



Beyond Good and Evil

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

Musean Translation

MOUSEIA



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Translated by Michael Berardi

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THIS EDITION

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TRANSLATOR

Michael Berardi

THE WORK

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Preface



Beyond Good and Evil

Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future.

Preface.

Supposing truth is a woman—what then? Is there not good reason to suspect that all philosophers, insofar as they were dogmatists, understood little about women? That the dreadful seriousness, the awkward importunity with which they have so far been accustomed to approach truth were clumsy and improper means of winning over a woman? What is certain is that she has not let herself be won—and every kind of dogmatism stands today with a dejected and dispirited air. *If* it stands at all! For there are mockers who maintain that it has fallen, that all dogmatism lies on the ground—more than that, that all dogmatism is breathing its last. Speaking seriously, there are good grounds for hoping that all dogmatizing in philosophy, however solemnly it has conducted itself, however final and definitive its claims, may nevertheless have been no more than a noble childishness and beginning; and the time may be very near when people will understand again and again just *what* was sufficient to provide the foundation stone for those sublime, unconditional philosophical edifices the dogmatists have so far erected—some popular superstition from time immemorial, such as the superstition of the soul, which, as the superstition of the subject and the I, has not ceased to make mischief even today; some play on words, perhaps, a seduction on the part of grammar, or a rash generalization from very narrow,

very personal, very human, all-too-human facts. Let us hope that the philosophy of the dogmatists was only a promise stretching across millennia, as astrology was in still earlier times, in whose service perhaps more labor, money, ingenuity, and patience were spent than on any actual science so far: in Asia and Egypt, we owe to it and its “supernatural” claims the grand style in architecture. It seems that all great things, in order to inscribe eternal demands on humanity’s heart, must first wander the earth as monstrous and terrifying grotesques: dogmatic philosophy was such a grotesque—the Vedanta doctrine in Asia, for example, Platonism in Europe. Let us not be ungrateful to it, however certainly we must also admit that the worst, most protracted, and most dangerous of all errors so far has been a dogmatist’s error: namely, Plato’s invention of pure spirit and the good in itself. But now that it has been overcome, now that Europe breathes free of this nightmare and may at least enjoy a healthier—sleep, we, *whose task is wakefulness itself*, are the heirs of all the strength that the struggle against this error has bred. To speak of spirit and the good as Plato did certainly meant standing truth on its head and denying the *perspectival*, the fundamental condition of all life; indeed, as a physician one may ask: “How did such a sickness attack antiquity’s most beautiful growth, Plato? Did wicked Socrates corrupt him after all? Was Socrates, after all, the corrupter of youth? And did he deserve his hemlock?”—But the struggle against Plato—or, to put it more intelligibly and for “the people,” the struggle against the Christian Church’s oppression over millennia, for Christianity is Platonism for “the people”—has created in Europe a magnificent tension of the spirit such as had never existed on earth: with a bow drawn so taut, one can now shoot at the most distant targets. Admittedly, the European feels this tension as a state of distress; and there have already been two grand attempts to slacken the bow, first through Jesuitism, second through democratic enlightenment—which, with the help of freedom of the press and newspaper reading, may indeed succeed in making the spirit no longer feel itself so readily as “distress”! (The Germans invented gunpowder—all respect! But they canceled that out again—they invented the press.) But we who are neither Jesuits nor democ-

rats, nor even German enough, we *good Europeans* and free, *very* free spirits—we still have it, all the spirit's distress and all the tension of its bow! And perhaps the arrow too, the task—who knows?—the *target*...

Sils-Maria,

Upper Engadine, June 1885.

PART I

The Prejudices of Philosophers



First Part:

The Prejudices of Philosophers.

- ¹ The will to truth, which will still tempt us into many a venture—that celebrated truthfulness of which all philosophers have so far spoken with reverence: what questions this will to truth has already laid before us! What strange, wicked, questionable questions! It is already a long story—and yet it seems scarcely to have begun? Is it any wonder if at last we grow suspicious, lose patience, turn impatiently around? If *we* learn from this Sphinx to ask questions in our turn? *Who* is it, really, who puts questions to us here? *What* in us really wants “truth”?—Indeed, we paused a long time over the question of this will’s cause—until, at last, we came to a complete halt before a still more fundamental question. We asked about the *value* of this will. Suppose we want truth: *why not prefer* untruth? And uncertainty? Even ignorance?—The problem of the value of truth stepped before us—or was it we who stepped before the problem? Which of us here is Oedipus? Which the Sphinx? It seems to be a rendezvous of questions and question marks.—And would anyone believe that

we are finally coming to feel as though the problem had never been posed before—as though we were the first to see it, take it in our sights, *dare* it? For there is a venture in this, and perhaps none is greater.

- ² “How *could* anything arise from its opposite? Truth from error, for example? Or the will to truth from the will to deception? Or selfless action from self-interest? Or the sage’s pure, sunlike contemplation from desire? Such an origin is impossible; anyone who dreams of it is a fool, or worse. Things of the highest value must have another, their *own* origin—they cannot be derived from this transient, seductive, deceptive, paltry world, from this confusion of delusion and desire! Rather, in the womb of being, in the imperishable, in the hidden God, in the ‘thing in itself’—*there* their ground must lie, and nowhere else!”—This manner of judging constitutes the characteristic prejudice by which the metaphysicians of every age can be recognized. This manner of valuation stands behind all their logical procedures; out of this “faith” of theirs they strive for their “knowledge,” for something solemnly christened “the truth” at the end. The fundamental faith of the metaphysicians is *faith in oppositions of values*. It has not occurred even to the most cautious among them to doubt here, at the very threshold, where doubt was most needed—even if they had vowed “to doubt everything.” For one may doubt, first, whether opposites exist at all; and second, whether those popular valuations and oppositions of values on which the metaphysicians have set their seal may not be merely foreground valuations, merely provisional perspectives, perhaps seen from a particular corner, perhaps from below upward—frog perspectives, as it were, to borrow an expression familiar to painters. For all the value that may belong to what is true, truthful, selfless, it would be possible that appearance, the will to deception, self-interest, and desire should be assigned a higher and more fundamental value for all life. It would even be possible that *what* constitutes the value of those good and revered things consists precisely in their being related, connected, interlaced with those wicked, apparently opposite things in a compromising way—perhaps even essentially identical with them. Perhaps!—But who is willing to concern himself with such dangerous perhapses! For that we must await the arrival

of a new breed of philosophers, whose taste and inclination in some respect run counter to those of their predecessors—philosophers of the dangerous Perhaps in every sense.—And in all seriousness: I see such new philosophers approaching.

- 3 After looking long enough between philosophers' lines and watching their hands, I tell myself: we must count even the greater part of conscious thinking among instinctive activities, including philosophical thinking. Here we must relearn, as we have relearned in the matter of heredity and the "innate." Just as the act of birth counts for little in the whole course and progress of heredity, so "consciousness" is not *opposed* to the instinctive in any decisive sense—most of a philosopher's conscious thinking is secretly guided by his instincts and forced into particular channels. Behind all logic and its apparent sovereignty of movement, too, stand valuations—or, more plainly, physiological demands for the preservation of a certain kind of life. That the definite is worth more than the indefinite, for example, or appearance less than "truth": such valuations, for all their regulative importance for *us*, might still be only foreground valuations, a particular kind of foolishness that may be needed precisely to preserve beings such as ourselves. Supposing, that is, that the human being is not precisely the "measure of things"...
- 4 The falsity of a judgment is not yet, for us, an objection to that judgment; perhaps it is here that our new language sounds strangest. The question is how far it promotes life, preserves life, preserves a species, perhaps even breeds a species; and we are fundamentally inclined to assert that the falsest judgments—which include synthetic judgments *a priori*—are the most indispensable to us: that without granting validity to logical fictions, without measuring reality against the wholly invented world of the unconditional and the self-identical, without constantly falsifying the world through number, human beings could not live—that renouncing false judgments would be renouncing life, negating life. To acknowledge untruth as a condition of life: that certainly means resisting familiar feelings of value in a dangerous way; and a philosophy that dares this places itself, by that act alone, beyond good and evil.

- ⁵ What tempts us to regard all philosophers half suspiciously, half mockingly is not that we discover again and again how innocent they are—how often and how easily they make mistakes and go astray, in short, their childishness and childlikeness—but that their dealings are not honest enough, while they all make a great, virtuous uproar as soon as the problem of truthfulness is even remotely touched. They all act as though they had discovered and reached their real opinions through the self-development of a cold, pure, divinely unconcerned dialectic—unlike mystics of every rank, who are more honest and more clumsy than they are: these speak of “inspiration.” In reality, a proposition adopted in advance, an idea, an “inspiration,” usually a heart’s desire made abstract and sifted clean, is defended by them with reasons sought after the event. They are all advocates who do not want to be called that, and mostly even cunning spokesmen for their prejudices, which they christen “truths”—*very* far from the courage of a conscience that admits this, precisely this, to itself; very far from the good taste of a courage that also lets it be understood, whether to warn an enemy or a friend, or out of exuberance and to mock itself. Old Kant’s Tartuffery, as stiff as it is decorous, with which he lures us onto the dialectical bypaths that lead—or rather mislead—to his “categorical imperative”: this spectacle makes us spoiled spectators smile, we who find no little amusement in watching the subtle tricks of old moralists and moral preachers. Or consider that hocus-pocus of mathematical form in which Spinoza armored and masked his philosophy as though in bronze—ultimately, “the love of *his* wisdom,” to interpret the word rightly and fairly—so as to intimidate in advance any attacker who might dare to cast a glance at this invincible virgin and Pallas Athena: how much personal timidity and vulnerability this masquerade of a sick recluse betrays!
- ⁶ Gradually I have come to see what every great philosophy has so far been: its author’s confession, and a kind of involuntary, unnoticed memoir; likewise, that the moral—or immoral—intentions in every philosophy constituted the true living seed from which the whole plant always grew. Indeed, to explain how a philosopher’s most remote metaphysical assertions actually came about,

it is good—and wise—always to ask first: what morality is it—what morality is *he*—aiming at? Accordingly, I do not believe that a “drive for knowledge” is the father of philosophy, but that another drive, here as elsewhere, has merely used knowledge—and misapprehension!—as a tool. Anyone who examines humanity’s fundamental drives to see how far they may have played their game precisely here, as *inspiring* spirits—or demons and goblins—will find that all of them have practiced philosophy at some time, and that every single one would be only too glad to present *itself* as the ultimate purpose of existence and the rightful *master* of all the other drives. For every drive lusts for mastery: and as *such* it tries to philosophize.—Admittedly, things may stand differently with scholars, with genuinely scientific people—“better,” if you like. There may really be something like a drive for knowledge there, some small independent clockwork that, once properly wound, works bravely away *without* substantially involving the scholar’s other drives as a whole. The scholar’s real “interests” therefore usually lie somewhere quite different: in the family, perhaps, or earning money, or politics. Indeed, it is almost immaterial whether his little machine is placed at this or that point in science, and whether the “promising” young worker makes himself a good philologist or an expert on fungi or a chemist: becoming this or that does not *characterize* him.—Conversely, there is absolutely nothing impersonal about the philosopher; and his morality in particular provides decided and decisive testimony to *who he is*—that is, to the order of rank in which the innermost drives of his nature stand in relation to one another.

- ⁷ How malicious philosophers can be! I know nothing more poisonous than the joke Epicurus allowed himself against Plato and the Platonists: he called them Dionysiokolakes. Literally, on the surface, this means “flatterers of Dionysius,” so accessories of tyrants and toadies; but beyond that it also means “they are all *actors*, nothing about them is genuine”—for Dionysokolax was a popular name for an actor. And this last meaning is the real malice Epicurus fired at Plato: he resented the grand manner, the art of staging oneself, which Plato and his pupils understood—and which Epicurus did not! He, the old schoolmaster

from Samos, who sat hidden in his little garden in Athens and wrote three hundred books—who knows? Perhaps out of rage and ambition directed against Plato?—It took a hundred years for Greece to discover who this garden god Epicurus had been.—Did it discover him?—

- ⁸ In every philosophy there is a point at which the philosopher's "conviction" steps onto the stage—or, to put it in the language of an old mystery play:

The ass has arrived,
handsome and very strong.

- ⁹ You want to *live* "according to nature"? Oh, you noble Stoics, what a fraud of words! Imagine a being such as nature: wasteful beyond measure, indifferent beyond measure, without intentions or considerations, without mercy or justice, fertile and barren and uncertain all at once; imagine indifference itself as power—how *could* you live according to this indifference? Living—is that not precisely wanting to be other than this nature? Is living not evaluating, preferring, being unjust, being limited, wanting to be different? And suppose your imperative "live according to nature" really means "live according to life"—how could you *not*? Why make a principle of what you yourselves are and must be?—In truth, things stand quite otherwise: while you delightedly pretend to read the canon of your law out of nature, you want the opposite, you strange actors and self-deceivers! Your pride wants to prescribe and incorporate your morality, your ideal, into nature—even into nature. You demand that it be nature "according to the Stoa," and would like to make all existence exist only in your own image—as an immense, eternal glorification and generalization of Stoicism! For all your love of truth, you force yourselves so long, so persistently, with such hypnotic rigidity, to see nature *falsely*, namely Stoically, that you can no longer see it otherwise—and some abysmal arrogance finally inspires in you the madman's hope that *because* you know how to tyrannize yourselves—Stoicism is self-tyranny—nature, too, can be tyrannized: is the Stoic not a *piece* of nature?... But this is an old, eternal story: what happened then with the Stoics still happens today whenever a philosophy begins to believe in itself. It

always creates the world in its own image; it cannot do otherwise. Philosophy is this tyrannical drive itself, the most spiritual will to power, to the “creation of the world,” to the *causa prima*.

- 10 The zeal and subtlety—I would even say cunning—with which people everywhere in Europe now attack the problem “of the real and the apparent world” give us cause to think and listen; and anyone who hears only a “will to truth” behind it, and nothing more, certainly does not possess the sharpest ears. In a few rare cases such a will to truth may really be involved: some extravagant, adventurous courage, a metaphysician’s ambition to hold a lost position, which ultimately still prefers a handful of “certainty” to a whole wagonload of beautiful possibilities. There may even be puritanical fanatics of conscience who would rather lie down to die on a certain Nothing than on an uncertain Something. But this is nihilism, and the sign of a despairing soul, weary to death—however brave the gestures of such virtue may appear. With stronger, more vital thinkers, still thirsty for life, matters seem different: when they take sides *against* appearance and already pronounce the word “perspectival” with arrogance; when they rate the credibility of their own bodies about as low as that of the evidence of the senses, which says “the earth stands still”; and thus, apparently in good spirits, let their surest possession slip from their hands—for what do people now believe in more certainly than their bodies?—who knows whether, at bottom, they want to reconquer something once possessed still *more certainly*, some piece of the old landed estate of former faith, perhaps “the immortal soul,” perhaps “the old God”: in short, ideas on which one could live better, that is, more vigorously and cheerfully, than on “modern ideas”? There is *distrust* of these modern ideas here, disbelief in everything built yesterday and today; perhaps a touch of weariness and mockery is mixed in, unable any longer to endure the bric-a-brac of concepts of the most various origins that so-called positivism now brings to market, a more fastidious taste’s disgust at the fair-ground motley and patchwork of all these petty reality-philosophers, about whom nothing is new or genuine but this motley. In this, I think, we should grant these skeptical opponents of reality and microscopists of knowledge their

due: their instinct, which drives them away from *modern* reality, has not been refuted—what do their backward-running bypaths matter to us! What is essential about them is *not* that they want to go “back,” but that they want to go—*away*. A little *more* strength, flight, courage, artistry: and they would want to go *out*—and not back!—

- ¹¹ It seems to me that people everywhere are now trying to divert attention from the real influence Kant exerted on German philosophy, and especially to slip prudently past the value he accorded himself. Above all and first of all, Kant was proud of his table of categories; holding that table in his hands, he said: “This is the hardest thing that could ever have been undertaken for the sake of metaphysics.”—Do understand this “could have been”! He was proud of having *discovered* a new faculty in human beings, the faculty for synthetic judgments a priori. Suppose he deceived himself in this: nevertheless, the development and rapid flowering of German philosophy depend on this pride, and on the rivalry of all the younger thinkers to discover something still more worthy of pride if possible—and in any case “new faculties”!—But let us reflect: it is time. How are synthetic judgments a priori *possible*? Kant asked himself—and what did he actually answer? *Through a faculty*: unfortunately, though, not in three words, but so elaborately, venerably, and with such an expenditure of German profundity and ornamental intricacy that people failed to hear the amusing German foolishness contained in such an answer. They were even beside themselves over this new faculty, and the rejoicing reached its height when Kant also discovered a moral faculty in human beings—for in those days the Germans were still moral, and not at all “realpolitical.”—The honeymoon of German philosophy arrived; all the young theologians of the Tübingen seminary promptly went into the bushes—they all searched for “faculties.” And what did they not find—in that innocent, rich, still youthful age of the German spirit, into which Romanticism, the malicious fairy, blew and sang, when people still did not know how to distinguish “finding” from “inventing”! Above all, a faculty for the “supersensible”: Schelling christened it intellectual intuition, and thereby met the most heartfelt cravings of his Germans, who at

bottom craved piety. One cannot do this whole exuberant, rapturous movement—which was youth, however boldly it disguised itself in gray and aged concepts—a greater injustice than by taking it seriously, let alone treating it with moral indignation. Enough: people grew older—the dream dissolved. A time came when people rubbed their foreheads; they are still rubbing them today. They had been dreaming—first and foremost, old Kant. “Through a faculty”—he had said, or at least meant. But is that—an answer? An explanation? Or not rather a mere repetition of the question? How does opium induce sleep? “Through a faculty,” namely the sleep-inducing power—answers that doctor in Molière:

because it has a sleep-inducing power,
whose nature is to put the senses to sleep.

