painful for me. I would not have the days I spent at Tribschen with them — those days of confidence, of cheerfulness, of sublime flashes, and of profound moments — blotted from my life at any price. But, I had to side against all that morbidity in myself, including Wagner, including Schopenhauer, including the whole of modern Humanity.

Gast: I know how difficult it was, to break with the Wagners.

Nietzsche: I offer all my other human relationships cheap; but at no **price** would I relinquish from my life the Tribschen days. I **missed** Cosima! Cosima Wagner! She was my Muse... She was my Ariadne... She...

Gast: And what about Lou Salome?

Nietzsche: She came into my life like a Mistral wind.

Gast: Like a thunder, through a storm from the heavens, it seems to me my dear professor. (as he is walking towards to the kitchen. Before he goes in, turns.) Love at first sight!

Nietzsche: (He moves from his desk to the right front stage and recites his poem "To the Mistral Wind", visualising Ariadne's dance.)

Music from Strauss's- Zarathustra

SCENE 4

Music from Strauss's Zarathustra

(Classical Greek Dance "Ariadne's Dance")

Mistral Wind: Mistral wind, you rain cloud leaper, sadness killer, heaven sweeper, how I love you when you roar!
Were we two not generated in one womb, predestined for one lot for evermore?

Here on slippery rocky traces I dance into your embraces, dancing as you wing and whistle:

you that, shipless, do not halt, freedom's freest brother, vault over raging seas, a missile.

Barely waked, I heard your calling, stormed to
where the rocks are sprawling, to the gold wall by the
sea— when you came like swiftly dashing river rapids,
diamond-splashing, from the peaks triumphantly.

Through the heavens' threshing basin I could see
your horses hasten, saw the carriage you commanded,
saw your hand yourself attack when upon the horses'
back lightning-like your scourge descended.

From your carriage of disaster leaping to bear
down yet faster, I saw you in arrow form

vertically downward plunging, like a golden
sunbeam lunging through the roses of dawn.

Dance on myriad backs a season, billows' backs
and billows' treason—we need dances that are new!

Let us dance in myriad manners, freedom write on
our art's banners, our science shall be gay!

Let us break from every flower one fine blossom
for our power and two leaves to wind a wreath!

Let us dance like troubadours between holy men
and whores, between god and world beneath!

Who thinks tempests dance too quickly, all the
bandaged and the sickly, crippled, old, and overmice, if
you fear the wind might hurt you, honor-fools and geese
of virtue—out of our paradise!

Let us whirl the dusty hazes right into the sick
men's noses, flush the sick brood everywhere!

Let us free the coast together from the wilted bosoms' blether, from
the eyes that never dare!

Let us chase the shadows lovers, world defamers,
rain cloud shovers --- let us brighten up the sky!

All free spirits' spirit, let you and me thunder; since
I met you, Like a tempest roars my joy.

And forever to attest such great joy, take its
bequest, take this Wreath with you up there!

Toss it higher, further gladder, storm up on the
heavens' ladder Hang it up – upon a star.

*Ariadne moves to central back stage, hangs a wreath, moves
backward and exits at left back stage.*

*Nietzsche focuses at central front stage (Ariadne's last position). He
stands up from his armchair and walks towards her to embrace her.
Not finding her there he awakes from his illusion and covers his face*

in despair. With his back to the audience he lifts his arms high up and repeats

Nietzsche: Hang it up - upon a star

Lights dim and Nietzsche goes back to his desk.

SCENE 5

Nietzsche still sitting on his desk with a smiling and happy face Gast is coming back into the room, holding a bowl full of cherries.

Nietzsche: Now the sky above me is bright! Yesterday it seemed as if it was my birthday when Lou sent me her assent to come to stay with me here in August; the best present anyone could have given me.

Gast: (Smiling leaves the bowl with the cherries on the table.)
And Elizabeth, your sister sent you some cherries...

