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# The Tale of Tomorrow

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Claremont Mckenna College

*The Tale of Tomorrow*

Submitted to  
Professor James Kreines

By  
Ariel Zewdie Rubin

For  
Senior Thesis  
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“But Precisely because we seek knowledge, let us not be ungrateful to such resolute reversals of accustomed perspectives and valuations with which the spirit has, with apparent mischievousness and futility, raged against itself for so long: to see differently in this way for once, to want to see differently, is no small discipline and preparation of the intellect for its future “objectivity”—the latter understood not as “contemplation without interest” (which is a nonsensical absurdity), but as the ability to control one’s Pro and Con and to dispose of them, so that one knows how to employ a variety of perspectives and affective interpretations in the service of knowledge” (GOM 3.12)

## *Table of Contents*

Day One: Let there be.....	5
Day Two: To the Victor Goes the Spoils.....	8
Day Three: The Beauty is the Beast.....	15
Day Four: A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing.....	23
Day Five: From Sophomore to Junior.....	30
Day Six: A Teacher's Pride.....	40
Day Seven: A Young Artist's First Masterpiece.....	45
Bibliography.....	52

*Day One: Let there be*

Our story takes place in the town square of the Magical City of Ubar, the world's first democratic society. The grand city of Ubar is a utopia where all are free to do as they please. Every citizen has a smile on his face, for no one has anything to be sad about. Everyone is able to feed and clothe themselves. Most credit the prosperity of Ubar to The Respected Mayor of Ubar and the Sheriff. They insure all that their perfect lives will be maintained and void of danger. But there lives one amongst this happy bunch, one who cares not for the city's immense wealth and safety. He is an orphan who was left to face life alone without the support of a family or his neighbors. He lives on the streets hidden from the sight of the other Ubarians. He only emerges from the shadows to cause mischief. Since he is an orphan no one knows his Christian name, but no one bothered to give him one either. Without a name, he called himself the Boy of Tomorrow. In order to delegitimize the boy, the Mayor declared him a ward of the State, the first, and only, Son of Democracy. [This tale is set in the town square of Ubar. As always, the town square is filled with many of Ubar's citizens. There is much to do in the townsquare: shopping, entertainment, and great people watching. We will begin this tale my following two proud Ubarians, a mother and her young son]

**Child:** Mother, may I ask you a question?

**Mother:** Of course my precious son, what is on your mind?

**Child:** Who is the Boy of Tomorrow?

**Mother:** Shhh, you are not supposed to call him that name, he is the Son of Democracy. He is a very bad boy who only causes mischief.

**Child:** Why does he misbehave, don't his parents punish him for being bad?

**Mother:** My baby boy, I am jealous of your innocence. The Son of Democracy is an orphan.

**Child:** What does that mean?

**Mother:** An orphan is a person who does not have any parents. He does not have anyone to tuck him in or teach him right from wrong. You should be lucky to have parents as loving as us, or you would turn out like him!

**Child:** I do not want to be a bad boy mommy! (Starts crying)

**Mother:** Oh my beautiful boy, do not worry. You are not a bad boy like him, rather, you are a very good boy. Just keep listening to Mommy and Daddy.

**Child:** Okay mommy, I can do that. I love you Mommy!

**Mother:** I love you too, and so does your Father.

(The Child wipes the remaining tears out of his eyes, and points towards the Church's bell tower)

**Child:** Mommy.

**Mother:** Yes my son.

**Child:** Who is that boy in the Bell Tower?

**Mother:** What the-- Sheriff! Someone get the Sheriff! The Son of Democracy is up to his old tricks!

### **The Boy of Tomorrow:**

Come one, come all and listen to my tale – *The Tale of the White Lion!* The pride of lions is ruled by those with the most power. While the lions enjoy the benefits of power– *Eating, Sleeping, Fucking*– the lionesses spends their days satisfying his appetites. The male cubs play with one another, already sizing up one another for the eventual fight over the leadership and mating rights of the pride. Yet there is one lion who differs from his peers. This lion is no longer a cub, but not yet a mature lion. He is an adolescent, you see, currently undergoing changes his mind and body. Unlike most of the other young lions though, this young lion bears no semblance of a mane. His peers pay him no attention, for they do not view him as a threat to their desire for power. Unfortunately for this lion, this is not his only defect– *Oh woe is he, the lion lacking his lionhood!* You see, Nature has forsaken this poor lion and forced him to the outskirts of his pride– *Is he then shame?* You see, a lion's beauty is a sign of his power, but he does not only lack beauty in his mane– *Just wait till you hear of his coat!* The leaders of the pride sport a rich fur coat resembling fields of golden wheat and the warmth of the indian summer, yet our cursed lion lacks this as well! Featuring a coat as white as the winter's first snow–*And just as Pure*– our lion really is a poor case– *But he continues to stride forward!* Despite his glaring deformities, he embraces his unique appearance, for he recognizes his own beauty. Once thought to be an ugly defect, this proud beast walks alone– *Through his jungle!*

I, The Boy of Tomorrow, am this Lion! I have come up to the Church's Bell tower to get a good look at you all– *How small you all look from up here!* But I can only afford one

story a day, for they tire me so. Tomorrow come here at the same time and I will tell you of Man's great aim and how all your progress is leading you all to your destruction. Good night to you all, and have the sweetest of Dreams!

[Everyone returns to their homes to their warm beds and families]

### *Day Two: To the Victor Goes the Spoils*

#### **The Boy of Tomorrow:**

Hello everyone, the Boy of Tomorrow is prepared to address you. My mind and body are fully rested and ready to tell my tale of Man. Man was once beautiful, strong, and powerful. He roamed the Earth with a certain viscousness about him. Sweat dripped from his brow and the taste of blood on his tongue—*He was the apex predator!* Just as the mighty lion rules over the inhabitants of his kingdom, so does man. In man's kingdom, he rules with an iron fist: imposing his will amongst those in his kingdom. He would fight tooth and nail for his truths and the destruction of others'. King Henry VIII embraced this most natural race of man— *The Beast*. His subjects carried his value and his knights were willing to die for his cause. He even curated God's word and made the truth into his truth!. He created man's first church, and they preached his doctrine— *His Truth*.

What others would call ignorance, this man would call independence. What other would call selfishness, this man would call freedom. This blonde beast was only concerned about his world, for nothing else existed to him.

This ultimate predator was not first seen in our holy English King though, for man has acted this way since our conception. The glorious blonde beast sought to assert his

value on all other beings, for, in the earlier times, life was a constant struggle of domination. Man versus man, beast versus beast: the constant thrill of ultimate destruction or eternal becoming<sup>1</sup>. But why would man engage in such ferocious combat? Why does man seek to dominate his fellow man and assert his truths, his values, upon another? Domination, you see, is inherent to man, for it is his nature. While some claim that reason ought to motivate man, or that the passions, his desires, ought to motivate man, there is only one motivator of man! Such a basic quality of man is one of great power and of great danger.

**A Commoner:**

Tell us already you coy bastard! We tire of your grandiose ramblings and mocking tone. Let us hear your supposed basic truth, so we can begin forgetting about it!

**The Boy of Tomorrow:**

Ah, but can't you see, you show your nature even now. The way you are willing to defend your values and your views, the things you hold closest to your heart– *But do you ever wonder why it continues to beat?* Your ignorance is amusing, but I shall answer your request. This quality which I, which we all, cherish so closely has gone by many names. Some describe it as domination, others as just living, but I profess to you, my curious friend, its christian name– *Will to Power!* Will to power is man's nature, his essence. It captures man's urge to dominate, man's ability to put down his life for his most treasured values.

**A Commoner:**

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<sup>1</sup> "All events in the organic world are a subduing, becoming Master, and all subduing and becoming Master involves a fresh interpretation, an adaptation through which any previous 'meaning' and 'purpose' are necessarily obscured or even obliterated"(GOM 2.12)

What do you know of me and my motivations? How dare you claim that we kind people would care for anything so aggressive and beastly? Even if you're supposed will to power exists, I want no part in it. We are a humble people who seek to harm no one and just live our lives. Now stop your babbling and return home, you have disrupted the peace of this village and we will not tolerate it any longer! Thankfully the Sheriff has arrived, he will discipline you, Son of Democracy!

**The Sheriff:**

Don't worry everyone, I have come to bring an end to this commotion. Boy, you have had your fun, but it is time to come down. You are in a lot of trouble and the longer you stay up there, the worse your punishment will be.