But answers of this kind belong in comedy, and it is finally time to replace the Kantian question “How are synthetic judgments *a priori* possible?” with another question: “Why is belief in such judgments *necessary*?”—namely, to grasp that, for the preservation of beings of our kind, such judgments must be *believed* true; which of course would not prevent them from being *false* judgments! Or, to put it more plainly, bluntly, and thoroughly: synthetic judgments *a priori* ought not to “be possible” at all. We have no right to them; in our mouths they are nothing but false judgments. Only, belief in their truth is certainly necessary, as a foreground belief and visible appearance belonging to life’s perspectival optics.—Finally, to recall the immense effect that “German philosophy”—you understand its entitlement to quotation marks, I hope?—has exerted throughout Europe, let no one doubt that a certain sleep-inducing power was involved. Among noble idlers, the virtuous, mystics, artists, three-quarter Christians, and political obscurantists of every nation, people were delighted, thanks to German philosophy, to have an antidote to the still-overpowering sensualism that streamed from the previous century into this one—in short, “to put the senses to sleep”...

¹² As for materialistic atomism: it is among the most thoroughly refuted things there are; and perhaps no scholar in Europe today is still so unscholarly as to attach any serious significance to it beyond convenient everyday use—namely, as a shorthand for expression—thanks chiefly to that Pole Boscovich, who, together with the Pole Copernicus, has so far been the greatest and most victorious opponent of the evidence of the senses. For while Copernicus persuaded us to believe, against all the senses, that the earth does *not* stand firm, Boscovich taught us to renounce belief in the last thing about the earth that “stood firm”: belief in “substance,” in “matter,” in the atom as a scrap and clump of earth. This was the greatest triumph over the senses yet won on earth.—But we must go further still, and also declare war on the “atomistic need,” which continues to lead a dangerous afterlife in fields where no one suspects it, like that more famous “metaphysical need”—a merciless war to the knife. We must first also finish off that other, more fateful atomism which Christianity has taught best and longest: *soul-atomism*. Let this word designate the belief that takes the soul to be something indestructible, eternal, indivisible, a monad, an atom: *this* belief must be expelled from science! Between ourselves, there is no need whatever to get rid of “the soul” itself in the process and renounce one of the oldest and most venerable hypotheses—as commonly happens to naturalists in their clumsiness, who lose “the soul” almost as soon as they touch it. But the way lies open to new versions and refinements of the soul hypothesis; and concepts such as “mortal soul,” “soul as a multiplicity of subjects,” and “soul as a social structure of drives and affects” henceforth seek citizenship in science. In putting an end to the superstition that has so far proliferated around the idea of the soul with an almost tropical luxuriance, the *new* psychologist has admittedly thrust himself, as it were, into a new wilderness and a new distrust—it may be that the older psychologists had an easier and merrier time of it. But in the end he knows that precisely by doing this he has also condemned himself to *inventing*—and, who knows? Perhaps to *finding*.—

- ¹³ Physiologists should think twice before positing the drive for self-preservation as an organic being's cardinal drive. Above all, a living thing wants to *discharge* its strength—life itself is will to power: self-preservation is only one of its indirect and most frequent *consequences*.—In short, here as everywhere, beware of *superfluous* teleological principles—such as the drive for self-preservation, which we owe to Spinoza's inconsistency.—For this is what method demands, and method must essentially be economy of principles.
- ¹⁴ It may now be dawning on five or six minds that physics, too, is only an interpretation and adjustment of the world—to suit us, if I may say so!—and *not* an explanation of the world. But insofar as it rests on belief in the senses, it passes for more, and must continue for a long time to pass for more, namely, an explanation. It has eyes and fingers on its side; it has visual evidence and tangibility on its side: this works its spell, persuades, *convinces* an age whose basic taste is plebeian—for such an age instinctively follows the canon of truth of eternally popular sensualism. What is clear, what “explained”? Only what can be seen and touched—every problem must be driven that far. Conversely, the charm of the Platonic way of thinking lay precisely in resistance *against* what the senses make evident: it was a *noble* way of thinking—perhaps among people who enjoyed even stronger and more demanding senses than our contemporaries possess, but who knew how to find a higher triumph in remaining masters of these senses: and this by means of pale, cold, gray nets of concepts they cast over the colorful whirl of the senses—the rabble of the senses, as Plato said. There was a different kind of *enjoyment* in this mastering and interpreting of the world in Plato's manner from what today's physicists offer us, likewise the Darwinists and anti-teleologists among workers in physiology, with their principle of the “least possible force” and the greatest possible stupidity. “Where human beings have nothing more to see and grasp, they have nothing more to seek”—that is certainly a different imperative from Plato's, but it may nevertheless be precisely the right imperative for a sturdy, industrious race of machinists and bridge builders of the future, who have nothing but *rough* work to get through.

- ¹⁵ To practice physiology with a good conscience, one must insist that the sense organs are *not* appearances in the sense of idealist philosophy: as such, they could not be causes! Sensualism, then, at least as a regulative hypothesis, not to say a heuristic principle.—What? And others even say that the external world is the work of our organs? But then our body, as a piece of this external world, would be the work of our organs! But then our organs themselves would be—the work of our organs! This, it seems to me, is a thorough *reductio ad absurdum*: supposing that the concept *causa sui* is something thoroughly absurd. Consequently, the external world is *not* the work of our organs—?
- ¹⁶ There are still harmless self-observers who believe that there are “immediate certainties,” for example “I think,” or, as Schopenhauer’s superstition had it, “I will”: as though here knowing could take hold of its object pure and naked, as a “thing in itself,” with no falsification on either the subject’s or the object’s part. But that “immediate certainty,” like “absolute knowledge” and the “thing in itself,” contains a contradiction in terms, I will repeat a hundred times: people should finally free themselves from the seduction of words! The populace may believe that knowing means knowing through and through; the philosopher must tell himself: “When I analyze the process expressed in the sentence ‘I think,’ I obtain a series of rash assertions whose justification is difficult, perhaps impossible—for example, that it is *I* who think; that there must be something at all that thinks; that thinking is an activity and effect on the part of a being conceived as a cause; that there is an ‘I’; finally, that what is to be designated as thinking is already settled—that I *know* what thinking is. For if I had not already decided this for myself, by what standard should I judge that what is happening just now is not perhaps ‘willing’ or ‘feeling’? Enough: that ‘I think’ presupposes that I *compare* my present state with other states I know in myself, in order to establish what it is; because of this reference back to other ‘knowledge,’ it certainly has no immediate ‘certainty’ for me.”—In place of that “immediate certainty” in which the populace may believe in the given case, the philosopher thus finds himself holding a series of metaphysical questions, genuine questions of conscience for the intellect: “Where do I get the concept of

thinking? Why do I believe in cause and effect? What gives me the right to speak of an I, and even of an I as cause, and finally of an I as the cause of thoughts?" Anyone who ventures to answer those metaphysical questions immediately by appealing to a kind of *intuition* of knowledge—as does the man who says "I think, and know that this at least is true, real, certain"—will find a smile and two question marks waiting in a philosopher today. "Sir," the philosopher may give him to understand, "it is unlikely that you are not mistaken: but why insist on truth at all?"—

- 17 As for the logicians' superstition: I will not tire of underlining again and again a small, brief fact that these superstitious people are reluctant to admit—namely, that a thought comes when "it" wants to, and not when "I" want to; so it is a *falsification* of the facts to say that the subject "I" is the condition of the predicate "think." It thinks: but that this "it" is precisely that old, celebrated "I" is, to put it mildly, only an assumption, an assertion, above all no "immediate certainty." Finally, even this "it thinks" already goes too far: this "it" already contains an *interpretation* of the process and does not belong to the process itself. Here one infers according to grammatical habit: "Thinking is an activity; every activity requires someone active; consequently—". Following much the same pattern, the older atomism sought, in addition to the "force" that acts, that little clump of matter in which it sits and out of which it acts: the atom. More rigorous minds finally learned to do without this "scrap of earth," and perhaps one day people, including the logicians, will grow accustomed to doing without that little "it" into which the honest old I has evaporated.
- 18 It is certainly not the least charm of a theory that it can be refuted: precisely through this it attracts subtler minds. It seems that the theory of "free will," refuted a hundred times, owes its continued existence only to this charm: someone keeps coming along who feels strong enough to refute it.
- 19 Philosophers commonly speak of the will as though it were the best-known thing in the world; indeed, Schopenhauer gave us to understand that the will alone is actually known to us, completely known, known without subtraction

or addition. But it seems to me again and again that in this case, too, Schopenhauer merely did what philosophers commonly do: he adopted and exaggerated a *popular prejudice*. Willing seems to me above all something *complicated*, something that is a unity only as a word—and precisely in that single word lies the popular prejudice that has mastered philosophers’ always scant caution. So let us be more cautious for once; let us be “unphilosophical”—let us say: in every willing there is, first, a plurality of feelings, namely the feeling of the state *away* from which, the feeling of the state *toward* which, the feeling of this “away” and “toward” themselves; then also an accompanying muscular feeling that, even without our setting “arms and legs” in motion, begins its play through a kind of habit as soon as we “will.” Just as feeling, and indeed many kinds of feeling, must be acknowledged as an ingredient of the will, so, second, must thinking: in every act of will there is a commanding thought—and we must certainly not believe we can separate this thought from “willing,” as though will would then remain! Third, the will is not merely a complex of feeling and thinking, but above all also an *affect*: specifically, the affect of command. What is called “freedom of the will” is essentially the affect of superiority in relation to whoever must obey: “I am free, ‘he’ must obey”—this consciousness inhabits every willing, as do that tension of attention, that straight gaze fixed exclusively on one thing, that unconditional valuation “now this is needed and nothing else,” that inner certainty that obedience will follow, and everything else belonging to the state of one who commands. A human being who *wills* commands something within himself that obeys, or that he believes obeys. But now observe what is strangest about the will—this thing so manifold for which the populace has only one word: insofar as, in a given case, we are both the commanding *and* the obeying parties, and as the obeying party know the feelings of compulsion, urgency, pressure, resistance, and movement that commonly begin immediately after the act of will; insofar as, on the other hand, we habitually pass over and deceive ourselves about this duality by means of the synthetic concept “I,” a whole chain of erroneous inferences, and consequently false valuations of the will itself, has attached itself to willing—so that the person who wills believes in good faith that willing *suffices* for action. Because in

the great majority of cases willing has occurred only where the effect of the command—thus obedience, thus action—could also be *expected*, the *appearance* has translated itself into a feeling, as though there were a *necessity of effect* here. In short, the person who wills believes, with a fair degree of certainty, that will and action are somehow one; he attributes success, the execution of the willing, to the will itself as well, and enjoys in doing so an increase in that feeling of power that every success brings. “Freedom of the will”—that is the expression for that manifold state of pleasure in the person who wills, who commands and at the same time identifies himself with the executor—who, as such, shares in the enjoyment of the triumph over resistances, but judges within himself that it is his will itself that actually overcomes those resistances. In this way the person who wills adds the pleasurable feelings of the executing, successful instruments, the serving “under-wills” or under-souls—our body is, after all, only a social structure of many souls—to his pleasurable feeling as commander. The effect is me: what happens here is what happens in every well-constituted and fortunate community, that the ruling class identifies itself with the community’s successes. All willing is simply a matter of commanding and obeying, on the basis, as I have said, of a social structure of many “souls”: for this reason a philosopher should claim the right to bring willing as such within the field of morality—morality understood, that is, as the study of the relations of rule under which the phenomenon “life” arises.—

- 20 That individual philosophical concepts are not arbitrary, do not grow on their own, but grow up in relation and kinship with one another; that however suddenly and capriciously they seem to emerge in the history of thought, they belong to a system just as much as all the members of a continent’s fauna: this finally also reveals itself in the sureness with which the most diverse philosophers repeatedly fill out a certain basic pattern of *possible* philosophies. Under an invisible spell, they run the same orbit again and again: however independent of one another they may feel in their critical or systematic will, something in them leads them, something drives them after one another in a particular order—precisely that inborn system and kinship of concepts. Their thinking is

in fact much less a discovering than a recognizing, a remembering again, a return and homecoming to a distant, ancient, collective household of the soul from which those concepts once grew: to that extent, philosophizing is a kind of atavism of the highest rank. The strange family resemblance of all Indian, Greek, and German philosophizing is easily enough explained. Precisely where languages are related, it is quite unavoidable that, thanks to the shared philosophy of grammar—I mean thanks to the unconscious dominion and guidance of the same grammatical functions—everything is prepared in advance for a similar development and sequence of philosophical systems; just as the path to certain other possibilities of interpreting the world seems barred. Philosophers of the Ural-Altaic language region—in which the concept of the subject is least developed—will very probably look “into the world” differently, and be found on different paths, from Indo-Europeans or Muslims: the spell of particular grammatical functions is, at bottom, the spell of *physiological* value judgments and racial conditions.—So much toward rejecting Locke’s superficiality concerning the origin of ideas.

- ²¹ The *causa sui* is the finest self-contradiction yet devised, a kind of logical rape and violation of nature: but the extravagant pride of humanity has managed to entangle itself deeply and terribly with precisely this nonsense. The desire for “freedom of the will,” in that metaphysically superlative sense that unfortunately still rules the minds of the half-educated—the desire to bear the whole and ultimate responsibility for one’s actions oneself, and absolve God, the world, one’s ancestors, chance, and society of it—is nothing less than the desire to be precisely this *causa sui* and, with a daring surpassing Münchhausen’s, to pull oneself out of the swamp of nothingness by one’s own hair into existence. Suppose someone thus sees through the rustic simplicity of this celebrated concept “free will” and strikes it from his mind: I now ask him to carry his “enlightenment” a step further and also strike from his mind the reversal of that misconcept “free will”—I mean “unfree will,” which amounts to a misuse of cause and effect. One should not mistakenly *reify* “cause” and “effect”, as natural scientists do—and those who, like them, think in naturalistic terms today—

according to the prevailing mechanistic clumsiness that has the cause press and push until it “takes effect.” One should use “cause” and “effect” only as pure *concepts*, that is, as conventional fictions for the purposes of designation and communication, *not* explanation. In the “in itself” there is nothing of “causal connections,” of “necessity,” of “psychological unfreedom”; there “the effect” does *not* “follow the cause,” no “law” rules. It is *we* alone who have invented causes, succession, mutual dependence, relativity, compulsion, number, law, freedom, grounds, and purposes; and when we project this world of signs into things as something “in itself,” when we mix it into them, we do once more what we have always done: we *make mythology*. “Unfree will” is mythology: in real life it is only a matter of *strong* and *weak* wills.—When a thinker already feels something of compulsion, distress, having-to-follow, pressure, unfreedom in every “causal connection” and “psychological necessity,” it is almost always a symptom of where he himself is deficient: to feel in precisely this way is revealing—the person reveals himself. And in general, if I have observed rightly, the “unfreedom of the will” is taken as a problem from two utterly opposite sides, but always in a deeply *personal* way: some will not at any price relinquish their “responsibility,” their belief in *themselves*, their personal claim to *their* own merit—the vain races belong here; the others, conversely, want to be responsible for nothing, guilty of nothing, and out of an inner self-contempt demand to be able to *shift themselves off* somewhere else. These latter people, when they write books, commonly take the side of criminals today; a kind of socialist compassion is their most attractive disguise. And indeed, the fatalism of the weak-willed beautifies itself astonishingly when it knows how to present itself as “the religion of human suffering”: that is *its* “good taste.”