Nietzsche: Not only did Lou send me her assent to my invitation to come to Tautenburg and she proposed again to go and study together in Vienna.

Gast: This sounds really exiting!

Nietzsche: Thubner, the printer, sent the first three proof-sheets of the *Joyous Science*, and in addition to all this the last part of the manuscript of the *Joyous Science* was completed and there, with the work of six years (1876 to 1882), my entire 'free-thought'!

Gast: Great!

Nietzsche: So far as the summer goes I am thinking seriously and exclusively of Vienna with Lou. We have plans to live and study together there.

Gast: And what did Elizabeth say for your plans? From what I know Lou and Elizabeth are very different in nature and I do not think she will except the free-thinking and free-living Miss Lou Salome to associate in this manner with you.

Nietzsche: I know. She hates Lou. I am absolutely determined to keep my sister far from her; she could only confuse things and herself most of all. Anyway my sister's winter plans were quite independent of mine...I have such high hopes of our plan to live together that all things secondary to that make little impression to me.

Gast: I understand!

Nietzsche: I do not want to be lonely any more; I want to learn to be human again. Alas, in this field I have almost

everything still to learn! It is true! I want to learn to be human again. I want to be happy, an example of my own philosophy.

Gast: Of the joyful affirmation of life!

Nietzsche: Exactly!

Gast: Like the noble Athenians.

Nietzsche: Apart from the fact that I am decadent, I am also the reverse of such a creature.

Gast: The ancient Athenian rulers often described themselves as "we noble, good, beautiful, happy ones."

Nietzsche: In such a context, "Bad" means simply the lack of life-affirming qualities.

Gast: The simple values of the noble spirit contain the idea of bad almost as an after-thought.

Nietzsche: Then noble morality develops purely from self-affirmation - Saying "YES" to life.

Gast: Truly! . Noble morality develops purely from self-affirmation - Saying "YES" to life. (*Walking out of the room.*)

SCENE 6

Nietzsche: (*He stays in the room, reciting his poem*).

With a flaming spear you parted
All its ice until my soul
Roaring toward the ocean rushed
Of its highest hope and goal.
Ever healthier it swells
Lovingly compelled but free:
Thus it praises your wonders
Fairest month of January!

Curtain closes.

End of part 1.

PART 2

SCENE 7

Music from Strauss's Zarathustra. Curtain rises.

Midday in the Market. Magician enters with Chorus. Zarathustra enters.

Zarathustra: I flew too far into the future: dread overcame me. and when I looked around, behold, time was my sole contemporary. Then I flew back toward home, faster

and faster; and thus I came to you. Oh! men of today, and into the land of education. For the first time I really had eyes for you, and a genuine desire; verily, it was with longing in my heart that I came.

But what happened to me? For all my anxiety I had to laugh. Never had my eyes beheld anything so dappled and motley. I laughed and laughed while my foot was still trembling and my heart no less. "This is clearly the home of all paint pots," I said.

With fifty blotches painted on your faces and limbs you were sitting there, and I was amazed, you men of today. And with fifty mirrors around you to flatter and echo your colour display! Verily, you could wear no better masks, you men of today, than your own faces! Who could possibly find you out?

With the characters of the past written all over you, and these characters in turn painted over with new characters: thus have you concealed yourselves perfectly from all interpreters of characters. And even if one could try the reins, who would be fool enough to believe that you have reins? You seem baked out of colours and pasted notes. Motley, all ages and peoples peek out of your veils; motley, all customs and faiths speak out of your gestures.

If one took the veils and wraps and colours and gestures away from you, just enough would be left to scare away the crows. Verily, I myself am the scared crow who once saw you naked and without colour; and I flew away when the skeleton beckoned to me lovingly. Rather would I be a day labourer in Hades among the shades of the past! Even the underworldly are plumper and fuller than you.

