

conditions the value of a derisive and enigmatic figure placed at the entrance to a labyrinth, where those who naively *look* are led astray without guidance, overcome with uneasy torment and glory. It is the "breath of empty space" that one inhales THERE—there where interpretations based on immediate political events no longer have any meaning; where the isolated event is no more than the symbol of a much greater event. For it is the *foundation* of things that has fallen into a bottomless void. And what is fearlessly conquered—no longer in a duel where the death of the hero is risked against that of the monster, in exchange for an indifferent duration—is not an isolated creature; it is the very void and the vertiginous fall, it is TIME. The movement of all life now places the human being before the alternatives of either this conquest or a disastrous retreat. The human being arrives at the threshold: there he must throw himself headlong into that which has no foundation and no head.

Notes

1. [*The Gay Science*, section 125, trans. W. Kaufmann (New York: Random House, 1974), p. 181. Tr.]

2. [*Ecce Homo*, section on *Thus Spake Zoroaster*, trans. W. Kaufmann (New York: Random House, 1967), p. 295. Tr.]

The Sorcerer's Apprentice¹I. An Absence of Need More Unfortunate
Than the Absence of Satisfaction

A man carries within himself a large number of needs, which he must satisfy in order to avoid distress. But misfortune can hit him even when he does not suffer. An evil fate can rob him of the means of satisfying his needs, but he is no less affected when he lacks one of his elementary needs. The absence of virility most often involves neither suffering nor distress; satisfaction is not lacking in the one diminished by this absence—but it is nevertheless feared as a misfortune.

Thus there is a first ailment that is not felt by the one it strikes; it is only an ailment for one who must face the menace of an impending mutilation.

Consumption, which destroys the bronchial tubes without causing suffering, is surely one of the most pernicious illnesses. And the same is true for everything that causes silent decomposition, when it is inconceivable that one could be aware of it. The greatest harm that strikes men is perhaps the reduction of their existence to the state of a servile organ. But no one realizes the despair involved in becoming a politician, a writer, or a scientist. There is no cure for the insufficiency that diminishes anyone who refuses to become a whole man, in order to be nothing more than one of the functions of human society.

II. Man Deprived of the Need to Be Man

The harm would not be great if it struck only a certain number of luckless men. The one who mistakes the glory of his literary works for the accomplishment

of his destiny could be deluded without human life being led into a general decline. But nothing exists beyond science, politics, and art—which are held to live in isolation, every man for himself, like so many servants of a dead man.

The greatest part of activity is subordinated to the production of useful goods, no decisive change seeming possible, and man is all too inclined to make his enslavement by work an insuperable limit. Nevertheless, the absurdity of such an empty existence still induces the slave to complete his production through a faithful response to what art, politics, or science demand him to be and to believe; he finds therein the fulfillment of his human destiny. The "great men" who practice in these fields thus constitute a limit for all others. And no alarming suffering is tied to this state of half-death—scarcely the awareness of a depression (agreeable if it coexists with the memory of disappointing tensions).

It is permissible for man to love nothing, for the universe without cause and without end that gave him his life did not necessarily grant him an acceptable destiny. But the man who is scared by human destiny, and who cannot endure the linkage of greed, crimes, and misery cannot be virile, either. If he turns away from himself, he doesn't even have a reason to groan to the point of exhaustion. He can tolerate his existence only on the condition that he forget what it really is. Artists, politicians, and scientists have the responsibility of lying to him; those who dominate existence in this way are almost always those who know best how to lie to themselves, hence those who lie best to others. In these conditions virility declines as much as the love of human destiny. All equivocations are welcome when it comes to dismissing the heroic and seductive image of our fate; in a world where the need to be a man is missing, there is room only for the unattractive face of the useful man.

But while this absence of need is the worst thing that can happen, it is experienced as smug bliss. Harm appears only if the persistence of "amor fati" makes a man a stranger to the present world.

III. The Man of Science

The "man deprived by fear of the need to be a man" has placed his greatest hopes in science. He has renounced the character of totality that his acts had as long as he wanted to live his destiny. For the act of science must be autonomous and the scientist excludes all human interests external to the desire for knowledge. A man who bears the burden of science has exchanged human destiny's concern for living with a concern for the discovery of truth. He passes from the totality to a part, and serving this part demands that the other parts no longer count. Science is a function that developed only after occupying the place of the destiny that it was to have *served*. For it could do nothing as long as it served.

