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‘The monument to a crisis’: Nietzsche and the industrialization of creativity

Thomas Sutherland

It is all but impossible to speak of *Human, All Too Human*, Friedrich Nietzsche’s third published book, without acknowledging the remarkable break in both style and content from his prior works, as well as the more personal break from the two thinkers who had exercised the most decisive role upon his early thought. In regard to the former, we see the emergence of the fragmentary, aphoristic style that would come to characterize his later oeuvre, in distinct contrast to the more traditionally essayistic form of *The Birth of Tragedy* and *Untimely Meditations*. In terms of the latter, we see an attempt to liberate himself from the ideas of both Richard Wagner and Arthur Schopenhauer, as well as the Romantic movement more generally. Of course, Nietzsche never was able to entirely extricate himself from these principles (his anxiety over which would surely only confirm his status as essentially Romantic), but in this particular text, what is evident is that Nietzsche came to reject, at least partly, the logic of creative productivity that underpinned the aesthetic thought of his day. In its place, he seeks to emphasize the Epicurean virtue of pleasure through acceptance, moderation, and limitation as the basis of any authentic artistic practice, combined with a thorough scepticism of any form of valuation reliant upon transcendent or universal principles.

The oppressive regime of industrial labour

Outside of the Romantics, who sought to condemn the perceived ravages of industrialization through appeal to an idealized, primeval nature, the main philosophical critics of industrialization during the nineteenth century were socialists: first in the utopian mode of figures such as Henri de Saint-Simon and Charles Fourier, and then through the historical materialism of Karl Marx and his followers. Nietzsche does not have many kind words for either of these groups at any point in his career. His critique of socialism in *Human, All Too Human* is little different to that in any other of his works: an heir to the religious despotism of earlier eras,

it outbids all the despotisms of the past inasmuch as it expressly aspires to the annihilation of the individual, who appears to it like an unauthorized luxury of nature destined to be improved into a useful organ of the community.¹

Socialism is, in his mind, no different to the dogmatic nationalism that he so despises, in that it universalizes the experience of humanity, seeking to domesticate the individual whose values have been produced, not through a tireless struggle for understanding, but via the banalities of mass culture.

Such a critique of mass culture would fit easily into his later declarations regarding slave morality, but at this point in time what we see is not a dismissal of the working masses themselves, but rather, both a sympathy and pragmatic concern for their struggle in an industrializing world: the ‘exploitation of the worker was,’ Nietzsche suggests, ‘a piece of stupidity, an exhausting of the soil at the expense of the future, an imperilling of society’.² In particular, he seeks to decry the way in which the great machinery of the industrial revolution not only quantitatively altered the tempo of work, but qualitatively changed its nature as well:

[t]he machine, itself a product of the highest intellectual energies, sets in motion in those who serve it almost nothing but the lower, non-intellectual energies. It thereby releases a vast quantity

of energy in general that would otherwise lie dormant, it is true; but it provides no instigation to enhancement, to improvement, to becoming an artist. It makes men active and uniform - but in the long run this engenders a counter-effect, a despairing boredom of soul, which teaches them to long for idleness in all its varieties.³

For a brief moment, Nietzsche appears as a humanist, despairing at the way in which the apparatuses of industrial labour had essentially misdirected the potential of the worker, sapping them of the energy that had once engendered artistic creation. If there is a slave morality here, it is one produced by the enslavement of the machine, and as we shall see, it affects more than just the factory worker.

Such machinery - 'the means of great rapidity and facility of production' - Nietzsche observes, 'also favours the *most saleable* type of product',⁴ and in doing so, inaugurates an increasingly narrow, instrumental conception of utility, which thinks little of 'planting those trees which demand constant tending for a century and are intended to provide shade for long successions of generations',⁵ but instead, exploits momentary opportunities and weaknesses, often at the expense of 'the wellbeing of the worker, his contentment of body and soul', and thus accordingly the posterity of culture.⁶ Mass production destroys the value of the work, depriving it of the esteem which it gained as the creation of the skilled artisan: it is impersonal, and its results anonymous, and most importantly for Nietzsche, it loses any unique connection to its owner. What were once the emblems of individual sovereignty and personal investment become nothing more than abstract representations of exchange value.

