

Shakespeare: The Authorship Controversy

Famous Doubters and Critics of the Orthodox Stratfordian Story

Friedrich Nietzsche and the Shakespeare Authorship Controversy

by Robert Sean Brazil © 2007



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Part One

The Shakespeare authorship question is rooted in peculiar events, documents, and publications of the late-16th and early-17th centuries. As a topic for intellectual discussion and debate, the "Authorship Problem" only began to emerge -- as a rarely-discussed and little-known issue -- in 18th century England.

"Anti-Stratfordianism" only became a popular fad and movement in the 19th century, fueled, in no small part, by some very zealous Americans.

Friedrich Nietzsche (1844-1900) became aware of the Shakespeare authorship phenomenon in the 1860s, '70s, and '80s at a time when the candidacy of Francis Bacon was being touted rather vigorously on both sides of the Atlantic. By the time

Nietzsche weighed in on the problem, he was following the lead of many other astute independent thinkers. To understand how Nietzsche could have arrived, no later than 1887, at his heretical position on Shakespeare, it will be valuable to look closely at the material available to readers in the world press appearing in the 40 years that preceded Nietzsche's written confessions of doubt about the identity of Shakespeare.

Recapping key events in Shakespeare Doubt from 1847-1907:

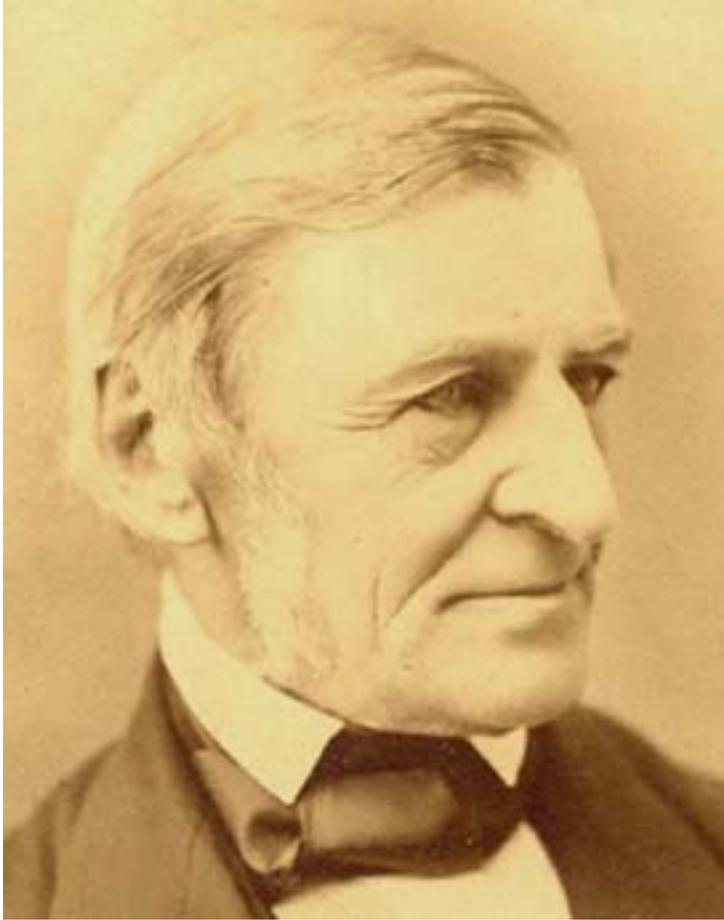
[Don't skip this part; there is much new material below!]

Or, if you insist, proceed now to page two, with [Nietzsche's statements on the authorship problem](#).

1847: Charles Dickens, while working a clerk at Grays Inn, wrote, in a letter to his friend William Sandys (June 13, 1847):

" I have sent your Shakespeare extracts to Collier. It is a great comfort to my thinking that so little is known concerning the poet. It is a fine mystery; and I tremble every day lest something should come out. If he had a Boswell, society wouldn't have respected his grave, but would have had his skull in the phrenological shop windows."

1848: *The Romance of Yachting* by Joseph C. Hart. Amongst nautical anecdotes, Hart intersperses speculation about the Shakespeare authorship problem. Hart proposed Ben Jonson as author of the Shakespeare plays.



Ralph Waldo Emerson

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882) was an early Shakespeare questioner. Emerson wrote in his journal:

"Is it not strange, that the transcendent men, Homer, Plato, Shakespeare, confessedly unrivalled, should have questions of identity and of genuineness raised respecting their writings?")

There were definite opportunities for Hawthorne to learn from Emerson. Hawthorne was first a neighbor of Emerson in Concord from 1842-1845 (Emerson had settled in Concord in 1834). Hawthorne and Emerson visited the Shaker Community together in 1842. In the same year, Hawthorne and his wife, Sofia, moved into a Concord, Massachusetts, house called "The Old Manse."

Over the next three years in Concord, Hawthorne penned a series of tales that were collected as "*Mosses from an Old Manse*," published in 1846. It is *this* book that entranced Herman Melville (1819-1891).

On August 5, 1850, Melville and Hawthorne met in person at a picnic. It is said that a brief but intense friendship developed between the two men. They had something else in common. They both had worked in government houses. Hawthorne toiled at the Boston Custom House in 1839 and at the Salem Custom House in 1846.



In 1852 the Hawthornes returned to Concord at "The Wayside," purchased from the Alcotts. The Hawthornes were neighbors again to Emerson, and to Henry David Thoreau (whose cabin on Walden pond was on Emerson's property).

Hawthorne was a crucial player in the early "Shakespeare Doubt" movement, though I believe that he himself did not, ultimately, doubt the Stratford story. Despite the fact that Hawthorne sponsored Delia Bacon's book, he found her theory unsupported by evidence and dismissed her conclusion. Delia wanted Hawthorne to remove his critique from the front of her book, but he refused, as he was paying for it.

1850: "Hawthorne and His Mosses" by Herman Melville, [Literary World, #7]. As for *Mosses from an Old Manse*, I have crawled through this collection several times, and there are some very subtle insinuations about the truth hiding behind the legends of poets, all couched in allegorical language. Yet Melville saw in Hawthorne's musings a great revelation. In his essay, Melville wonders if all authorial names are suspect, especially among the greatest:

"Would that all excellent books were foundlings, without father or mother, that so it might be we could glorify them, without including their ostensible authors."

"I know not what would be the right name to put on the title-page of an excellent book, but this I feel, that the names of all fine authors are fictitious ones, far more than that of

Junius*,-- simply standing, as they do, for the mystical, ever-eluding Spirit of all Beauty, which ubiquitously possesses men of genius. Purely imaginative as this fancy may appear, it nevertheless seems to receive some warranty from the fact, that on a personal interview no great author has ever come up to the idea of his reader. But that dust of which our bodies are composed, how can it fitly express the nobler intelligences among us?"

* Note: "JUNIUS" is not a familiar name to modern readers, but was a familiar reference in the 18th and 19th centuries. "Junius" was the pen name of a veiled writer who published a series of letters in the *Public Advertiser* (London) from 1769 to 1772. The unknown writer published other material as *The Letters of Junius* in 1772. Why Junius? The same author had penned other pseudonymous letters under the names of Lucius and Brutus. The three names together yield *Lucius Junius Brutus*, the name of the founder of the Roman Republic and the first Consul, circa 509 BC. "Junius" may also connect to the Roman satirist JUVENAL who is thought to have been named Junius. So when Melville invokes this name, it carries some interesting baggage with it.

The British pseudonymous writer "Junius," based on his writings, was an Anglophile Whig who was interested in educating both Americans and their supporters as to the good qualities of their English inheritance and to advocate a reversal of the complaints that were leading up to the American revolution. He was addressing both the colonists and the aristocracy and royalty of England. He wished for a restoration of the bounteous all-inclusive bosom of Britannia. Interestingly, the identity of "Junius" has never been resolved. He must have been a highly placed and historically famous Englishman, yet he was so careful and deliberate in his protected anonymity that this Junius "nut" has never been convincingly cracked. Elaborate cases have been made, however, for dozens of candidates. Perhaps the most intriguing possibilities are: Edmund Burke, Lord George Sackville, William Pitt (The Elder), and Thomas Paine, who was in England during the requisite time (and later changed his opinions by 180 degrees).