It is a paradox that a function could only be fulfilled on condition that it become an end in itself.

The totality of sciences that man has at his disposal is due to this sort of fraud. But if it is true that the human domain has increased because of it, it has been at the cost of a crippled existence.²

IV. The Man of Fiction

The function attributed to art is more equivocal. It does not always seem that the writer and artist have been willing to renounce existence, and their abdication is more difficult to detect than that of the man of science. What art and literature express does not have the birdbrained appearance of learned laws; their troubling conceptions, in opposition to methodically represented reality, only seem to be endowed with a shocking seductiveness. But what is the meaning of these painted and written phantoms, invoked to make the world in which we wake a little less unworthy to be haunted by our idle lives? Everything is *false* in images of fantasy. And everything is false with a lie that knows neither hesitation nor shame. The two essential elements of life thus find themselves rigorously dissociated. The truth pursued by science is true only provided that it be without meaning, and nothing has meaning unless it be fiction.

The servants of science have excluded human destiny from the world of truth, and the servants of art have renounced making a true world out of what an anxious destiny has caused them to bring forth. But for all that it is not easy to escape the necessity of attaining a real, and not a fictive, life. The servants of art can accept for their creations the fugitive existence of shadows; nevertheless they themselves must enter living into the kingdom of truth, money, glory, and social rank. It is thus impossible for them to have anything other than a lame life. They often think that they are possessed by what they represent, but that which has no true existence possesses nothing; they are only truly possessed by their careers. Romanticism replaces the gods who possess from the outside with the unfortunate destiny of the poet, but through this he is far from escaping lameness; romanticism has only made misfortune into a new form of career and has made the lies of those it has not killed even more tiresome.

V. Fiction Placed in the Service of Action

Hypocrisy linked to the career and, in a more general way, to the *ego* of the artist or writer, commits him to place fictions in the service of some more solid reality. If it is true that art and literature do not form a self-sufficient world, they can subordinate themselves to the real world, contribute to the glory of the Church or the State or, if this world is divided, to the action of religious or political propaganda. But, in this case, there is nothing more than ornament or service to others. If the institutions one serves were themselves agitated by the contradictory movement of destiny, art would encounter the possibility of serving

and expressing profound life; if it is a question of organizations whose interests are tied to circumstances, to particular communities, art introduces between profound life and partisan action a confusion that sometimes shocks even the partisans.

Most often, human destiny can be lived only in fiction. But the man of fiction suffers from not accomplishing on his own the destiny he describes; he suffers from escaping fiction only through his career. He then tries to make the phantoms that haunt him enter into the real world. As soon, however, as they belong to the world that action makes true, as soon as the author ties them to some particular truth, they lose their privilege of realizing human life to the fullest; they are nothing more than the boring reflections of a fragmentary world.

VI. The Man of Action

If the truth that science reveals is stripped of human sense, if the *fictions* of the spirit alone respond to the strange will of man, then the accomplishment of this will demands that these fictions be *made true*. The one who is possessed by a need to create only experiences the need to be a man. But he renounces this need if he renounces creating anything more than fantasies and lies. He only remains virile by trying to make reality conform to what he thinks; each force in him demands that the failed world in which he has appeared be submitted to the caprice of dreams.

However, this necessity most often appears only in an obscure form. It appears vain to limit oneself to reflecting reality as in science, and vain to escape it as in fiction. Action alone proposes to transform the world, in other words, to make it similar to dreams. "To act" resonates in the ear with the blast of the trumpets of Jericho. No imperative possesses a more basic efficacy and, for whoever hears it, the necessity to take action is imposed without possible delay and without condition. But he who demands that action realize the will that animates him quickly receives strange responses. The neophyte learns that the will to efficacious action is the one that limits itself to dismal dreams. He accepts; then he slowly understands that action will leave him only the benefit of having acted. He believed in transforming the world according to his dream, but he only transformed his dream on the level of the poorest reality: he can only stifle in himself the will he carried—in order to be able to ACT.