In his two subsequent books - *Daybreak* and *The Gay Science* - this rather negative appraisal of machine culture gradually morphs into a virulent rejection of the spirit of industry that had characterized the nineteenth century: 'blindly raging industriousness brings riches and honour but at the same time deprives the organs of refinement that make it possible to enjoy the riches and honour' - not only does it deprive us of the energy needed appreciate one's gains, but it instills in us a boredom that gradually deprives them of their perceived worth.⁷ The demand for work, and its glorification - the celebration of the working day - 'is the best policeman' in that 'it keeps everyone in bounds and can mightily hinder the development of reason, covetousness, desire for independence'.⁸ Labour is the means by which the masses are denied their capacity for 'reflection, brooding, dreaming, worrying, loving, hating', and as such, not only their potentiality to rise above their lot in life, but to experience pleasure in its most profound forms.⁹ The spirit of productivity then, keeps society stable - and for Nietzsche, such stability can only be understood as decadence and decline.

'Today,' he writes in the same text,

one can see coming into existence the culture of a society of which *commerce* is as much the soul as personal contest was with the ancient Greeks and as war, victory and justice were for the Romans'.¹⁰

Recognized here is not simply the unprecedented ubiquity of commerce, but the way in which said ubiquity fundamentally shifts people's conception of utility: all products, all processes, all occupations, all ideas are subjected to the specific values of the commercial class - the abstract values of exchange. The rote efficiency of the machine comes to substitute for human inventiveness precisely because it suits this logic of exchange, in that all values are reduced to a question of calculability, the end result being that humans' very capacity for creative endeavour is instead channelled as a constitutive force of the machine and its stultifyingly regular (that is, *inhuman*) tempo of operation.

In a truly remarkable passage, reminiscent more of those socialist contemporaries whom he attacks than of the valorization of noble morality that he deploys in his later works, Nietzsche proclaims:

[t]o the devil with the belief that higher payment could lift from them the essence of their miserable condition - I mean their impersonal enslavement! To the devil with the idea of being persuaded that an enhancement of this impersonality within the mechanical operation of a new soci-

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ety could transform the disgrace of slavery into a virtue! To the devil with setting a price on oneself in exchange for which one ceases to be a person and becomes a part of a machine! Are you accomplices in the current folly of the nations – the folly of wanting above all to produce as much as possible and to become as rich as possible?¹¹

What we see here is a celebration of the human not only in its potential to become more than human, but in its immanent potential *as* human; not a demand for endless becoming, but a recognition of the radical openness that can only come from the being necessarily immanent to such a becoming; the herald of ‘a spirit *that has become free*, that has taken hold of itself again’.¹²

This is a defence of the *intrinsic, immanent* value of the human species in the face of that inhuman acceleration of modernity: at the same time that industrial machinery sapped workers of their uniquely human creative potential as a means for extracting an increased efficiency in the distinctly *uncreative* processes of homogeneous commodity production, the increasingly ubiquitous logic of utility and exchange - homogenizing in its own right - determined the value of things in a manner entirely extrinsic to the manner in which they were produced; that is, with no consideration of their creative worth. As he observes, whilst all people are born with inherent talents,

few possess the degree of inborn and acquired toughness, endurance and energy actually to become a talent, that is to say to become what he is: which means to discharge it in works and actions.¹³

The logic of industrialization seeks to exploit only the most basic energies of humanity, paying no mind to such potential.