**The Boy of Tomorrow:**

I cannot believe my ears! I am providing you ungrateful bastards with the truth of man's origin and you dare tell me to quiet down! Will to power is not something you can simply live without life without will to power is no life at all—*For Will to Power is to be Alive!* Will to power causes man to act, therefore if man does not embrace his will to power, then he cannot act at all. A man who cannot act is no man at all, for man is a being of action! Now let me explain the moment man became interesting, the Great War of Domination! These early men embraced their will to power, yet this led to the bloodiest war the Earth had ever seen! Will to power led man to see all other men as his rivals. These other men were just threats to his very being! Only he could see his value upheld, and all other values had to be destroyed. This left man with only one choice...all out war! Fueled by his will to power, man was willing to die for the very values which define his existence. Man to man combat

where each combatant seeks to dominate the other, to force the other to subdue. This great war left many bodies in its wake, yet those who died were spared the humiliation of defeat.

As the war waged on, the Great War of Domination, which posed a threat to each being's ability to dominate, evolved into a Great War of Independence. Will to power became more than the instrument of man's domination, it became a tool of independence. Man realized that through this battle royale, the victor would be able to enforce his values, and his alone. The victor would be able to fulfill all of his desires and hold all his values. With a new sense of motivation, man willed himself to fight on. The ensuing battles ravaged humanity due to the blood thirsty nature of these early humans. They were willing to destroy their "fellow" man to satisfy their hawkish desire to become the most dominant. Most of these beings were willing to die for the sake of their will to power. These men, they seemed to resemble beasts rather than men, demonstrated an admiration for will to power which the world has not since seen. Even after the countless deaths, the war raged on, until a history-defining decision occurred. Two beings engaged in a battle over will to power. As the battle was coming to an end and one of the beings realized that he was going to be killed, this being rationalized that its will to live superseded his will to power—*Is this not ironic?*<sup>2</sup>

"Will to live" is the first lie man ever told himself, for his will to live is not will to power? Man succumbed to weakness and reduced to himself to something low and repulsive. This new being surrendered his will to power, and his being, to his opponent. Ceding its will to power renders this loser of the battle of will to power to the status of a slave. Now it has to

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<sup>2</sup> "It will have to be an incarnate will to power, it will strive to grow, spread, seize, become predominant—not from any morality or immorality but because it is living and because life simply is will to power". (BGE 393)

accept the values of its new Master and direct its will to power upon its desires. Directing its will to power inward lead to the suppression of his values and his desires. This process is called internalization and leads to the creation of the human soul.

The soul serves as the container of all of man's desires. The creation of the soul led to the creation of another component of the slave...Bad Conscience. The slave's Bad Conscience causes the to feel extreme pain and confusion, for they are unable to exert their will to power. Directing one's own will to power upon their own soul leads the slave to rationalize and rank their desires. Instead of being able to assert their value on another, the slave is forced to dominate itself, its own desires. The slave is unable to perform the task of ranking, for they are forced to undertake the task of acting upon all their desires, even those which are directly contradictory. The task of acting on conflicting desires is impossible, for how does one perform two actions, driven by two separated desires, that are conflicting in nature? The pain of Bad Conscience is not present in all men though, the ideal man, the independent man, the Beautiful man does not feel this pain. The being I am describing is none other than the victor of the battle of will to power... the Master.

The slave ceding its will to power causes the victor of the battle to becomes a Master, for now he is able to freely exact his will to power on his opponent. This new Master is now granted with independence, for now he is able to exert his will to power on another. The Master is, for they are able to create their own moral system which is observed by their dominion. These early Masters were called the beasts of prey, for these Masters are able to act on their desires without thought or hesitation. They can bring their desires into fruition immediately, just like an animal. Just like the bird of prey, the hawk,

the beast of prey seeks to dominate the weaker humans. These weaker humans—*do they even deserve the title of Human*— are the slaves. The Great War of Independence might have tarnished the Earth with the revolting slave, yet it also produced beauty in the form of the Masters. These glorious beasts of prey are responsible for the evolution of man, for their art alone, Master morality, led to the advancement of moral society.<sup>3</sup>

As more Masters came into existence, Master morality was conceived. The Masters created Master morality by deeming all things they believed as good to be good and deeming all things they did not like as wrong. The Master dictates what is good and bad by determining whether that thing causes him pain or pleasure. As Masters, and independent beings, they are able to create moral value as they see fit. Master morality serves as the perfect execution of will to power, for the most important value found in Master morality is independence. Will to power serves as the only path to independence, and these glorious Masters utilize their will to power with an unparalleled grace. Not only does the Master decide what is right and wrong, but the Master forces his will upon his slaves. The Master looks down upon the lesser slave and actively seek out to push the slave further and further down. A pathos of distance develops out of the Master's action and this constant widening of the gap between Master and slave leads to the development of a morality original to the slave—*One so revolting, I will need to wash my mouth out with soap once I*

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<sup>3</sup> “Every enhancement of the type ‘man’ has so far been the work of an aristocratic society—and it will be so again and again— a society that believes in the long ladder of an order of rank and differences in value between man and man, and that needs slavery in some sense or other. Without that *pathos of distance* which grows out of the ingrained difference between strata—when the ruling caste constantly looks far and looks down upon subjects and instruments and just as constantly practices obedience and command, keeping down and keeping at a distance— that other more mysterious pathos could not have grown up either” (BGE 391)

*finish speaking of it!* Just as the Great War of Independence created the Masters and Master morality, the Great War of Independence also created the slaves and slave morality<sup>4</sup>.

slave morality serves as the opposite of Master morality, for it is not driven by will to power, but fueled by something much more sinister and repulsive...ressentiment. The slaves hate festered and rotted until they formed their resentment. Resentment is hate embodied another result of the internalization of their will to power. Resentment acts as a substitute for will to power, yet it is much weaker and sinister. The resentment does not come into creation independently, like will to power, it comes into creation via external forces. Just like how slave morality is a product of the Master dominion over the slave, the resentment only to come into action in reaction to Masters. The greatest principle found in slave morality would be freedom. Freedom is the slave version of the Master's independence, but, unlike the Masters, the slaves seek freedom through means other than will to power.

My love of the master must be apparent, just thinking of his beauty makes me blush. I know you are all clamoring for more, but I must retire to my chambers. Good night to you all, and have the sweetest of Dreams!

[Everyone returns to their homes to their warm beds and families]

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<sup>4</sup> "Now it is plain to me, first of all, that in this theory the source of the concept 'good' has been sought and established in the wrong place: the judgment 'good' did not originate with those to whom 'goodness' was shown! Rather it was 'the good' themselves, that is to say, the noble, powerful, high-stationed and high-minded, who felt and established themselves and their actions as good, that is, of the first rank, in contradistinction to all the low, low-minded, common and plebeian"(GOM 461-462)

*Day Three: The Beauty is the Beast*

**The Sheriff:**

Wake up, Bastard of Democracy! Do you think we are stupid, do you take us as fools? We have known of these masters and slaves, for that world was the world of our ancestors. Our poor ancestors suffered through the harsh rule of their masters. They lived by the tyrant's law, forced to act in accordance with his every whim. Their nature, their livelihood, captured by their cruel masters. Our great grandfathers and great grandmothers witnessed the plight of our ancestors, and reasoned that they have had enough of their master's domination. What they lacked in individual power, they made up with their overwhelming numbers. They marched to the Nobles' mansions and set them aflame. These freedom fighters defeated their masters and forced them to leave the city. They reclaimed the city for the people, the very city we are all in now. Their words of universal independence were welcome upon the weary ears of the common man. Never has the World witnessed such a turn of events. This new society needed a name, and our ancestors rose to call once again...Democracy: A Government for the people! Today, there

are democracies, just like ours, all over the world! Now come down from there, Son of Democracy, joins your fellow townspeople...the People of the Great City of Ubar!

**The Honorable Mayor of Ubar:**

Sheriff, that is enough, I have come to take care of this situation personally.

**The Sheriff:**

Hello Sir, I am sorry that I failed in maintaining the peace, but the boy won't come down on his own accord.

**The Honorable Mayor of Ubar:**

Do not waste your apologies on me Sheriff, for you have tried your very best. People of Ubar there is nothing to fear for your beloved Mayor is here! Boy, why don't you come down from there, it is very dangerous and we do not wish for you to get hurt.