1852: *The Edinburgh Journal*, August 1852, publishes an anonymous article, "Who Wrote Shakespeare." Therein it is suggested that in order to pull off the trick, the man from Stratford must have "kept a poet."

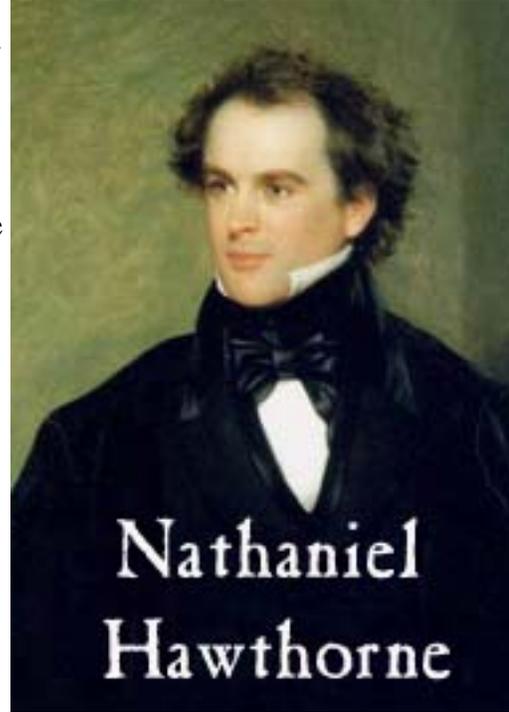
1856: Putnam's Monthly, January 1856, contains Delia Bacon's first entry into the Authorship lists, "Shakespeare and His Plays: An Inquiry Concerning Them." This article's placement was arranged by Emerson.



1857: Delia Bacon's *The Philosophy of the Plays of Shakespeare Unfolded*.

Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote the preface for the book (which is much more cogent than Delia's extravagant and breathless prose meanderings within, and is actually critical of Delia's proposal).

Hawthorne made the connections to get Delia's book published, under pressure from Emerson and Delia, herself. He ended up paying for the whole publication. Delia Bacon's book is mostly musings, supposition, and rhetoric. While many assume Delia Bacon was, at the outset, an advocate of Lord Bacon (no family relation), the fact is that in *The Philosophy of the Plays of Shakespeare Unfolded* Delia proposes that a group wrote the plays, and the head of that group was Sir Walter Raleigh.



In this imagined “Shakespeare” group Delia named several courtiers involved the authorship of the Shakespeare plays and the list included Edward Earl of Oxford. **This appears to be the first instance in modern times that the 17th Earl of Oxford was directly suggested as having something to do with the creation of the Shakespeare plays. The year is 1857. That's 63 years before J.T. Looney claimed (1920) to be the first ever to suggest Lord Oxford was involved in the Shakespeare canon.** But Delia achieved nothing more with her lucky guess about

Oxford. In fact, it wasn't even a guess as much as a crib. She was just loosely quoting from the anonymous *The Arte of English Poesy*, 1589.

In Delia's view this is how it went with Raleigh and Company:

"He became at once the centre of that little circle of high born wits and poets, the elder wits and poets of the Elizabethan age, that were then in their meridian there. Sir Philip Sidney, Thomas Lord Buckhurst, Henry Lord Paget, Edward Earl of Oxford, and some other, are included in the contemporary list of this courtly company, whose doings are somewhat mysteriously adverted to by a critic, who refers to the condition of the Art of Poesy at that time."

Now here's the precise quote from, *The Arte of English Poesy* 1589, page 49.

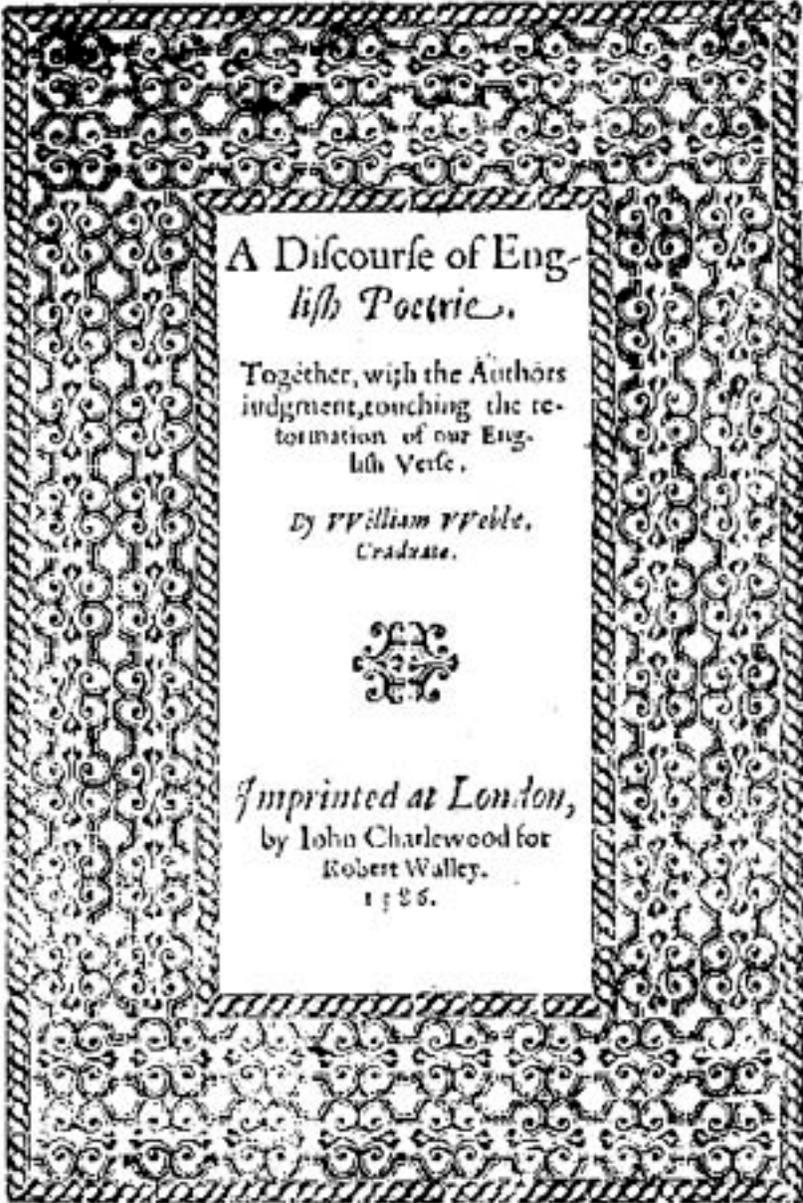
"In Queene Maries time florished aboue any other Doctour Phaer one that was well learned & excellently well translated into English verse Heroicall certaine bookes of Virgils Aeneidos. since him followed Maister Arthure Golding, who with no lesse commendation turned into English meetre the Metamorphosis of Ouide, and that other Doctour, who made the supplement to those bookes of Virgiles Aeneidos, which Maister Phaer left vndone. And in her Maiesties time that now is are sprong vp an other crew of Courtly makers Noble men and Gentlemen of her Maiesties owne seruantes, who haue written excellently well as it would appeare if their doings could be found out and made publicke with the rest, of which number is first that noble Gentleman Edward Earle of Oxford. Thomas Lord of Bukhurst, when he was young, Henry Lord Paget, Sir Philip Sydney, Sir Walter Rawleigh, Master Edward Dyar Maister Fulke Greuell, Gascon, Britton, Turberuille and a great many other learned Gentlemen, whose names I do not omit for enuie, but to auoyde tediousnesse, and who haue deserued no little commendation."