Even the very conception of leisure which, from Plato onward, had signified an aristocratic privilege - enabled, in the first instance by the uncompensated utility of slave labour - that allowed for the contemplation and reflection of the artists and the philosopher, was qualitatively altered under such a logic. Leisure, that once-great, life-affirming incubator of human potential had become decadent, no longer offering the means to improve one’s working life, but only an illusory opportunity to transcend it. As Walter Benjamin observes, it ‘is only in bourgeois society that the poet becomes an idler’: no longer could the products of the creative types be judged on their own merits, and as such, the pursuit of that which could not be reduced to the utility of exchange gradually came to be seen as little more than laziness.¹⁴ Hence Nietzsche’s frustration with the socialists of his time, who he views as on the one hand offering little more than a pseudo-messianic hope, preserving present working conditions so as to perpetuate the struggle for this eternally deferred salvation, and on the other offering no hope, even within such a utopian vision, for anything other than more of the same. Socialism did not challenge this reduction of the world to the structure of utility: it offered nothing more than vague revolutionary platitudes in the very same language of productivity.

It is not that Nietzsche is opposed to productivity *per se* - as he argues, rebuking that ancient conception of art as the result of divine inspiration, ‘the imagination of a good artist or thinker is productive continually, of good, mediocre and bad things’ - but rather, the implication that productivity is an end in itself, for the true artist’s sharpened judgement ‘rejects, selects, knots together’ those products of his imagination.¹⁵ The shift toward the Christian ethic of leisure as the temporary abandonment of labour (as if, in the modern age, that were truly possible!), means the severing of this reflective coalescence of theory and practice. What is particularly interesting about Nietzsche’s critique, however, lies in the implicit links he makes between this transformation of productivity as an end in its own right and the dominant artistic and intellectual movement of his age.

The rejection of Romanticism

'If idleness really is the beginning of all vice,' writes Nietzsche, 'then it is at any rate in the closest proximity to all virtue; the idle man is always a better man than the active'.¹⁶ The tragedy of contemporary philosophy, he observes, is that scholars who would once have deliberately distanced themselves from the banal pleasures that had come to constitute 'leisure' now embrace them: these scholars become 'men of action', caught in the double-bind of productivity and leisure time that offers no opportunity for true contemplation:

[r]eflection has lost all its dignity of form: we have made a laughing-stock of the ceremony and solemn gestures of reflection, and couldn't stand an old-style wise man. We think too fast, while on our way somewhere, while walking or in the midst of all sorts of business even when thinking of the most serious things; we need little preparation, not even much silence: it is as if we carried around in our heads an unstoppable machine that keeps working even under the most unfavourable circumstances.¹⁷

It is not merely industrial labour that has been affected by the tempo of the machine: it impacts the temporality of economic life as a whole; likewise, it is not that the contemplative life is impossible to attain, but due to the increased speed and complexity of everyday movements and interactions, 'it requires much more reflection and inventive talent than is possessed even by very clever people'.¹⁸

'He who completely entrenches himself against boredom,' he goes on to argue, 'also entrenches himself against himself: he will never get to drink the most potent refreshing draught from the deepest well of his own being'.¹⁹ This is *the* key transformation of modernity that he seeks to rally against: boredom becomes the enemy of the productive, and as such, the sense that it - as Benjamin put it - is 'the threshold to great deeds' becomes almost unthinkable.²⁰ One can begin to see, therefore, how Nietzsche's emergent critique of Romanticism as a cultural and artistic movement might have more to it than simply being a repudiation of Wagner's ideals, although it is clear that by this time he genuinely found these repugnant.

Romanticism, argues Marshall McLuhan,

was not a repeat of the mechanical age; rather it was the content of the mechanical age, and the artists and poets turned to processing the old agrarian world into delightful landscapes and delightful pastoral poems.²¹

This is, it would seem, precisely the problem that Romanticism poses for Nietzsche: although it is a reaction to the increasingly oppressive rationalism of the Age of Enlightenment, its understanding of the value of creative endeavour is entirely predicated upon the logic of modernity and its emphasis upon the utility of production. Artists, he argues, are 'backward-looking creatures', who provide comfort through nostalgia:

they soothe and heal only provisionally, only for a moment; they even hinder men from working for a real improvement in their conditions by suspending and discharging in a palliative way the very passion which impels the discontented to action.²²