- ²² Forgive me, an old philologist who cannot give up his malice, for putting my finger on bad arts of interpretation: but that “lawfulness of nature,” of which you physicists speak so proudly, as though—exists only thanks to your interpretation and bad “philology.” It is no fact, no “text,” but rather only a naively humanitarian adjustment and distortion of meaning, with which you amply accommodate the democratic instincts of the modern soul! “Equality before

the law everywhere—nature is no different and no better than we are in this”: a charming ulterior thought in which the common man’s hostility toward everything privileged and sovereign disguises itself once more, as does a second, subtler atheism. “Neither God nor master”—that is what you want too: and therefore “long live the law of nature!”—is that not so? But as I said, this is interpretation, not text; and someone could come who, with the opposite intention and art of interpretation, knew how to read out of the same nature, and with regard to the same phenomena, precisely the tyrannically ruthless and inexorable enforcement of claims to power—an interpreter who would set before your eyes the absence of exceptions or conditions in all “will to power” so forcefully that almost every word, even the word “tyranny,” would finally appear unusable, or already a weakening and softening metaphor—as too human; and who would nevertheless end by asserting the same thing about this world that you assert, namely, that its course is “necessary” and “calculable,” but *not* because laws rule in it, rather because laws are absolutely *absent*, and every power at every moment draws its ultimate consequence. Suppose this too is only interpretation—and you will be eager enough to raise that objection?—well, so much the better.—

- 23 All psychology so far has remained caught in moral prejudices and fears: it has not ventured into the depths. To conceive it as the morphology and *developmental theory of the will to power*, as I conceive it—no one has so much as brushed against this in thought: insofar, that is, as one may recognize in what has so far been written a symptom of what has so far been left unsaid. The force of moral prejudices has penetrated deep into the most spiritual world, the apparently coldest and most free of presuppositions—and, as goes without saying, has damaged, inhibited, blinded, distorted it. A genuine physio-psychology has to contend with unconscious resistances in the researcher’s heart; it has “the heart” against it. Even a theory of the mutual conditioning of the “good” and the “wicked” drives, as a subtler immorality, brings distress and aversion to a still vigorous and hearty conscience—still more a theory that all good drives can be derived from wicked ones. But suppose someone goes so far as to take

the affects of hatred, envy, greed, and lust for mastery as affects that condition life, as something that must fundamentally and essentially be present in life's whole household, and consequently must be heightened further if life itself is to be heightened further—he suffers from such a direction of judgment as from seasickness. And yet even this hypothesis is far from the most painful and strange in this immense, still almost new realm of dangerous insights—and there are in fact a hundred good reasons for everyone to keep away from it who —*can*! On the other hand, once one's ship has been driven here—well! Forward! Now grit your teeth hard! Open your eyes! Keep your hand firm on the helm!—We sail straight *beyond* morality; perhaps in doing so we crush and grind to pieces our own remaining morality as we make and dare our voyage there—but what do *we* matter! Never yet has a *deeper* world of insight opened to daring travelers and adventurers: and the psychologist who thus “makes sacrifices”—it is *not* the sacrifice of the intellect, quite the contrary!—will at least be entitled to demand in return that psychology be recognized again as mistress of the sciences, for whose service and preparation the other sciences exist. For psychology is now once more the path to the fundamental problems.

PART II

The Free Spirit



Second Main Division:

The Free Spirit.

- ²⁴ O holy simplicity! What a strange world of simplification and falsification human beings inhabit! Once you have fitted yourself with eyes for this wonder, there is no end to your astonishment! How we have made everything around us bright and free and light and simple! How we have managed to give our senses a free pass for everything superficial, our thinking a divine appetite for willful leaps and false inferences!—How, from the very beginning, we have known how to preserve our ignorance so as to enjoy a scarcely conceivable freedom, lack of scruple, carelessness, boldness, cheerfulness of life—to enjoy life itself! And only on this now solid, granite foundation of ignorance has science so far been able to rise, the will to knowledge on the foundation of a far mightier will: the will not to know, to the uncertain, to the untrue! Not as its opposite, but—as its refinement! For even if *language*, here as elsewhere, cannot get beyond its own clumsiness and persists in speaking of opposites where there are only degrees and many delicate gradations; even if morality’s ingrained Tartuffery, which now belongs to our unconquerable “flesh and blood,” twists the words in the mouths of even us who know: here and there we grasp it and laugh at

how precisely the best science still seeks best to keep us in this *simplified*, thoroughly artificial world, this world composed and falsified to suit us; how, willingly against its will, it loves error because, being alive, it—loves life!

- 25 After so cheerful an opening, let a serious word not go unheard: it is addressed to the most serious. Take care, you philosophers and friends of knowledge, and beware of martyrdom! Of suffering “for the sake of truth”! Even of defending yourselves! It spoils all the innocence and fine neutrality of your conscience; it makes you obstinate in the face of objections and red rags; it makes you stupid, beastly, bullish, when, struggling with danger, slander, suspicion, expulsion, and still coarser consequences of enmity, you finally have to play the defenders of truth on earth—as though “truth” were so harmless and bumbling a person that she needed defenders! And you of all people, you knights of the most sorrowful countenance, you gentlemen lurking in corners and spinning cobwebs of the mind! After all, you know well enough that it must not matter whether *you* in particular are proved right; also that no philosopher has yet been proved right; and that a more praiseworthy truthfulness may lie in every little question mark you place after your watchwords and favorite doctrines (and occasionally after yourselves) than in all your solemn gestures and trump cards before accusers and courts of law! Better step aside! Flee into hiding! And have your masks and your subtlety, so that people mistake you for someone else! Or fear you a little! And do not forget the garden, the garden with golden trellises! And have people around you who are like a garden—or like music over water at evening, when the day is already becoming a memory—choose the *good* solitude, the free, willful, light solitude that gives you, too, a right to remain good in some sense! How poisonous, how cunning, how bad every long war makes us when it cannot be fought with open force! How *personal* a long fear makes us, a long watch kept on enemies, on possible enemies! These outcasts from society, these long-persecuted, savagely hunted people—even the forced hermits, the Spinozas or Giordano Brunos—always end by becoming, if under the most intellectual masquerade, and perhaps without knowing it themselves, refined seekers of revenge and mixers of poison (just dig up the ground beneath

Spinoza's ethics and theology sometime!)—not to mention the boorishness of moral indignation, which in a philosopher is the infallible sign that his philosophical sense of humor has deserted him. The philosopher's martyrdom, his "sacrifice for truth," forces into the light whatever agitator and actor was hidden in him; and if one has so far watched him only with an artist's curiosity, then with certain philosophers the dangerous wish may indeed be understandable to see him, for once, in his degeneration too (degenerated into a "martyr," into a shouter from stage and platform). Only, with such a wish, one must be clear about *what* one will in any event get to see—only a satyr play, only a farcical afterpiece, only the continuing proof that the long, real tragedy *is over*: assuming that every philosophy, in its genesis, was a long tragedy.—

- ²⁶ Every select human being instinctively seeks his citadel and secrecy, where he is *released* from the crowd, the many, the vast majority, where he may forget the rule "human being," as its exception—except in the one case where a still stronger instinct drives him straight toward this rule, as a seeker of knowledge in the great and exceptional sense. Anyone whose dealings with people do not sometimes make him shimmer in all the colors of distress, green and gray with disgust, weariness, fellow feeling, gloom, loneliness, is certainly not a person of higher taste; but suppose he does not take all this burden and displeasure on himself voluntarily, keeps evading it, and remains, as I said, quietly and proudly hidden in his citadel—well, then one thing is certain: he is not made for knowledge, not predestined for it. For as such he would one day have to say to himself, "To hell with my good taste! The rule is more interesting than the exception—than me, the exception!"—and would go *down*, above all "in." The study of the *average* human being, long and earnest, and for this purpose much disguise, self-overcoming, familiarity, bad company—all company is bad company except that of one's equals—this forms a necessary part of every philosopher's life story, perhaps its most unpleasant, foul-smelling, disillusioning part. But if he is lucky, as befits a favorite child of knowledge, he encounters people who actually shorten and lighten his task—I mean so-called cynics, people who simply acknowledge the animal, the commonness, the "rule" in themselves and still

have that degree of intellect and itch that makes them need to speak about themselves and their kind *before witnesses*—sometimes they even wallow in books as in their own dung. Cynicism is the only form in which common souls brush against what honesty is; and the higher human being must prick up his ears at every coarser or finer cynicism and congratulate himself each time the shameless buffoon or scientific satyr speaks up in his presence. There are even cases where enchantment mingles with disgust: namely, where a whim of nature has bound genius to such an indiscreet goat and ape, as with the Abbé Galiani, the deepest, most clear-sighted, and perhaps also the filthiest man of his century—he was much deeper than Voltaire and consequently a good deal more silent. More often, as suggested, a scientific head is set on an ape’s body, a fine, exceptional intellect on a common soul—among doctors and physiologists of morals in particular, no rare occurrence. And wherever anyone speaks of human beings without bitterness, indeed quite innocently, as a belly with two kinds of needs and a head with one; wherever someone sees, seeks, and *wants* to see only hunger, sexual desire, and vanity, as though these were the real and only mainsprings of human actions; in short, wherever people speak “badly” of human beings—and not even *maliciously*—the lover of knowledge should listen attentively and diligently; he should keep his ears wherever people speak without indignation. For the indignant person, and anyone who tears and mangles himself with his own teeth (or, as a substitute, the world, or God, or society), may stand higher, morally reckoned, than the laughing, self-satisfied satyr; but in every other sense he is the more ordinary, less significant, less instructive case. And no one *lies* as much as the indignant person.—

- ²⁷ It is hard to be understood: especially when one thinks and lives gangasrotogati, among nothing but people who think and live otherwise, namely kurmagati, or at best “at the pace of the frog,” mandeikagati—am I doing everything I can to be hard to understand myself?—and one should be heartily grateful even for a good will toward some subtlety of interpretation. As for “good friends,” however, who are always too indolent and believe that being friends gives them

a right to ease, one does well to allow them, from the outset, a margin and playground for misunderstanding—that way one still has something to laugh at—or to abolish them altogether, these good friends—and laugh at that too!

- 28 The hardest thing to translate from one language into another is the tempo of its style: this has its basis in the character of the race, or, physiologically speaking, in the average tempo of its “metabolism.” There are honestly intended translations that are almost falsifications, as involuntary vulgarizations of the original, simply because its brave and merry tempo could not be translated along with it, the tempo that leaps over, helps one over, everything dangerous in things and words. The German is almost incapable of presto in his language: thus, as we may reasonably conclude, also of many of the most delightful and daring nuances of free, free-spirited thought. Just as the buffo and the satyr are foreign to him, in body and conscience, so Aristophanes and Petronius are untranslatable for him. Everything ponderous, slow-flowing, solemnly clumsy, all the protracted and tedious kinds of style, have developed among the Germans in superabundant variety—forgive me the fact that even Goethe’s prose, in its mixture of stiffness and daintiness, makes no exception: a reflection of the “good old days” to which it belongs, and an expression of German taste at a time when there was still a “German taste,” which was a rococo taste, in morals and the arts. Lessing is an exception, thanks to his actor’s nature, which understood much and knew how to handle much: it was not for nothing that he translated Bayle, and he liked escaping into the company of Diderot and Voltaire, still more into that of the Roman comic playwrights—Lessing loved free-spiritedness, escape from Germany, in tempo too. But how could the German language, even in Lessing’s prose, imitate the tempo of Machiavelli, who lets us breathe the dry, fine air of Florence in his Prince and cannot help presenting the most serious business in an unbridled allegro: perhaps not without an artist’s malicious feeling for the contrast he dares—thoughts long, heavy, hard, dangerous, and a galloping tempo, the very best and most willful good humor. Who, finally, could even dare a German translation of Petronius, who, more than any great musician so far, was the master of presto in inven-

tions, inspirations, words—what, in the end, do all the swamps of the sick, wicked world, even of the “ancient world,” matter, if, like him, one has the feet of a wind, the rush and breath, the liberating mockery of a wind that makes everything healthy by making everything *run*! And as for Aristophanes, that transfiguring, complementary spirit for whose sake one *forgives* the whole Greek world for having existed—provided one has understood in all its depth *how much* there is in it that needs forgiveness, transfiguration—I know nothing that has made me dream more about *Plato’s* hiddenness and sphinx-like nature than that happily preserved little fact: beneath the pillow of his deathbed they found no “Bible,” nothing Egyptian, Pythagorean, Platonic—but Aristophanes. How could even a Plato have endured life—a Greek life, to which he said No—without an Aristophanes!—

29 Independence is the business of very few—it is a privilege of the strong. And anyone who attempts it, even with the best right to do so, but without *having to*, thereby proves that he is probably not merely strong, but daring to the point of recklessness. He enters a labyrinth; he multiplies a thousandfold the dangers life already brings with it—not the least of which is that no one can see how and where he loses his way, becomes isolated, and is torn to pieces by some cavern-dwelling Minotaur of conscience. Suppose such a person perishes: it happens so far beyond human understanding that people do not feel it or feel for him—and he can no longer go back! He can no longer go back even to human pity!—

30 Our highest insights must—and should!—sound like follies, under certain circumstances like crimes, when they unlawfully reach the ears of those who are not constituted and predestined for them. The exoteric and the esoteric, as philosophers once distinguished them, among Indians as among Greeks, Persians, and Muslims, in short wherever people believed in an order of rank and *not* in equality and equal rights—these differ not so much in that the exoteric stands outside and sees, assesses, measures, judges from without, not from within: what is more essential is that he sees things from below upward—but the esoteric *from above downward*! There are heights of the soul from which

even tragedy ceases to have a tragic effect; and if all the world's suffering were gathered into one, who could dare decide whether the sight of it would *necessarily* seduce and compel one to pity, and thus to double the suffering?... What serves the higher kind of human being as nourishment or refreshment must be almost poison to a very different and lesser kind. The virtues of the common man might signify vices and weaknesses in a philosopher; it would be possible for a person of high nature, supposing he degenerated and perished, only then to acquire qualities for which people in the lower world into which he sank would have to revere him as a saint. There are books whose value for soul and health is reversed according to whether the lower soul, the lower vitality, or the higher and more powerful makes use of them: in the first case they are dangerous, corrosive, dissolving books; in the other, heralds' calls challenging the bravest to *their* bravery. Books for everybody are always foul-smelling books: the smell of little people clings to them. Wherever the people eat and drink, even where they worship, there is usually a stink. One should not go into churches if one wants to breathe *pure* air.—

- ³¹ In youth we still revere and despise without that art of nuance which makes up life's best gain, and we must fairly pay dearly for having assaulted people and things in this way with Yes and No. Everything is arranged so that the worst of all tastes, the taste for the unconditional, is cruelly duped and abused until a person learns to put some art into his feelings and would rather even venture an experiment with the artificial: as the true artists of life do. The anger and reverence peculiar to youth seem to give themselves no rest until they have falsified people and things to the point where they can vent themselves on them—youth is in itself already something falsifying and deceitful. Later, when the young soul, tortured by one disillusionment after another, finally turns back on itself in suspicion, still hot and wild even in its suspicion and pangs of conscience: how angry it now grows with itself, how impatiently it tears itself apart, how it takes revenge for its long self-blinding, as though that blindness had been voluntary! In this transition we punish ourselves by distrusting our feelings; we torture our enthusiasm with doubt; indeed, we already feel a good con-

science as a danger, as though it were self-concealment and a tiring of our finer honesty; and above all we take sides, take sides on principle *against* “youth.”—A decade later: and we understand that all this, too, was still—youth!

- 32 Throughout the longest period of human history—what is called prehistoric time—the value or worthlessness of an action was derived from its consequences: the action in itself came into consideration no more than its origin did; rather, much as distinction or disgrace still reaches back in China from the child to the parents, it was the retroactive power of success or failure that guided people to think well or badly of an action. Let us call this period humanity’s *premoral* period: the imperative “know yourself!” was still unknown then. Over the last ten thousand years, however, people in a few great regions of the earth have come, step by step, to let the origin of an action, rather than its consequences, decide its value: a great event taken as a whole, a considerable refinement of vision and standard, the unconscious aftereffect of the rule of aristocratic values and belief in “origin,” the distinguishing mark of a period that may be called *moral* in the narrower sense: with this the first attempt at self-knowledge has been made. Origin instead of consequences: what a reversal of perspective! And certainly a reversal achieved only after long struggles and vacillations! Admittedly, a fateful new superstition, a peculiar narrowness of interpretation, came to power at the same time: the origin of an action was interpreted in the most definite sense as its origin in an *intention*; people became united in the belief that an action’s value lay in the value of its intention. Intention as the entire origin and prehistory of an action: under this prejudice, almost down to the most recent times, people on earth have morally praised, blamed, judged, and philosophized.—But today, thanks to a renewed self-reflection and deepening of the human being, might we not have reached the necessity of resolving on yet another reversal and fundamental shift of values—might we not stand at the threshold of a period that, negatively, would at first have to be called *extramoral*: today, when at least among us immoralists the suspicion is stirring that precisely what is *unintentional* in an action holds its decisive value, and that all its intentionality, everything in it that can be seen,

known, made “conscious,” still belongs to its surface and skin—which, like every skin, betrays something but *conceals* still more? In short, we believe intention to be only a sign and symptom that first needs interpreting, and moreover a sign that means too many things and consequently almost nothing on its own—that morality in the previous sense, the morality of intentions, has been a prejudice, a rash judgment, perhaps a provisional thing, something on roughly the level of astrology and alchemy, but in any event something that must be overcome. The overcoming of morality, in a certain sense even morality’s self-overcoming: let that be the name for the long, secret labor reserved for the finest and most honest, also the most malicious, consciences of today, as living touchstones of the soul.—

33 There is no help for it: we must call the feelings of devotion, of sacrifice for one’s neighbor, the whole morality of self-renunciation, mercilessly to account and bring them before a court: just as we must the aesthetics of “disinterested contemplation,” under which the emasculation of art today seeks, seductively enough, to provide itself with a good conscience. There is far too much magic and sugar in those feelings of “for others,” of “*not* for me,” for us not to need double suspicion here and to ask: “Might these not be—*seductions*?”—That they *please*—the person who has them, the person who enjoys their fruits, even the mere spectator—is still no argument *for* them, but precisely a call for caution. So let us be cautious!