VII. Action Changed by the World, Action Incapable of Changing the World

The first renunciation that action demands of the one who wants to act is that he reduce his dream to the proportions described by science. The concern for

giving human destiny a field other than fiction is scorned by doctrinaire politicians. It cannot be set aside in the practice of the extremist parties that demand from militants that they wager their lives. But the destiny of a man does not become real on the sole condition that he enter into combat. This destiny must still mingle with that of the forces in whose ranks he confronts death. And the doctrinaire politicians, with this destiny at their disposal, reduce it to equal well-being for all. The language of action accepts only a formula conforming to the rational principles that govern science and keep it foreign to human life. No one thinks that political action can be defined and take shape in the personal form of legendary heroes. The just distribution of material and cultural goods alone allays their all-consuming concern with avoiding everything that resembles the human face and its expressions of avid desire or happy defiance before death. They have been persuaded that it is hateful to address the struggling multitudes as one would address a crowd of already dying heroes. Thus they speak the language of self-interest to those who are, in some ways, already dripping blood from their own wounds.

Men of action follow or serve *that which exists*. If their action is a revolt, they still follow *that which exists* when they get themselves killed in order to destroy it. Human destiny possesses them, in fact, when they destroy; it escapes them as soon as they have nothing more than the will to order their faceless world. Destruction has hardly been achieved, and they find themselves, along with others who follow, at the mercy of what they have destroyed, which then starts to reconstruct itself. The dreams that science and reason have reduced to empty formulae—these amorphous dreams themselves cease to be anything more than the dust raised by the passage of ACTION. Enslaved, and breaking everything that is not bent by necessity—which they undergo before others—men of action blindly abandon themselves to the current that sweeps them away and that is accelerated by their impotent agitation.

VIII. Dissociated Life

The life thus broken into three pieces has ceased to be *life*; it is nothing more than art, science, or politics. In the region where savage simplicity had made men dominant, there are now nothing but scientists, politicians, and artists. The renunciation of life in exchange for a function is the condition consented to by each of them. A few scientists have artistic or political concerns, and politicians and artists can also look outside of their fields; they only add up three infirmities, which together do not make a valid man. A totality of life has little to do with a collection of abilities and areas of expertise. One can no more cut it into pieces than one can cut up a living body. Life is the virile unity of the pieces that go to make it up. In it there is the simplicity of an ax blow.

IX. Full Life and the Image of the Loved One

Simple and strong life, which has not yet been destroyed by functional servility, is possible only to the extent that it has ceased to subordinate itself to some particular project, such as acting, depicting, or measuring; it depends on the *image of destiny*, on the seductive and dangerous myth with which it feels itself to be in silent solidarity. A human being is dissociated when he *devotes himself* to a useful labor, which has no sense by itself; he can only find the plenitude of total life when seduced. Virility is nothing less than the expression of this principle: when a man no longer has the force to respond to the image of desirable nudity, he recognizes the loss of his virile integrity. And just as virility is tied to the allure of a nude body, full existence is tied to any image that arouses hope and terror. THE LOVED ONE in this broken-up world has become the only power that has retained the virtue of returning to the heat of life. If this world were not ceaselessly traversed by the convulsive movements of beings who seek each other, if it were not transfigured by the face "whose absence is painful," it would still appear as a mockery to those it causes to be born: human existence would be present there, but only in the form of a memory or of a film of "primitive" countries. It is necessary to exclude fiction, with a feeling of irritation. The lost, the tragic, the "blinding marvel," possessed in one's innermost being, can no longer be met anywhere but on a bed. It is true that satisfied dust and the dissociated concerns of the present world also invade bedrooms; locked bedrooms nevertheless remain, in the almost unlimited mental void, so many islands where the images of life reconstitute themselves.

X. The Illusory Character of the Loved One

The image of the loved one appears, first of all, with a precarious brilliance. It illuminates and at the same time frightens the one who follows it with his eyes. He sets it aside and smiles at his puerile agitation if he holds above all else his concern for his duties. A man who has become "serious" believes it easy to find existence anywhere else than in the necessary response to this attraction. However, even if someone else, less weighty, lets himself be burned by the seduction that frightens him, he must still recognize the illusory character of such an image.

Living, in itself, contradicts this image. Eating, sleeping, and speaking empty it of meaning. If a man meets a woman and if it becomes evident to him that she is his destiny, then everything that invades him like a silent tragedy is incompatible with her necessary comings and goings. The image through which, in an instant, destiny has become alive thus finds itself projected into a world foreign to everyday agitation. The woman toward whom a man is drawn, as to his human destiny, no longer belongs to the space that money controls. Her sweet-

ness escapes the real world, through which she moves without allowing herself to be any more imprisoned than a dream. Misfortune would ravage the spirit of anyone who lets himself be possessed by the need to reduce her. Her reality is as doubtful as a gleam that vacillates, but which the night makes violent.