Needless to say, Nietzsche's entire conception of the artist and his or her ideal social role exists entirely within this same discursive formation that he attempts to critique: the principles of creativity and originality upon which it rests are quite clearly Romantic in origin; entirely foreign to the mimetic conceptions of art and literature in the primarily oral and manuscript focused cultures of ancient and medieval philosophy. Yet he has quite evidently become entirely disenchanted by the way in which these principles have been corrupted by the inhuman logic of the machine and the concomitant demand for

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reductive calculability. In the age of industrialization, art is no longer an activity performed for its own sake; rather, it is merely a palliative solution to the sheer physical and mental exhaustion of the worker:

[w]e possess the conscience of an *industrious* age: and this conscience does not permit us to bestow our best hours and mornings on art, however grand and worthy this art may be. To us art counts as a leisure, a recreational activity: we devote to it the *remnants* of our time and energies. - This is the most general circumstance through which the relationship of art to life has been altered: when it makes its *grand* demands on the time and energy of the recipients of art it has the conscience of the industrious and able *against* it, it is directed to the conscienceless and lazy, who, however, are in accordance with their nature unfavourably inclined precisely towards *grand* art and feel the claims it makes to be presumptuous.²³

Whereas once art existed in order to challenge and even overwhelm both the senses and the intellect of its audience, the irony of Romanticism was that the movement that first conceived of such sublimity would over time lead to its degradation. As a result of the fetishization of productivity that Romanticism had only encouraged, it is not only workers who have neither the time nor the energy to engage with such works of grand art - it is the intellectuals as well.

Art is transformed from the grand to the petty: it ‘makes the sight of life bearable by laying over it the veil of unclear thinking’, seeking to provide superficial pleasure and recreation to those no longer willing nor capable of the exertion needed to truly appreciate great art.²⁴ What Nietzsche appears to have realized is that art in his time had become little more than a reflection of the oppressive regime of labour that had been imposed upon all, not only manual workers in factories, but intellectuals as well - those who had traditionally been sheltered from such expectations. The result of this is that Romanticism comes to seem to be not so much rebelling against such oppression as homologous to it: demanding an endless productivity, the deleterious consequences of which it then aims to sate through a banal nostalgia that is unable to challenge the fundamental dynamics of work and leisure in the modern era.

‘Sometimes,’ he suggests, ‘a culture is in the greatest need of a brake: namely, when it is going too fast downhill or, as in the present case perhaps, too fast uphill’.²⁵ From this context, such critiques of Wagner and Schopenhauer make a great deal of sense: neither of these thinkers could truly challenge the status quo, the former offering a malignant nationalism that sought to reify the stultifying collective spirit of the Idealists, the latter an utter rejection of egoism that denies the will of the individual to challenge such a state. For Schopenhauer ‘the painless state that Epicurus prized as the highest good and the state of the gods’ allows the subject to lose themselves in a state of pure contemplation; of oneness with the thing in itself: for Nietzsche though, this is nothing but another decadent attempt to transcend the world.⁶ Yet within this particular book, he does not abandon the ideas of Epicurus: as he notes, both

those spirits of a classical and those of a romantic bent... entertain a vision of the future: but the former do so out of a strength of their age, the latter out of its weakness.²⁷

The Epicurean Enlightenment

Reflecting upon his body of work, Nietzsche would describe *Human, All Too Human* as a ‘monument of rigorous self-discipline’, and it is exactly this sense of frugal, restrained reflection that motivates his philosophy within this text.²⁸ As Paul Franco observes, ‘Nietzsche’s praise of moderation in *Human, All Too Human* and the middle works in general is striking, especially given his reputation for passionate excess’ - there is something wonderfully aberrant about the book; a meditative spirit that would be extinguished in the increasing ferocity of his later works, and I would argue that this is closely tied to his glorification of the philosophy of the Epicureans, in sharp contrast to his castigation of that of Socrates

and Plato.²⁹ What is needed is a philosophy that *wills* the wellbeing of the individual in his or her singularity, and in order to provide this, Nietzsche finds refuge in the philosophy of the great atomist Epicurus, 'the soul-soother of later antiquity', whose great insight was that 'to quieten the heart it is absolutely not necessary to have solved the ultimate and outermost theoretical questions'.³⁰