34 Whatever standpoint of philosophy one may adopt today: seen from any position, the *erroneousness* of the world we believe we live in is the surest, firmest thing our eye can still grasp—we find reason upon reason for it, reasons that might tempt us into conjectures about a deceitful principle in the “essence of things.” But anyone who holds our thinking itself, and thus “the spirit,” responsible for the world’s falseness—an honorable way out, taken by every conscious or unconscious advocatus dei—anyone who takes this world, together with space, time, form, motion, to have been *inferred* to be false, would at least have good cause finally to learn distrust of all thinking itself: has it not played the greatest possible prank on us so far? And what guarantee

would there be that it would not go on doing what it has always done? In all seriousness: there is something touching and awe-inspiring about the innocence of thinkers that allows them, even today, to stand before consciousness with the request that it give them *honest* answers: for instance, whether it is “real,” and why it is actually so determined to keep the external world off its back, and other questions of that kind. Belief in “immediate certainties” is a *moral* naïveté that does us philosophers credit: but we are not, after all, supposed to be “*merely* moral” human beings! Apart from morality, that belief is a stupidity that does us little credit! In civil life, ever-ready distrust may count as a sign of “bad character” and consequently as something imprudent: here among ourselves, beyond the civil world and its Yes and No—what should prevent us from being imprudent and saying: the philosopher has gradually acquired a *right* to “bad character,” as the creature who has always been most thoroughly duped on earth—today he has a *duty* to distrust, to cast the most malicious sidelong glances out of every abyss of suspicion.—Forgive me the joke of this gloomy grimace and turn of phrase: for I myself, of all people, long ago learned to think differently, to value differently, about deceiving and being deceived, and have at least a few pokes in the ribs ready for the blind fury with which philosophers resist being deceived. Why *not*? That truth is worth more than appearance is no more than a moral prejudice; it is even the worst-proved assumption in the world. Let us admit at least this much: no life would exist at all if not on the basis of perspectival valuations and appearances; and if, with the virtuous enthusiasm and boorishness of certain philosophers, one wanted to abolish the “apparent world” entirely—well, supposing *you* could do that—then at least nothing would be left of your “truth” either! Indeed, what compels us to assume that there is any essential opposition between “true” and “false”? Is it not enough to assume degrees of apparentness and, as it were, lighter and darker shadows and overall tones of appearance—different *valeurs*, to speak the language of painters? Why should the world *that concerns us*—not be a fiction? And if someone asks, “But doesn’t a fiction require an author?”—might we not answer him bluntly: *Why*? Might this “requires” not belong to the fiction too? Is it not permissible, by now, to be a little ironic toward the

subject as well as the predicate and object? Might the philosopher not rise above belief in grammar? All respect for governesses: but would it not be time for philosophy to renounce the governesses' faith?—

- 35 Oh Voltaire! Oh humanity! Oh idiocy! There is something to “truth,” to the *search* for truth; and if a person goes about it all too humanly—“he seeks the true only to do the good”—I wager he will find nothing!
- 36 Suppose nothing else is “given” as real except our world of desires and passions, that we can descend or ascend to no other “reality” than precisely the reality of our drives—for thinking is only a relation of these drives to one another—may we not make the experiment and ask whether this given is not *sufficient* to understand, through things of its own kind, the so-called mechanistic (or “material”) world as well? I do not mean as a deception, an “appearance,” a “representation” (in Berkeley’s and Schopenhauer’s sense), but as having the same rank of reality as our affect itself—as a more primitive form of the world of affects, in which everything still lies enclosed in a powerful unity that then branches off and takes shape in the organic process (also, as is to be expected, grows delicate and weakens—), as a kind of life of drives in which all the organic functions, including self-regulation, assimilation, nourishment, excretion, metabolism, are still synthetically bound up with one another—as a *preliminary form* of life?—Ultimately, not only is it permissible to make this experiment: the conscience of *method* commands it. Not to assume several kinds of causality until the attempt to make do with a single one has been pushed to its outermost limit (—to the point of nonsense, if I may say so): that is a morality of method from which we may not excuse ourselves today—it follows “from its definition,” as a mathematician would say. The question, ultimately, is whether we really acknowledge the will as *acting*, whether we believe in the causality of the will: if we do—and at bottom our belief in *this* is precisely our belief in causality itself—then we *must* make the experiment of positing the causality of will hypothetically as the only causality. “Will” can naturally act only on “will”—and not on “matter” (not on “nerves,” for example—): in short, we must venture the hypothesis that wherever “effects” are acknowl-

edged, will acts on will—and that all mechanical happening, insofar as a force is active in it, is precisely force of will, effect of will.—Suppose, finally, that we succeeded in explaining our entire life of drives as the development and ramification of one basic form of will—namely, the will to power, as *my* proposition has it—suppose we could trace all organic functions back to this will to power and also find in it the solution to the problem of procreation and nourishment—it is one problem—then we would have acquired the right to define *all* effective force unequivocally as: *will to power*. The world seen from within, the world defined and designated according to its “intelligible character”—it would be “will to power” and nothing else.—

37 “What? Doesn’t that mean, in popular language: God is refuted, but the devil is not—?” On the contrary! On the contrary, my friends! And who the devil forces you to speak in popular language!—

38 What happened, even amid all the brightness of modern times, with the French Revolution—that dreadful and, judged at close quarters, superfluous farce into which the noble and enthusiastic spectators of all Europe, looking on from afar, interpreted their own indignations and enthusiasms so long and so passionately *until the text disappeared beneath the interpretation*—could happen again: a noble posterity might misunderstand the whole past and perhaps only thereby make the sight of it bearable.—Or rather: has this not already happened? Were we not ourselves—this “noble posterity”? And precisely now, insofar as we understand this—is it not over?

39 No one will readily consider a doctrine true merely because it makes people happy or virtuous: except perhaps those lovely “idealists” who gush over the good, the true, the beautiful, and let all kinds of colorful, clumsy, good-natured desirabilities swim about together in their pond. Happiness and virtue are no arguments. Yet people like to forget, even levelheaded minds, that making people unhappy and making them evil are no counterarguments either. Something might be true even though it were harmful and dangerous in the highest degree; indeed, it might belong to the fundamental constitution of existence

that complete knowledge of it would destroy us—so that the strength of a spirit would be measured by how much “truth” it could just barely endure, more clearly, to what degree it *would need* that truth diluted, veiled, sweetened, dulled, falsified. But there can be no doubt that the evil and unhappy are more favored in discovering certain *parts* of truth and have a greater probability of success; not to mention the evil who are happy—a species the moralists pass over in silence. Perhaps hardness and cunning provide more favorable conditions for the emergence of the strong, independent spirit and philosopher than that gentle, fine, accommodating good nature and art of taking things lightly that we prize, and rightly prize, in a scholar. Assuming, as goes without saying, that we do not narrow the concept “philosopher” to the philosopher who writes books—or even puts *his* philosophy into books!—Stendhal supplies one final trait for the portrait of the free-spirited philosopher, which for the sake of German taste I will not fail to underline—for it runs *counter to* German taste. “To be a good philosopher,” says this last great psychologist, “one must be dry, clear, without illusions. A banker who has made his fortune has part of the character required to make discoveries in philosophy, that is, to see clearly into what is.”

- ⁴⁰ Everything deep loves the mask; the very deepest things even hate image and likeness. Might not the *opposite* be the only proper disguise in which a god’s shame could walk abroad? A questionable question: it would be strange if some mystic had not already ventured something of the kind within himself. There are events of so tender a kind that one does well to bury and disguise them with some coarseness; there are actions of love and extravagant magnanimity after which nothing is more advisable than to take a stick and thrash the eyewitness: this clouds his memory. Some know how to cloud and mistreat their own memory, so as to take revenge at least on this one confidant—shame is inventive. It is not the worst things that make us feel the worst shame: there is not only malice behind a mask—there is so much goodness in cunning. I could imagine someone with something precious and vulnerable to shelter rolling through life coarse and round, like an old green wine cask bound with heavy

hoops: the delicacy of his shame wills it so. A person with depth in his shame also meets his destinies and delicate decisions on paths few ever reach, and whose existence his nearest and most intimate must not know: his mortal danger hides from their eyes, and so does his reconquered security in life. Such a hidden person, who instinctively uses speech for silence and concealment and is inexhaustible in evading communication, *wants* and encourages a mask of himself to wander in his place through the hearts and heads of his friends; and supposing he does not want it, one day his eyes will open to the fact that there is nevertheless a mask of him there—and that this is good. Every deep spirit needs a mask: more, a mask is continually growing around every deep spirit, thanks to the constantly false, namely *shallow*, interpretation of every word, every step, every sign of life he gives.—

- 41 One must set oneself tests to show that one is destined for independence and command; and do this at the right time. One should not evade one's tests, although they may be the most dangerous game one can play, and in the end are tests taken with ourselves alone as witnesses and before no other judge. Not to remain attached to a person, however beloved—every person is a prison, and a corner too. Not to remain attached to a fatherland, even the most suffering and most in need of help—it is already less difficult to unbind one's heart from a victorious fatherland. Not to remain attached to pity, even if it is for higher human beings into whose rare torment and helplessness some chance has let us look. Not to remain attached to a science, however it may entice us with the most precious discoveries, seemingly reserved for *us* in particular. Not to remain attached to one's own detachment, to that voluptuous remoteness and estrangement of the bird that flees ever higher to see ever more beneath itself—the danger of the flyer. Not to remain attached to our own virtues and become, as a whole, the victim of some single feature in us, our “hospitality,” for example: as is the danger of dangers for high-natured and rich souls who treat themselves lavishly, almost indifferently, and carry the virtue of liberality to the point of vice. One must know how to *preserve oneself*: the strongest test of independence.

- ⁴² A new kind of philosopher is rising: I venture to baptize them with a name not without danger. As I divine them, as they allow themselves to be divined—for it belongs to their nature to *wish* to remain riddles in some respect—these philosophers of the future might have a right, perhaps also a wrong, to be called *experimenters and tempters*. This name itself, in the end, is only an experiment and, if you like, a temptation.
- ⁴³ Are they new friends of “truth,” these coming philosophers? Quite probably: for all philosophers so far have loved their truths. But certainly they will not be dogmatists. It must offend their pride, and their taste as well, if their truth is also supposed to be a truth for everybody: which has so far been the secret wish and ulterior meaning of all dogmatic endeavors. “My judgment is *my* judgment: someone else has no easy right to it too”—perhaps such a philosopher of the future will say. One must rid oneself of the bad taste of wanting to agree with many. “Good” is no longer good when one’s neighbor takes it into his mouth. And how could there even be a “common good”? The phrase contradicts itself: what can be common always has little value. In the end things must be as they are and always have been: great things remain for the great, abysses for the deep, tendernesses and shudders for the subtle, and, in sum and in brief, everything rare for the rare.—
- ⁴⁴ After all this, need I expressly say that they too will be free, *very* free spirits, these philosophers of the future—as surely as they will not be merely free spirits, but something more, higher, greater, and fundamentally different, which does not want to be misjudged or confused with something else? But as I say this, I feel almost as much a *duty* toward them as toward us, their heralds and forerunners, us free spirits!—to blow away from us all an old, stupid prejudice and misunderstanding that has too long obscured the concept “free spirit” like a fog. In every country of Europe, and likewise in America, there is now something that abuses this name, a very narrow, captive, chained kind of spirit that wants roughly the opposite of what lies in our intentions and instincts—not to mention that, in relation to those rising *new* philosophers, they must be closed windows and bolted doors all the more. To put it briefly and harshly, these

falsely named “free spirits” belong among the *levelers*—as eloquent, scribbling slaves of democratic taste and its “modern ideas”: all of them people without solitude, without a solitude of their own, clumsy, decent fellows who are not to be denied courage or respectable conduct, only that they are unfree and laughably superficial, above all in their basic inclination to see the forms of old society as it has existed until now as more or less the cause of *all* human misery and failure: which happily stands truth on its head! What they would strive for with all their strength is the universal green-pasture happiness of the herd, with security, absence of danger, comfort, an easier life for everyone; their two most abundantly sung songs and doctrines are called “equality of rights” and “sympathy for all that suffers”—and suffering itself is taken by them as something to *abolish*. We of the opposite persuasion, who have opened our eyes and conscience to the question of where and how the plant “human being” has so far grown most vigorously upward, believe that each time it has happened under the opposite conditions: that for this to occur the dangerousness of the human situation first had to grow to monstrous proportions; the power of invention and dissimulation (the “spirit” of the human being—) had to develop under long pressure and constraint into subtlety and daring; the will to life had to be intensified into an unconditional will to power—we believe that hardness, violence, slavery, danger in the street and in the heart, concealment, stoicism, the art of temptation, and devilry of every kind, that everything evil, terrible, tyrannical, predatory, and serpentine in human beings serves the elevation of the species “human being” as well as its opposite does—we do not even say enough when we say only this, and in any event, in our speaking and silence at this point, we stand at the *other* end of all modern ideology and herd desirability: perhaps as their antipodes? What wonder that we “free spirits” are not exactly the most communicative spirits? That we do not wish to betray in every respect *from what* a spirit can free itself and *where* it may then be driven? And as for that dangerous formula “beyond good and evil,” with which we at least protect ourselves from confusion: we *are* something other than “libres-penseurs,” “liberi pensatori,” “freethinkers,” and whatever else all these decent advocates of “modern ideas” like to call themselves. At home in many countries of the

spirit, or at least having been their guests; escaping again and again from the stuffy, comfortable corners into which predilection and pre-aversion, youth, descent, the chance encounters with people and books, or even the weariness of wandering seemed to banish us; full of malice against the lures of dependence hidden in honors, or money, or offices, or excitements of the senses; grateful even to distress and changeable illness because they always freed us from some rule and its “prejudice,” grateful to the god, devil, sheep, and worm in us, curious to the point of vice, investigators to the point of cruelty, with unhesitating fingers for the ungraspable, with teeth and stomachs for the most indigestible, ready for every craft demanding sharp wit and sharp senses, ready for every venture thanks to a surplus of “free will,” with foreground and background souls whose ultimate intentions no one easily sees through, with foregrounds and backgrounds no foot could walk to their end, hidden beneath cloaks of light, conquerors although we look like heirs and spendthrifts, arrangers and collectors from morning to evening, misers of our wealth and our crammed drawers, economical in learning and forgetting, inventive in schemata, sometimes proud of tables of categories, sometimes pedants, sometimes night owls of work even in broad daylight; yes, if need be, even scarecrows—and today there is need: insofar as we are the born, sworn, jealous friends of *solitude*, of our own deepest, most midnight, most midday solitude—such a kind of human being are we, we free spirits! And perhaps *you* too are something of this, you who are coming? You *new* philosophers?—

PART III

The Religious Nature



Third Main Division:
The Religious Nature.