This, indeed this, is bitterness for my bowels, that I can endure you neither naked nor clothed, you men of today. All that is uncanny in the future and all that has ever made fugitive birds shudder is surely more comfortable and cosy than your "reality." For thus you speak: "Real are we entirely, and without belief or superstition." Thus you stick out your chests—but alas, they are hollow! Indeed, how should you be capable of any belief, being so dappled and motley—you who are paintings of all that men have ever believed? You are walking refutations of all belief, and you break the limbs

of all thought. Unbelievable: thus I call you, for all your pride in being real!

All ages prate against each other in your spirits; and the dreams and pratings of all ages were yet more real than your waking. You are sterile: that is why you lack faith. But whoever had to create also had his prophetic dreams and astral signs—and had faith in faith. You are half-open gates at which the gravediggers wait. And this is your reality: "Everything deserves to perish."

How you stand there, you who are sterile, how thin around the ribs! And some among you probably realised this and said, "Probably some god secretly took something from me while I slept. Verily, enough to make himself a little female! Strange is the poverty of my ribs." Thus have some men of today already spoken.

Indeed, you make me laugh, you men of today, and particularly when you are amazed at yourselves. **And I** should be in a sorry plight if I could not laugh at your amazement and had to drink down everything disgusting out of your bowls. But I shall take you more lightly, for I have a heavy burden; and what does it matter to me if bugs and winged worms still light on my bundle? Verily, that will not make it heavier. And not from you, you men of today, shall the great weariness come over me.

Alas, where shall I climb now with my longing? From all mountains I look out for fatherlands and motherlands. But home I found nowhere; a fugitive am I in all cities and a departure at all gates.

Strange and a mockery to me are the men of today to whom my heart recently drew me; and I am driven out of fatherlands and motherlands. Thus I now love only my children's land, yet undiscovered, in the farthest sea: for this I bid my sails search and search.

He walks to the right back stage, he stops and before he goes out

Zarathustra: In my children I want to make up for being the child of my fathers—and to all the future, for this today.

Magician playing the drum.

Magician: I am not a mechanism, an assembly of various sections. And it is not because the mechanism is working wrongly, that I am ill. I am ill because of wounds to the soul, to the deep emotional self and the wounds to the soul take a long, long time, only time can help and patience, and a certain difficult repentance, long, difficult repentance, realisation of life's mistake, and the freeing oneself from the endless repetition of the mistake which mankind at large has chosen to sanctify.

Skeleton dance by Chorus leader (African Dance).

At the market place people are having fun-African dances.

SCENE 8

Three months latter.

In the beginning of November 1882, Peter Gast arrived in Leipzig.

Early in the morning. Nietzsche is in his living room. The lamp on his desk is on. The room is full of books and papers Gast in his night robe enters holding a candle.

Nietzsche: Did you sleep well "gast"?

Gast: I slept well.

Nietzsche: And you wake up like a bird. The sun is not up yet.

Gast: Yes, I am fine. But didn't you sleep at all moving up and down all night. I am worried about you. You take care of yourself? You think too much!

Nietzsche: I am glad you are here. I need your help more than ever.

Gast: I am here. All yours!

Nietzsche: Thank you my friend. After the break-up with my family, I have no other person closer than you. I fill so lonely. When we last met in July the sun was bright above me. I had such high hopes to start a cheerful life in Vienna with Lou... Now I am so puzzled!

Gast: Explain what happened? What made you leave your home and your family at Naumburg and move here?

Nietzsche: The morality of my family.

Gast: I thought you were use to it. You grew- up with this morality.

Nietzsche: I can't afford this morality anymore!

Gast: The women in your family always had a strong moral code.

Nietzsche: The Bible's code!

Gast: Exactly! A strong belief in Christian values. You can not change them. You have to accept it.