XI. The True World of Lovers

The first doubtful appearance of the lovers who meet again in their night of destiny is not, however, of the same order as the illusions of the theater or books. For theater and literature cannot by themselves create *a world where beings relocate each other*. The most rending visions represented by art have never created anything more than a fugitive link between the people they have touched. If they meet, they must be content to express what they have experienced in phrases that substitute comparison and analysis for communicable reactions, whereas lovers commune even in the most profound silence, where each movement, charged with burning passion, has the power to convey ecstasy. It would be vain to deny that this flaming hearth constitutes a real world, the world where lovers find themselves, as they once appeared to one another, each of them having taken on the moving form of the other's destiny. Thus the stormy movement of love makes true what was only an illusion on the first day.

The obstacle met by the fragmentary activities oblivious to others—by action oblivious to the dream—is thus surmounted when two beings in love physically unite. Shadows pursued to the point of an embrace are no less amazing than the remote creatures of legends. The sudden apparition of a woman seems to belong to the unsettled world of dreams—but possession throws the nude and pleasure-drowned dream figure into the narrowly real world of a bedroom.

Happy action is the "sister of dreams," on the very bed where the secret of life is revealed to knowledge. And knowledge is the ecstatic discovery of human destiny, in this guarded space where science—as much as art or practical action—has lost the possibility of giving a fragmentary meaning to existence.³

XII. Series of Chances

The renunciation of dreams and the practical will of the man of action thus do not represent the only ways to touch the real world. The world of lovers is no less *true* than that of politics. It even absorbs the totality of life, which politics cannot do. And its characteristics are not those of the fragmentary and empty world of practical action, but those that belong to *human life* before it is reduced to servility: the world of lovers is constructed, like life, out of a *series of chances that give the awaited answer to an avid and powerful will to be*.

What determines the election of the loved one—so that the possibility of another choice, represented logically, inspires horror—is in fact reducible to a

series of chances. Simple coincidences arrange the meeting and constitute the feminine figure of destiny to which a man feels bound, sometimes to the point of death. The value of this figure is dependent on long-term obsessive exigencies, which are so difficult to satisfy that they lend the loved one the colors of extreme luck. When a certain configuration of cards is introduced into a game, it determines the fate of the stakes; the unexpected meeting of a woman, as in the case of a lucky hand of cards, determines existence. But the best hand of cards only has meaning if the conditions under which it is dealt allow one to win the pot. The winning hand is only an arbitrary combination; the desire to win, and the winnings themselves, make it real. *Consequences* alone give a true character to random series that would have no meaning if human caprice had not chosen them. Meeting a woman would only be an aesthetic emotion without the will to possess her and make true what her apparition had seemed to mean. Only once conquered, or lost, the fugitive image of destiny ceases to be an aleatory figure and becomes reality determining fate.

An "avid and powerful will to be" is thus the condition of truth, but the *isolated individual* never possesses the power to create a world (he only tries it if he himself is in the power of forces that *alienate* his senses and thus make him mad); the coincidence of wills is no less necessary to the birth of human worlds than is the coincidence of chance figures. Only the accord of lovers, like that of gamblers at a table, creates the living reality of still shapeless correspondences (if the accord is lacking, sorrow, in which love remains real, is always the consequence of a first complicity). Moreover, the accord of two, or of several, must be added to the general belief that assigns a value to the previously described figures of destiny. The meaning of love is determined in legends that illustrate the destiny of lovers in everyone's mind.

But this "avid will to be," even in relation to the fact that it is held *in common*, is in no way similar to the will that deliberates and intervenes. It is will as blind fearlessness before death and must, following the example of one who confronts murderous gunfire, trust itself in large part to *chance*. Only a *random* movement can give the response that obscure passion demands, upon the fortuitous appearance of "series." A good game only has value if the cards are properly shuffled and cut, and not set up in a prior arrangement, which would constitute *cheating*. The player's decisions must themselves be *chancy*, due to his ignorance of the other players' hands. The secret force of *loved ones* and the value of their conjunction cannot result from decisions or intentions determined in advance. It is true that, even beyond prostitution or marriage, the world of lovers is still more the realm of trickery than is the world of gambling. There are no precise limits, but instead there are numerous nuances between the ingenuous meeting of persons incapable of hidden motives, and the impudent

flirtation that ceaselessly arranges frauds and maneuvers. But naive unconsciousness alone has the power to conquer the world of miracles where lovers meet.