- ⁴⁵ The human soul and its limits, the whole range of human inner experience attained so far, the heights, depths, and distances of these experiences, the entire history of the soul *until now* and its still-undrained possibilities: that is the predestined hunting ground for a born psychologist and friend of the “great hunt.” But how often must he say to himself in despair: “One individual! Ah, only one individual! And this great forest, this primeval forest!” And so he wishes for a few hundred hunting assistants and fine, learned hounds whom he could send into the history of the human soul to drive *his* game together there. In vain: again and again he learns, thoroughly and bitterly, how hard it is to find assistants and dogs for precisely the things that excite his curiosity. The trouble with sending scholars into new and dangerous hunting grounds, where courage, intelligence, subtlety in every sense are needed, is that they cease to be useful precisely where the “*great* hunt,” but also the great danger, begins—precisely there they lose their tracking eye and tracking nose. To divine and establish, for example, what history the problem of *knowledge and conscience* has so far had in the souls of *homines religiosi*, one would perhaps have to be as deep, as wounded, as immense oneself as Pascal’s intellectual conscience was: and then one would still need that overarching heaven of bright,

malicious intellect capable of surveying from above, ordering, forcing into formulas this swarm of dangerous and painful experiences.—But who would do me this service! But who would have time to wait for such servants!—Clearly they grow too rarely; at all times they are so improbable! In the end one must do everything *oneself* to know something oneself: which means one has *much* to do!—But a curiosity of my kind remains, after all, the most pleasant of all vices—forgive me! I meant to say: the love of truth has its reward in heaven and already on earth.—

- 46 Faith as early Christianity demanded and not infrequently attained it, amid a skeptical and southerly free-spirited world that had a centuries-long struggle of philosophical schools behind it and within it, added to the schooling in tolerance supplied by the imperium Romanum—this faith is *not* that loyal-hearted, surly faith of subjects with which, say, a Luther or a Cromwell or some other northern barbarian of the spirit clung to his God and Christianity; much more, rather, that faith of Pascal’s which bears a terrifying resemblance to a continual suicide of reason—a tenacious, long-lived, wormlike reason that cannot be killed all at once and with a single blow. Christian faith is sacrifice from the beginning: sacrifice of all freedom, all pride, all self-assurance of the spirit; at the same time enslavement and self-mockery, self-mutilation. There is cruelty and religious Phoenicianism in this faith imposed on a softened, complex, much-pampered conscience: its presupposition is that the subjection of the spirit *hurts* indescribably, that the entire past and habit of such a spirit resists the absurdissimum in which “faith” confronts it. Modern people, with their dulled sensitivity to all Christian nomenclature, no longer feel the terrifying superlative that lay, for an ancient taste, in the paradox of the formula “God on the cross.” Never yet and nowhere has there been an equal daring in reversal, anything equally terrible, questioning, and questionable, as this formula: it promised a revaluation of all ancient values.—It is the Orient, the *deep* Orient, it is the Oriental slave who in this way took revenge on Rome and its noble, frivolous tolerance, on the Roman “catholicism” of faith—and it was always not faith but freedom from faith, that half-stoic, smiling unconcern about the

seriousness of faith, that aroused the slaves' indignation at their masters, their revolt against them. "Enlightenment" arouses revolt: for the slave wants the unconditional; he understands only the tyrannical, in morality too; he loves as he hates, without nuance, to the depths, to the point of pain, to the point of sickness—his great *hidden* suffering rebels against noble taste, which seems to *deny* suffering. Skepticism toward suffering, at bottom only an attitude of aristocratic morality, also played no small part in the emergence of the last great slave revolt, which began with the French Revolution.

- 47 Wherever on earth religious neurosis has appeared so far, we find it linked with three dangerous dietary prescriptions: solitude, fasting, and sexual abstinence—though we cannot decide with certainty here what is cause and what effect, or *whether* any relation of cause and effect exists at all. This last doubt is justified by the fact that, among savage and tame peoples alike, one of its most regular symptoms is also the most sudden, extravagant sensuality, which then turns just as suddenly into spasms of penitence and denial of world and will: both perhaps interpretable as disguised epilepsy? But nowhere should we renounce interpretations more: no type has yet had such a profusion of nonsense and superstition grow around it; none seems so far to have interested people, even philosophers, more—it would be time to grow a little cold precisely here, to learn caution, better still: to look away, *to go away*.—Even in the background of the latest philosophy, Schopenhauer's, stands this terrifying question mark of religious crisis and awakening, almost as the problem in itself. How is denial of the will *possible*? How is the saint possible?—This really seems to have been the question with which Schopenhauer became and began as a philosopher. And so it was a genuinely Schopenhauerian consequence that his most convinced follower (perhaps also his last, as far as Germany is concerned—), namely Richard Wagner, brought his own life's work to a close at precisely this point and finally put that terrible and eternal type onstage as Kundry, a type drawn from life, in flesh and blood; at the very time when psychiatrists in almost every country of Europe had occasion to study it at close quarters, wherever religious neurosis—or, as I call it, "the religious nature"—made its latest epidemic out-

break and appearance as the “Salvation Army.”—But if we ask what it actually was about the whole phenomenon of the saint that people of every kind and age, philosophers included, found so irresistibly interesting: without any doubt it was the appearance of the miraculous attaching to him, namely the immediate *succession of opposites*, of states of soul valued as moral opposites: people believed they could grasp with their very hands here that a “bad person” became, all at once, a “saint,” a good person. Psychology until now suffered shipwreck at this point: might that not have happened chiefly because it had placed itself under the dominion of morality, because it *believed* in the moral oppositions of value themselves, and saw, read, *interpreted* these oppositions into the text *and* the facts?—What? The “miracle” only a mistake of interpretation? A lack of philology?—

- 48 It seems that Catholicism belongs far more intimately to the Latin races than the whole of Christianity does to us northerners: and consequently that unbelief in Catholic countries means something quite different from what it does in Protestant ones—namely a kind of rebellion against the spirit of the race, whereas among us it is more a return to the spirit (or unspirit—) of the race. We northerners undoubtedly descend from barbarian races, also as regards our aptitude for religion: we have *little* talent for it. The Celts may be excepted, and for that reason they also provided the best soil in the north for the reception of the Christian infection—in France the Christian ideal blossomed as far as the north’s pale sun permitted. How strangely pious, to our taste, even these latest French skeptics remain, insofar as there is some Celtic blood in their descent! How Catholic, how un-German Auguste Comte’s sociology smells to us, with its Roman logic of the instincts! How Jesuitical that amiable and clever guide to Port-Royal, Sainte-Beuve, despite all his hostility toward the Jesuits! And Ernest Renan in particular: how inaccessible the language of such a Renan sounds to us northerners, in whom at every moment some mere nothing of religious tension throws his soul, voluptuous in a subtler sense and settling itself comfortably, off balance! Just repeat these beautiful sentences after him—and what malice and high spirits immediately stir in response in our probably

less beautiful and harder, that is, more German soul!—"Let us therefore boldly say that religion is a product of the normal human being, that a person is most in the truth when most religious and most assured of an infinite destiny... It is when he is good that he wants virtue to correspond to an eternal order; it is when he contemplates things disinterestedly that he finds death revolting and absurd. How can we not suppose that it is in those moments that a person sees best?... " These sentences are so *antipodal* to my ears and habits that, when I found them, my first fit of rage wrote beside them "religious silliness par excellence!"—until my last fit of rage actually grew fond of them, these sentences with their truth stood on its head! It is so charming, so distinguishing, to have one's own antipodes!

- ⁴⁹ What astonishes us in the religiosity of the ancient Greeks is the unbridled abundance of gratitude it pours out—it is a very noble kind of human being who stands *like this* before nature and before life!—Later, when the rabble gains the upper hand in Greece, *fear* overgrows religion too; and Christianity was preparing itself.—
- ⁵⁰ The passion for God: there are peasant-like, loyal-hearted, and importunate forms, such as Luther's—all Protestantism lacks the southern delicatessa. There is an Oriental ecstasy in it, as in a slave undeservedly pardoned or exalted, for example in Augustine, who lacks all nobility of gesture and desire to an offensive degree. There is womanly tenderness and longing in it, pressing shyly and unknowingly toward a mystical and physical union: as in Madame de Guyon. In many cases it appears, strangely enough, as a disguise for the puberty of a girl or young man; here and there even as the hysteria of an old maid, also as her last ambition—the Church has more than once canonized a woman in such a case.
- ⁵¹ So far the mightiest human beings have always bowed reverently before the saint, as the riddle of self-conquest and deliberate, ultimate deprivation: why did they bow? They sensed in him—and as it were behind the question mark of his frail and pitiful appearance—the superior force that wanted to test itself in

such conquest, the strength of will in which they recognized their own strength and delight in mastery and knew how to honor it: they were honoring something in themselves when they honored the saint. Moreover, the sight of the saint instilled a suspicion in them: something so monstrous in the way of denial, of opposition to nature, will not have been desired for nothing, they said and asked themselves. Perhaps there is a reason for it, some very great danger of which the ascetic, thanks to his secret counselors and visitors, might be better informed? In short, the mighty of the world learned a new fear before him; they sensed a new power, a strange, still-unconquered enemy—it was the “will to power” that compelled them to stop before the saint. They had to question him——

52 In the Jewish “Old Testament,” the book of divine justice, there are people, things, and speeches in so grand a style that Greek and Indian literature have nothing to set beside them. One stands with terror and reverence before these immense remnants of what the human being once was, and will have one’s melancholy thoughts about old Asia and its little protruding peninsula Europe, which insists on representing “human progress” over against Asia. Admittedly, anyone who is himself only a thin, tame domestic animal and knows only domestic-animal needs (like our educated people today, including the Christians of “educated” Christianity—) has no cause either for wonder or, still less, for sorrow among those ruins—taste for the Old Testament is a touchstone with regard to “great” and “small”—perhaps he still finds the New Testament, the book of grace, more to his heart (there is much in it of the true, tender, stuffy smell of prayer-brothers and little souls). To have glued this New Testament, a kind of rococo of taste in every respect, together with the Old Testament into one book, as “Bible,” as “the book in itself”: that is perhaps the greatest audacity and “sin against the spirit” that literary Europe has on its conscience.

53 Why atheism today?—“The father” in God has been thoroughly refuted; likewise “the judge,” “the rewarder.” So too his “free will”: he does not hear—and if he did hear, he still would not know how to help. Worst of all: he seems inca-

pable of communicating clearly: is he unclear?—These are the causes of the decline of European theism I have tracked down through many conversations, questioning, listening; it seems to me that the religious instinct is indeed growing powerfully—but that it rejects precisely the theistic satisfaction of it with profound distrust.

54 What, at bottom, is all modern philosophy doing? Since Descartes—and indeed more in defiance of him than on the basis of his example—all philosophers have been making an assassination attempt on the old concept of the soul, under the appearance of criticizing the concepts of subject and predicate—which means an assassination attempt on the fundamental presupposition of Christian doctrine. Modern philosophy, as epistemological skepticism, is covertly or openly *anti-Christian*: although, for subtler ears, by no means antireligious. For formerly people believed in “the soul” as they believed in grammar and the grammatical subject: they said, “I” is the condition, “think” is the predicate and conditioned—thinking is an activity for which a subject *must* be thought of as cause. Then, with admirable tenacity and cunning, people tried to see whether they could escape this net—whether perhaps the reverse was true: “think” the condition, “I” conditioned; “I” thus only a synthesis *made* by thinking itself. At bottom *Kant* wanted to prove that the subject could not be proved from the subject—nor could the object: the possibility of a *merely apparent existence* of the subject, thus of “the soul,” may not always have been foreign to him—that thought which once before, as Vedanta philosophy, existed on earth in tremendous power.

55 There is a great ladder of religious cruelty, with many rungs; but three of them are the most important. Once people sacrificed human beings to their god, perhaps precisely those they loved best—here belong the sacrifices of the firstborn in all prehistoric religions, and here too the Emperor Tiberius’s sacrifice in the grotto of Mithras on the island of Capri, that most terrifying of all Roman anachronisms. Then, in humanity’s moral epoch, people sacrificed to their god the strongest instincts they possessed, their “nature”; *this* festive joy gleams in the cruel eye of the ascetic, of the enthusiast “against nature.” Finally: what still

remained to sacrifice? Did one not at last have to sacrifice everything comforting, holy, healing, all hope, all belief in hidden harmony, in future blessedness and justice? Did one not have to sacrifice God himself and, out of cruelty toward oneself, worship stone, stupidity, gravity, fate, nothingness? To sacrifice God for nothingness—this paradoxical mystery of the final cruelty was reserved for the generation just now rising: we all already know something of it.—

56 Anyone who, like me, has long striven with some enigmatic appetite to think pessimism through to its depths and free it from the half-Christian, half-German narrowness and simplicity in which it last presented itself to this century, namely in the form of Schopenhauer's philosophy; anyone who has really once looked with an Asiatic and more-than-Asiatic eye into and down into the most world-denying of all possible ways of thinking—beyond good and evil, and no longer, like Buddha and Schopenhauer, under morality's spell and delusion—has perhaps, through precisely this, without really wanting to, opened his eyes to the opposite ideal: the ideal of the most exuberant, most alive, most world-affirming human being, who has not merely learned to come to terms with and reconcile himself to what was and is, but wants it again *just as it was and is*, through all eternity, insatiably crying da capo, not only to himself but to the whole play and spectacle, and not only to a spectacle but at bottom to him who needs precisely this spectacle—and makes it necessary: because he always needs himself again—and makes himself necessary——What? And this would not be—*circulus vitiosus deus*?

57 As the power of a person's intellectual sight and insight grows, so does the distance, and as it were the space, around him: his world grows deeper; ever-new stars, ever-new riddles and images come into view. Perhaps everything on which the mind's eye has practiced its acuteness and depth was only an occasion for that practice, a matter of play, something for children and childish heads. Perhaps someday the most solemn concepts, those most fought and suffered over, the concepts "God" and "sin," will seem no more important to us than a

child's toy and a child's pain seem to an old man—and perhaps then “the old human being” will again need a different toy and a different pain—still child enough, an eternal child!

- 58 Has anyone properly noticed to what extent a genuinely religious life (both its favorite microscopic labor of self-examination and that tender serenity called “prayer,” which is a continual readiness for the “coming of God”) requires outward idleness or half-idleness, I mean idleness with a good conscience, from of old, by blood, to which the aristocratic feeling that work *dishonors*—namely makes soul and body common—is not entirely foreign? And that consequently modern, noisy industriousness, buying up every moment, proud of itself, stupidly proud, schools and prepares people for “unbelief” more than anything else does? Among those who now live apart from religion in Germany, for example, I find people of many kinds and origins of “freethinking,” but above all a majority whose industriousness has dissolved their religious instincts from generation to generation: so that they no longer even know what religions are useful for, and merely register their presence in the world, as it were, with a kind of dull astonishment. These decent people already feel quite fully occupied, whether by their business or their pleasures, not to mention the “fatherland” and the newspapers and the “duties of the family”: it seems they have no time at all left for religion, especially since they remain unclear whether it is a new business or a new pleasure—for surely, they tell themselves, one does not go to church purely to spoil one's good mood. They are no enemies of religious customs; if participation in such customs is demanded in certain cases, say by the state, they do what is demanded, as one does so many things—with a patient, modest seriousness and without much curiosity or discomfort—they simply live too far apart and outside to find even a weighing of pros and cons in such matters necessary for themselves. To these indifferent people belong today the great majority of German Protestants in the middle classes, especially in the industrious great centers of trade and transport; likewise the great majority of industrious scholars and the whole university entourage (except the theologians, whose existence and possibility there give the psychologist ever more and

subtler riddles to solve). Pious or even merely churchgoing people rarely imagine *how much* good will, one might say arbitrary will, it now takes for a German scholar to take the problem of religion seriously; his whole craft (and, as I said, the craftlike industriousness to which his modern conscience obliges him) inclines him toward a superior, almost kindly cheerfulness in the face of religion, sometimes mingled with a slight contempt directed against the “uncleanliness” of mind he presupposes wherever someone still professes allegiance to the Church. Only with the help of history (thus *not* from personal experience) does the scholar succeed in attaining a reverent seriousness and a certain shy consideration toward religions; but even if he has raised his feeling to gratitude toward them, he has personally come not one step closer to what still exists as church or piety: perhaps the reverse. The practical indifference toward religious matters into which he was born and educated usually sublimates in him into a caution and cleanliness that shrinks from contact with religious people and things; and it may be precisely the depth of his tolerance and humanity that bids him avoid the subtle predicament that toleration itself brings with it.—Every age has its own divine kind of naïveté, for whose invention other ages may envy it—and how much naïveté, venerable, childlike, and boundlessly boorish naïveté, lies in this scholar’s belief in his superiority, in the good conscience of his tolerance, in the unsuspecting, simple assurance with which his instinct treats the religious human being as an inferior and lower type beyond which he himself has grown, away and *upward*—he, the little presumptuous dwarf and rabble-man, the diligent, nimble head-and-hand worker of “ideas,” of “modern ideas”!

- 59 Anyone who has looked deeply into the world will divine the wisdom in people’s being superficial. It is their preserving instinct that teaches them to be fleeting, light, and false. Here and there, among philosophers as among artists, one finds a passionate, exaggerated worship of “pure forms”: let no one doubt that anyone who *needs* the cult of the surface in this way has at some time made an ill-fated grasp *beneath* it. Perhaps there is even an order of rank among these burned children, the born artists who find enjoyment in life only in the inten-

tion to *falsify* its image (as it were in a protracted revenge on life—): one could infer the degree to which life has been spoiled for them from how far they wish to see its image falsified, thinned, carried into a beyond, deified—one could count the *homines religiosi* among artists as their *highest* rank. It is the deep, suspicious fear of an incurable pessimism that compels whole millennia to fasten their teeth into a religious interpretation of existence: the fear of that instinct which senses that one might get hold of truth *too early*, before the human being has become strong enough, hard enough, artist enough... Piety, “life in God,” viewed in this light, would appear as the finest and final offspring of the *fear* of truth, as an artist’s worship and intoxication before the most consistent of all falsifications, as the will to invert truth, to untruth at any price. Perhaps there has so far been no stronger means of beautifying the human being himself than precisely piety: through it a person can become so much art, surface, play of colors, goodness, that one no longer suffers at the sight of him.