**The Boy of Tomorrow:**

Good Morning to you all, truly a pleasure to see you here today. Mayor I am so happy that you will be joining us today, everything will be perfect once again. My most humble apologies Mayor, I did not mean for this to happen– *I'm so sorry that you missed my introduction!* I must reintroduce myself then– *I am the Boy of Tomorrow, I have risen above the mediocrity of you Ubarians and have ascended to a new height!* You see I know longer the Son of Democracy, for I am, officially, renouncing Democracy and its claim over me– *For Democracy is the last claim to the slave's freedom.* Your ancestors, the liberator of the slave, imagined Democracy as a society free of slaves and mastery. Those who were once slaves would now become independent beings able to live by their will to power. Free society would be safely protected by giant walls– *But protecting them from what?* The terrible

barbarians of course! Those old masters who once roamed the world, they desire power and will destroy all in their path. They believed that the cover of Democracy would be able to shield them from the harmful rays of the noble sun. The free city would be a place of wealth and prosperity Where common man would be able to enjoy the life of his previous masters. I find it so funny that you “free” people would desire to enjoy the same pleasures as your ancestors’ masters. Why would the descendants of the slave aim for the same end as the master? The democratic people are truly an odd bunch, yet one of great interest!

But even though your ancestors were able to defeat their masters, there still exists an enemy of your freedom– *The Terrible Barbarian Horde!* These Terrible Barbarians roam the world as if they roam these lands as if they are their own. They take as the please and give nothing in return. These powerful Blonde Beasts only care about one thing...Themselves!

**The Sheriff:**

Child, let me assure you, we are aware of these Barbarian. These Barbarians are terrible indeed and it pleases me that even you, such a delusional child, is able to see that. For you see, these Barbarians represent all that is wrong in our world. They seek to destroy all the progress we have achieved, just so they can become more powerful. They desire to sack our city and take all of our wealth. Their love of domination is horrifying, and, as a modern people, we seek to bring an end to the Barbarian.<sup>5</sup> But you do not have to worry

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<sup>5</sup> “...The *meaning of all culture* is the reduction of the beast of prey ‘man’ to a tame and civilized animal, a *domestic animal*, then one would undoubtedly have to regard all those instincts of reaction and *ressentiment* through whose aid the noble races and their ideals were finally confounded and overthrown as the actual *instruments of culture*; which is not to say that the bearers of these instincts themselves represent culture. Rather is the reverse not merely probably–no! Today it is *palpable!* These bearers of the oppressive instincts that thirst for reprisal, the descendants of every kind of European and Non–European slavery, and the especially of the entire pre–Aryan populace–they represent the *regression* of mankind!”

about these Barbarians, Son of Democracy, for we have built walls so high and thick that only the warmth and glow of the Sun can enter this city. Now come down from there before you hurt yourself, Let us help you! We understand your pain and we want to help rid you of your pain. We know you feel alone, but let me assure you that we are all children of Ubar!

**The Boy of Tomorrow:**

Come down, for what purpose? So we can all sit at the dinner table, holding hands and singing kumbaya? Ha, I would rather die a most painful and degrading life, than join such a helpless bunch of clowns. For you see Ubar is nothing more than a circus, removed of the powerful beasts. The one difference between you and I is that you wear a great mask of smiles and tears while I live without mask. Have you never wondered why young children hold such a great fear towards clowns? You see, clowns spend so much time constructing their lovely facial artwork, using only the finest of paints and brushes, that they ignore what is under their masks. I, on the other hand, am welcomed by children– *For I wear my very Passion on my sleeve!* Not only is the great city of Ubar a circus, but it is nothing more than a rubbish dump– *Aren't circuses just as dirty and reprehensible as a rubbish dump though?* If you really love this city you would show it the decency of calling it by its proper name– *Corinth, the First City of Akrasia and Great Pity!*

You see, the very Barbarians you cast as evil are the same the masters your ancestors once fought. They strive for the same end– *The Freedom to do as one pleases!* But my question to you, the most wise and respected amongst the democratic people, why are these barbarians truly “terrible”?<sup>6</sup> Who is to say that these barbarians are truly terrible and

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(GOM 478–479)

<sup>6</sup> “Human beings whose nature was still natural, barbarians in every terrible sense of the word, men of prey who were still in possession of unbroken strength of will and lust for power, hurled themselves upon weaker

menacing monsters– *Because they simply act in a way that you do not agree with your morality?* Just as your ancestors’ were deemed evil and detestable by their masters, it seems as if you are willing to pass the same judgment upon these beasts. Perhaps you should learn to admire the terribleness of the barbarians, for they are able to do what you can never– *Living in accordance with man’s nature, his Will to Power!* Why don’t you take a look in a mirror and truly examine yourself. If you are so brave, then you will realize that the moral men of democracy are actually the disgusting and terrible creatures. The “moral” men view the Barbarian’s use will to power as immoral. You high and mighty democratic men shun the barbarian for his desire to rape, pillage, and his ravaging of your weaker societies, yet you take no actual action against your moral enemies. Democracy breeds such a strong sense of hate towards these Barbarians, yet you do not even possess the ability to assert your will to power on them. Your supposed desire to fight against the barbarians is not out of aggression or your will to power, but, instead, driven by the weakest, and most uninspiring will of all the slave’s Will to Live– *The first joke the slave ever told!*

I’m sorry to spoil your game of pretend, but you have managed to trick yourselves into believing that democracy will lead to your independence! Your ancestors believed that democracy would free them from their servitude, yet they were not able to realize that democracy was their greatest joke. You clowns continue to embrace this joke as your greatest achievement, but you have overlooked Democracy’s punchline– *Democracy is the end of man!* Look at one another and what do you see? I will tell you what I see, a poverty

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more civilized, more peaceful races, perhaps traders or cattle raisers, or upon mellow old cultures whose last vitality was even then flaring up in splendid fireworks of spirit and corruption. In the beginning, the noble caste was always the barbarian caste: their predominance did not lie mainly in physical strength but in strength of the soul—they were more *whole* human beings (Which also means, at every level, ‘more whole beasts’) ”(BGE 391–392).

stricken people who eats garbage while thinking it is food. For you continuously occupy your mind with these delusions of grandeur, obsessing over your riches and comfort, you are missing what you desire most– *Independence*. Just as your slave ancestors, you are suffering from bad conscience, yet it is of an even greater magnitude. What makes the bad conscience of the democratic man worse than that of the slave is the false conclusion that democracy will lead to independence. Instead of freeing the slaves from bad conscience, democracy created the perfect breeding ground for that most painful condition. Instead of suffering from the internalization of your own desires, you must also concern yourself with desires of all of your fellow townspeople. For with every slave there exists an internal struggle between each one of his desires, but the democratic man must make sure that his desires do not interfere with the desires of his fellow man.

While this might sound obvious and agreeable, let me assure you, my naive students, the problems facing your beloved democracy are just as obvious. As we will all agree, the promise of Democracy is that all who reside within the Democracy will be able to be free. We can also agree that independence is defined by one's ability to harness his will to power and act on all of his desires, without fail. Since you independent beings are living in a society consisting of other independent beings, there will be situations when you will possess values and desires which come into conflict with those of your neighbor. This conflict of value leads man to push his will to power down to the greatest depths of his soul. But where did these conflicting values come from– *I think after listening to me for so long, you can guess my answer!* As the slaves of the world started to hear the rumors of slave uprising and of Democracy's promise of freedom, slaves begun to follow in the footsteps of

Ubar. They revolted against their masters and liberated themselves. After their war with their masters, the slaves of the world made a pilgrimage to Ubar. They sought to learn the secrets of Democracy and confirm that Democracy actually exists. Once they arrived at Ubar, they were amazed at the wealth and comfort which the people of Ubar enjoyed— *Leading some of the poor souls to stay and others to spread the word of Democracy.* Overtime, people of different races, different moralities, mixed and produced the men I see today— *A confused lot who mistakes destruction with bliss.* The mixing of the races is not the only mixture of the soul you suffer from though, Oh no, your suffering is one of unprecedented magnitude. Not only that, but you still possess the lingering effect of your ancestors enslavement— *For your soul is not just a mix of the slave races, but also the master races!*

The souls of those living in a democracy are poisoned by the mixing of master and slave moralities. Don't you remember the cause of your ancestors' suffering? The masters forced your ancestors to hold the values of the masters. Even when the slaves freed themselves from the domination of their masters, they still suffered from internalization. They now had to balance the values forced upon them by their masters and their own personal values. So you see, your democratic souls are not derived from your slave ancestors, but an unholy combination of the opposing moralities of the master races and slave races.