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a portion of page 49 from the 1589 original

The anonymous author of *Arte of English Poesy* was himself reaching back to William Webbe's *Discourse of Englishe Poetrie*, 1586, where appeared this paragraph:

“I may not omitte the deserved commendations of many honourable and noble Lordes, and Gentlemen, in her Maiesties Courte, which in the rare devises of Poetry, have beene and yet are most excellent skylfull, among whom, the right honourable Earle of Oxford may challenge to him selfe the tittle of the most excellent among the rest. I can no longer forget those learned Gentlemen which tooke such profitable paynes in translating the Latine Poets into our English tongue, whose desertes in that behalfe are more then I can utter.”



A Discourse of Eng-
lish Poetrie.

Together, with the Authors
iudgment, touching the re-
storation of our Eng-
lish Verse.

By William Walle,
Creadant.



Printed at London,
by Iohn Charlewood for
Robert Walley.
1656.

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honorable and noble Lords; and Gentlemen, in her
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1884: Walt Whitman publishes, "What Lurks Behind Shakspeare's historical plays" in *The Critic* (Sept. 27, 1884):

"Conceiv'd out of the fullest heat and pulse of European feudalism--personifying in unparallel'd ways the medieval aristocracy, its towering sprit of ruthless and gigantic caste, with its own peculiar air and arrogance (no mere imitation)--only one of the "wolfish earls" so plenteous in the plays themselves, or some born knower and descendent, would seem to be the true author of these amazing works." ... "I am firm against Shaksper. I mean the Avon man, the actor."

1887-1888: Friedrich Nietzsche pens comments about the Shakespeare authorship, which are published later in two different books, both in the years following his 1900 death. [Details here.](#)

1891: Hermann Melville completes *Billy Budd* featuring "the Captain, the Honorable Edward Fairfax "Starry" Vere." Melville then dies, in New York, New York, September 28, 1891.

[*Billy Budd* was begun around 1886. It was as good as lost until the manuscript was discovered among Melville's papers in 1924 and published for the first time that year.]

1892: James Greenstreet, in *The Genealogist*, proposed that William Stanley, 6th Earl of Derby as author of the Shakespeare plays.

1892: The pseudonymous "Our English Homer" posits a group theory for the writing of Shakespeare's works, including Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Nashe, Lodge, Bacon, and others.

1895: *It Was Marlowe: A Story of the Secret of Three Centuries* by Wilbur Ziegler (a novel). The book proposed that Marlowe, Raleigh, and Rutland jointly were "Shakespeare."

1903: Henry James, in a letter, writes:

"I am 'a sort of' haunted by the conviction that the divine William is the biggest and most successful fraud ever practised on a patient world."

1909: *Is Shakespeare Dead?* by Mark Twain, Harper & Brothers 1909.

Part Two

NIETZSCHE on the Shakespeare Authorship:

It is, perhaps, hard for some people to wrap their minds around the idea that **Friedrich Nietzsche (1844-1900)** read Shakespeare in English and offered unusual comments -- not only on Shakespeare's style and philosophy, but also on the emerging Shakespeare authorship problem. However, recall that before Nietzsche was a philosopher, he was a philologist. He read widely in many languages, and endeavored to read authors in their native tongues. In addition to the English-language Shakespeare, Nietzsche is reported to have been very fond of the writings and ideas of **Ralph Waldo Emerson**. (*Kaufmann, p. viii; p. 306, full citation below*) Emerson had been one of the first and most formidable of the Shakespeare doubters.

Walter Kaufmann was a translator and biographer of Nietzsche. According to Kaufmann, in his excellent *Nietzsche, Philosopher, Psychologist, Antichrist* (1968), Nietzsche's views on the Shakespeare authorship were born from his own elitist reading of the texts combined with his simultaneous interest in the writings and philosophies of Francis Bacon. Nietzsche did not accept Bacon's thinking in all things. For example, Francis Bacon was the perfect apologist for the power of the State, and for uniformity and allegiance to social norms. Nietzsche was an early proponent of individualism and an early critic of the bloated power of the State and its attendant institutions, academic, military, religious, and bureaucratic, which all serve to enforce social conformity and obedience. What Nietzsche did like about Bacon was his

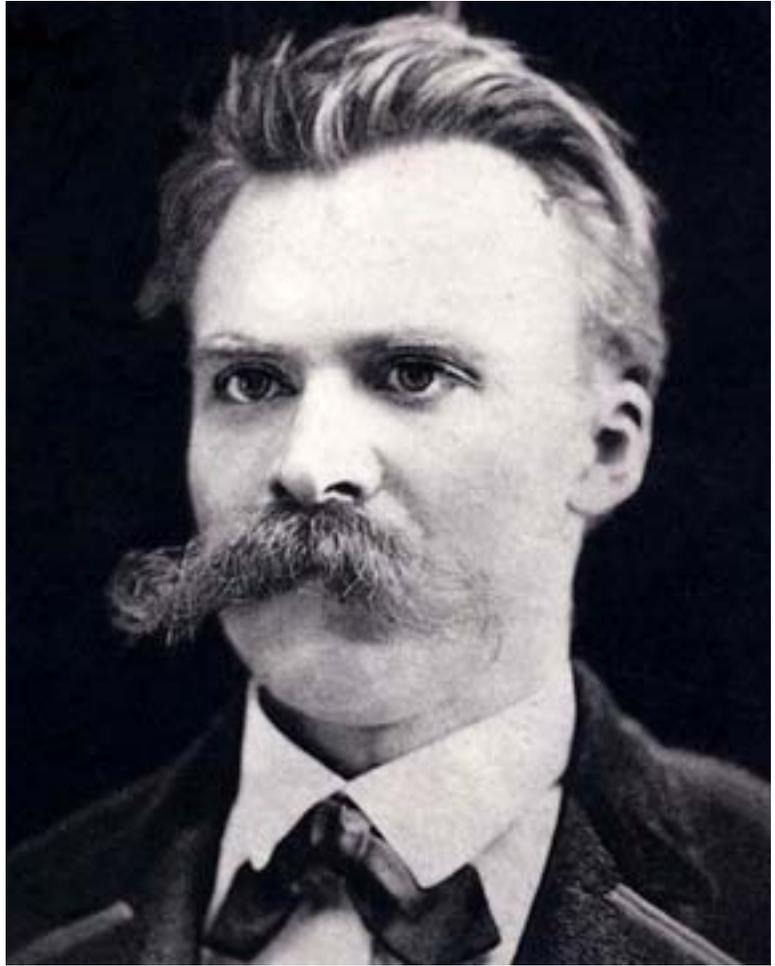
rationalism, his thinly veiled skepticism of theological claims, and his precise scientific ability to differentiate between things and place things and ideas in appropriate categories. Bacon had written an essay in *Novum Organum* called "The Four Idols," documenting the four intellectual mistakes of his civilization. They were termed by Bacon, "Idols of the Tribe, Idols of the Cave, Idols of the Marketplace and Idols of the Theater."

Bacon's titles are a bit misleading. Here is what he meant (my interpretation, at least): 'Idols of the Tribe'=commonplace nonsense such as the medieval idea that stars are pinholes letting through the light of heaven, or that the moon is watery, or that gods need to be appeased and fed. 'Idols of the Cave'=tunnel vision and seeing only what we expect. A grocer sees things only by their weight, an exorcist sees sickness as possession by devils, a chemist insists all things are chemicals. 'Idols of the Marketplace'=the way common folk are fooled by advertising, rhetoric, misleading claims, and con-men's smooth pitches. 'Idols of the Theater'=reliance on Authority, experts, and swallowing the received wisdom, without questioning. The bigger the lie, the more easily it is accepted.