⁶⁰ To love human beings *for God’s sake*—that has so far been the noblest and most remote feeling attained among human beings. That love of humanity without some sanctifying ulterior intention is one *more* stupidity and piece of animality, that the inclination toward this love of humanity must first receive its measure, its refinement, its grain of salt and speck of ambergris from a higher inclination—whoever the person was who first felt and “experienced” this, however much his tongue may have stumbled when it tried to express such a delicacy, let him remain holy and worthy of reverence to us for all time, as the human being who has flown highest so far and lost his way most beautifully!

⁶¹ The philosopher as *we* understand him, we free spirits—as the human being of the most comprehensive responsibility, who has the conscience for the overall development of humanity: this philosopher will employ religions for his work of breeding and education, just as he will employ the political and economic conditions of the time. The selecting, breeding influence—which always means the destructive as well as the creative and formative influence—that can be exercised with the help of religions is manifold and different according to the kind

of people placed under their spell and protection. For the strong, independent, prepared and predestined to command, in whom the reason and art of a ruling race become flesh, religion is one more means of overcoming resistance, of being able to rule: as a bond that binds rulers and subjects together and betrays and hands over to the former the consciences of the latter, their hidden and innermost part, which would like to evade obedience; and if individual natures of such noble origin incline, through high spirituality, toward a more withdrawn and contemplative life and reserve for themselves only the most refined form of ruling (over chosen disciples or brothers of an order), religion itself can be used as a means to secure peace from the noise and trouble of *coarser* government and purity from the *necessary* dirt of all politicking. This, for example, is how the Brahmins understood it: with the help of a religious organization they gave themselves the power to appoint the people's kings, while keeping and feeling themselves apart and outside, as human beings of higher and more-than-royal tasks. Meanwhile religion also gives a portion of the ruled guidance and opportunity to prepare themselves to rule and command someday: namely those slowly rising classes and estates in which, through fortunate marital customs, the strength and delight of the will, the will to self-mastery, are continually increasing—it offers them incentives and temptations enough to take the paths toward higher spirituality, to test the feelings of great self-overcoming, silence, and solitude—asceticism and puritanism are almost indispensable means of education and ennoblement when a race wants to master its origin in the rabble and works its way upward toward eventual rule. Finally, to ordinary human beings, the vast majority, who exist to serve and for general usefulness and *may* exist only insofar as they do, religion gives an inestimable contentment with their condition and kind, manifold peace of heart, an ennoblement of obedience, one more happiness and sorrow shared with their kind, and something of transfiguration and beautification, something of justification for the whole of everyday life, for all the lowliness, all the half-animal poverty of their souls. Religion and the religious significance of life spread sunshine over such perpetually troubled people and make even the sight of themselves bearable to them; religion acts as an Epicurean philosophy usually acts on sufferers of a

higher rank, refreshing, refining, *making use of* suffering, as it were, finally even sanctifying and justifying it. Perhaps nothing in Christianity and Buddhism is so worthy of reverence as their art of teaching even the lowliest to place themselves through piety in a higher, apparent order of things, and thereby to retain their contentment with the real order within which they live harshly enough—and precisely this harshness is necessary!

- ⁶² Finally, of course, to enter the grim counteraccount against such religions too, and bring their uncanny dangerousness to light—it always costs dearly and terribly when religions rule *not* as means of breeding and education in the philosopher's hand but in their own right and *sovereignly*, when they themselves want to be ultimate ends and not means alongside other means. Among human beings, as among every other animal species, there is a surplus of failures, sick, degenerating, frail, necessarily suffering individuals; successful cases are always the exception among human beings too, and indeed, considering that the human being is the *animal not yet fixed*, the sparse exception. But worse still: the higher the nature of the human type represented by an individual, the more improbable it becomes that he will *turn out well*: the accidental, the law of nonsense in humanity's whole economy, reveals itself most terrifyingly in its destructive effect on higher human beings, whose conditions of life are delicate, manifold, and hard to calculate. How, then, do the two greatest religions named above treat this *surplus* of failed cases? They seek to preserve, to hold in life whatever can possibly be held; indeed, they take their side on principle, as religions *for sufferers*, they declare all those right who suffer from life as from an illness, and would like to ensure that every other feeling about life counts as false and becomes impossible. However highly one may value this protective and preserving care, insofar as, alongside all the others, it applies and has applied to the highest and so far almost always also most suffering human type: in the overall reckoning the religions until now, namely the *sovereign* religions, belong among the chief causes that have held the type "human being" at a lower level—they preserved too much of *what ought to perish*. We owe them inestimable things; and who is rich enough in gratitude not to become poor

before all that, for example, the “spiritual men” of Christianity have done for Europe! And yet, when they gave sufferers comfort, the oppressed and despairing courage, the dependent a staff and support, and lured the inwardly shattered and those gone wild away from society into monasteries and penitentiaries of the soul: what else did they have to do in order to work in this way, with a good conscience and on principle, for the preservation of everything sick and suffering, that is, in deed and in truth, for the *deterioration of the European race*? Stand all valuations *on their head*—that is what they had to do! And break the strong, infect the great hopes with sickness, cast suspicion on happiness in beauty, bend everything self-ruling, manly, conquering, lusting for mastery, all the instincts peculiar to the highest and most successful type “human being,” into insecurity, anguish of conscience, self-destruction; indeed, turn the whole love of the earthly and of dominion over the earth into hatred of the earth and the earthly—the Church set itself *this* task, and had to set it, until at last in its valuation “unworlding,” “desensualizing,” and “higher human being” fused into a single feeling. Suppose one could survey the strangely painful and equally coarse and subtle comedy of European Christianity with the mocking, uninvolved eye of an Epicurean god: I believe one would never finish marveling and laughing; does it not seem as though one will had ruled over Europe for eighteen centuries, to make the human being into a *sublime monstrosity*? But anyone who approached this almost arbitrary degeneration and stunting of the human being embodied in the Christian European (Pascal, for example) with opposite needs, no longer Epicurean but with some divine hammer in his hand—would he not have to cry out in fury, in pity, in horror: “Oh you bunglers, you presumptuous, pitying bunglers, what have you done! Was this work for your hands! How you have hacked and botched my most beautiful stone! What a liberty *you* took!”—I meant to say: Christianity has so far been the most fateful kind of self-exaltation. People not high and hard enough to be permitted to shape *the human being* as artists; people not strong and far-sighted enough, with a sublime self-conquest, to *let* the foreground law of thousandfold failure and destruction hold sway; people not noble enough to see the abysmally different order of rank and gulf of rank between human being and human being

—*such* people, with their “equal before God,” have so far governed the fate of Europe, until finally a diminished, almost ridiculous kind, a herd animal, something good-natured, sickly, and mediocre, has been bred: the European of today...

PART IV

Maxims and Interludes



Fourth Main Division:
Maxims and Interludes.

- ⁶³ Someone who is a teacher to the core takes everything seriously only in relation to his pupils—even himself.
- ⁶⁴ “Knowledge for its own sake”—that is the last snare morality lays: with it we become completely entangled in morality once again.
- ⁶⁵ The attraction of knowledge would be slight if there were not so much shame to overcome on the way to it.
- ^{65a} We are most dishonest toward our god: he *may* not sin!
- ⁶⁶ The inclination to lower oneself, to let oneself be robbed, lied to, and exploited, could be the shame of a god among human beings.
- ⁶⁷ Love of one is a barbarism: for it is practiced at the expense of everyone else. Love of God too.
- ⁶⁸ “I did that,” says my memory. “I cannot have done that”—says my pride, and remains inexorable. At last—memory yields.
- ⁶⁹ We have watched life badly if we have not also seen the hand that gently—kills.

- 70 If we have character, we also have our typical experience, which keeps recurring.
- 71 The wise man as astronomer.—As long as you still feel the stars as something “above you,” you still lack the eye of the knower.
- 72 Not the strength but the duration of high feeling makes high human beings.
- 73 Whoever reaches his ideal goes beyond it in that very act.
- 73a Many a peacock hides his peacock’s tail from everyone’s eyes—and calls that his pride.
- 74 A person with genius is unbearable unless he possesses at least two other things as well: gratitude and cleanliness.
- 75 The degree and kind of a person’s sexuality reach up to the very last summit of his spirit.
- 76 In peaceful circumstances, the warlike person falls upon himself.
- 77 With our principles we want to tyrannize over our habits or justify or honor or abuse or conceal them—two people with the same principles probably still want something fundamentally different from them.
- 78 Someone who despises himself still respects himself in doing so as one who despises.
- 79 A soul that knows itself loved but does not love reveals its sediment—its bottommost part rises.
- 80 A thing that becomes clear ceases to concern us.—What did that god mean who advised: “Know yourself”? Did it perhaps mean: “Cease to concern yourself! Become objective!”—And Socrates?—And the “scientific human being”? —
- 81 It is terrible to die of thirst at sea. Must you salt your truth so much at once that it no longer even—quenches thirst?

- ⁸² “Pity for everyone”—would be harshness and tyranny toward *you*, my dear neighbor!—
- ⁸³ *Instinct.*—When the house is burning, we forget even our midday meal.—Yes: but we make up for it on the ashes.
- ⁸⁴ Woman learns to hate to the extent that she—unlearns how to enchant.
- ⁸⁵ The same affects in man and woman nevertheless differ in tempo: that is why man and woman never stop misunderstanding each other.
- ⁸⁶ Behind all their personal vanity, women themselves still always have their impersonal contempt—for “woman.”
- ⁸⁷ *Bound heart, free spirit.*—If we bind our heart fast and take it captive, we can give our spirit many freedoms: I said that once before. But people do not believe me, unless they know it already...
- ⁸⁸ We begin to distrust very clever people when they become embarrassed.
- ⁸⁹ Terrible experiences give us cause to wonder whether the person who experiences them is not something terrible.
- ⁹⁰ Heavy, melancholy people grow lighter precisely through what makes others heavy, through hatred and love, and for a time come to their surface.
- ⁹¹ So cold, so icy, that you burn your fingers on him! Every hand that touches him recoils!—And precisely for that reason some people think him burning hot.
- ⁹² Who has not at some time sacrificed—himself for his good name?—
- ⁹³ There is nothing of hatred of humanity in affability, but for that very reason all too much contempt for humanity.
- ⁹⁴ A man’s maturity: that means having rediscovered the seriousness one had as a child at play.
- ⁹⁵ To be ashamed of one’s immorality: that is a step on the stairway at whose end one is also ashamed of one’s morality.

- 96 We should take leave of life as Odysseus took leave of Nausicaa—more blessing than in love.
- 97 What? A great man? I always see only the actor of his own ideal.
- 98 If we train our conscience, it kisses us even as it bites.
- 99 The disappointed man speaks.—“I listened for an echo, and heard only praise —”
- 100 Before ourselves we all present ourselves as simpler than we are: in this way we rest from our fellow human beings.
- 101 Today a knower might easily feel himself to be God incarnate as an animal.
- 102 Discovering that his love is returned ought really to sober the lover about the beloved. “What? Is *it* modest enough to love even you? Or stupid enough? Or —or—”
- 103 The danger in happiness.—“Now everything turns out for my best, now I love every fate—who would like to be my fate?”
- 104 Not their love of humanity but the impotence of their love of humanity prevents Christians today from—burning us.
- 105 For the free spirit, the “devotee of knowledge,” pious fraud offends his taste (*his* “piety”) even more than impious fraud does. Hence his profound incomprehension of the Church, which belongs to the type “free spirit”—as *his* unfreedom.
- 106 Through music the passions enjoy themselves.
- 107 Once the decision is made, to close one’s ears even to the best counterargument: a sign of strong character. Thus an occasional will to stupidity.
- 108 There are no moral phenomena at all, only a moral interpretation of phenomena...
- 109 The criminal is often enough no match for his deed: he belittles and slanders it.

- 110 A criminal's lawyers are rarely artists enough to turn the beautiful terror of the deed to its perpetrator's advantage.
- 111 Our vanity is hardest to wound precisely when our pride has just been wounded.
- 112 For anyone who feels predestined to see and not to believe, all believers are too noisy and importunate: he fends them off.
- 113 "You want to win him over? Then act embarrassed in front of him—"
- 114 The immense expectation concerning sexual love, and the shame in this expectation, spoil every perspective for women from the outset.
- 115 Where love or hatred does not play a part, woman plays a mediocre part.
- 116 The great epochs of our lives lie where we gain the courage to rename our evil as our best.
- 117 The will to overcome an affect is, in the end, only the will of another affect or of several others.
- 118 There is an innocence of admiration: it belongs to someone to whom it has not yet occurred that he too might someday be admired.
- 119 Disgust at dirt can be so great that it prevents us from cleansing ourselves—from "justifying" ourselves.
- 120 Sensuality often outruns the growth of love, so that the root stays weak and is easily torn out.
- 121 It is a subtle touch that God learned Greek when he wanted to become a writer—and that he did not learn it better.
- 122 For some people, taking pleasure in praise is only a courtesy of the heart—and precisely the opposite of vanity of the mind.
- 123 Even concubinage has been corrupted—by marriage.

- 124 Someone who still rejoices at the stake triumphs not over pain but over feeling no pain where he expected it. A parable.
- 125 When we have to revise our understanding of someone, we hold the inconvenience he causes us in doing so strongly against him.
- 126 A people is nature's roundabout way of arriving at six or seven great men.—Yes: and then of getting around them.
- 127 For all true women, science offends their sense of shame. They feel as though someone wanted to use it to look beneath their skin—worse still! Beneath their clothes and finery.
- 128 The more abstract the truth you want to teach, the more you must also seduce the senses toward it.
- 129 The devil has the widest perspectives on God, which is why he keeps so far away from him—the devil, that is, as the oldest friend of knowledge.
- 130 What someone *is* begins to reveal itself when his talent wanes—when he stops showing what he *can do*. Talent is also finery; finery is also a hiding place.
- 131 The sexes deceive themselves about each other: the reason is that at bottom they honor and love only themselves (or their own ideal, to put it more pleasingly—). Thus man wants woman to be peaceable—but precisely woman is *essentially* unpeaceable, like the cat, however well she has practiced the appearance of peace.
- 132 We are punished most thoroughly for our virtues.
- 133 Someone who cannot find the way to *his* ideal lives more recklessly and brazenly than someone without an ideal.
- 134 All credibility, all good conscience, all visible evidence of truth come only from the senses.
- 135 Pharisaism is not a degeneration in the good person: rather, a good portion of it is the condition of all being good.

- 136 One person seeks a midwife for his thoughts, another someone whom he can help: that is how a good conversation arises.
- 137 In dealings with scholars and artists, we easily miscalculate in opposite directions: behind a remarkable scholar we not infrequently find a mediocre human being, and behind a mediocre artist often even—a very remarkable human being.
- 138 Waking, we do as we do in dreams: first we invent and compose the person we are dealing with—and immediately forget it.
- 139 In revenge and in love, woman is more barbaric than man.
- 140 *Advice as riddle.*—“If you don’t want the band to split—first you have to bite on it.”
- 141 The lower belly is the reason human beings do not so easily take themselves for gods.
- 142 The most chaste words I have heard: “In true love it is the soul that envelops the body.”
- 143 Our vanity would like what we do best to count as precisely what comes hardest to us. On the origin of many a morality.
- 144 When a woman has scholarly inclinations, there is usually something out of order in her sexuality. Infertility alone predisposes to a certain masculinity of taste; for man is, if you will pardon me, “the infertile animal.”
- 145 Comparing man and woman as a whole, we may say: woman would not have the genius for adornment if she did not have the instinct for the *second* role.
- 146 Whoever fights with monsters should see to it that he does not become a monster in the process. And when you look long into an abyss, the abyss looks into you too.
- 147 From old Florentine novellas, and moreover—from life: good woman and bad woman need the stick. Sacchetti Nov. 86.

- 148 To seduce one's neighbor into a good opinion, and afterward believe devoutly in this opinion of one's neighbor: who can match women in this feat?—
- 149 What an age feels to be evil is usually an untimely aftereffect of what was formerly felt to be good—the atavism of an older ideal.
- 150 Around the hero everything becomes tragedy, around the demigod everything becomes a satyr play; and around God everything becomes—what? Perhaps “world”?—
- 151 Having a talent is not enough: one must also have your permission for it—isn't that so, my friends?
- 152 “Where the tree of knowledge stands is always paradise”: so say the oldest and the youngest serpents.
- 153 What is done out of love always happens beyond good and evil.
- 154 Objection, a leap to the side, cheerful distrust, delight in mockery are signs of health: everything unconditional belongs in pathology.
- 155 The sense for the tragic wanes and waxes with sensuality.
- 156 Madness is something rare in individuals—but in groups, parties, peoples, ages, the rule.
- 157 The thought of suicide is a powerful comfort: with it one gets safely through many an evil night.
- 158 Not only our reason but also our conscience submits to our strongest drive, the tyrant in us.
- 159 We *must* repay good and ill: but why precisely to the person who did us good or ill?
- 160 We no longer love our knowledge enough as soon as we communicate it.
- 161 Poets are shameless toward their experiences: they exploit them.