Nietzsche: I can not any more! The household of my childhood consisted of my mother, grandmother, and two aunts and my sister Elizabeth. After my father's death, when I was five, I was left in the care of women, who were devoted to my upbringing and strict training in the Christian values of self control, meekness, altruism and all that I hate so much. For a person with my character that was hard to bear. I want to be rid of it. I don't want to hear any more of Christian values and morality.

Gast: And what happen with Lou?

Nietzsche: When Lou came to visit me at Tautenberg in August, I invited Elizabeth to join us. I had the thought that us three would spend three weeks relaxing and talking; and Elizabeth would gradually be initiated into our plan to live together.

But, Alas! Elizabeth made up her mind that Lou was the wrong sort of woman to associate with me and must be disposed off. The three weeks at Tautenburg hardened her in that opinion and on the day Lou left, the 26th August; there was a row between myself and my sister, which led to my leaving the following day. I went to Naumburg, and at the beginning of September Elizabeth wrote to my mother telling her that she saw my philosophy come to life at Tautenburg and was shocked: " I love evil", she says, "but she loves good"...

Elizabeth has been full of moral indignation from beginning to end and said she finally understands what my philosophy is all about. She refused to come back to Naumburg while I was there, because I was now associating with an immoral woman, Lou Salomé. There had been disgraceful behaviour, she said, and more was planned. She said, I was now subjected to a further righteous scene, this time from my mother, as an outcome of which I left Naumburg in a hurry and I come to Leipzig.

In short, I have my family's 'virtue' against me.

Gast: Do you think Lou is the right woman for you?

Nietzsche: My friend I am in the middle of my life and I feel like an old man...This young woman of 21 years, brings life back to me. All my life I had to be obedient to my family's morality.

Gast: To be honest with you and please don't take me wrong, I understand how Elizabeth feels about Lou and your affair with her. She is different in nature from Lou and too conservative to accept the freethinking and free-living Lou and this - how to call it - "*menage-a-trois*" of Paul Re, Lou and you. Even myself can not see anything good for you in this strange relation.

Nietzsche: This is my life and I have to decide what is good or bad for me. Lou is an independent woman, something that I like. She is clever and I enjoy her company the same as Paul's.

But any way let us change the subject. Here is the manuscript; you can copy it when you are ready.

He walks off to his room annoyed. Gast remains behind embarrassed; he turns over the pages of the manuscript. Then he turns off the lamp and walks out of the room.

SCENE 9

Nietzsche alone in the open (forest). Sound of wind. Demon appears behind him.

Demon: What if a demon crept after you one day or night in your loneliest solitude and said to you:

'This life, as you live it now and have lived it, you will have to live again and again, times without number; and there will be nothing new in it, but every pain and every joy and every thought and sigh and all the unspeakably small and great in your life must return to you, and everything in the same series and sequence.

Nietzsche: And in the same way this spider and this moonlight among the trees, aid in moment and I the same way this myself. The eternal hour-glass of existence will be turned again and again;

Demon: And you with it, you dust of dust ! Would you not throw yourself down (Nietzsche rolls himself on the floor.)and gnash your teeth and curse the demon who thus spoke? Or have you experienced a tremendous moment in which you would have answered him: 'You are a god and never did I hear anything more divine!'

Nietzsche: I am a God.

Demon: If this thought gained power over you it would, as you are now, transform and perhaps crush you; the question in all and everything: 'do you want this again and again,

times without number?' would lie as the heaviest burden upon all your actions. Or how well disposed towards yourself and towards life would you have to become to have no greater desire than for this ultimate eternal sanction and seal?

(Nietzsche on his knees, he plays king Midas. Demon turns to Silenus.)

King Midas: What is man's greatest happiness?

Silenus: Not to be, to be NOTHING. But the second best is TO DIE SOON

King Midas: What is man's greatest happiness?

Silenus: (remains sullen and uncommunicative until finally, forced by the King, he breaks into a shrill laugh.)
Ephemeral wretch, begotten by accident and toil, why do you force me to tell you what it would be your greatest boon not to hear? What Would be best for you is quite beyond your reach: NOT TO HAVE BEEN BORN.