Nietzsche was impressed by this approach and wrote his own "The Four Great Errors," which appeared in *The Gay Science* and, later, as a section of *Twilight of the Idols*. Kaufmann suggests (page 265) that Nietzsche's general fascination with Bacon preceded and led to his suspicion that Bacon wrote the works of Shakespeare. However, if Nietzsche had really thought this concept all the way through, he would certainly have found Bacon's scientific rationality at odds with Shakespeare's mythic, quasi-historic, and folkloric approach. Moreover, though Shakespeare defended Kingdom and State on the surface, he was also a harsh critic of its abuses, like Nietzsche, *but rather unlike Bacon*. Bacon thought ideas and institutions were more important than individual people. Modern critics/idolaters (like H. Bloom) claim that there was never such a thing as an "individual personality" or "independent mind" until Shakespeare showed us how to be one and to have one. Nietzsche is also famous for theorizing that the inherent conflict in Western civilization arises from an antique clash between two major human impulses: the Apollonian and the Dionysian. (Apollo guides order, organization, rules, rationality, and power. Dionysus guides inspiration, insobriety, dance, theater, the miracle of the unexpected.) By Nietzsche's own model, Bacon is clearly Apollonian and Shakespeare Dionysian, what with Falstaff, and Puck, and all those bawdy songs.

Unfortunately, this great philosopher's ideas on Shakespeare got "locked in" by his statements written in 1887-1888, and he was never in a position to revise or update his opinions.

Nietzsche came to the authorship problem rather late in his intellectual career, at a time when he was starting to "lose it." He was writing and thinking about Shakespeare and Bacon in 1887-1888. Just one year later, in 1889, Nietzsche had his famous "very bad day" on the streets of Turin, when he allegedly freaked out after he saw a crude tradesman cruelly whipping his horse, and Nietzsche rushed to defend the horse. It all went downhill after that.



If Nietzsche had been born a generation later, or had escaped degenerative mental illness, or had lived past 1920 with his faculties intact, I'm quite sure he would have been an Oxfordian. In fact, Kaufmann makes a similar point (in his edition of *Ecce Homo*, page 246.) While discussing Nietzsche's Baconian leanings Kaufmann says, **"Incidentally, Freud believed that the Earl of Oxford had written Shakespeare's plays"**. [Elsewhere Kaufmann and others detect a straight line from Nietzsche to Freud. See article, "*Nietzsche and the romantic construction of adolescence*," from *Adolescent Psychiatry*, 1998, by Vivian M. Rakoff. Excerpted here, Rakoff writes (emphasis added):

"..Chapman (1955) has made a careful compilation of Nietzsche's influence on Freud as represented in the writings of Ernest Jones and Henri Ellenberger. While it may not have been clear to Freud, his debt to Nietzsche was apparent to others, and has been increasingly noted. ***Kauffman (1968) appears to accept without the need for discussion that Freud was in the cultural shadow cast by Nietzsche.*** A case in point: when Jung commented on the theoretical struggle between Adler and Freud, he wrote, "Freud himself had told me that he never read Nietzsche: now I saw

Freud's psychology as, so to speak, an adroit move on the part of intellectual history, compensating for Nietzsche's deification of the power principle. The problem had obviously to be rephrased not as Freud versus Adler, but Freud versus Nietzsche" (Mahony, 1982, p. 213). Jones provides further support for the position that *Freud's disclaimer of lack of knowledge of Nietzsche was disingenuous*. As early as 1897 he echoed a phrase of Nietzsche's when he wrote of the "collapse of all values". (Jones, 1995, p. 391)."

http://findarticles.com/p/articles/mi_qa3882/is_199801/ai_n8791848/pg_8

While Nietzsche had much to say about the author "Shakespeare," irrespective of authorship ([read here](#)), **in two of his books he made explicit reference to the authorship problem and in both cases suggested Lord Bacon as the author**, with subtle qualifications to the assertions. The examples are found in *Will to Power* and *Ecce Homo*.

Will to Power

Section #848 (This was written spring-fall, 1887, but *Will To Power* was never published until 1901, the year after Nietzsche died).

"To be classical, one must possess all the strong, seemingly contradictory gifts and desires -- but in such a way that they go together beneath one yoke; arrive at the right time to bring to its climax and high point a genius of literature or art or poetics (not after this has already happened --); reflect a total state (of a people or a culture) in one's deepest and innermost soul, at a time when it still exists and has not yet been overprinted with imitations of foreign things (or when it is still dependent-); and one must not be a reactive but a concluding and forward-leading spirit, saying Yes in all cases, even with one's hatred.

"Is the highest personal value not part of it?" -- To consider perhaps whether moral prejudices are not playing their game here and whether great moral loftiness is not perhaps in itself a contradiction of the classical ? Whether the moral monsters must not necessarily be romantics, in word and deed? Precisely such a preponderance of one virtue over the others (as in the case of a moral monster) is hostile to the classical power of equilibrium: supposing one possessed this loftiness and was nonetheless classical, then we could confidently infer that one also possessed immorality of the same level: possibly the case of Shakespeare (assuming it was really Lord Bacon)"

Comments by RSB:

1. Kaufmann's only footnote on this is to invite the reader to also look at the similar, relevant passage in the "Why I am so Clever" section of *Ecce Homo*.

2. Nietzsche begins by pointing out that the essence of the "classical" personality is the blessing or burden of being possessed by at least two powerful contradictory forces, desires, or motivations at the same time. Classic heroes struggled mightily over questions of honor and reputation, versus their continued life, limbs, love, and happiness, etc.

3. Nietzsche uses his own theory of equilibrated contradictions to explain how a writer like Bacon may have transcended *immorality* through his Shakespeare mask. Note that in his first published musing on the subject, Nietzsche says "*assuming* it was really Lord Bacon." It seems he is leaving the door open for further information or another candidate. In his next piece, however, he seems more certain.

Ecce Homo

(written in 1888, but never published during Nietzsche's lifetime. First printing: 1908.)

Chapter: Why I am So Clever

Section: 4

4

"The highest concept of the lyrical poet was given to me by Heinrich Heine. I seek in vain in all the realms of history for an equally sweet and passionate music. He possessed that divine malice without which I cannot imagine perfection: I estimate the value of men, of races, according to the necessity by which they cannot conceive the god apart from the satyr.

And how he handles his German! One day it will be said that Heine and I have been by far the foremost artists of the German language at an incalculable distance from everything mere Germans have done with it." [#1]

"I must be profoundly related to Byron's Manfred: all these abysses I found in myself; at the age of thirteen I was ripe for this work. I have no word, only a glance, for those who dare to pronounce the word "Faust'" in the presence of Manfred. The Germans are incapable of any notion of greatness; proof: Schumann. Simply from fury against this sugary Saxon, I composed a counter-overture for Manfred of which Hans von Bulow said that he had never seen anything like it on paper, and he called it rape of Euterpe.

When I seek my ultimate formula for Shakespeare, I always find only this: he conceived of the type of Caesar. That sort of thing can only be guessed: one either is it, or one is not. The great poet dips only from his own reality -- ;up to the point where afterwards he cannot endure his work any longer.

"When I have looked into my Zarathustra, I walk up and down in my room for half an hour, unable to master an unbearable fit of sobbing. **I know no more heart-rending reading than Shakespeare: what must a man have suffered to have such a need of being a buffoon!** [#4]

"Is Hamlet understood? Not doubt, certainty is what drives one insane.--; But one must be profound, an abyss, a philosopher to feel that way--; We are all afraid of truth.

