

Love

Do you desire the most astonishing proof of how far the transfiguring power of intoxication can go?—"Love" is this proof: that which is called love in all the languages and silences of the world. In this case, intoxication has done with reality to such a degree that in the consciousness of the lover the cause of it is extinguished and something else seems to have taken its place—a vibration and glittering of all the magic mirrors of Circe—

Here it makes no difference whether one is man or animal; even less whether one has spirit, goodness, integrity. If one is subtle, one is fooled subtly; if one is coarse, one is fooled coarsely; but love and even the love of God, the saintly love of "redeemed souls," remains the same in its roots: a fever that has good reason to transfigure itself, an intoxication that does well to lie about itself—And in any case, one lies well when one loves, about oneself and to oneself: one seems to oneself transfigured, stronger, richer, more perfect, one is more perfect—Here we discover art as an organic function: we discover it as the greatest stimulus of life—art thus sublimely expedient even when it lies—

But we should do wrong if we stopped with its power to lie: it does more than merely imagine; it even transposes values. And it is not only that it transposes the *feeling* of values: the lover is more valuable, is stronger. In animals this condition produces new weapons, pigments, colors, and

forms; above all, new movements, new rhythms, new love calls and seductions. It is no different with man.—

Of Ariadne:

Her whole economy is richer than before, more powerful, more complete than in those who do not love. The lover becomes a squanderer: she is rich enough for it. Now she dares, becomes an adventurer, becomes an ass in magnanimity and innocence; she believes in God again, she believes in virtue, because she believes in love; and on the other hand, this happy idiot grows wings and new capabilities, and even the door of art is opened to her.

—Nietzsche¹