Even still, you democratic people believe you have found a solution to the internal conflict which is in each of you— *You akratics chose compromise as your solution.* To insure the security of democratic society, the founders of democracy willingly directed their will to power upon themselves to control which desires they express. This way there would not

be any sense of disagreement amongst the citizens, for they prioritized the peace of democracy over their own desires– *But is this not ironic?* Our forefathers sought to liberate themselves through democracy, yet Democracy sentences themselves to an even more painful form slavery– *Can these democratic slaves be so simple-minded?*<sup>7</sup> You democratic men are so weary of conflict forming in Ubar that you are willing to suppress your desires. Your fear for conflict has driven you farther and farther from independence. How can you call yourself independent if your actions are limited by the morality of others? You have sacrificed your will to power, your sole path to independence, for the sake of your city. You state you do this for your will to live, but how can a life void of will to power be worth living? Whereas you sorry fools willingly internalize your will to power, the “terrible” Barbarians are able to live their lives independent of any constraints– *For these glorious Blonde Beasts live only for their Will to Power!* These independent beings embrace their will to power, and act with aggression. They take, for they have no one to ask. He acts instantly and without remorse. He is ferocious in his execution and apathetic towards those who disagree with him. While these Barbarians continue to embrace the nature and beauty of man, you people of democracy serve to only hinder man. I know you are all clamoring for more, but I must retire to my chambers. Good night and have the sweetest of Dreams!

**The Honorable Mayor of Ubar:**

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<sup>7</sup> “One may be quite justified in continuing to fear the blond beast at the core of all noble races and in the being on one’s guard against it: but who would not a hundred times sooner fear where one can also admire than *not* fear but be permanently condemned to the repellent sight of the ill-constituted, dwarfed, atrophied, and poisoned”.  
(GOM 479)

Your distaste for Democracy and love for the beast is just a sign of your internal pain. I am sorry you are hurting, but we cannot tolerate this kind of behavior any longer. Goodnight Son of Democracy, this will all be over tomorrow.

[There is word that a Storm will hit tomorrow night. Everyone returns to their homes to their warm beds and families]

### *Day Four: A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing*

#### **The Boy of Tomorrow:**

Good Morning my students, are you ready for you next lesson? Nice to see you out here Mr. Mayor, I am happy to see that you are admitting that democracy is a sham– *Would you like a sticker?*

#### **The Honorable Mayor of Ubar:**

I have had enough! I, The Honorable Mayor of Ubar, will not tolerate this kind of behavior any longer. We don't appreciate your condescending tone and your bigoted ideas. You evaluate our democracy with so many different lenses, yet are you so sophomoric that you will not do the same for your own ideas. In your pursuit of Knowledge, the knowledge of independence, you have only managed to evaluate this problem through one lense. Do you wish to disrespect your study by carrying on in such a fashion? If you truly want to reach the answer to your question, then you must take the time to question your own

preconceived notions and views. Only then will you be able to honestly answer the question which occupies your mind.<sup>8</sup>

**The Sheriff:**

Mayor, you do not have to waste your time entertaining this miscreant. We should be asking him where he managed to develop such horrible ideas? I understand that he has lived a life absent of familial love, but that gives him no excuse to act in the fashion in which he has been carrying himself. Boy, can't you see that you have caused a great disturbance in our community? You are scaring the children and disrupting the peace. Have you forgotten that you are a child of this city, so you too possess the democratic soul which you despise so much. Do you hate yourself as much as you hate us and our glorious city? You don't have to worry about answering that question right now because you will have time to think about this once you are in custody. Officers, go get him!

**The Boy of Tomorrow:**

Oh Mister Mayor, you might as well call your henchmen off, for there is no way to get me down from here unless you kill me! See I predicted your attempt to silence me, so I have destroyed the ladder which leads to the top of bell tower. Unfortunately, you are right– *I do possess the soul of you democratic people.* Yet unlike you, I seek out true

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<sup>8</sup> “But Precisely because we seek knowledge, let us not be ungrateful to such resolute reversals of accustomed perspectives and valuations with which the spirit has, with apparent mischievousness and futility, raged against itself for so long: to see differently in this way for once, to *want* to see differently, is no small discipline and preparation of the intellect for its future “objectivity”—the latter understood not as “contemplation without interest” (which is a nonsensical absurdity), but as the ability *to control one’s* Pro and Con and to dispose of them, so that one knows how to employ a *variety* of perspectives and affective interpretations in the service of knowledge” (GOM 3.12)

independence, not the lies you tell each other, but that of the Blonde Beast! I learned of this genealogy from a great man– *The only man to every show me the respect I deserve!* His name was Friedrich Nietzsche, a man you probably will not remember. He was a poet, yet he lived his life as a beggar. Just like me, he treated this city as his home– *For no one would let him in their homes or offer him any help!* He called Ubar’s roads his bed and Ubar’s garbage his food. He was a poet who was fascinated by man– *He called Man the most interesting creature to grace the Earth.* He has been all over the world and spent hours telling me exciting tales of his adventures. Before meeting him, I desired nothing more than to be a part of this society, for I envied the love shared between you all. But he helped me realize what you really are and where you are heading– *He taught me about the power of Will to Power!* Even though I know that this will be a fruitless endeavour, I will entertain your suggestion and apply my philosophical prowess to my admiration of the Barbarians– *I cannot wait to prove you wrong, in front of all your beloved townspeople!*

Nietzsche’s greatest loves are independence and beauty, but what is beauty? Nietzsche would say that the most beautiful thing in this world is independence, and that which can help you achieve independence is the greatest art of them all. Can’t you see that I have already won? If independence is the most beautiful thing in the universe, then our beast of prey is beautiful. Oh glory is he, the beast of prey, the sole independent being to ever grace the Earth. He wields his will to power as if it were his sword. He serves his desires wholeheartedly and wear them as his crest. He cuts down those who get in his way and defends himself to keep his kingdom sovereign– *Oh God!* How could I have been so foolish! I cannot believe it took the words of you wretched bunch to make me realize my

grave error. My beautiful beast of prey is not a knight worthy of Excalibur, but, rather, nothing more than the delusional Don Quixote parading around in his rusted armor.

The weakness of the master is derived in the very way in which he attained his independence. As I have previously accounted, the battle for independence occurred at the beginning man's moral destiny. Beings battled over the right to be independent and their battles resulted in separation of men into two separate classes: the master and the slave. The master is the independent being who only attains independence when the slave offers his servitude. Does this not seem odd— *Shouldn't an independent being achieve independence through himself rather than seeking it in others?*

The Master seeks mastery in every aspect of his life, especially in his most intimate relationships. The master does not just value those who serve him as slaves, but he also sees his woman in the same light. Man's mastery over woman can be viewed in multiple ways. Man might just view his wife as nothing more than an object, one which is able to satisfy his most physical desires. This wife gives into her husband's desires, but she does not sacrifice her values, for him. A man might notice this and want his wife to view her servitude as a sacrifice of her own desires. Now the woman grants her husband's values, those of master morality, as the very values that she now accepts as dominant. It seems as if the noble man has everything he could ever want, he has a way to satisfy some of physical desires and a slave who only serves him and his values. Even yet, man is not satisfied with the state of this most holy union! His greatest desire of his wife is for her to honestly love him, for his greatest high and his lowest lows. He is seeking out someone who honestly

admires him and his value<sup>9</sup>. Unfortunately this is impossible, for man forced woman to be his wife and accept his values. The problems of independence between man and woman carries over to all relationships between masters and slaves. The Masters are dependant on the servitude of the slaves to be able to call themselves independent. The Master is not only dependant on the servitude of his slaves, yet this is not his only fault– *He is also dependant on his very desires!*

We have prided the beast of prey for his ability to blindly follow his desires and see them into fruition without the least amount of difficulty. The independence that comes with master morality requires that one's desires are acted upon in the easiest and quickest fashion. Master morality respects the relentless action of these beasts, and states being active is necessary of independence. We can see this in the favored political systems of the masters: aristocracy and monarchy. Both of these societies feature the master at the top and the slave at the bottom. The nobles of these societies have institutionalized the pathos of distance and subject all that live in their societies to master morality. The masters have no desire to change the hierarchy in their societies, for why would they want to sacrifice

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<sup>9</sup> “Regarding a woman, for example, those men who are more modest consider the mere use of the body and sexual gratification a sufficient and satisfying sign of ‘having’ of possession. Another type, with a more suspicious and demanding thirst for possession, see the ‘question mark’ the illusory quality of such ‘having’ and wants subtler test, above all in order to know whether the woman does not only give herself to him but also gives up for his sake what she has or would like to have: only then does she seem to him ‘possessed.’ A third type, however, does not reach the end of his mistrust and desire and having even so: he ask himself whether the woman, when she gives up everything for him, does not possibly do this for a phantom of him. He wants to be known deep down, abysmally deep down, before he is capable of being loved at all; he dares to let himself be fathomed. He feels that his beloved is fully in his possession only when she no longer deceives herself about him, when she loves him just as much for his devilry and hidden insatiability as for his graciousness, patience, and spirituality”(BGE 194)

their independence. Master morality also requires a respect for history as to insure the continuous existence, and universal domination, of master morality. The master aims to spread master morality over the world and views himself as the Ultimate Good. After conquering another civilization, the master is able to rest easy and now that he has just blessed his new slaves with his independence. He is giving them a set of values which these poor slaves could not even conceive of.<sup>10</sup> But are they actually contributing to the “good” in the fashion which they believe? The masters are only concerned with one kind of good, the values that they decide to be “good”. Masters aim to live a life honest to master morality and have no desire to branch away from master morality. Their admiration for master morality and tradition is due to the simple nature of those who preach master morality.