For Epicurus, prudence and foresight form the greatest good, even greater than the art of philosophy itself: for whilst 'pleasure is the starting-point and goal of living blessedly', this pleasure cannot be attained through just any means.³¹ Life, from the Epicurean perspective, is not one of hedonism and excess, but rather, of discernment and selection. Pleasure is defined as 'the lack of pain in the body and disturbance in the soul', and this only comes when one is capable of rationally choosing which activities will achieve this, and which will only provide ephemeral pleasure in exchange for a greater burden upon the body and/or mind.³² One should aim to be self-sufficient, and be able to make do with as little as possible, not only so as to still be able to find pleasure even when faced with hardship and impoverishment, but because 'those who least need extravagance enjoy it the most': the hedonist finds little pleasure in his or her indulgences, because he or she knows of nothing less.³³

For Nietzsche, the Epicurean philosophy is allied with truth (as opposed to the *will to truth*) far more so than that of Christianity - the supremacy of the latter being a case of 'the coarser and more violent' conquering the 'spiritual and delicate' - precisely because it avoids the illusory objectivity of the natural sciences and the decadent transcendence of metaphysics.³⁴ Yet, he notes, even 'within Christianity there exists an Epicurean point-of-view: it proceeds from the idea that God could demand of man, his creature and likeness, only that which it is *possible* for the latter to accomplish', the implication being that ethical perfection, within the regime of Christian thought, must be achievable - it is not just a pointless quest.³⁵ 'Epicurus has been alive at all times and is living now, unknown to those who have called and call themselves Epicureans, and enjoying no reputation among philosophers': it is this practice, carried along under the auspices of the Christian tradition, that has allowed Epicureanism to throw off its defamed reputation (existent even during the time of Epicurus himself), and - to Nietzsche's hopes anyway - reemerge as a renewed science of the self at a time when the instrumentalization of mainstream science has made such a notion almost an impossibility.³⁶

Nietzsche builds his new (or we might say 'renewed') science upon two key principles: firstly, that 'life should be ordered on the basis of what is most certain and most demonstrable, not as hitherto on that of what is most remote, indefinite and no more than a cloud on the horizon', and secondly, that 'the order of succession of what is closest and most immediate, less close and less immediate, certain and less certain, should be firmly established before one orders one's life and gives it a definitive direction'.³⁷ What both the inhuman machinery of industrialization and the stultifying nationalism of the Idealists produce is a form of knowledge that is unable to truly account for the individual: in short, it emphasizes the universal over the particular in a way that replicates, rather than overcomes, Platonic metaphysics. This is where Epicurus, who declares that 'we should not do physics by following groundless postulated and stipulations, but in the manner called for by the phenomena', becomes so central to Nietzsche's aesthetic account of science.³⁸

Plato claimed to seek clarity in the light of day, in the blinding illumination of the sun, and yet, it is as if he 'wanted to move out of the sunshine into shadows and gloom', in the sense that this search for knowledge sought to liquidate the very mythology that had formed the foundations of Greek civilization.³⁹ His call for the expulsion of all poets from the city-state announced the end of the reign of the artist, and the dawn of that of the scientist - in Walter J. Ong's terms, the

rejection of the pristine aggregative, paratactic, oral-style thinking perpetuated in Homer in favor of the keen analysis or dissection of the world and of thought itself made possible by the interiorization of the alphabet in the Greek psyche.⁴⁰

This was for Nietzsche a definitive moment, in the sense that at that time 'happiness in the belief that one was in possession of the truth has never been greater in the history of the world', but this was pre-

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cisely because such arrogance (and this is exactly what it is, although in this context such a term cannot be regarded as negative) came at a time of not only great scientific naïveté - that is, before the epistemological wariness that would make such pursuits as frustrating as they would become - but also one in which this will to truth could express itself in its most archetypically Greek mode, that being one of tyranny.⁴¹