Luck, which struggles with the teleological disposition and with the coordination of means and ends, thus triumphs, suddenly appearing with divine ardor. For a long time now the intellect has ceased to imagine the universe in the grasp of a prescient reason. Existence recognizes that it is at the disposal of chance, provided that it can see itself on the same scale as the starry sky, or death. It recognizes itself in its magnificence, made in the image of a universe untouched by the stain of merit or intention.

XIII. Destiny and Myth

It is impossible to imagine, without soon succumbing to extreme dread, the crowd that turns away from this "horrible" influence of chance. This crowd in fact demands that assured life no longer depend on anything but calculations and appropriate decisions. But the "life that only measures itself against death" escapes those who lose the taste for burning "in the flames of hope and dread," a taste shared by lovers and gamblers. Human destiny wants capricious chance to command; what reason substitutes for the rich vegetation of chance is no longer an adventure to be lived, but is instead the empty and correct solution to the difficulties of existence. Acts undertaken with some rational end are only servile responses to a necessity. Acts undertaken in pursuit of seductive images of chance are the only ones that respond to the need to live like a flame. For it is human to burn and consume oneself to the point of suicide at the baccarat table; even if the cards reflect a degraded form of good or bad fortune, their meaning, which wins or loses money, also possesses the virtue of signifying destiny (the queen of spades sometimes signifies death). It is, on the contrary, inhuman to abandon life to a chain of useful acts. One aspect of human options is inevitably devoted to a concern with freeing oneself from problems such as hunger, cold, and social constraints. What escapes servitude—life—risks itself; in other words, it places itself on the level of the chances it meets.

Life risks itself; the project of destiny is realized. What was only a dream figure becomes myth. And *living* myth, which intellectual dust only knows as *dead* and sees as the touching error of ignorance, the myth-lie represents destiny and becomes *being*. Not the being that rational philosophy betrays by giving it the attributes of the immutable, but the being expressed by the given name and the surname, and then the double being that loses itself in an endless embrace, and finally the being of the city "that tortures, decapitates, and makes war . . ."

Myth remains at the disposal of one who cannot be satisfied by art, science, or politics. Even though love by itself constitutes a world, it leaves intact everything that surrounds it. The experience of love even augments lucidity and suffering; it develops the malaise and the exhausting impression of emptiness that results from contact with decomposed society. Myth alone returns, to the one who is broken by every ordeal, the image of a plenitude extended to the community where men gather. Myth alone enters the bodies of those it binds and it expects from them the same receptiveness. It is the frenzy of every dance; it takes existence "to its boiling point": it communicates to it the tragic emotion that makes its sacred intimacy accessible. For myth is not only the divine figure of destiny and the world where this figure moves; it cannot be separated from the community to which it belongs and which ritually assumes its dominion. It would be fiction if the *accord* that a *people* manifests in the agitation of festivals did not make it a vital human reality. Myth is perhaps fable, but this fable is placed in opposition to fiction if one looks at the people who dance it, who act it, and for whom it is living *truth*. A community that does not carry out the ritual possession of its myths possesses only a truth in decline; it is living to the extent that its will to be animates the sum of mythical chances that represent its intimate existence. A myth thus cannot be assimilated to the scattered fragments of a dissociated group. It is in solidarity with *total* existence, of which it is the tangible expression.

Ritually lived myth reveals nothing less than true being; in it life appears no less terrible or beautiful than the *loved woman*, nude on a bed. The darkness of the sacred place, which contains the real presence, is no more oppressive than that of the bedroom where lovers have locked themselves; the knowledge to be gleaned is no less foreign to the science of laboratories in the sacred place than it is in the lovers' hideaway. In the sacred place, human existence meets the figure of destiny fixed by the caprice of *chance*: the *determining laws* that science defines are the opposite of this play of fantasy constituting life. This play separates itself from science and coincides with the delirium that engenders the images of art. But while art recognizes the ultimate reality and the superior character of the true world that constrains men, myth enters into human existence like a force demanding that *inferior* reality submit to its dominion.

