

CollabOrate

Justice #5

Nietzsche

LADY JUSTICE, JUSTITIA, GOES TO HER FOURTH PSYCHIATRIC APPOINTMENT. *When Justitia enters, a dark-haired man of penetrating eyes waits. His profuse moustache, to which a portion of a recent meal clings, projects from his lip. He averts his gaze from Justitia. The German philosopher taps a tuneless rhythm on the black box of conscience that rests on the coffee table at his left hand. Justitia settles herself. Silence ensues. Justitia clears her limestone throat.*

JUSTITIA: Are you Friedrich Nietzsche? An email said Nietzsche was coming, the author of *Genealogy of Morals*? Are you that Nietzsche?

NIETZSCHE: I died in psychiatric lockup. Now I find myself resurrected as a psychiatrist. I thought *I* was irony's master. I am humbled.

Nietzsche resumes his silent reverie, staring at his knees. Justitia waits. And waits. Finally, she speaks.

JUSTITIA: The others have been anxious to talk. Is silence a new kind of therapy?

NIETZSCHE: I do not wish to converse with the Great Harlot. In your name, history's giants have fallen.

JUSTITIA: Perhaps I should leave...? I do not intend to perturb you.

NIETZSCHE: Utterly clueless, aren't you? You are a marble statue and I am dead. Some power fabulously greater than either of us has arranged this little session. That door will not open until we have suffered this hour.

The lid of the black box of conscience rises a bit. Nietzsche slaps it down. A tiny voice squeaks, "Mein Gott."

JUSTITIA: I am accustomed to psychological discombobulation. I am seldom, however, hated.

NIETZSCHE: An oversight of the middling many. If the ruck saw with clarity, they too would despise you.

JUSTITIA: Explain yourself, sir. And wipe that cheese out of your moustache.

Nietzsche chews his lip hairs, extricating cheddar. The lid of the black box of conscience flies back and Adolf Hitler, now six inches tall, leaps up. A drop of blood trickles from a little Luger hole in Adolf's skull. "It is I. I am the explanation. I rid Germany and her neighbors of imbeciles and homosexuals and dissidents and communists and the Jewish Menace. The pure blood of the Germanic peoples coursed unblemished. Until you intervened, witch. The sad herd of Jew-loving weaklings gathered itself, all doped up on your opiate of justice, and ruined the best nation in human history. And her best leader. Me! Der Führer." Hitler daubs at his leaking skull. *Nietzsche firmly closes the lid and sighs.*

NIETZSCHE: Adolf dogs me. He is my conscience. He reminds me that stupendous ideas become sewage in the mouths of tiny souls. My insight has been forever sullied by Hitler's gargantuan fractured ego, and my sister's betrayal.

JUSTITIA: That must be hard for you, Friedrich. Tell me more about your sister.

NIETZSCHE: Don't psychobabble me, Lady Justice. Hitler's confusions compare favorably to your own. You miss the most obvious thing. Great people differ from normal people. The few are eagles. But the milling millions are lambs. Proud, soaring raptors pick off kids at will, tearing them limb from limb for food or entertainment. Still, the mutton-horde cannot bother itself even to look up. They are tame, so weak-minded they adopt customs and adhere to those impositions without bleating. The flocks dwell in slave morality and suffer bad conscience. Knowing that eagles soar effortlessly above, they nevertheless praise resistance to raptors in putrid morality tales. Eagles invent the universe as they go. No one and nothing binds them. The will-to-power of great men supervenes, subjecting all. Great men stare into a god-free abyss. Eventually, the abyss stares back, sucking the mire of humanity from each giant's innermost depths. Supermen exude pure, distilled nothingness. In Übermenschen lie the hope of, and the only value in, mankind.

JUSTITIA: You exalt maniacs! Are you not praising Agamemnon, Alexander, Augustus, Khan, Innocent III, Napoleon, Stalin, Mao Zedong, Pol Pot, Amin, and their ilk? They caused cascades of death and untold suffering.

NIETZSCHE: Silence, Harlot! You berate your superiors. You utter the mind of muddlers.

JUSTITIA: I will speak! You have helped me today. I recognize an opponent. That clarifies things for me.

NIETZSCHE: As I said when we started. Raw irony. Forced to "clarify things" for the confused stone woman.

Justitia opens her mouth to rejoin, but the clock ticks. Nietzsche vanishes in a puff of vapor.

Justitia puts her hand to her heart. Yawning absence aches there. She knows Nietzsche cannot fill her void. She wonders what might.

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