- 162 “Our nearest is not our neighbor, but our neighbor’s neighbor”—so thinks every people.
- 163 Love brings a lover’s high and hidden qualities to light—what is rare, exceptional in him: to that extent it easily deceives us about what is the rule in him.
- 164 Jesus said to his Jews: “The law was for servants—love God as I love him, as his son! What does morality concern us sons of God!”—
- 165 *In the face of every party.*—A shepherd always needs a bellwether as well—or he must occasionally be a ram himself.
- 166 We may lie with the mouth; but with the face we make in doing so, we still tell the truth.
- 167 In hard people, tenderness of feeling is a matter of shame—and something precious.
- 168 Christianity gave Eros poison to drink—he did not die of it, to be sure, but degenerated into vice.
- 169 Talking much about oneself can also be a means of concealing oneself.
- 170 There is more intrusiveness in praise than in blame.
- 171 Pity in a person of knowledge looks almost laughable, like delicate hands on a Cyclops.
- 172 Out of love for humanity we sometimes embrace someone at random (because we cannot embrace everyone): but precisely this we must not betray to that someone...
- 173 We do not hate as long as we still esteem someone little, but only when we esteem him equally or more highly.
- 174 You utilitarians, you too love everything useful only as a *wagon* for your inclinations—you too actually find the noise of its wheels unbearable?
- 175 In the end we love our desire, and not what is desired.

- 176 Other people's vanity offends our taste only when it offends our vanity.
- 177 Perhaps no one has yet been truthful enough about what "truthfulness" is.
- 178 Clever people are not believed capable of their follies: what a loss of human rights!
- 179 The consequences of our actions seize us by the hair, quite indifferent to the fact that we have meanwhile "improved."
- 180 There is an innocence in lying that is the sign of good faith in a cause.
- 181 It is inhuman to bless where one is cursed.
- 182 The familiarity of a superior embitters us because it must not be returned.—
- 183 "Not that you lied to me, but that I no longer believe you, has shaken me."—
- 184 There is an exuberance of goodness that looks like malice.
- 185 "I dislike him."—Why?—"I am no match for him."—Has any human being ever answered that way?

PART V

On the Natural History of Morality



Part Five:

On the Natural History of Morality.

- 186 Moral feeling in Europe today is as subtle, late-developed, manifold, sensitive, and refined as the corresponding “science of morality” is still young, unpracticed, clumsy, and ham-fisted—an appealing contrast that sometimes becomes visible and takes flesh in the person of a moralist himself. Even the phrase “science of morality,” considering what it denotes, is much too presumptuous and offends *good* taste, which generally shows itself in a preference for more modest words. In all strictness, we ought to admit *what* will still be needed here for a long time to come, *what* alone is justified for now: namely, collecting the material, grasping in concepts and arranging an immense realm of delicate feelings of value and distinctions of value that live, grow, reproduce, and perish—and perhaps attempting to make the recurrent, more frequent shapes of this living crystallization clearly visible—as preparation for a *typology* of morality. To be sure, no one has been so modest up to now. Whenever philosophers have concerned themselves with morality as a science, all of them have demanded something very much higher, more ambitious, more solemn of themselves, with a stiff seriousness that makes one laugh: they wanted to supply the *foundation* of

morality—and every philosopher so far has believed he had founded morality; morality itself, however, was taken as “given.” How far removed from their clumsy pride was that seemingly inconspicuous task of description, left lying in dust and mold, although scarcely the subtlest hands and senses could be subtle enough for it! Precisely because moral philosophers knew the moral facts only crudely, in an arbitrary selection or an accidental abridgment, perhaps as the morality of their surroundings, their class, their church, the spirit of their age, their climate and region—precisely because they were poorly informed about peoples, eras, and past ages, and had little curiosity themselves—they never even caught sight of the real problems of morality, which emerge only from comparing *many* moralities. Strange as it may sound, all “science of morality” until now has still *lacked* the problem of morality itself: it lacked the suspicion that there was anything problematic here. What philosophers called the “foundation of morality” and demanded of themselves was, seen in the right light, merely a learned form of good *faith* in the prevailing morality, a new means of *expressing* it, hence itself a fact within a particular morality—indeed, at bottom, a kind of denial that this morality *may* be taken as a problem—and in any case the opposite of an examination, dissection, questioning, and vivisection of this very faith. Listen, for example, to the almost venerable innocence with which Schopenhauer still presents his own task, and draw your conclusions about the scientific character of a “science” whose latest masters still talk like children and little old women: “The principle,” he says (p. 136 of *The Fundamental Problems of Morality*), “the basic proposition on whose content all ethicists *actually* agree: harm no one; rather, help everyone as much as you can—that is *really* the proposition all teachers of morality labor to establish... the *actual* foundation of ethics, which people have sought for millennia like the philosopher’s stone.”—The difficulty of establishing that proposition may indeed be great—as everyone knows, Schopenhauer did not succeed either—and anyone who has once felt to the depths how tastelessly false and sentimental that proposition is in a world whose essence is will to power may be reminded that Schopenhauer, although a pessimist, *actually*—played the flute... Every day, after dinner: read his biographer on this. And to ask in passing: a pessimist, a

denier of God and the world, who *stops short* before morality—who says Yes to morality and plays the flute, to the morality of “harm no one”: what? Is that really—a pessimist?

187 Quite apart from the value of assertions such as “there is a categorical imperative within us,” one can always ask: what does such an assertion say about the person asserting it? There are moralities meant to justify their author before others; other moralities are meant to soothe him and leave him satisfied with himself; with others he wants to nail himself to the cross and humble himself; with others to take revenge, with others to conceal himself, with others to transfigure himself and place himself far away, on high; this morality serves its author as a means of forgetting, that one as a means of making himself, or something about himself, forgotten; many a moralist would like to exercise power and creative caprice upon humanity; many another, perhaps Kant among them, gives us to understand through his morality: “What is respectable about me is that I can obey—and things *ought* to be no different with you than with me!”—In short, moralities, too, are only a *sign language of the affects*.

188 Every morality, as opposed to letting things go, is a piece of tyranny against “nature,” against “reason” as well; but this is not yet an objection to it, unless one were already decreeing, from the standpoint of some other morality, that every kind of tyranny and unreason is impermissible. What is essential and invaluable in every morality is that it is a prolonged constraint: to understand Stoicism or Port-Royal or Puritanism, recall the constraint under which every language has so far attained strength and freedom—the constraint of meter, the tyranny of rhyme and rhythm. How much trouble poets and orators in every nation have taken!—not excluding some prose writers today, whose ears house an inexorable conscience—“for the sake of a piece of folly,” as utilitarian blockheads say, imagining themselves clever—“out of submission to arbitrary laws,” as anarchists say, imagining themselves “free,” even free spirits. The curious fact, however, is that everything on earth that exists or has existed in the way of freedom, subtlety, daring, dance, and masterly assurance, whether in thinking itself or in governing, in speaking and persuading, in the arts as in ethical conduct,

has developed only by virtue of the “tyranny of such arbitrary laws”; and in all seriousness, it is not at all unlikely that precisely this is “nature” and “natural”—and *not* that letting go! Every artist knows how far his “most natural” condition is from the feeling of letting himself go: that free ordering, placing, disposing, shaping in moments of “inspiration”—and how strictly and subtly, at precisely those moments, he obeys a thousand laws that defy all formulation in concepts, precisely because of their hardness and definiteness (even the firmest concept, held against them, has something wavering, manifold, ambiguous about it—). What is essential “in heaven and on earth,” it seems, is, to say it once again, that there should be *obedience* for a long time and in one direction: in the long run, something always comes, and has always come, of this for whose sake it is worth living on earth—for example, virtue, art, music, dance, reason, spirituality—something transfiguring, refined, mad, and divine. The prolonged unfreedom of the spirit, the suspicious constraint upon the communication of thoughts, the discipline the thinker imposed on himself, thinking within a churchly and courtly rule or under Aristotelian presuppositions, the prolonged spiritual will to interpret everything that happens according to a Christian scheme and to rediscover and justify the Christian God in every accident—all this violence, arbitrariness, hardness, horror, and opposition to reason has proved the means by which the European spirit was bred to its strength, its ruthless curiosity, and subtle agility: granted that an irreplaceable amount of strength and spirit also had to be crushed, stifled, and ruined in the process (for here, as everywhere, “nature” shows itself as it is, in all its prodigal, *indifferent* grandeur, which outrages us but is noble). That for millennia European thinkers thought only in order to prove something—today, conversely, we suspect every thinker who “wants to prove something”—that they always knew in advance what *was supposed* to emerge as the result of their most rigorous reflection, much as in Asian astrology in former times, or even today in the harmless Christian-moral interpretation of the most immediate personal events “to the glory of God” and “for the salvation of the soul”: this tyranny, this arbitrariness, this stern and magnificent stupidity has *educated* the spirit; slavery, it seems, is the indispensable means, in both the grosser and the subtler sense, of

disciplining and breeding the spirit as well. Look at every morality in this light: it is “nature” in it that teaches hatred of letting go, of too much freedom, and plants the need for limited horizons, for the tasks nearest at hand—that teaches the *narrowing of perspective*, and thus, in a certain sense, stupidity, as a condition of life and growth. “You shall obey someone, and for a long time: *otherwise* you will perish and lose the last of your self-respect”—this seems to me nature’s moral imperative, which is admittedly neither “categorical,” as old Kant demanded of it (hence the “otherwise”—), nor addressed to the individual (what does she care about the individual!), but rather to peoples, races, ages, classes, and above all to the entire animal “human being,” to *humanity*.

189 Industrious races find it a great hardship to endure idleness: it was a master-stroke of *English* instinct to make Sunday so holy and so boring that the Englishman imperceptibly begins to long again for his weekday and working day—a kind of cleverly devised, cleverly inserted *fast*, such as can also be observed in abundance in the ancient world (though, as is only fitting among southern peoples, not precisely with regard to work—). There must be many kinds of fasting; and wherever powerful drives and habits prevail, legislators must take care to insert intercalary days on which such a drive is put in chains and learns once again to go hungry. Seen from a higher vantage, entire generations and ages, when they appear afflicted with some moral fanaticism, look like such inserted periods of constraint and fasting, during which a drive learns to bow down and abase itself, but also to *purify* and *sharpen* itself; individual philosophical sects, too (for example, the Stoa amid Hellenistic culture and its air, grown lascivious and overloaded with aphrodisiac fragrances), admit of such an interpretation.—This also offers a hint toward explaining the paradox of why the sexual drive sublimated itself into love (amour-passion) precisely in Europe’s most Christian period, and indeed only under the pressure of Christian value judgments.

190 There is something in Plato’s morality that does not really belong to Plato but is merely found in his philosophy, one might say despite Plato: namely, Socratism, for which he was really too noble. “No one wants to harm himself;

therefore everything bad happens involuntarily. For the bad man harms himself: he would not do this if he knew that the bad is bad. Accordingly, the bad man is bad only through an error; take away his error and you necessarily make him—good.”—This manner of reasoning smells of the *rabble*, who see nothing in acting badly but its disagreeable consequences and really judge that “it is *stupid* to act badly”; while they simply take “good” as identical with “useful and pleasant.” With every moral utilitarianism one may guess this same origin in advance and follow one’s nose: one will seldom go wrong.—Plato did everything he could to read something subtle and noble into his teacher’s proposition—above all himself—he, the most audacious of all interpreters, who took the whole of Socrates merely as a popular theme and a street song, to vary it into infinity and impossibility: namely, into all his own masks and multiplicities. To put it jokingly, and in Homeric language at that: what is the Platonic Socrates, then, if not “Plato in front and Plato behind, and Chimera in the middle.”

- 191 The old theological problem of “faith” and “knowledge”—or, more clearly, of instinct and reason—thus the question whether, in valuing things, instinct deserves more authority than rationality, which wants valuation and action to proceed on grounds, on a “Why?”, that is, on expediency and usefulness—it is still that old moral problem as it first appeared in the person of Socrates and divided minds long before Christianity. Socrates himself, following the taste of his talent—that of a superior dialectician—had at first sided with reason; and in truth, what did he do all his life but laugh at the awkward ineptitude of his noble Athenians, who were men of instinct, like all noble people, and could never give an adequate account of the grounds of their actions? In the end, however, quietly and in secret, he also laughed at himself: subjected to his subtler conscience and self-interrogation, he found the same difficulty and ineptitude in himself. But why, he told himself, break free of the instincts on that account! One must do justice to them and *also* to reason—one must follow the instincts, but persuade reason to come to their aid with good grounds. This was the real *duplicité* of that great, mysterious ironist; he brought his con-

science to the point of being satisfied with a kind of self-outwitting: at bottom he had seen through the irrational element in moral judgment.—Plato, more innocent in such matters and without the plebeian's slyness, wanted to expend all his strength—the greatest strength a philosopher has yet had to expend!—on proving to himself that reason and instinct converge of themselves on one goal, the good, “God”; and since Plato all theologians and philosophers have followed the same track—that is, in matters of morality, instinct has so far triumphed, or, as Christians call it, “faith,” or, as I call it, “the herd.” Unless one were to make an exception for Descartes, the father of rationalism (and consequently grandfather of the Revolution), who granted authority to reason alone: but reason is only a tool, and Descartes was superficial.

- 192 Anyone who has followed the history of an individual science finds in its development a thread leading to an understanding of the oldest and most common processes of all “knowing and understanding”: there, as here, premature hypotheses, inventions, the good, stupid will to “believe,” the lack of mistrust and patience develop first—our senses learn late, and never learn entirely, to be subtle, faithful, cautious organs of knowledge. Given an occasion, our eye finds it more convenient to reproduce an image it has often produced before than to hold on to what is different and new in an impression: the latter takes more strength, more “morality.” Hearing something new is painful and difficult for the ear; we hear unfamiliar music badly. Involuntarily, when hearing another language, we try to shape the sounds we hear into words that sound more familiar and homelike: thus, for example, the German once fashioned the word *Armbrust* out of the *arcubalista* he heard. What is new encounters hostility and reluctance even in our senses; and in general, even the “simplest” processes of sense perception are *ruled* by affects such as fear, love, hatred, including the passive affects of laziness.—A reader today no more reads every individual word (let alone syllable) on a page—rather, out of twenty words he picks perhaps five at random and “guesses” the meaning presumably belonging to these five words—than we see a tree exactly and completely in its leaves, branches, color, and shape; we find it so very much easier to fantasize an approximation of a

tree. Even amid the strangest experiences we still do the same: we invent the greatest part of the experience and can scarcely be compelled *not* to watch some event as its “inventors.” All this means: from the ground up, from ancient times, we are—*accustomed to lying*. Or, to express it more virtuously and hypocritically, in short more pleasantly: one is much more of an artist than one knows.—In a lively conversation I often see the face of the person I am speaking with so clearly and in such fine detail, according to the thought he expresses or that I believe I have called up in him, that this degree of clarity far exceeds the *power* of my sight: the subtle play of muscles and expression of the eyes *must* therefore have been invented and added by me. The person was probably making quite a different face, or no face at all.

- 193 Whatever happened in the light acts in the dark: but the reverse is also true. What we experience in dreams, provided we experience it often, eventually belongs to the total economy of our soul just as much as anything “really” experienced: by virtue of it we are richer or poorer, have one need more or less, and in the end, in bright daylight, even in the most serene moments of our waking spirit, are led about a little by the habits of our dreams. Suppose someone has often flown in his dreams and at last, as soon as he dreams, becomes conscious of a power and art of flying as his prerogative, and also as his own most personal, enviable happiness: someone who believes he can realize every kind of curve and angle with the slightest impulse, who knows the feeling of a certain divine lightness of movement, an “upward” without strain or compulsion, a “downward” without condescension or abasement—without *heaviness*!—how could a man with such dream experiences and dream habits not eventually find the word “happiness” differently colored and defined even for his waking day! How could he not—desire happiness *differently*? “Soaring,” as poets describe it, must already seem to him, compared with that “flying,” too earthly, muscular, violent, already too “heavy.”