And let me confess it: I feel instinctively sure and certain that Lord Bacon was the originator, the self-tormentor [#6] of this uncanniest kind of literature: what is the pitiable chatter of American flat-and muddle-heads to me? But the strength required for the vision of the most powerful reality is not only compatible with the most powerful strength for action, for monstrous action, for crime--; it even presupposes it. [#7]

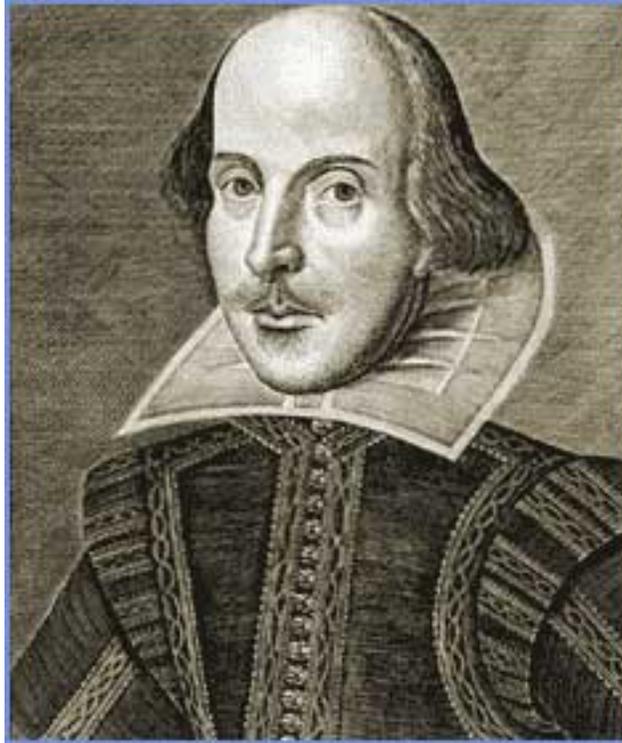
We are very far from knowing enough about Lord Bacon, the first realist in every sense of that word, to know everything he did, wanted, and experienced in himself."

[#1 WK's comment: "*Ecce Homo* was published in 1908." .. "Nietzsche's reference to "mere Germans" makes a point of the fact that Heine was a Jew (and very widely resented), and Nietzsche took himself to be of Polish descent."]

[#4 WK's comment: A hint for readers of *Ecce Homo*---WK]

[#4 RSB's comment:

I think what Nietzsche means with his "buffoon" quip is that the noble and aristocratic actual writer of the plays had to make a buffoon of his talent by writing plays geared for the popular stage. The word "buffoon" may have been chosen deliberately. Its early attested use in English goes back at least to 1549. It derives from Middle French *buffon*, and further, from Italian *buffone*: a "jester," and from Italian *buffare* "to puff out the cheeks," an archaic comic gesture. Puffy-face jester reminds one of the cartoonish Droeshout "portrait" that was slipped in to adorn the First Folio of Shakespeare.



Moreover, Ben Jonson used the word *buffoon* a lot. He also has a character called **Carlo Buffone** in *Every Man Out of His Humor*, whom BJ describes with, "Carlo Buffone, "a most fiend like disposition," "a public scurrilous and profane jester -- who will swill up more sack at a sitting than would make all the guard a posset." And, "he will sooner lose his soul than a jest, and profane even the most holy things to excite laughter." Critics of the past have tried to associate Buffone with Marston or Dekker. But perhaps Jonson was referring to the Stratford Man.]

[#6 WK comment: Selbsttierqualer: literally, self-animal tormentor. Incidentally, Freud believed that the Earl of Oxford had written "Shakespeare's" plays.---WK]

[#6 RSB comment: Nietzsche seems to have projected his own neuroses onto his heroes. He felt that great art, great accomplishment, only comes at the cost of a huge personal struggle. Thus the true "Shakespeare" author, in Nietzsche's view, must have suffered mightily for such a huge achievement, in what Nietzsche calls the "uncanniest kind of literature." Next, even though Nietzsche says he is "instinctively sure and certain that Lord Bacon was the originator" he must have still retained doubts because of his qualifier, "We are very far from knowing enough about Lord Bacon, the first realist in every sense of that word, to know everything he did, wanted, and experienced in himself." In other words, he blithely classifies away the mismatches and inelegant contradictions of the Bacon theory as simply due to a lack of primary material on Bacon. In fact, there is enough primary material on Bacon to comfortably

disqualify him. He had neither the lightness of being, the musical wit, the lyrical ease, nor the fundamentally satirical, aloof, Jaques-like detached attitude to have written the plays. However, if Nietzsche had only been exposed to the later material on Oxford I'm sure he would have switched candidates in a heartbeat.

[#7 WK comment: "Presumably Nietzsche means that he has been persuaded, not by American Baconians but by considerations of his own. Bacon was Lord Chancellor and the "crime" to which he pleaded guilty in 1621 was bribery. He explained, "I was the justest judge that was in England these last 50 years; but it was the justest censure of Parliament that was these two hundred years. In accordance with the general practice of the age, he said, he had accepted the gifts from litigators; but his judgment had never been swayed by a bribe."

[#7 RSB comment: Nietzsche is saying that he has recognized this epic internal authorial struggle in the Shakespeare texts. Thus, his discovery of Bacon is personal, and reasonable, and derived from first principles, and not a mere reaction to the published speculations of American Baconians. He considers Americans to be flat-headed and muddle-headed, incapable of higher thought. He implies their adoption of Bacon is irrational -- a mere lucky guess.



Part Three

NIETZSCHE on Shakespeare's Essence, Style, and Spirit:

In addition to Nietzsche's specific writings on the Shakespeare authorship controversy, he penned many more comments on "Shakespeare" -- the Author -- in more general philosophical and philological contexts. Still, Nietzsche's critical views of Shakespeare's style and substance are unique and appear to be entirely uninfluenced by other thinkers. Nietzsche had a "personal relationship" with Shakespeare, as did Nathaniel Hawthorne, and those intense private musings took form in the fascinating observations Nietzsche has left us, documenting his views on Shakespeare's essence. -- RSB, 2007

BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL published 1886

Section #224

"The *historical sense* (or the capacity for divining quickly the order of rank of the evaluations according to which a people, a society, a human being has lived, the "divinatory instinct" for the relationships of these evaluations, for the relation of the authority of values to the authority of effective forces): this historical sense, to which we Europeans lay claim as our specialty, has come to us in the wake of the mad and fascinating *semi-barbarism* into which Europe has been plunged through the democratic mingling of classes and races—only the nineteenth century knows this sense, as its sixth sense. The past of every form and mode of life, of cultures that formerly lay close beside or on top of one another, streams into us "modern souls" thanks to this mingling, our instincts now run back in all directions, we ourselves are a kind of chaos. In the end, as I said before, "the spirit" perceives its advantage in all this.

Through our semi-barbarism in body and desires we have secret access everywhere such as a noble age never had, above all the access to the labyrinth of unfinished cultures and to every semi-barbarism which has ever existed on earth; and, in so far as the most considerable part of human culture hitherto has been semi-barbarism, "historical sense" means virtually the sense and instinct for everything, the taste and tongue for everything: which at once proves it to be an ignoble sense. We enjoy Homer again, for instance: perhaps it is our happiest advance that we know how to appreciate Homer,

whom the men of a noble culture (the French of the seventeenth century, for example, such as Saint-Evremond who reproached him for his *esprit vaste* [vast spirit], and even their dying echo, Voltaire) cannot and could not assimilate so easily—whom they hardly permitted themselves to enjoy. The very definite Yes and No of their palate, their easily aroused disgust, their hesitant reserve with regard to everything strange, their horror of the tastelessness even of a lively curiosity, and in general that unwillingness of a noble and self-sufficient culture to admit to a new desire, a dissatisfaction with one's own culture, an admiration for what is foreign: all this disposes them unfavorably towards even the best things in the world which are not their property and could not become their prey—and no sense is so unintelligible to such men as the historical sense and its obsequious plebeian curiosity.

It is no different with Shakespeare, that astonishing Spanish-Moorish-Saxon synthesis of tastes over which an ancient Athenian of the circle of Aeschylus would have half-killed himself with laughter or annoyance: but we—we accept precisely this confusion of colors, this medley of the most delicate, the coarsest and the most artificial, with a secret confidence and cordiality, we enjoy him as an artistic refinement reserved precisely for us and allow ourselves to be as little disturbed by the repellent fumes and the proximity of the English rabble in which Shakespeare's art and taste live as we do on the Chiaja of Naples, where we go our way enchanted and willing with all our senses alert, however much the sewers of the plebeian quarters may fill the air.