XIV. The Sorcerer's Apprentice

It is true that this return to the old human house is perhaps the most upsetting moment of a life devoted to the succession of disappointing illusions. As a strange step draws nearer to it, the old house of myth appears no less deserted than the "picturesque" rubble of temples. For the representation of the myth that expresses the totality of existence is not the result of any current experience. The past alone, or the civilizations of "backward" peoples, have made possible

the knowledge but not the possession of a world that seems henceforth inaccessible. It is possible that total existence is nothing more for us than a simple dream, nourished by historical descriptions and by the secret gleams of our passions. Contemporary men can master only a heap that represents the debris of existence. This recognized truth, however, quickly appears at the mercy of the lucidity controlled by the need to live. At the very least a first experience should be followed by failure before the denier acquires the right to *sleep* guaranteed by his denial. The methodical description of the experience to be attempted indicates, moreover, that it only demands attainable conditions. The "sorcerer's apprentice," first of all, does not encounter demands that are any different from those he would encounter on the difficult road of art. Inconsequential fictional figures are no less exclusive of determined intention than are arid mythical figures. The requirements of mythological invention are only more rigorous. They do not refer—as a rudimentary conception would have it—to obscure faculties of collective invention. But they would refuse to see any value in figures whose share of willed arrangement has not been set apart with the rigor proper to *sacred* feeling. From beginning to end, moreover, the "sorcerer's apprentice" must accustom himself to this rigor (supposing that it does not respond to his most intimate command). Secrecy, in the domain where he advances, is no less necessary to his strange procedures than it is to the transports of eroticism (the total world of myth, the world of *being*, is separated from the dissociated world by the very limits that separate the *sacred* from the *profane*). The "secret society" is precisely the name of the social reality constituted by these procedures. But this novelistic expression must not be understood, as it usually is, in the vulgar sense of a "spy ring." For secrecy has to do with the constitutive reality of seductive existence, and not with some action contrary to the security of the State. Myth is born in ritual acts hidden from the static vulgarity of disintegrated society, but the violent dynamism that belongs to it has no other object than the return to lost totality; even if it is true that the repercussions are decisive and transform the world (whereas the action of parties is lost in the quicksand of contradictory words), its political repercussion can only be the result of existence. The obscurity of such projects only expresses the disconcerting reorientation necessary at the paradoxical moment of despair.

Notes

1. This text does not exactly constitute a sociological study, but the definition of a point of view through which the results of sociology can appear as responses to the most virile concerns, and not to a specialized scientific preoccupation. Sociology itself, in fact, has difficulty avoiding a critique of pure science to the extent that it is a phenomenon of dissociation. If the social fact represents by itself the totality of existence, and if science is only a fragmentary activity, then the science that envisages the social fact cannot attain its object if that object, to the extent that it is attained, becomes the negation of science's principles. Sociological science thus no doubt demands other conditions than the disciplines that are concerned with the dissociated aspects of nature. It seems to have devel-

oped—in particular in France—insofar as those who have taken it on have been aware of the coinciding of the social fact and the religious fact. The results of French sociology run the risk, however, of remaining nonexistent if the question of *totality* is not first posed in all its magnitude.

2. It does not follow that science must be rejected . . . Its *moral* ravages are alone criticized, but it is not impossible to contravene them, as far as sociology is concerned, in the name of the principle of knowledge (see above, note 1).

3. The description of the "world of lovers" in this text has, however, only a *demonstrative* value. This world constitutes one of the rare possibilities for present life, and its realization presents a character that is much less distanced from the totality of existence than are the worlds of art, politics, or science. It however does not fulfill human life. It would in any case be an error to consider it the elementary form of society. The conception that holds that the couple is at the basis of human society had to be abandoned for reasons that seem decisive.

The Practice of Joy before Death

*All this I am, and I want to be: at the same time dove, serpent,
and pig.*

Nietzsche

When a man finds himself situated in such a way that the world is happily reflected in him, without entailing any destruction or suffering—as on a beautiful spring morning—he can let himself be carried away by the resulting enchantment or simple joy. But he can also perceive, at the same time, the weight and the vain yearning for empty rest implied by this beatitude. At that moment, something cruelly rises up in him that is comparable to a bird of prey that tears open the throat of a smaller bird in an apparently peaceful and clear blue sky. He recognizes that he cannot fulfill his life without surrendering to an inexorable movement, whose violence he can feel acting on the most remote areas of his being with a rigor that frightens him. If he turns to other beings who do not go beyond beatitude, he experiences no hate, but, on the contrary, he sympathizes with necessary pleasures; he clashes only with those who pretend to attain fulfillment in their lives, who act out a risk-free charade in order to be recognized as having attained fulfillment, while in fact they only speak of fulfillment. But he should not succumb to vertigo. For vertigo swiftly exhausts and threatens to revive a concern for happy leisure or, if that cannot be attained, for a painless emptiness. Or if he does not give in, and if he tears himself completely apart