Nietzsche: (still on his knees.) I wish not to be born!

Silenus exits

Demons dance around him, followed by spirit dance.

SCENE 10

Next evening. Nietzsche is seating in the armchair and Gast serves tea.

Gast: Friez, go to sleep. Why you do this to yourself?

Nietzsche: Every victory on the part of knowledge is result of hardness towards oneself. I feel like a very old man...in the middle of life. I am surrounded by death; it may take me at any time. I am dying in any minute.

Gast goes and takes a manuscript from the desk.

Gast: On his knees next to Nietzsche reads from the manuscript of Zarathustra, imitating puppet voices of the animals. But your animals beg you not to die yet. You would speak, without trembling but breathing deeply with happiness, for a great weight and sultriness would be taken from you who are most patient.
"Now I die and vanish," you would say, "and all at once I am nothing. The soul is as mortal as the body. But the

knot of causes in which I am entangled recurs and will create me again. I myself belong to the causes of the eternal recurrence. I come again, with this sun, with this earth, with this eagle, with this serpent—not to a few life or a better life or a similar life: I come back eternally to this same, selfsame life, in what is greatest as in what is smallest, to teach again the eternal recurrence of all things.”

Nietzsche: Did you finish the copy?

Gast: Yes.

Nietzsche: What do you think?

Gast: Excellent!

Nietzsche: One must speak with thunder and heavenly fireworks to feeble and dormant senses!

Gast: Yes! Yes but now go to sleep.

Nietzsche: I cannot sleep..... **Eternal Recurrence.**
(Moves to his desk and Gast follows).

Gast: Eternal Recurrence!

Nietzsche: Eternal Recurrence stresses the significance of our present actions: whatever we do now will return to us, again and again, It underlines the fact of our personal responsibility for those actions, and implies an exhortation: strive to be greater than you are, to overcome yourself; the present moment is all, so let us make the best use of it and of ourselves.

Nietzsche: We moderns have no culture to call our own. We fill ourselves with foreign customs, arts, philosophies, religions and sciences: we are wandering encyclopaedias.”

The point is to assimilate the past, to use it in the making of our own life and culture. History is a dead weight on the present...A man can be very well educated without any history at all.

Gast: And how might the dire condition of Western culture be improved?

Nietzsche: Ironically, by those with a healthy disrespect for the status quo, i.e. the youth . ‘At first they will be more ignorant than the educated men of the present, for they will have unlearned much and will have lost any desire even to discuss what those educated men especially wish to know: in fact, their hallmark from the educated point of view will be just their lack of science [knowledge], their indifference and inaccessibility to all the good and famous things.” Only then can we

produce, rather than follow the cultures of the past, swallowing them whole like a crocodile swallows an antelope, leading to complete inertia.

This indifference to history and education will finally produce a genuinely vital culture: a freedom of spirit.

“At the end of the cure they are men again and have ceased to be mere shadows of humanities.”

Culture, and the beliefs and values, which characterise any group or class, can never be produced by education alone.

Gast: The greatest peoples sometimes produce genius, but this rare event occurs more often in cultures where the State is less involved in the education of its subjects. Indeed, “All great periods of culture have been periods of political decline.” The energy required for politics on a large scale, or in economy, or in universal commerce, or in parliamentarism, or in military interest, usually reduces the level of culture of a people.

Gast: So, in the time capsule, we place the greatest treasures of our art and knowledge with our message to the future: if there is value in the life of humans, it lies here: in the greatest of cultural works. — The rare products of genius.

Nietzsche: The goal of humanity cannot lie at the end of time, but only in its highest specimens.

Gast: Truth! The goal of humanity cannot lie at the end of time, but only in its highest specimens. The idea that ‘the goal of humanity cannot lie in its end but only in its highest specimens’ leads to the superman, the man who has organised the chaos within him; the outlook of the supra-historical man leads to the eternal recurrence.