That as men of the "historical sense" we have our virtues is not to be denied—we are unpretentious, selfless, modest, brave, full of self-restraint, full of devotion, very grateful, very patient, very accommodating—with all that, we are perhaps not very "tasteful." Let us finally confess it to ourselves: that which we men of the "historical sense" find hardest to grasp, to feel, taste, love, that which at bottom finds us prejudiced and almost hostile, is just what is complete and wholly mature in every art and culture, that which constitutes actual nobility in works and in men, their moment of smooth sea and halcyon self-sufficiency, the goldness and coldness displayed by all things which have become perfect.

Perhaps our great virtue of the historical sense necessarily stands opposed to good taste, or to the very best taste at any rate, and it is precisely the brief little pieces of good luck and transfiguration of human life that here and there come flashing up which we find most difficult and laborious to evoke in ourselves: those miraculous moments when a great power voluntarily halted before the boundless and immeasurable—when a superfluity of subtle delight

in sudden restraint and petrification, in standing firm and fixing oneself, was enjoyed on a ground still trembling. *Measure* is alien to us, let us admit it to ourselves; what we itch for is the infinite, the unmeasured. Like a rider on a charging steed we let fall the reins before the infinite, we modern men, like semi-barbarians—and attain our state of bliss only when we are also most—in danger."

Comments by RSB:

1. Note how Nietzsche describes Shakespeare as purveying an "**astonishing Spanish-Moorish-Saxon synthesis of tastes.**"
2. Nietzsche claims the ancient Athenians would have found Shakespeare's mad mix of styles laughable or annoying. Yet to modern readers and theatergoers, it is just this bizarre hash of lofty and lowdown that ensures Shakespeare's appeal.
3. Nietzsche claims Shakespeare's power in this is that we are transported out of present history and "good taste" and confronted with the transcendent. "*Measure* is alien to us, let us admit it to ourselves; what we itch for is the infinite, the unmeasured. Like a rider on a charging steed we let fall the reins before the infinite, we modern men, like semi-barbarians—and attain our state of bliss only when we are also most—in danger."

The Gay Science - published 1882

Section #98

***In praise of Shakespeare.*— I could not say anything more beautiful in praise of Shakespeare as a human being than this: he believed in Brutus and did not cast one speck of suspicion upon this type of virtue! It was to him that he devoted his best tragedy—it is still called by the wrong name—to him and to the most awesome quintessence of a lofty morality. Independence of the soul!—that is at stake here! No sacrifice can be too great for that: one must be capable of sacrificing one's dearest friend for it, and even if he should also be the most glorious human being, an ornament of the world, a genius without peer—if one loves freedom as the freedom of great souls and he threatens this kind of freedom:—that is what Shakespeare must have felt!. The height at which he places Caesar is the finest honor that he could bestow on Brutus: that is how he raises**

beyond measure Brutus' inner problem as well as the spiritual strength that was able to cut *this knot!*

Could it really have been political freedom that led this poet to sympathize with Brutus—and turned him into Brutus' accomplice? Or was political freedom only a symbol for something inexpressible? Could it be that we confront some unknown dark event and adventure in the poet's own soul of which he wants to speak only in signs? **What is all of Hamlet's melancholy compared to that of Brutus!—and perhaps Shakespeare knew both from firsthand experience! Perhaps he, too, had his gloomy hour and his evil angel, like Brutus!**

But whatever similarities and secret relationships there may have been: before the whole figure and virtue of Brutus, Shakespeare prostrated himself, feeling unworthy and remote:—his witness of this is written into the tragedy. Twice he brings in a poet, and twice he pours such an impatient and ultimate contempt over him that it sounds like a cry—the cry of self-contempt. Brutus, even Brutus, loses patience as the poet enters—conceited, pompous, obtrusive, as poets often are—apparently overflowing with possibilities of greatness, including moral greatness, although in the philosophy of his deeds and his life he rarely attains even ordinary integrity.

"I'll know his humor when he knows his time. What should the wars do with these jiggling fools? Companion, hence!" shouts Brutus. This should be translated back into the soul of the poet who wrote it.

Comments by RSB:

1. Nietzsche is amazed at how Shakespeare honors both Brutus and Caesar, against historic trends, and portrays in them two different archetypes of Übermensch heroes.

2. Elsewhere Nietzsche elucidates his grand idea that Tragedy is the very essence of the human experience, and thus the great Tragedians like Shakespeare provide a mirror to life that shows, in a clear light, the brutal truth of things. To Nietzsche, only adversity and struggle educe the greatest strength from humans. Nietzsche was amplifying the thoughts of Heraclitus, the pre-Socratic philosopher whom Nietzsche so admired. Heraclitus taught that all beings are in a state of continuous struggle and competition --- but that this was not a bad thing, it was a fertile dynamic that spurred growth and evolution in all creatures and ideas.

The Dawn - published 1881

Section #240

On the morality of the stage.— **Whoever thinks that Shakespeare's theater has a moral effect, and that the sight of Macbeth irresistibly repels one from the evil of ambition, is in error: and he is again in error if he thinks Shakespeare himself felt as he feels.** He who is really possessed by raging ambition beholds this its image with *joy*; and if the hero perishes by his passion this precisely is the sharpest spice in the hot draught of this joy. Can the poet have felt otherwise? **How royally, and not at all like a rogue, does his ambitious man pursue his course from the moment of his great crime!** Only from then on does he exercise "demonic" attraction and excite similar natures to emulation—demonic means here: in defiance *against* life and advantage for the sake of a drive and idea. Do you suppose that Tristan and Isolde are preaching *against* adultery when they both perish by it? This would be to stand the poets on their head: they, and especially Shakespeare, are enamored of the passions as such and not least of their *death-welcoming* moods—those moods in which the heart adheres to life no more firmly than does a drop of water to a glass. It is not the guilt and its evil outcome they have at heart, Shakespeare as little as Sophocles (in Ajax, Philoctetes, Oedipus): as easy as it would have been in these instances to make guilt the lever of the drama, just as surely has this been avoided. The tragic poet has just as little desire to take sides *against* life with his image of life! He cries rather: "it is the stimulant of stimulants, this exciting, changing, dangerous, gloomy and often sun-drenched existence! It is an *adventure* to live—espouse what party in it you will, it will always retain this character!"— **He speaks thus out of a restless, vigorous age which is half-drunk and stupefied by its excess of blood and energy—out of a wickeder age than ours is: which is why we need first to *adjust* and *justify* the goal of a Shakespearean drama, that is to say, not to understand it.**

Comment by RSB:

1. Nietzsche views the effect of witnessing Shakespeare tragedies as potentially transformative and transportable. Because Nietzsche considered himself above and beyond morality, he has projected this "quality" onto Shakespeare as well. Yet, religious readers often argue that there is a deep moral structure to Shakespeare. Conversely, the character Hamlet says, "there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so..."

HAMLET Act II, sc 2

HAMLET - Denmark's a prison.

ROSENCRANTZ - Then is the world one.

HAMLET - A goodly one; in which there are many confines,
wards and dungeons, Denmark being one o' the worst.

ROSENCRANTZ - We think not so, my lord.