Unfortunately the beasts of prey are so simple that they can’t even realize that in their pursuit of independence, they have become slave to the very things they aspire to satisfy...their desires! The Beast of Prey’s desires should cause him the greatest pain, for his very own desires, the most valuable objects in his boring life, are not unique to him in anyway. He subscribes to master morality– *A master morality that is shared amongst those like him*. The beasts of prey, the nobles, the masters, whatever name you wish to call these

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<sup>10</sup> “There they savor a freedom from all social constraints, they compensate themselves in the wilderness for the tension engendered by protracted confinement and enclosure within the peace of society, they go *back* to the innocent conscience of the beast of prey, as triumphant monsters who perhaps emerge from a disgusting procession of murder, arson, rape, and torture, exhilarated and undisturbed of soul, as if it were no more than a students’ prank convinced they have provided the poets with a lot more material for song and praise. One cannot fail to see at the bottom of all these noble races the beast of prey, the splendid blonde beast prowling about avidly in search of spoil and victory; this hidden core needs to erupt from time to time, the animal has to get out again and go to the wilderness: The Roman, Arabian, Germanic, Japanese nobility, the Homeric heroes, the Scandinavian Vikings—they all shared this need”(GOM 1.11)

false idols, are not the ideal independent men I imagined them as. I know understand the ideal which spoke of– *The answer lies in will to power!* A truly independent being creates his own morality, independent of others and their ideas. He will erase the forms of old and seek to set his own right and wrong.<sup>11</sup> But who is this man? Can a man like this really exist? What does he look like? The will to power of our poor and delusional beast of prey serves as the instrument of his desires instead of his own instrument for independence. Will to power is man’s only weapon capable of slicing through the obstacles blocking his path to independence. But where does this leave the beast of prey– *For the first time I find myself without an answer!* For even though the beast of prey is a slave to his desires, it is still able to perform all of his desires. As long as his desires are acted upon, the beast of prey is still an independent being even though he is so simple. But can I call the beast of prey independent after all that I have discovered? It seems as if the beast of prey is independent in the sense that he can accomplish all of his desires, but I cannot pull myself to say that the beast of prey is beautiful– *My once beautiful beast of prey has now been reduced to a sheep in wolf’s clothing!* I must sleep on this because I need to wake up from this nightmare.

[Everyone returns to their homes as night approaches. The Storm begins to brew.]

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<sup>11</sup> “Need I still say expressly after all this this that they, too, will be free, very free spirits, these philosopher of the future–though just as certainly they will not be merely free spirits but something more, higher, greater, and thoroughly different that does not want to be misunderstood and mistaken for something else. But saying this I feel an *obligation*–almost as much to them as to ourselves who are their heralds and precursors, we free *spirits*–to weep away a stupid old prejudice and misunderstanding about the lot of us: all too long it has clouded the concept ‘free spirit’ like a fog”(BGE 44).

*Day Five: From Sophomore to Junior*

**The Boy of Tomorrow:**

I am sorry for my tardiness, I was tossing and turning all night. Although, amongst my nightmares, a great courage was born. I do not wish to be scared– *I will be consumed by Fear no longer!*

**The Respectable Mayor of Ubar:**

My poor boy why do you seek such pain, such suffering? Have you forgotten the woes of our ancestors, the plight of the slaves? We all are aware of the pain within you, Son of Democracy, but be careful about such claims. The pain you feel dwarfs in comparison to the pain of the slave. You are told what to think, what to do! It really is a most unfortunate kind of existence. I mean, look at your friend Nietzsche! He sought out that life of art and beauty and he ended up dying alone. He left behind no one and nothing. He was a racist and a chauvinist, man who lacked class and respect. He lived for himself and no one else; living his life by his rules, and his rules alone. Do you really think he took interest in you? He only

used you for company, and nothing more. We are done waiting for you to come to your senses, so you can come down whenever you please. We know you will have to come down at some point, one way or another. Oh, be wary of the storm, supposedly there will be lightning tonight.

**The Boy of Tomorrow:**

I do not fear the storm– *Come at me storm, I dare you to strike the Boy of Tomorrow!* I welcome a strike from the heavens, for it is just assurance that I am on the most dangerous path. A path I have uniquely drawn, one of beauty! Amongst my ramblings, I feel as if I have finally made some ground! By examining Nietzsche and the inner workings of man, I have discovered many oddities and contradictions. To you, my delusional neighbors, it may seem as if I have lost myself in the dark labyrinth of my soul, yet that is where you are wrong! The path to true independence can be found amongst my many questions– *Didn't this get Socrates killed though?* These most kinds difficult questions may seem to be impossible to answer– *Yet are these not the most interesting kinds of questions?* Nietzsche created a series of unfortunate events and an odd lot characters which seem to constantly be at battle with themselves. The initial battle between man, the battle of will to power, was set upon determining independence, but after eons of bloodshed and destruction– *Did anyone really win?* The master was the “victor” of the battle– *But what of his spoils?* He gained a slave and his title, but are either of these really his? He is dependent on the slave for his mastery and he is the slave of master morality. Now the slave is supposed to be the master opposite, the master’s subordinate, yet the slave is responsible for the master’s slavery. Even with its internalized soul and bad conscience, the slave is able to create his own version of morality,

Slave Morality. Whereas the Master values punishing and inducing pain, the slave outwardly detests and fears it. While the slave directs his will to power upon himself, the master directs it upon others. While the life of the master is one of ease and desire, the slave lives a life of danger and confusion. While the master acts, the slave reacts– *Truly contradictory races!*

Even still, there are some key similarities between the two. The slave may express his distaste for pain, but the masters also avoid pain through master morality. The master finds pleasure in dealing out pain and suffering, for he classifies the experiences of pain and suffering to be below him. The master and slave both subject themselves to a kind of herd morality where they follow the morality that is ascribed to their social class. They both desire independence, but they both believe in its ugliest form– *Aspiring for a life of desire and comfort*. They both are willing to cast aside beauty,

The art of the beast of prey was incomplete as was the art of the slave. The beast is able to act upon all its of desires instantly, yet its power is derived from others– *Shall we not forget that this Master is actually a Slave... to his desires!* The Slave is able to challenge the historical morality of the master and reflect on its morality, but it is limited by its internal struggle and fear of pain. If only the beast of prey was able to control its desires instead of being controlled by them. If only the slave were able to rid itself of its fear of pain and able to act on its own original morality. Now that is a difficult task, not one for any man. This man would be have to an artist in the purest sense, one who fears nothing and seeks out independence, in the most beautiful of ways– *An Artist of Tomorrow?*

But haven't we already seen such a mix of the master and slave? We, the people of democracy, are the resulting Frankenstein! Really a deplorable case, one of such uncertainty and pain, Democracy is a product of the seemingly masochistic slave ingenuity. They slaves were so desperate to be free, they were willing to continue subjecting themselves to internalization and bad conscience. The promise of security from the masters and the belief in Democracy's promise is what led them to keep living. Democracy was supposed to protect from antagonistic outward influences, and allow freedom to reign free- *Within the city's walls*. Though, we are no safer now than when we were as slaves. Honestly, we not only suffer the same excruciating pain of our early ancestors, but we are heading towards a very dangerous end. But this inconvenient truth escapes you democratic men and women, as if you are like horses with blinders tied around their heads. The horse sees what its master wants him to see. It eats what its master wants it to eat. It acts only when its Master commands to act- *But what happens to the horse when it can no longer be ridden?* The master may leave the horse to live the remainder of its life in peace, but what life does the horse now aside from its life as an instrument? The peace the horse has received is more of a curse, for all the value the horse once knew is gone. Once the horse loses its instrumental value it is rendered useless- *It is nothing*.