Through a dogmatic self-confidence in their own knowledge, Socrates and Plato were able to elevate themselves above the masses, to experience the joy which comes not from the possession of truth itself, but from the tyranny which such arrogance allowed: they ‘were tyrants, that is to say that which every Greek wanted to be and what everyone was when he could be’.⁴² In this understanding of tyranny there is no one to overcome, nothing to destroy, but instead, the celebration of the pleasure that comes from the surety and superiority of one’s own identity in the face of a mass culture that seeks to stratify and homogenize. The ‘oligarchs of the spirit’ - the decadent Romantics and Idealists who from Fichte to Schopenhauer had gradually monopolized German culture with their paeans to the endless productivity of the national spirit - transformed the quest for knowledge into a collective task (and thus a chore), and in doing so, entirely liquidated it of its value in achieving happiness.⁴³

Nietzsche’s rejection of Platonic theoretical science is, in effect, a call for philosophy to return to the unabashed aestheticism that Plato attempted to extricate through his aforementioned demand for all poets to be banished. Knowledge and artistic creation remain closely tied for Nietzsche, for it is only through the latter that the former may be expressed in its irreducible singularity, rather than in the categorical abstractions of Plato and his progeny. What concerns Nietzsche about the role of the artist in his present age is that they are no longer offered the opportunity to truly create - that is, to create *themselves* - but instead, their value is increasingly determined by extrinsic affirmation: ‘[w]orks of art are like wine: it is better if one has need of neither, keeps to water and, through one’s own inner fire and sweetness of soul, again and again transforms the water into wine on one’s own account’.⁴⁴

In typically Epicurean fashion, it is not that we should not take pleasure from art, but that self-sufficiency allows such pleasure to be sought more effectively. It is precisely this ability to transform oneself according to one’s own will that is diminished by the ‘ceaseless desire to create on the part of the artist, together with his ceaseless observation of the world outside him’.⁴⁵ The more the artist seeks to create for the purpose of sale or exhibition, the less time, energy, and enthusiasm they have to devote to themselves. The end result is a narcissism that allows the artist to only derive self-worth from the projected admiration of those around them, and which in turn leads to pandering, populist art - exemplified, perhaps, by the enormously popular operatic works of Wagner.

The problem identified here is that the overbearing logic of commerce imposes upon all pursuits an increasingly universalized system of value that judges them in terms of mass consumption, rather than as valuable activities in their own right, the result being that the coarsest, most populist elements of these practices become reified as the most valuable. This is not to say that art should not be evaluated, for this would simply lead to ‘a completely *uncritical frame of mind*, a blind toleration’, but instead, it is the observation that under a system premised upon market value, it is not the works themselves that are being evaluated, but instead, the reactions of others according to a set of universalized aesthetic criteria.⁴⁶ ‘Perhaps,’ Nietzsche contemplates, ‘all the morality of mankind has its origin in the tremendous inner excitement which seized on primeval men when they discovered measure and measuring’, that is, the point at which they began to reduce objects and their multiplicity of qualities to abstract quantities - to digitize them, in the most literal sense of the term.⁴⁷ Hence why Nietzsche’s critique of the market cannot be reconciled with that of Marx: whereas the latter relies upon the labour theory of value in order to properly quantify the worth of a commodity in human terms, the former observes that if

we wanted to determine the value of work by how much time, effort, good or ill will, compulsion, inventiveness or laziness, honesty or deception has been expended on it, then the valuation can never be just; for we would have to be able to place the entire person on the scales, and that is impossible.⁴⁸

Nietzsche remains - at least conceptually - utterly opposed to any system of valuation, in the sense that the very systematization of value transforms it into a universal abstract, stripping it of the precise contingency that makes such value valuable in the first place.

Nietzsche does not reject art outright but instead seeks to valorize that rare artist who does not work simply for the sake of working (for that is the key principle upon which industrial productivity operates), nor for the pleasure or respect of others, and certainly not for monetary gain, but instead, for the sake of that pleasure which comes from producing truly great art. For such an artist, contemplation, boredom, and leisure are not simply periods of idleness - that is, time that could otherwise be spent more productively - but are productive in their own right: there is nothing more distasteful to such a person than the idea that they might be expected to create something simply for its own sake, without the prospect of pleasure in its creation.