Nietzsche: Mankind can begin to have fresh hopes only now that I have lived. I am to be the new Saviour, wrenching both history and Humanity out of the grip of Christ.

Nietzsche exits

SCENE 11

Gast from his desk points at departing Nietzsche.

1

Gast: Here is a foot worthy to walk a garden, or any eye that deserves to look at trees?

Show me a man willing to **be**
thrown in the fire.

2

In the shambles of love, they kill only the best, none of
the weak or deformed.

Don't run away from this dying. Whoever's not killed for
love is dead meat.

3

Tonight with wine being poured and instruments singing
among themselves, one thing is forbidden, one thing:
Sleep.

4

Two strong impulses: One to drink long and deep, the
other, not to sober up too soon.

*Gast alone on his desk is writing with the light of a lamp and a
candle.*

SCENE 12

*In the room Gast is working with the manuscript. Nietzsche enters
holding a candle.*

Nietzsche: The genius of the heart, as that great concealed **one**
possesses it, the tempter god and born pied pier of
consciences whose voice knows how to descend into
the netherworld of every soul;...— the genius of the
heart who silences all that is loud and self-satisfied,
teaching it to listen; who smoothes rough souls and lets
them taste a new desire—...the genius of the heart
who teaches the doltish and rash hand to hesitate and
reach out more delicately;..... the genius of the heart
from whose touch everyone walks away richer,.....
newer to himself than before, broken open, blown at
and sounded out by a thawing wind, perhaps more
unsure, tenderer, more fragile, more broken, but full of
new dissatisfaction and undertows—but what am I
doing, my friend?

Of whom am I speaking to you? Have I forgotten
myself so far that I have not even told you his name?
Unless you have guessed by yourselves who this
questionable spirit and god is who wants to be praised
in such fashion.

GAST: The genius of the heart, the tempter god, is Dionysus and belongs to divine mythology. But the genius of the heart, the tempter Nietzsche, transforms divine mythology into human mythology. Now, my friend go to sleep.

Nietzsche: There is enough time for sleep in the grave.

GAST: Friend, hope for the Guest while you are alive.

Jump into experience while you are alive!

Think... and think... while you are alive.

What you call "salvation" belongs to the time before death.

If you don't break your ropes while you're alive, do you think ghosts will do it after?

The idea that the soul will join with the ecstatic just because the body is rotten — that is all fantasy.

What is found now is found then. If you find nothing now, you will simply end up with an apartment in the City of Death.

If you make love with the divine now, in the next life you will have the face of satisfied desire.

So plunge into the truth, find out who the Teacher is. Believe in the Great Sound!

Kabir says this: When the Guest is being searched for, it is the intensity of the longing for the Guest that does all the work.

Look at me, and you will see a slave of that intensity.

Gast tuns off the lamp, picks some manuscripts and the candle. Nietzsche picks up the other candle.

They both leave the stage.

SCENE 13

Next day in the same room. Gast at the desk. Nietzsche at the coffee table.

Nietzsche: Dionysus, the Greek god of wine, revelry and sensual abandon, represents "primary man". The followers of this cult cast aside language and personal identity to enter an ecstatic dance. Music and intoxication are their means, and "mystical collective ecstasy" is their end.

Gast: This trance-like condition briefly protects us from our sense of isolation and the transitory nature of human

life, from which our intuition won't allow us to escape. How did Hellenic culture bear these terrible truths?

Nietzsche: With the help of another God: Apollo. Apollo, the Sun god of order and reason, embodied in the dream of illusion, represents civilised man.

The Apolline cult generates optimism. Its insistence on form, visual beauty and rational understanding helps to fortify us against the Dionysian terror and the irrational frenzy it produces. "To be able to live at all, the Greeks had to place before themselves the shining fantasy of the Olympians", with Apollo as their greatest god. Self-control, self-knowledge and moderation: the "middle-path" of the philosopher Aristotle.