If our society continues on the path of democracy, then we lose whether we reach our goal or we don't! If man is able to exist in a society where everyone is independent, then the beauty of independence has lost all of its shine. If our fear of pain and desire for security continues to drive us, then we will do something even worse than contaminate the

elegance of independence? Humanity will be the scourge of the Earth– *Its most vile and disgusting creature.*

**The Sheriff:**

How dare you insult our democracy and our respected mayor, you are too young and arrogant to make such claims. Do you even understand the horror that is the plight of the slave, you ignorant fuck? Being told that you are not worth the classification of man, but that of a sub-human. Even as we stand on the precipice of independence, we must continue to do everything to rid ourselves of this great pain the master inflicted upon us. Nothing can be worse than what we are now, for this pain has existed since the dawn of time. I do not care if your parents left you for dead, you are no better than that Nietzsche fellow. Did you ever figure out what happened to that crotchety old drunk? You must remember the scene he caused during the Freedom Festival, the very festival where we celebrate our beautiful city and its history. He climbed onto the stage as the actors were performing the classic work The Origin of Democracy. He reeked of alcohol and shit, but he felt that he needed to address the audience. He was speaking all kinds of nonsense, of our coming demise and delusions, just as you do today. I will never forget the satisfaction of tackling him and finally being able to silence him. His constant ramblings and horrendous stench had tainted our beautiful democracy. The Mayor, he truly is so kind, offered to build him a home outside the village and provided Nietzsche with all the food and drink he could consume. You know how your friend responded to this gracious offer? He spit in our Mayor's face, and told him that he would rather die, so we gave him what he wanted. I killed him, and I loved every bit of it! Even though you two have gone mad, you aren't wrong about the

Will to Power and man's natural desire for blood lust. Now hurry up and jump down, the stain that you will leave on the ground is nothing in comparison to the stain you, and that idiot Nietzsche, have left on our city.

**The Respected Mayor of Ubar:**

Sheriff, I understand your frustration, but you cannot speak like that to this child. Don't you realize that he is sick and requires aid. Instead of showing aggression, show pity, for we do not want this conflict to get any bigger. We must welcome him with open arms, not pitchforks and torches!

My boy, you, of all people, should be aware of the great pain we must endure, You, Son of the Free World, Delusional Psychologist, and Student of History. You must carry on the legacy of our ancestors and fight for our democracy. Forget about all the gibberish you heard from that buffoon Nietzsche, and learn to res seek out to end the pain in this world. we can cherish in the warmth and comfort of independence!

**The Sheriff:**

I am sorry Mayor, I do not mean you any disrespect, but I cannot allow this boy to insult you and our Democracy. You have dedicated your life to helping us, your people, while all this boy does is complain and disgrace us. This wretched must orphan must learn respect for you and our Democracy!

**The Boy of Tomorrow:**

Mayor do not speak as if you actually care for my well being, I know all you care about is the peace of your utopia. Your Sheriff poses no threat to me, yet I am happy to see

him finally expressing himself honestly. Your lap dog has just become a bit more interesting– *Isn't it cute when a fiery little pooch tries to play with the Big Dogs?* Sheriff, I know of my teacher's demise and it fills me with Pride! He stuck to his beliefs till his death– *An honest man till the very end!* You see, you are the fool, for you cannot even realize the irony of your speech. “Nothing can be worse than what we feel now” is the only correct thing you have ever uttered! Your mind is so polluted with these false promises that you can't even realize that you have already described the oncoming downfall of man! Nothing, the idea you and the others throw around so carelessly, is the greatest threat to humanity. Our concerns for security is so strong that we are willing to do anything to avoid pain. Soon enough we will realize that the source of our great pain is our soul and our desires. In our society, we would rather rid ourselves of these problems through excommunication rather than actually solve these problems– *Is that not the goal of laws and why we send those who disagree with our herd morality to prisons?* We are cowards even when we deal with those who disagree with us! We have pushed our will to power so deep within us that we have lost any real desire of independence. All we have know is our will to survive, pushing us to find a lovely grass field where we can lie and rest. Just like we rid our society of these immoral beings, we will decide to do way with morality. For if we rid ourselves of our morality, there will be no more conflict, no more confusion, and, most notably, no more pain. Is that not the ideal of the democratic man? But do you imbeciles not realize what that means for humanity? We will no longer have value in this world and we will no longer have our will to power– *Does this not send shivers down your spine?* Can you not see what this

means? Man will be reduced to nihilism! Man will be nothing, so afraid to offend another that he will reduce himself to nothing.

I will not work towards an end as vile as that, I will not be another cog in this machine. I will not follow in the footsteps of my delusional ancestors and lead us towards Democracy's inevitable end. I am no longer like you or my ancestors even if we share the same pain, for I will not just follow the democratic agenda and adopt it as my own. As you prepare to send me off past the walls of your cursed city, just know this— *After asking all my questions and reaching conclusions of increasing difficulty and contradiction, I have finally understood the path required.*

From what I have seen, Nietzsche's ideal involves the ability to act instantly, the ability to fulfill all of one's desires, displaying bravery in the face of pain, possessing unique beliefs, and a direct use of will to power— *You may be asking yourselves why reason does why Nietzsche would care for such an ideal form of independence; You might be thinking that it is frivolous and a waste of time? Why, why do anything? Why do you stand out in this storm and continue to listen to my sermons— Because I, The Boy of Tomorrow, am interesting! I speak directly to your soul where your will to power lies dormant! Why live a life as boring as the beast of prey or as cowardly as the slave? Man desires challenge, I mean why else would man have engaged in the war of independence, why else would man seek out competitors of equal or greater value? Does man not find more pleasure in defeating an opponent of such a caliber than beating an opponent who never had a chance to win in the first place. We have experienced some creatures like this already— *You best not forget those boring old Masters.* Humanity seeks to live an interesting life, yet if we are constantly in fear*

of opposing values and harming others, then we will be reduced to nothing. Nietzsche's ideals are not just interesting– *They are the key to achieving a beautiful state independence.*

But where can someone achieve such ideal? After all we have discussed, our you really unable to see? These ideals do not exist in God or in the external world, for Nietzsche's very ideals can be found within the very masters and slaves which we should detest! The master possess the ability to act on all of his desires in an instant and the artist is one who embraces pain, rather than fear it, possess values unique to him, and uses his will to power to create said value. But how does one become like the artist? Ah, the answer is right in front of you– *The Slave!* The Slave may have been plagued with great pain, but he learns to endure it and pursue goals which only increase his pain. While the Slaves all subscribe to a herd morality, they are constantly challenging their beliefs and trying to discover value. But what of will to power, is it not hidden deep with the slave? It is, but who is to say that it is not meant to be there? The idea that will to power is to be used on the external is simply a product of the master morality lying within you. One of the follies of the beast of prey is the fact that their will to power is the tool of their desires thus causing the beast of prey to be the slave his desires. To be dominated by one's desires, while rewarding for those simply seeking the thrill of desire, is quite a boring life.

Shouldn't man command everything in his world, including his very own desires? What if man were to set out to not only to be able to fulfill all of his desires, but command his desires and have them follow him? This being, of grand beauty and grace, would be able to act on all of his desires as he saw fit, not as his desires saw fit– *But how does he direct his will to power on his desires?* We have already seen the answer for this, earlier, don't you

remember? Do you not remember the plight of the slave? When the slave chose “will to live” over his will to power, during the war of independence, it was forced to subject itself to internalization. Its will to power was forced inwards to quiet the slave’s desires. The slave has had control of its desires and thus is the key independence.