HAMLET - Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing
either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

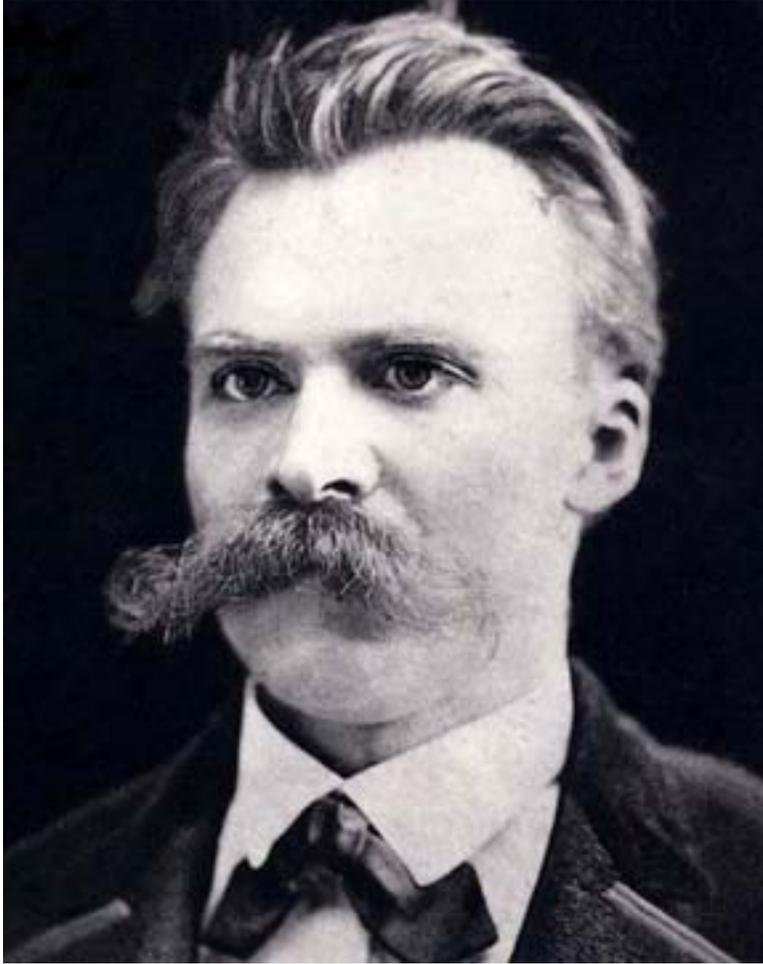
ROSENCRANTZ - Why then, your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

HAMLET - O God, I could be bounded in a nut shell and count myself a king of infinite space,
were it not that I have bad dreams.

GUILDENSTERN - Which dreams indeed are ambition, for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the
shadow of a dream.

HAMLET - A dream itself is but a shadow.

ROSENCRANTZ - Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow.



Human, All too Human - published 1878

Section #162

Cult of the genius out of vanity.— Because we think well of ourselves, but nonetheless never suppose ourselves capable of producing a painting like one of Raphael's or a dramatic scene like one of Shakespeare's, we convince ourselves that the capacity to do so is quite extraordinarily marvelous, a wholly uncommon accident, or, if we are still religiously inclined, a mercy from on high. Thus our vanity, our self-love, promotes the cult of the genius: for only if we think of him as being very remote from us, as a miraculum, does he not aggrieve us (even Goethe, who was without envy, called Shakespeare his star of the most distant heights ["William! Stern der schönsten Ferne": from Goethe's, "Between Two Worlds"]; in regard to which one might recall the lines: "the stars, these we do not desire" [from Goethe's, "Comfort in Tears"]). But, aside from these suggestions of our vanity, the activity of the genius seems in no way fundamentally different from the activity of the inventor of

machines, the scholar of astronomy or history, the master of tactics. All these activities are explicable if one pictures to oneself people whose thinking is active in one direction, who employ everything as material, who always zealously observe their own inner life and that of others, who perceive everywhere models and incentives, who never tire of combining together the means available to them. Genius too does nothing except learn first how to lay bricks then how to build, except continually seek for material and continually form itself around it. Every activity of man is amazingly complicated, not only that of the genius: but none is a "miracle."— Whence, then, the belief that genius exists only in the artist, orator and philosopher? that only they have "intuition"? (Whereby they are supposed to possess a kind of miraculous eyeglass with which they can see directly into "the essence of the thing"!) It is clear that people speak of genius only where the effects of the great intellect are most pleasant to them and where they have no desire to feel envious. To call someone "divine" means: "here there is no need for us to compete." Then, everything finished and complete is regarded with admiration, everything still becoming is undervalued. But no one can see in the work of the artist how it has become; that is its advantage, for wherever one can see the act of becoming one grows somewhat cool. The finished and perfect art of representation repulses all thinking as to how it has become; it tyrannizes as present completeness and perfection. That is why the masters of the art of representation count above all as gifted with genius and why men of science do not. In reality, this evaluation of the former and undervaluation of the latter is only a piece of childishness in the realm of reason.

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Shakespeare as moralist.— Shakespeare reflected a great deal on the passions and from his temperament probably had very intimate access to many of them (dramatists are in general somewhat wicked men). But, unlike Montaigne, he was incapable of discoursing on them; instead of which he placed observations *about* the passions into the mouths of impassioned characters: a practice which, though counter to nature, makes his plays so full of ideas they make all others seem empty and can easily arouse in us a repugnance to them.— The maxims of Schiller (which are almost always based on ideas either false or trite) are designed purely for the theater, and as such they are extremely effective: while Shakespeare's do honor to his model, Montaigne, and contain entirely serious ideas in a polished form, but are for that reason too remote and subtle for the theater public and thus ineffective.

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The revolution in poetry.— The stern constraint the French dramatists imposed upon themselves in regard to unity of action, of place and of time, to style, to construction of verse and sentence, to choice of words and ideas, was as vital a schooling as that of counterpoint and fugue in the development of modern music or as the Gorgian tropes in Greek rhetoric. To fetter oneself in this way can seem absurd; nonetheless there is no way of getting free of naturalization than that of first limiting oneself to what is most severe (perhaps also most capricious). Thus one gradually learns to walk with poise even upon narrow bridges spanning dizzying abysses and brings the highest suppleness of movement home as booty: as has been demonstrated to the eyes of everyone now living by the history of music. Here we see how the fetters grow looser step by step, until in the end it can appear as though they have been wholly thrown off: this *appearance* is the supreme outcome of a necessary evolution in art. No such gradual emergence out of self-imposed fetters has occurred in the case of modern poetry. Lessing made French form, that is to say the only modern artistic form, into a laughing-stock in Germany and pointed to Shakespeare, and thus we forewent the steady continuity of that unfettering and made a leap into naturalism—that is to say, back to the beginnings of art. Goethe attempted to rescue himself from this situation through his ability again and again to impose differing kinds of constraint upon himself; but even the most gifted can achieve only a continual experimentation once the thread of evolution has been broken. Schiller owed his relative firmness of form to having modeled himself on French tragedy, which, though he repudiated, he involuntarily respected, and maintained a degree of independence of Lessing (whose dramatic experiments he is known to have rejected). After Voltaire the French themselves were suddenly lacking in the great talents who could have led the evolution of tragedy out of constraint on to that appearance of freedom; later they too copied the Germans and made the leap into a kind of Rousseauesque state of nature in art and experimented. One only has to read Voltaire's Mahomet from time to time to bring clearly before one's soul what European culture has lost once and for all through this breach with tradition. Voltaire was the last great dramatist to subdue through Greek moderation a soul many-formed and equal to the mightiest thunderstorms of tragedy—he was able to do what no German has yet been able to do because the nature of the Frenchman is much more closely related to the Greek than is the nature of the German—just as he was also the last great writer to possess a Greek ear, Greek artistic conscientiousness, Greek charm and simplicity in the treatment of prose speech; just as he was, indeed, one of the last men able to unite in himself the highest freedom of spirit and an altogether unrevolutionary disposition without being inconsistent and cowardly. Since his time the modern spirit, with its