There are two options for the creative individual (a category not simply confined to the artist): either they can opt for experiencing as little suffering as possible, and thus offer themselves few opportunities to cultivate the energies and sensibilities needed for their craft, or they may accept such suffering as it comes in exchange for 'the growth of a bounty of refined pleasures and joys that hitherto have seldom been tasted'.⁴⁹ Hence Nietzsche's distaste for the discourse of socialism: the path toward equality can be expressed either as a desire to 'draw everyone down to oneself (through diminishing them, spying on them, tripping them up)', or on the other hand, to 'raise oneself and everyone else up (through recognizing their virtues, helping them, rejoicing in their success)'.⁵⁰ The socialists, he argues, aim for the former - staid uniformity and stupefying productivity - and in doing so, risk not only depleting men and women of their energy for self-creative pursuits, but taking away the circumstances under which such pursuits can create truly great works: as he observes in regard to Epicurus, '[o]nly someone who is continually suffering could invent such happiness'.⁵¹

The rejection of universal valuation, the rejection of that abstract knowledge which does not take human happiness into account, and the embrace of aesthetics as the basis of a science of the self: these are the Epicurean values upon which *Human, All Too Human* is premised. But what makes this text unique within Nietzsche's oeuvre is exactly this focus upon the human condition, and finding pleasure within its limitations, in the face of a society that in seeking to continually push toward these limits diminishes that which makes us humans in the first place. Of course, over time Nietzsche would come to reject such methods as too passive; too ascetic in their desire to avoid suffering, seeking instead a radical affirmation of becoming - a limitless transvaluation - that would exclude all reactive forces, and with them all sense of history as it is typically conceived. From such a perspective, this singular book can only appear as a transitional work, and yet, the irony in relation to his later theory is that no work is so utterly free of *ressentiment* as this one. It is truly a work of liberation, and it is only in this spirit that he is able to affirm the profound influence of Epicurus. 'The noblest racehorses are lean until they have won the right to *rest and recover* from their victories.'⁵²

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³ *Ibid*, p 366-367.

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⁷ Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Gay Science*, Cambridge University Press, Cambridge, 2001, p 44.

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- ⁹ Ibid.
- ¹⁰ Ibid, p 106.
- ¹¹ Ibid, p 126.
- ¹² Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Anti-Christ, Ecce Homo, Twilight of the Idols, and Other Writing*, Cambridge University Press, Cambridge, 2005, p 116, emphasis in the original.
- ¹³ Nietzsche, *Human, All Too Human*, p 125.
- ¹⁴ Walter Benjamin, *The Arcades Project*, Harvard University Press, Cambridge, 1999, p 802.
- ¹⁵ Nietzsche, *Human, All Too Human*, p 83.
- ¹⁶ Ibid, p. 132.
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- ¹⁸ Nietzsche, *Human, All Too Human*, p 359.
- ¹⁹ Ibid.
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- ²⁴ Ibid, p 82.
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- ³⁴ Nietzsche, *Human, All Too Human*, p 44.
- ³⁵ Ibid, p 233, emphasis in the original.
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- ³⁹ Nietzsche, *Human, All Too Human*, p 122.
- ⁴⁰ Walter J. Ong, *Orality and Literacy*, Routledge, London and New York, 2002, pp 27-28.
- ⁴¹ Nietzsche, *Human, All Too Human*, p 123.
- ⁴² Ibid.
- ⁴³ Ibid.
- ⁴⁴ Ibid, p 296.
- ⁴⁵ Ibid, 236.
- ⁴⁶ Ibid, 221, emphasis in the original.
- ⁴⁷ Ibid, p 310.
- ⁴⁸ Ibid, 382.
- ⁴⁹ Nietzsche, *The Gay Science*, p 38.
- ⁵⁰ Nietzsche, *Human, All Too Human*, p 136.
- ⁵¹ Nietzsche, *The Gay Science*, p 59.
- ⁵² Nietzsche, *Human, All Too Human*, p 343, emphasis in the original.