I have done it! The path to independence is now clear– *Yet I have just learned just how dangerous this path really is!* The danger of such a journey is simply a sign that we are heading in the right direction! Even better, we can all embark on this adventure– *For we are the answer to independence!* For we possess the powers of the Master and the slave in our soul, our Democratic soul. The democratic soul can provide man with an insight that has never been seen before! Yet, the democratic soul is not easy to master. This path to independence is perilous, for one can lose themselves once they enter this moral labyrinth. To achieve the ideal one must travel on this journey alone, free of outside influence. You must descend into the cave to escape the sun’s harsh rays. But if you are able to overcome the dangers of this mighty task, if you are able to achieve this gold standard, then you will be deemed the *Urbemensch– The most beautiful being!* A truly independent being who is able to move without thought, yet able to reflect on his desires and command them to act. The *Urbemensch* does not fear pain, he welcomes pain’s sweet embrace. Unique in his character and his morals, and requires no one to grant him independence. The *Urbemensch* marks man’s ultimate challenge to the heavens, for he will break through the clouds and be his own sun! Good night heathens, I cannot wait to dream of the *Urbemensch– Anything is possible in the world of Dreams!*

[The Storm continues in strength, yet the Boy of Tomorrow sleeps like a baby. Everyone else returns to their homes to their warm beds and families]

### Day Six: A Teacher's Pride

#### **The Respected Mayor of Ubar:**

Son of Democracy please come out! I am sorry for what I said, I did not mean to snap at you. I am happy to hear that you have realized the error in your ways, and now it is time to come down from there. Once you are safe we will find you a nice place to call your home. I will make sure you have a bed so soft that you will never have to leave it. You will have a chef who will make you the best meals you have ever had. You will never experience struggle or pain, you will be able to finally enjoy your life. I am so sorry that we did not realize your condition until now, and we will make sure that you are treated properly. No son of Ubar will live as a beggar, now come down from there and forget everything that fool

Nietzsche muttered to you. He was a drunk and a degenerate, you are lucky we got kicked out of Ubar. He never cared for you and only used you as an audience for his ramblings. We have found a ladder that is long enough to bring you down here, just wait a bit longer. Why don't you step back from the ledge, it has started to rain and you might slip.

### **The Boy of Tomorrow**

I don't need your pity or your handouts– *What do you take me for?* My whole world view has been destroyed, and you think I want to live as you do– *Why would I ever want my existence to be so disgraceful?* I would rather jump off this tower than live the life you all endorse. What is the point of life if I cannot become independent? I used to admire the beast of prey, aspire to be him, and now I have learned of his ugly truth. Also, how dare you insult Nietzsche and accuse him of heinous crimes. He may not have been perfect, but at least all his beliefs were his own. He lived by his will to power– *True to his nature*. After trying to interpret his wisdom to him for so long, I thought I found the meaning of his– *But I am now back where I have started*. I will not come down till I figure out the path to independence, for I am the Boy of Tomorrow! I shall never stop in my pursuit of independence and I already know of the key to independence– *Will to Power!* Nietzsche believed that Will to Power was man's greatest power, and I still believe in Will to Power.

Nietzsche's told me that an independent being is one who subscribes to his own original moral system. He does not waste his time with the moral traditions of civilization, for he only seeks out his own value. I must reassess the beast and the democratic man, to see if there is anything I have missed– *Perhaps there is something interesting within these two creatures*. I will discover what true independence is, but first I must figure out what

makes independence beautiful. Luckily, I have already realized that the beast of prey is not beautiful, for he just blindly follows master morality– *He never took the time to come up with an original morality*. What if there are other reasons why the beast of prey is not beautiful? I will try and remember everything Nietzsche told me about the beauty of independence, and attempt to find the truth in his complex messages.

Nietzsche told me that when the masters ruled this world, they were supposed to respect the traditions of the masters as a means to preserve his, and the other masters', "independence". But how special can master morality be when so many people can ascribe to it? As soon as two masters subscribe master morality, master morality is reduced to what it hates most...common. Throughout humanity's young history, man has found value in rarity– *Why do you think gold is worth more than wood, or why there is such a fancy for the exotic?* Man desires rarity for the same reason that man desires independence– *Man wants to be special*<sup>12</sup>. Early man was willing to put his life on the line for the sake of his will to power just so he could independent. This is also the same reason why your ancestors created Democracy. Unfortunately, not only did the servants of master morality fail to achieve the ideal form of independence, the slaves have also been confronted by failure.

I bet you can already see the similarity between master morality and your democracy. If master morality suffers from commonness, then does it not reasonably follow that those residing in a democracy fall victim of the same, boring disease. In a

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<sup>12</sup> "One must shed the bad taste of wanting to agree with many. 'Good' is no longer good when one's neighbor mouths it. And how should there be a 'common good'! The term contradicts itself: whatever can be common always has little value. In then end it must be as it it and always has been: great things remain for the great, abysses for the profound, nuances and shudders for the refined, and, in brief, all that is rare for the rare"(BGE 43).

democracy, everyone is promised independence, but, even if this were possible, how valuable would that be? Let me ask you– *How do you feel about being one of many?* Would it interest you to be the product of the Henry Ford’s Moral Manufacturing Plant! All of your ideas and values are the same as every other identical being produced and those things that are supposed to make you unique, your values and desires, are no more special than a car door! That which you hold closest to your heart, your morality, is designed to fit perfectly within the four-door economy sedan that is democratic society. I do not know about you, but I have no desire to live in a world where I am no different than the drones serving this democratic hive– *Oh how sour our honey would taste!* Beauty, and in turn independence, are forged from rarity in the same fashion in which we evaluate fine art.

The similarities between democracy and the noble societies of master morality do not end here I am afraid. While both the masters and slaves aim for independence, they only do so out of fear of slavery. As you might recall, the masters created societies where they are comfortable and able to practice master morality with ease whereas the slaves created democracy so they would safe from the attacks of their old masters. But Nietzsche asks– *Where is the fun in that?* The master lives a life of continuous victory and domination, but who really cares about a grown man beating a child in a foot race? Would we not rather seek to better ourselves and become more powerful– *To keep testing ourselves, pushing ourselves to the limit?* As we have already seen, the master prides comfort and ease over true independence, but the slave is no better– *Perhaps even worse!* The slave simply aspires to achieve a freedom resembling that of the master. The slave wants to be free of the pain that resides within and is willing to do anything to rid itself of this pain.

We have not only seen the desperation of the slave, we have also experienced it! The very civilizations we live in were created for this very reason. Democracy was slave's attempt at freedom, but how do you believe you will ever achieve anything of value without pain? Do you really want to live in a society where comfort and independence walk hand in hand through the town square? If independence is the greatest artistic achievement man could dream of and will to power to be the brush used to paint this masterpiece, then shouldn't you half-men seek out the aid of the artist like Nietzsche? Art has one simple purpose, to create beauty, so who better to study than a man who dedicated his whole life to the cultivation of beauty. Just as the independent being, the artist finds value in nothing but himself. When an artist creates his masterpiece, only he can determine whether or not this is his masterpiece. Art has no need for God or the objective, for he decides that the strokes on the canvas represent his pain and anguish, not the sun's harsh rays or the common pedestrian!

The life of the artist is by no means a simple task, for, in actuality, it is a life of suffering. Nietzsche constantly spoke of the difficult life of the artist. He must battle himself and decide what he wants to create and how to best capture it. If he were a painter, then he decides which strokes will present his values best. For a painter simply puts paint on the canvas, and nothing else. The image he has created is just strokes on a canvas till he gives it value. The level of difficulty required, the amount of suffering one must undergo, the life of the artist is not one for the faint of heart. To create your own value is deny all of history and society. You must be willing to enter the cave alone and be willing to accept the great possibility that you might never return. The artist is no different than the hermit, for he

must immerse himself in solitude to be rid of the influences of the external. But unlike the slave or the master, the artist seeks out this pain. He seeks out the struggle, for he does not fear struggle– *He loves it!* For the artist accepts the struggle associated with beauty of independence, for how can one call himself an artist if he does not aim for beauty<sup>13</sup>? But if his will to power serves as his paintbrush, what of the medium– *What kind of paint does one use when they are trying to conceive their own morality?* These questions will surely keep me up all night, but I hope all of you enjoy a deep slumber.

[The storm has only grown stronger. Lightning strikes the bell tower, setting it a flame. No one can do a thing, for the storm is too strong.]

