(Translators Note: In order to maintain the confidentiality of my clients, I do not share copies of my work. As an alternative, I have translated these literary excerpts.)

**Ein Rebell: Friedrich Nietzsche**

Bei der Eröffnung des Bayreuther Festspielhauses waren zwei Bewunderer Wagners zugegen, die beide sich, abgestoßen von dem prunkended Betriebe, rasch und wie fluchtartig entfernen. Der eine war des Komponisten Protektor und Retter, Der König von Bayern, ein romantischer, weltscheuer und kranker Mann, eben dersebe, der über Bismarcks Reichsgründung so bitteren Kummer empfunden hatte. Der andere der Altphilologe, Dr. Friedrich Nietzsche, Professor an der Universität Basel, wegen eines Leidens frühzeitig auf magere Pension gesetzt. Von dem müssen wir nun handeln. Der war unabhängig; kein erfolgsumrauschter Repräsentant seiner Zeit, sondern ihr Kritiker. Und hellsichtigeren Kritiker hat es nie, zu keiner Zeit, in keinem anderen Land gegeben.

Nietzsche war Sohn und Enkel sächsischer Pfarrer, ein ernster, braver Junge in seiner Kindheit, ein Musterschülre. Als Student wechselte er von der Theologie zur Phililogie und wurder mit fünf und zwanzig Jahren Professor. Nach zehn Jahren zwang ihm dieselbe Krankheit, der er später zum Opfer fiel und der wohl eine syphilitische Ansteckung zugrunde lag, seine Lehrtätigkeit aufzugeben. Seitdem lebte era als wandernder Schriftsteller in Oberitalien, in Südfrankreich, im Englandin. Deutschlad mied er. Er schrieb seine extremsten, spannungsgeladesten Werke in dem Jahr, in dem die beiden Kaiser starb: 1888.

**A Rebel: Friedrich Nietzsche**  
  
Two of Wagner’s admirers were present at the opening of the Bayreuth Festival House. Both of them, repelled by the pompous bustle, quickly and hurriedly left. One was the protector and patron of the composer, the King of Bavaria, a romantic, world-weary and sick man, the very same man who had felt such bitter grief over the foundation of Bismarck's Empire. The other classical scholar, Dr. Friedrich Nietzsche, Professor at the University of Basel, was prematurely retired on a meager pension because of an illness. We must deal with him now. He was independent; not a drunk with success representative of his time, but its critic. And there has never been a shrewder critic, at any time, in any other country.

Nietzsche was the son and grandson of a Saxon minister, a serious, good boy in his childhood, as well as a model pupil. As a student, he changed from Theology to Philology and became a Professor when he was twenty five years old. After ten years the same disease from which he later fell victim, and was probably a syphilitic infection, forced him to give up his teaching position. Since then he lived as a wandering writer in northern Italy, in southern France, and in England. He avoided Germany. He wrote his most extreme, tension charged works in the year in which the two emperors died: 1888.

**VASCO DA GAMA**

Entre as causas que espertaram o animo e brio dos portuguezes para se abalançarem á empreza dos descobrimentos, podem apontar-se como principaes: o desejo de dilatar a fé christã em todo o mundo conhecido; a sêde de gloria e de renome; a ambição de grangear fortuna conduzindo para o reino as especiarias, o ouro e pedras preciosas em que abundam as regiões orientaes; e a curiosidade de desvendar os segredos da natureza n'aquellas remotissimas paragens.

E não se julgue que as navegações do seculo XV foram iniciadas sem plano, sem destino. Pelo contrario. Os nossos intrepid mareantes levavam a sua rota já marcada, e não levantavam ferro sem se aperceberem de todos os conhecimentos e apparelhos necessarios ao cosmographo. A cultura intellectual do povo portuguez attingira o grau de desenvolvimento bastante grande para acompanhar o movimento scientifico e litterario das mais adiantadas nações da Europa, e com as suas viagens n'aquella época teve principio a historia verdadeira das navegações ao longo da Africa. Até ali tudo é vago, indeciso, fabuloso.