Gast: What aesthetic effect is produced when the Apollonian and Dionysian forces of art, usually separate, are made to work alongside each other? or to put it more precisely, in what relation does music stand to image and concept?

Nietzsche: Music is distinguished from all the other arts by the fact that it is not a copy of the phenomenon... but a direct copy of the will itself.

Dionysian art, then, affects the Apollonian talent in a twofold manner. First, music incites us to a symbolic intuition of the Dionysian spirit, and secondly, it gives that image a supreme significance.

Gast: Music, then, can give birth to myth, "and above all to the tragic myth which is a parable of Dionysian knowledge".

Nietzsche: I shall write a tragedy. I shall call it Dionysian Tragedy.

Gast: Why not Dionysian feast, or better still Dionysian Feast with Nietzsche.

Nietzsche: No, I shall call it Tragedy.

Only through music can we face the terrible message of Silenus. If classical Greek tragedy has less impact on us today, it is because we experience it only as a stage-play. The music accompanying it has been lost.

Music and tragic myth are equally the expression of the Dionysian capacity of a people, and are inseparable from each other. Both originate in an ultra-Apollonian sphere of art; both transfigure a region in the delightful accords of which all dissonance, just like the terrible picture of the world, dies charmingly away; both play with the sting of displeasure, trusting to their most potent magic; both justify thereby the existence even of

the "worst world." Here the Dionysian, as compared with the Apollonian, exhibits itself as the eternal and original artistic force, which in general calls into existence the entire world of phenomena: in the midst of which a new transfiguring appearance becomes necessary, in order to keep alive the animated world of individuation.

Gast: And the Apollonian?

Nietzsche: If we could conceive an incarnation of dissonance and what is man but that? -then, to be able to live this dissonance would require a glorious illusion, which would spread a veil of beauty over its peculiar nature. This is the true function of Apollo as deity of art: in whose name we comprise all the countless manifestations of the fair realm of illusion, which each moment renders life in general worth living and make one impatient for the experience of the next moment.

At the same time, the Dionysian substratum of the world - the basis of all existence - is allowed to enter into the consciousness of human beings, as can be surmounted again by the Apollonian transfiguring power, so that these two art-impulses are constrained to develop their powers in strictly mutual proportion, according to the law of eternal justice.

Nietzsche goes to the table and serves tea for both. Gast joins him and both stand in the centre front stage.

Nietzsche: When the Dionysian powers rise with such vehemence as we experience at present, there can be no doubt that, veiled in a cloud, Apollo has already descended to us.

Gast: So if one found himself carried back- even in a dream- into an Old-Hellenic existence and in walking under high Ionic colonnades, looking upwards to a horizon defined by clear and noble lines, with reflections of his transfigured form by his side in shining marble and around him solemnly marching or quietly moving men, with harmoniously sounding voices and rhythmical pantomime, would he not in the presence of this perpetual influx of beauty have to raise his hand to Apollo and exclaim: "Blessed race of Hellenes! How great Dionysus must be among you, when the Delian

god deems such charms necessary to cure you of your dithyrambic madness!"

Nietzsche: "Follow me then now to a tragic play, and sacrifice with me in the temple of both the deities!"

Both exit from the right back stage.

SCENE 14

The scene represents the temple of Apollo in Delphi.

Music starts- Cloud dancer appears.

Solo Classical Greek dance.

Cloud dance. Music fades and Apollo dance music starts.

The god Apollo appears.

Apollo Classical Greek dance.

Dionysian parade.

Classical Greek Dionysian Movement.

The god Dionysus Appears.

Movement and Dance.

All the dancers on stage.

Classical Greek and African Dances.

Dancers exit.

The two Gods remain on stage facing the audience at centre stage.

Curtain falls.