### Day Seven: A Young Artist's First Masterpiece

#### **The Boy of Tomorrow:**

Good morning People of Ubar! To think my greatest pain, is really my greatest gift! The creation of the soul marks the moment when man became an interesting creature worth praise. The fate of those blessed with democratic soul may not guaranteed. For as hard as it may seem, there is a path to independence for those filled with contradicting souls. Even though I have finally figured out the ideal form of independence, my one longstanding question, I still have questions– *What if there happened to be two *Übermensches*?* How would these two independent beings interact when they could possibly have conflicting values. What would happen if these two beings found that their

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<sup>13</sup> “This secret self-ravishment, this artists’ cruelty, this delight in imposing a form upon oneself as a hard, recalcitrant, suffering material and in burning a will, a critique, a contradiction, a contempt, a No into it, this uncanny dreadfully joyous labor of a soul voluntarily at odds with itself that makes itself suffer out of joy in making suffer”(GOM 2.18)

respective actions came into conflict? How would they resolve such a conflict? There are really only two options of action here: either they engage in a bloody battle over whose values will be upheld, or they could just walk away from one another and ignore each other for the rest of time. No matter which action either *Übermensch* takes, they will end up losing their independence. If the two *Übermensches* engage in combat, then either they will both die or one will end up losing. The loser will have to sacrifice its morality, for the sake of the victor. This battle would just recreate the master and slave relationship which they made obsolete. If the *Übermensches* were to walk away from one another, then they would act out of fear of losing their independence or their life. That kind of cowardice is also found amongst the masters and slaves. How could Nietzsche not address a claim as serious as this? Is he not worried that his beautiful independence is so fragile that if there were at least two *Übermensch's* then they would revert back into the very kinds of morality he detests?

What if there is something that Nietzsche has overlooked that can solve this problem? The solution to this problem would have to be so difficult to achieve that merely attempting this feat would be nearly impossible. This solution would also have to be able to satisfy all of the requirements for Nietzsche's ideals. If the democratic soul leads to independence, then, perhaps, Democracy leads to the answer of my new problem!

I know I have spent a majority of my time discrediting democracy and calling it a joke— *But don't all jokes have some truth behind them?* Perhaps the problem is not democracy, but purpose of its creation. Once the slaves were able to overthrow their dominating masters, they found themselves still suffering from internalization. They

conceived of democracy as an attempt to protect themselves from being slaves once again and to possibly free themselves of their great pain. They did not create democracy for the sake of independence or freedom, they simply sought out safety and a lack of conflict.

Democracy is not the problem here, but those that founded it. Their slave morality is what led them to bastardize democracy and they are the reason why democracy will lead to nihilism. These former slaves possessed everything required to ascend to *Übermensch*, but they served as their own hurdle to beautiful independence. Now is the time for me to forge my own path to independence and ignore the worries of Nietzsche. For if done properly, democracy can lead to more than just one, two, or ten *Übermensches*!

For as useful as slave morality can be for the *Übermensch*, it is equally as dangerous. The slaves created democracy out of fear which is a product of slave morality, but that is not all that they have created. But these slaves have created a new race of human— *The Democratic Man!* The children of democracy possess a soul bred out of master morality and slave morality.

My ideal, my pure, democracy is motivated by the promise of independence. Each citizen will strive to be independent in the purest sense of the term. They will undergo the same internalization that Nietzsche requires of those aspiring to become the *Übermensch*, yet these true democrats will have to do more than just control their personal desires— *They will have to also balance the desires of their community.* These citizens will be able to control their own desires in such a way that it does not interfere with the desires of the other citizens. Whereas Nietzsche would say that this is one of the greatest fault of democracy, I believe this has the potential to be a very interesting solution to his problem.

Let me reintroduce you to the soul, for the soul is, yet again, the answer to this seemingly impossible problem. The soul encloses all of our desires and is where internalization takes place. The soul of the traditional slaves serves as a battleground where desires battle one another to establish dominance. Each desire wants to be acted upon at all times, but modern man is not yet ready to act upon all these desires. The Master was so simple that he allowed his desires to govern his actions while the slave had no power over his desires. The Ubermensch, on the other hand, is able to use internalization to establish his own order amongst his desires. The Ubermensch's will to power is able to equate all of the desires, so that no one desire is more powerful than another. The Ubermensch decides which desire will be acted upon when the Ubermensch deems it necessary. Now imagine this democratic soul as a democratic city. Each citizen represents a bundle of desires and its will to power beckons to be the most dominant. The city encloses all of these desires within its borders, and if these citizens are not under control, then it can bring great destruction to the city. In order for the city to prosper, the citizens need to be equated in a way similar to that of the Ubermensch.

Just like this city possesses a large amount of conflicting desires, the human soul shares a similar fate. And just like the individual human soul, the only way to bring order is through will to power. The collective will to power of all the city's citizens will have to bring order to the aggregate desires of the city. Eventually, the city will experience perfect order and every being will be independent. These beings will have brought order to more than just their personal desire, but all the desires that exist throughout the city.

**The Sheriff:**

You fool, you must have finally cracked! Have you forgotten about your own criticism of our Democracy? Even if this impossible event were to occur, you have just reduced your precious independence to commonness! What say you know, you enemy of independence?

**The Boy of Tomorrow:**

An enemy of independence? Oh my poor Sheriff, my form of Democracy will not reduce the value independence, but, rather, transform independence into something different. The city will only possess one set of desires, one soul. Instead of individual desires, this soul consists of individual citizens who represent bundles of desires. The city will become one body, one soul, and the citizens will operate as its “desires”. Instead of a city filled with Übermensches, the city will rather become the City of Tomorrow. It will become more than just a plot of land, it will become a being with wants, desires, and a will to power leading its prosperity. The City of Tomorrow will become a unique, independent being– *One that has achieved man’s greatest height!* The City of Tomorrow, just like the Übermensch, is not guaranteed to be produced, rather, it is extremely improbable– *Yet that does not mean we should not strive for it!*

**The Respected Mayor of Ubar:**

What is wrong with you, Son of Democracy? Why are you speaking of such contradictory thoughts? You still have not answered the Sheriff’s question. First you preached a love of mastery, then a love of Self-Mastery, and now a love of Democracy–*Don’t you see the irony here?* You have endured the storm while hanging on to the bell tower, and you have been howling through the night. You have disturbed the peace in this city while

you preached the power the city and democracy. Your thoughts are offensive and simple-minded, lacking any sense of thought or reflection. I admire your conclusion, but have you truly made any progress? As It seems to me, all you have proved is what we already believed to be true! Not only that, but your arguments lacks consistency. You criticized us because our beliefs did not align with our actions, yet your beautiful independence is an oxymoron. What of your shared independence? If the every man become the Over man, then is the Ubermensch no greater than the common man? What say you, Boy of Tomorrow?

**The Boy of Tomorrow:**

You are right and you are wrong Mister Mayor. The City of Ubar has the potential to become the City of Tomorrow, but we must first learn to embrace our internalization and inner turmoil. The challenge of commonness does stand to threaten the City of Tomorrow, but I am not worried about this threat to the City of Tomorrow. The threat of commonness is derived from Nietzsche's ideal of rarity- *Here lies the solution to our Problem!* According to this ideal, our independence should be unique to us thus rendering it beautiful- *But should we allow commonness to devalue us?* If independence is spread throughout the City of Tomorrow, then wouldn't this city be filled with unique Ubermensches? Each citizen will use their will to power to order their desires in such a way that their will be no conflict between these Ubermensches- *They are so beautiful!* You see my dear neighbors, the City of Tomorrow is just a beautiful puzzle and we- *Those bold enough to attempt the seemingly impossible-* are the pieces. Each piece is unique and important, for what is a puzzle without its pieces- *How would we even know what the completed puzzle looks like till it is made?*

Once these pieces are combined, the beauty shines through! Even though the puzzle now resembles one image, we are still able to distinguish between each individual piece. Each piece retains its original value, for the puzzle will be rendered flawed if it is missing even a single piece! That is why we must all come together and aspire for this ultimate goal– *For we shall lead the way to Tomorrow!*

**The Respected Mayor of Ubar:**

You, Boy of Tomorrow, have managed to sway my heart and the hearts of Ubar. You have endured one of the greatest storms our city has ever seen, yet you look stronger than ever. You have been dealt a blow from the very heavens which we strived for, yet you still stand resilient! Please come down and join us, we are ready for your Striving.

**The Boy of Tomorrow:**

I welcome your admiration and will return a show of faith– *Faith in the City of Tomorrow!* Before we can fill the sky with our stars, we must first take a great dive, for this greatest of heights begins at the lowest of lows. My last act of the evening is upon us, and I must say you were all great fun. Sheriff, you and I had some good laughs. Mayor, who would have thought that under all that paperwork there would be a Philosopher hiding– *But all things must come to an end!* Do not worry, hopefully this will not be my last performance. Everything depends on the next moment– *The Final Number!* I am prepared to join my audience, but the stage is still separate from the seating– *The Pathos of Distance still remains!* I must take this great fall in order to join you all in the ascent to the Ideal. I shall jump down from this Church Tower, and join you all in the townsquare. Don't attempt to

cushion my fall, for I have already accepted the risk of such an action– *For the greater the risk, the greater the reward!*

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