Portugal estava mais proximo, que nenhum outro povo, do litoral africano; tinha já tomado Ceuta; dobrara o cabo Bojador; e sabia, em virtude da passagem do cabo da Boa Esperança, que existia communicação entre o Atlantico e o mar das Indias. Por tudo isto nutria no peito a generosa aspiração de levar o nome da patria e do filho de Maria aos paizes em que nasce a aurora. Tal era o desejo, a vontade nacional. Ora, sempre que um povo nutre uma idéa grandiosa, surge de entre a multidão um *grande homem*, o qual é—porque assim digamos—a personalisação do sentimento popular. Esse grande homem, esse representante da vontade unica de todos os portuguezes foi Vasco da Gama.

**VASCO DA GAMA**

Among the causes that awakened the courage and honor of the Portuguese to rush toward the undertaking of discoveries, we can point out as the principle ones: the desire to spread the Christian faith throughout the known world: the thirst for glory and fame: the ambition to win a fortune shipping spices to the kingdom: the gold and precious gems that abounded in the western regions: and the curiosity to reveal the secrets of nature in those remote regions.

And do not think that the voyages of the fifteenth century were undertaken without plans, without destination. On the contrary. Our intrepid seamen went on an already marked route, and did not set sail without understanding the knowledge and equipment necessary for cosmography. The intellectual culture of the Portuguese people attained the sufficiently large degree of development to accompany the scientific and literary movement of the most advanced countries in Europe, and the true history of navigation throughout Africa began with its voyages in that period. Until then everything was vague, uncertain, fabulous.

The Portuguese were closer to the African coast than any other people: They had already taken Ceuta; rounded Cape Bojador and returned, and knew, by rounding the Cape of Good Hope, that there was communication between the Atlantic and the Indian Ocean. This fed a generous aspiration in the breast to carry the name of the country and the Son of Mary throughout to the countries that are over the horizon. Such was the desire, the national will. Now, when people nurture a great idea, a great man arises from the multitude, who is – because we say so – the personalization of popular feeling. This great man, this representative of the popular will of all the Portuguese, was Vasco de Gama.

**Don Quixote de La Mancha**

En un lugar de la Mancha, de cuyo nombre no quiero acordarme, no ha mucho tiempo que vivía un hidalgo de los de lanza en astillero, adarga antigua, rocín flaco y galgo corredor. Una olla de algo más vaca que carnero, salpicón las más noches, duelos y quebrantos los sábados, lantejas los viernes, algún palomino de añadidura los domingos, consumían las tres partes de su hacienda. El resto della incluían sayo de velarte, calzas de velludo para las fiestas, con sus pantuflos de lo mesmo, y los días de entresemana se honraba con su vellorí de lo más fino. Tenía en su casa una ama que pasaba de los cuarenta, y una sobrina que no llegaba a los veinte, y un mozo de campo y plaza, que así ensillaba el rocín como tomaba la podadera. Frisaba la edad de nuestro hidalgo con los cincuenta años; era de complexión recia, seco de carnes, enjuto de rostro, gran Frisaba la edad de nuestro hidalgo con los cincuenta años; era de complexión recia, seco de carnes, enjuto de rostro, gran madrugador y amigo de la caza. Quieren decir que tenía el sobrenombre de Quixote, o Quesada, que en esto hay alguna diferencia en los autores que deste caso escriben; aunque, por conjeturas verosímiles, se deja entender que se llamaba Quixote. Pero esto importa poco a nuestro cuento; basta que en la narración dél no se salga un punto de la verdad.

**Don Quixote of La Mancha**

In a village in La Mancha, of which name I do not remember, a nobleman like those of old with a wooden lance, ancient shield, skinny nag, and a racing greyhound lived not long ago. A diet of something more beef than mutton, a minced salad on most nights, sorrow and weakness on Saturdays, lentils on Fridays, and an extra pigeon on Sundays, consumed three fourths of his estate. The rest of it included a broadcloth tunic, velvet breeches for the holidays, with slippers of the same material, and the weekdays were honored with the finest homespun cloth. He had in his household a housekeeper who was over forty years old, and a niece who was not yet twenty, and a hired hand who served him in the house and the field, who saddled the nag as well as handled the pruning-hook. The nobleman was nearing the age of fifty, of rugged build, lean, thin of face, a great early riser and a friend of the hunt. Some people say that his surname was Quixote, or Quesada, that here there is some difference in the way the authors write about this case; although, a reasonable conjecture is that he was called Quixote. But this is not very important to our story; it is enough that the narrative is true.