restlessness, its hatred for bounds and moderation, has come to dominate in every domain, at first let loose by the fever of revolution and then, when assailed by fear and horror of itself, again laying constraints upon itself—but the constraints of logic, no longer those of artistic moderation. It is true that for a time unfettering enables us to enjoy the poetry of all peoples, all that has grown up in hidden places, the primitive, wild-blooming, strangely beautiful and gigantically irregular, from the folksong up to the "great barbarian" Shakespeare; we taste the joys of local color and costumes such as all artistic nations have hitherto been strangers to; we make abundant employment of the "barbaric advantages" of our age that Goethe urged against Schiller's objections [Goethe to Schiller, June 27, 1797] so as to set the formlessness of his Faust in the most favorable light. But for how much longer? The inbreaking flood of poetry of all styles of all peoples *must* gradually sweep away all the soil in which a quiet, hidden growth would still have been possible; all poets *must* become experimenting imitators and foolhardy copiers, however great their powers may have been at first; the public, finally, which has forgotten how to see in the *harnessing* of the powers of representation, in the mastering of all the expedients of art and their organization, the actual artistic deed, *must* increasingly value artistic power for its own sake, indeed color for its own sake, the idea for its own sake, inspiration for its own sake, will consequently no longer enjoy the elements and terms of the work of art if not in *isolation*, and in the long run make the natural demand that the artist *must* also present them to it in isolation. One has indeed thrown off the "unreasonable" fetters of Franco-Hellenic art, but without noticing it has accustomed oneself to finding all fetters, all limitation unreasonable; and thus art moves towards its dissolution and in doing so ranges—which is extremely instructive, to be sure—through all the phases of its beginnings, its childhood, its imperfection, its former hazardous enterprises and extravagances: in going down to destruction it interprets its birth and becoming. One of the great upon whose instinct one can no doubt rely and whose theory lacked nothing except thirty years *more* practice—Lord Byron once said: "So far as poetry is concerned, the more I reflect on it, the more firmly am I convinced that we are all on the wrong path, every one of us. We all pursue a revolutionary system inwardly false—our own or the next generation will arrive at the same conviction." [Byron to John Murray, Sept. 15 1817: "... With regard to poetry in general, I am convinced, the more I think of it, that he [Moore] and all of us—Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Moore, Campbell, I,—are all in the wrong, one as much as another; that we are upon a wrong revolutionary poetical system, or systems, not worth a damn in itself, and from which none but Rogers and Crabbe are free; and that the present and next generations will finally be of this opinion...."]

It is this same Byron who says: "I regard Shakespeare as the worst of all models, even though the most extraordinary of poets." [Byron to Murray, July 14 1821: "Shakespeare's the worst model, if a great poet."

(Nietzsche read these letters in a German edition of Byron, namely: *Vermischte Schriften, Briefwechsel und Lebensgeschichte*—"Assorted Writings, Letters and Life History"—translated by Ernst Ortlepp.)] And does the mature artistic insight that Goethe achieved in the second half of his life not at bottom say exactly the same thing?—that insight with which he gained such a start of a whole series of generations that one can assert that on the whole Goethe has not yet produced any effect at all and that his time is still to come? It is precisely because his nature held him for a long time on the path of the poetical revolution, precisely because he savored most thoroughly all that had been discovered in the way of new inventions, views and expedients through that breach with tradition and as it were dug out from beneath the ruins of art, that his later transformation and conversion carries so much weight: it signifies that he felt the profoundest desire to regain the traditional ways of art and to bestow upon the ruins and colonnades of the temple that still remained their ancient wholeness and perfection at any rate with the eye of imagination if strength of arm should prove too weak to construct where such tremendous forces were needed even to destroy. Thus he lived in art as in recollection of true art: his writing had become an aid to recollection, to an understanding of ancient, long since vanished artistic epochs. His demands were, to be sure, having regard to the powers possessed by the modern age unfulfillable; the pain he felt at that fact was, however, amply counterbalanced by the joy of knowing that they once *had* been fulfilled and that we too can still participate in this fulfillment. Not individuals, but more or less idealized masks; no actuality, but an allegorical universalization; contemporary characters, local color evaporated almost to invisibility and rendered mythical; present-day sensibility and the problems of present-day society compressed to the simplest forms, divested of their stimulating, enthralling, pathological qualities and rendered *ineffectual* in every sense but the artistic; no novel material or characters, but the ancient and long-familiar continually reanimated and transformed: this is art as Goethe later *understood* it, as the Greeks and, yes, the French *practiced* it.

Comment by RSB:

1. Again, it is Nietzsche's belief that the Shakespeare author must have struggled intensely with the twin but opposing angels of his personality. Nietzsche correctly intuited that the real Shakespeare author must have been reacting to accusations of a crime, or reverberating from the reality of his own misdeeds. While the Stratford Man seems to have largely evaded legal

consequences, and Nietzsche did not consider other candidates who ran afoul of the State (like Raleigh) he latched onto Bacon, who suffered from a bribery case against him that somewhat ruined his reputation. Yet I cannot fathom how Nietzsche avoided looking at the chronology. Nashe speaks of *Hamlet* as early as 1589. Bacon's career did nothing but rise through the the next 30 years. Bacon only suffered disgrace in 1621 when he was accused of graft. How does this embarrassment and conflict work its way retroactively to the years when the plays were actually written? Nietzsche doesn't go there.

In conclusion, Nietzsche was, himself, a kind of Shakespeare idolater, but of a unique stripe. He was perceptive enough to see the incredible depth and philosophical range in Shakespeare, and also astute enough to conclude, along with most other bright lights of the 19th century, that there was something wrong with the standard story of the Shakespeare authorship. I think that Nietzsche was attracted to Bacon, in part because he admired his cold scientific clarity, and in part because he couldn't avoid the thousands of pages arguing Bacon's role as veiled author. Yet, I'm disappointed that Nietzsche did not reason through the problem with the thoroughness that he employed in other problems. On Shakespeare, Nietzsche had the story half right.

Robert Sean Brazil
Ithaca, New York
October 2007



Nietzsche: Publication History

Homer and Classical Philology - 1869

Contribution toward the Study and the Critique of the Sources of Diogenes Laertius - May 1870

Socrates and Greek Tragedy - June 1871

The Birth Of Tragedy - published January 2, 1872

Untimely Meditations:

- David Strauss: the confessor & the writer - published August 8, 1873
- On the Use and Abuse of History for Life - published February 22, 1874
- Schopenhauer as Educator - published October 15, 1874
- Richard Wagner in Bayreuth - published July 10, 1876

Human, All Too Human - published May 7, 1878

The Birth Of Tragedy, Second Edition - published September 4, 1878

Human, All Too Human: A Supplement: Mixed Opinions and Maxims - published March 20, 1879

The Wanderer and His Shadow - published December 18, 1879

The Dawn - published July 1881

Idylls from Messina (in "Internationale Monatschrift," May 1882) - published June 1882

The Gay Science - published September 10, 1882

Thus Spoke Zarathustra I - published August 1883

Thus Spoke Zarathustra II - published late 1883 or early 1884

Thus Spoke Zarathustra III - published April 10, 1884

Thus Spoke Zarathustra IV - distributed May 1885 (first trade ed. published March 1892)

Beyond Good and Evil - published August 4, 1886

The Birth Of Tragedy, Third Edition (New Title: *The Birth of Tragedy Or: Hellenism and Pessimism*) - published October 31, 1886

Human, All Too Human, Second Edition (Volume I): New Preface - published October 31, 1886

Human, All Too Human, Second Edition (Volume II): New Preface, Mixed Opinions and Maxims and The Wanderer and His Shadow - published October 31, 1886

Thus Spoke Zarathustra I, II, III (New Title Page) - published late 1886

Untimely Meditations (New Title Pages):

David Strauss: the confessor & the writer - published 1886

On the Use and Abuse of History for Life - published 1886

Schopenhauer as Educator - published 1886

Richard Wagner in Bayreuth - published July 1886

The Dawn, Second Edition: New Preface - published June 24, 1887

The Gay Science, Second Edition: New Title Page, Preface, Book V, and Songs of Prince Vogelfrei - published June 24, 1887

Hymn to Life, for Mixed Chorus and Orchestra - published October 20, 1887

On the Genealogy of Morals - published November 16, 1887

The Case of Wagner - published September 22, 1888

Twilight of the Idols - published January 24, 1889

Nietzsche contra Wagner - published February 1889

Dionysus Dithyrambs - published March 1892

The Antichrist - published November 1894

Poems and Maxims - published April 1898

The Will to Power [Selected and published by Elisabeth Förster-Nietzsche]

First Version in December 1901

Second Version in December 1906

Third Version in September 1911

Ecce Homo - published April 1908

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Is it not strange that the only books by Nietzsche that contained his statements that Shakespeare was, perhaps, really Francis Bacon, were the only two books NOT published in his lifetime.

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