- 194 The diversity of human beings shows itself not only in the diversity of their tables of goods, hence in their considering different goods worth striving for and disagreeing over the greater or lesser value, the order of rank, of goods they

all acknowledge: it shows itself still more in what they count as really *having* and *possessing* a good. In the case of a woman, for example, the more modest man takes command over her body and sexual enjoyment as a sufficient and satisfying sign of having, of possessing; another, with his more suspicious and demanding thirst for possession, sees the “question mark,” the merely apparent character of such having, and wants subtler proofs, above all to know whether the woman not only gives herself to him but also gives up for him what she has or would like to have—only *then* does he count her as “possessed.” A third, however, has still not reached the end of his mistrust and desire to have: he asks himself whether, when the woman gives up everything for him, she might not be doing so for a phantom of him: before he can be loved at all, he wants to be known thoroughly well, indeed down to the abyss; he dares to let himself be divined.—Only then does he feel his beloved wholly in his possession, when she no longer deceives herself about him, when she loves him for his devilry and hidden insatiability as much as for his goodness, patience, and spirituality. That man would like to possess a people: and all the higher arts of Cagliostro and Catiline are welcome to him for this purpose. Another, with a subtler thirst for possession, tells himself, “One must not deceive where one wants to possess”—he is irritated and impatient at the thought that a mask of him commands the people’s heart: “So I must *let* myself be known, and first of all know myself!” Among helpful and charitable people one almost invariably finds that clumsy cunning which first reshapes the person to be helped to suit itself: as though, for example, he “deserved” help, wanted precisely *their* help, and would prove deeply grateful, devoted, and submissive to them for all help—with these imaginings they dispose of the needy person as of a piece of property, just as it is from a desire for property that they are charitable and helpful people in the first place. One finds them jealous if one crosses their path in helping or gets there ahead of them. Parents involuntarily make the child into something like themselves—they call this “education”—at the bottom of her heart no mother doubts that in her child she has given birth to a possession; no father disputes his right to subject it to *his* concepts and valuations. Indeed, in former times fathers thought it just to dispose of a newborn’s life and death as they saw fit (as

among the ancient Germans). And like the father, the teacher, the class, the priest, the prince still see in every new human being an unquestioned opportunity for a new possession. From which it follows...

- 195 The Jews—a people “born for slavery,” as Tacitus and the whole ancient world say, “the chosen people among the peoples,” as they themselves say and believe—the Jews accomplished that miraculous feat of reversing values thanks to which life on earth acquired a new and dangerous fascination for a couple of millennia: their prophets fused “rich,” “godless,” “evil,” “violent,” “sensual” into one, and for the first time minted the word “world” as a term of disgrace. The significance of the Jewish people lies in this reversal of values (which includes using the word for “poor” as synonymous with “holy” and “friend”): with them begins the *slave revolt in morality*.
- 196 The existence of countless dark bodies beside the sun must be *inferred*—bodies we shall never see. This, between ourselves, is a parable; and a moral psychologist reads the entire script of the stars only as a language of parables and signs through which much can be left unsaid.
- 197 One thoroughly misunderstands the beast of prey and the predatory human being (Cesare Borgia, for example), one misunderstands “nature,” as long as one still looks for some “sickness” at the bottom of these healthiest of all tropical monsters and growths, or even for a “hell” innate in them—as almost all moralists have done until now. Is there, it seems, a hatred of the primeval forest and the tropics among moralists? And must the “tropical human being” be discredited at any price, whether as human sickness and degeneration or as his own hell and self-torture? Why, though? For the benefit of the “temperate zones”? For the benefit of temperate people? The “moral”? The mediocre?—This for the chapter “Morality as Timidity.”—
- 198 All these moralities that address the individual person for the sake of his “happiness,” as the saying goes—what are they but proposals for conduct in relation to the degree of *danger* in which the individual lives with himself; prescriptions against his passions, his good and bad inclinations insofar as they possess the

will to power and would like to play the master; little and great pieces of prudence and contrivance, tainted with the musty smell of old home remedies and old women's wisdom; all of them baroque and irrational in form—because they address “everyone,” because they generalize where generalization is forbidden—all speaking unconditionally, taking themselves unconditionally, all seasoned with not just one grain of salt, but becoming tolerable, and sometimes even seductive, only when they learn to give off an overspiced and dangerous smell, above all of “the other world”: measured intellectually, all this is worth little and is far from being “science,” let alone “wisdom,” but is, to say it again and say it three times, prudence, prudence, prudence, mixed with stupidity, stupidity, stupidity—whether it is that indifference and statuesque coldness toward the heated folly of the affects which the Stoics advised and sought to inculcate; or Spinoza's no-longer-laughing and no-longer-weeping, his so naively advocated destruction of the affects through their analysis and vivisection; or that tuning down of the affects to a harmless middle level at which they may be satisfied, the Aristotelianism of morality; even morality as enjoyment of the affects deliberately diluted and spiritualized through the symbolism of art, as music, say, or as love of God and of humanity for God's sake—for in religion the passions regain their rights of citizenship, provided that...; finally, even that accommodating and high-spirited surrender to the affects as Hafiz and Goethe taught it, that bold dropping of the reins, that spiritual-bodily *licentia morum* in the exceptional case of old wise eccentrics and drunkards with whom there is “little danger left.” This, too, for the chapter “Morality as Timidity.”

- 199 Inasmuch as there have always been human herds for as long as there have been human beings (kinship groups, communities, tribes, peoples, states, churches), and always very many who obey in relation to the small number who command—considering, then, that obedience has so far been practiced and bred among human beings most thoroughly and for the longest time—one may reasonably assume that, on average, the need for it is now innate in everyone, as a kind of *formal conscience* that commands: “You shall unconditionally do something, unconditionally leave something undone,” in short, “You shall.” This need

seeks to satisfy itself and fill its form with content; in keeping with its strength, impatience, and tension, it reaches out with little discrimination, like a crude appetite, and accepts whatever is shouted into its ear by anyone who commands—parents, teachers, laws, class prejudices, public opinions. The strange limitation of human development, its hesitation, its protracted course, its frequent backtracking and going in circles, rests on the fact that the herd instinct of obedience is inherited most thoroughly and at the expense of the art of commanding. Imagine this instinct proceeding to its ultimate excesses: in the end, commanders and independent people will simply be lacking; or they suffer inwardly from a bad conscience and first need to practice a deception on themselves in order to command: namely, that they too are merely obeying. This condition actually exists in Europe today: I call it the moral hypocrisy of those who command. They know no other way to protect themselves from their bad conscience than to behave as executors of older or higher commands (those of ancestors, the constitution, justice, the laws, or even God), or to borrow herd maxims from the herd's own way of thinking, presenting themselves, for example, as “the first servants of their people” or as “instruments of the common good.” On the other hand, the herd man in Europe today gives himself the appearance of being the only permissible kind of human being, and glorifies the qualities through which he is tame, agreeable, and useful to the herd as the truly human virtues: namely, public spirit, benevolence, consideration, industry, moderation, modesty, forbearance, compassion. But for those cases in which leaders and bellwethers are thought indispensable, attempt after attempt is now made to replace commanders by adding clever herd people together: all representative constitutions, for example, have this origin. What a blessing, what a release from a pressure becoming intolerable, the appearance of an unconditional commander nevertheless is for these herd-animal Europeans was last given great testimony by the effect of Napoleon's appearance: the history of Napoleon's effect is almost the history of the higher happiness this entire century achieved in its most valuable human beings and moments.

200 The human being of an age of dissolution that mingles the races, who as such bears in his body the inheritance of manifold origins—that is, opposing drives and standards of value, often not even merely opposing, which fight one another and seldom give one another peace—such a human being of late cultures and refracted lights will, on average, be a weaker human being: his deepest longing is for the war that he himself *is* to come to an end at last; in keeping with a soothing medicine and way of thinking (Epicurean or Christian, for example), happiness appears to him chiefly as the happiness of rest, of being undisturbed, of satiety, of final unity, as the “Sabbath of Sabbaths,” to speak with the holy rhetorician Augustine, who was himself such a man.—But if the opposition and war in such a nature act as one *more* stimulus and enticement to life—and if, on the other hand, alongside its powerful and irreconcilable drives, an actual mastery and subtlety in waging war with itself, hence self-control, self-outwitting, has also been inherited and bred into it—then there arise those magical, incomprehensible, inconceivable beings, those enigmatic people predestined for victory and seduction, whose most beautiful expressions are Alcibiades and Caesar (to whom I would gladly add that *first* European after my own taste, Frederick the Second of Hohenstaufen), and among artists perhaps Leonardo da Vinci. They appear at precisely the same times as that weaker type, with its longing for rest, comes to the fore: the two types belong together and spring from the same causes.

201 As long as the utility ruling in moral value judgments is solely utility to the herd, as long as the gaze is directed only toward preserving the community, and the immoral is sought precisely and exclusively in what seems dangerous to the community’s survival, there can as yet be no “morality of love of one’s neighbor.” Suppose there already exists even then a constant minor practice of consideration, compassion, fairness, gentleness, mutual assistance; suppose even at this stage of society all those drives are already active that will later receive honorable names as “virtues” and finally almost merge with the concept of “morality”: at that time they still do not belong at all to the realm of moral valuations—they are still *extramoral*. A compassionate action, for example, is called nei-

ther good nor evil, neither moral nor immoral, in Rome's best period; and even when it is praised, a kind of resentful disdain is still perfectly compatible with this praise, as soon as it is compared with any action that serves the advancement of the whole, the *res publica*. Ultimately, "love of one's neighbor" is always something secondary, partly conventional and partly a willful show, in relation to *fear of one's neighbor*. Once the fabric of society as a whole seems established and secured against external dangers, it is this fear of one's neighbor that again creates new perspectives of moral valuation. Certain strong and dangerous drives, such as the spirit of enterprise, recklessness, vindictiveness, cunning, rapacity, the lust to rule, which until then had to be not only honored in a publicly useful sense—under different names, as is only fitting, from those just chosen—but nurtured and bred to greatness (because they were constantly needed when the whole was in danger, against the enemies of the whole), are now felt to be doubly dangerous—now that the outlets for them are lacking—and are gradually branded immoral and handed over to slander. Now the opposing drives and inclinations attain moral honor; step by step the herd instinct draws its conclusion. How much or how little danger to the community, danger to equality, lies in an opinion, in a condition and affect, in a will, in a talent: that is now the moral perspective; here again fear is the mother of morality. When the highest and strongest drives burst out passionately, driving the individual far beyond and above the average and the lowlands of the herd conscience, the community's feeling of self-worth perishes; its faith in itself, its backbone as it were, breaks: consequently these very drives will be branded and slandered most thoroughly. Lofty, independent spirituality, the will to stand alone, even great reason are felt as dangers; everything that raises the individual above the herd and frightens his neighbor is henceforth called *evil*; the fair-minded, modest, accommodating, equalizing disposition, *mediocrity* of desires, acquires moral names and honors. Finally, under very peaceable conditions, the occasion and necessity for educating one's feelings to severity and hardness become ever rarer; and now every severity, even in justice, begins to trouble consciences; a lofty and hard nobility and self-responsibility almost offend and arouse suspicion; "the lamb," still more "the sheep," gains in esteem. There is a

point of sickly softening and overdelicacy in the history of society at which it takes the side even of the person who harms it, the *criminal*, and does so seriously and honestly. Punishing seems to it somehow unfair—what is certain is that the idea of “punishment” and “having to punish” hurts it, frightens it. “Isn’t it enough to make him *harmless*? Why punish as well? Punishing itself is terrible!”—With this question, herd morality, the morality of timidity, draws its final consequence. Suppose one could abolish danger altogether, the reason for fear: one would thereby also have abolished this morality; it would no longer be needed, would no longer *consider itself* needed!—Anyone who examines the conscience of the European today will always have to pull the same imperative out of a thousand moral folds and hiding places, the imperative of herd timidity: “We want there to be *nothing left to fear* someday!” Someday—the will and the way *to get there* are now called “progress” everywhere in Europe.

- 202 Let us say it again at once, what we have already said a hundred times: for ears today are not well disposed toward such truths—toward *our* truths. We know well enough how offensive it sounds when someone counts the human being among the animals at all, without disguise or metaphor; but it will almost be held against us as a *fault* that, precisely with regard to the people of “modern ideas,” we constantly use expressions such as “herd,” “herd instincts,” and the like. What good does it do! We cannot do otherwise: for this is precisely where our new insight lies. We found that Europe has become unanimous in all its principal moral judgments, including the countries where Europe’s influence prevails: evidently people in Europe *know* what Socrates thought he did not know, and what that famous old serpent once promised to teach—they “know” today what good and evil are. Now it must sound harsh and grate on the ears when we insist over and over: what believes it knows here, what glorifies itself with its praise and blame, calls itself good, is the instinct of the human herd animal: an instinct that has broken through, gained predominance and supremacy over other instincts, and is doing so more and more, in keeping with the growing physiological convergence and assimilation of which it is a symp-

tom. *Morality in Europe today is herd-animal morality*—hence, as we understand things, only one kind of human morality, beside which, before which, after which many others, above all *higher* moralities, are possible or ought to be possible. But this morality fights such a “possibility,” such an “ought,” with all its strength: it says stubbornly and inexorably, “I am morality itself, and nothing else is morality!”—Indeed, with the aid of a religion that complied with and flattered the most sublime herd-animal desires, things have reached the point where we find an increasingly visible expression of this morality even in political and social institutions: the *democratic* movement is inheriting the Christian movement’s estate. But that its pace is still far too slow and drowsy for the more impatient, for the sick and addicted of the instinct in question, is shown by the increasingly frenzied howling, the increasingly undisguised baring of teeth by the anarchist dogs now roaming the streets of European culture: apparently opposed to the peaceably industrious democrats and ideologues of revolution, still more to the clumsy philosophizing dabblers and enthusiasts of brotherhood who call themselves socialists and want the “free society,” but in truth at one with them all in their deep and instinctive hostility to every form of society other than that of the *autonomous* herd (extending even to the rejection of the concepts “master” and “servant”—“neither god nor master” is a socialist formula—); at one in their stubborn resistance to every special claim, every special right and privilege (that is, ultimately, to *every* right: for when everyone is equal, no one needs “rights” anymore—); at one in their mistrust of punitive justice (as though it were an act of violence against the weaker, an injustice to the *necessary* consequence of all previous society—); but equally at one in the religion of compassion, in fellow feeling wherever there is feeling, living, suffering (down to the animal, up to “God”—the extravagance of “compassion for God” belongs to a democratic age—); all at one in the cry and impatience of compassion, in their mortal hatred of suffering in general, in their almost feminine inability to remain spectators of it, to *let* anyone suffer; at one in that involuntary gloom and overdelicacy under whose spell Europe seems threatened by a new Buddhism; at one in their faith in the morality of *shared* compassion, as though it were morality in itself, as the summit, the *attained* summit of

humanity, the sole hope of the future, the consolation of those now living, the great absolution from all guilt of the past—all at one in their faith in the community as *redeemer*, thus in the herd, in “themselves”...

203 We who are of another faith—we for whom the democratic movement counts not merely as a form of decay in political organization, but as a form of decay, namely diminution, of the human being, his reduction to mediocrity and lowering of value: where must we reach with our hopes?—Toward *new philosophers*, there is no choice; toward spirits strong and original enough to initiate opposing valuations and revalue, reverse “eternal values”; toward forerunners, toward human beings of the future who in the present tie the constraint and knot that will force the will of millennia onto *new* paths. To teach humanity that its future is its *will*, dependent on a human will, and to prepare great ventures and comprehensive experiments in discipline and breeding, in order thereby to put an end to that horrifying dominion of nonsense and chance which until now was called “history”—the nonsense of the “greatest number” is only its latest form—for this a new kind of philosopher and commander will someday be needed, beside whose image everything that has existed on earth in the way of hidden, terrible, and benevolent spirits might look pale and dwarfed. It is the image of such leaders that hovers before *our* eyes: may I say it aloud, you free spirits? The circumstances one would partly have to create and partly exploit for their emergence; the probable paths and trials by virtue of which a soul would grow to such height and power that it felt the *compulsion* toward these tasks; a revaluation of values under whose new pressure and hammer a conscience would be tempered, a heart transformed into bronze, so that it could bear the weight of such responsibility; on the other hand, the necessity of such leaders, the appalling danger that they might fail to appear, or turn out badly and degenerate—these are *our* real cares and darkenings, do you know that, you free spirits? These are the heavy, distant thoughts and thunderstorms passing over the sky of *our* lives. Few pains are as keen as once having seen, divined, felt with another how an extraordinary human being strayed from his course and degenerated: but anyone who has the rare eye for the overall danger

that “the human being” itself may *degenerate*, anyone who, like us, has recognized the monstrous chance that has so far played its game with humanity’s future—a game in which no hand, not even a “finger of God,” had a part!—anyone who divines the doom concealed in the idiotic innocence and trusting credulity of “modern ideas,” still more in the whole of Christian-European morality, suffers from an anxiety with which no other can compare—for in a single glance he grasps everything that, given a favorable gathering and heightening of forces and tasks, could still *be bred from the human being*; he knows, with all the knowledge of his conscience, how humanity’s greatest possibilities still remain unexhausted, and how often the human type has already stood before mysterious decisions and new paths: he knows still better, from his most painful memory, on what wretched things something of the highest rank in the making has usually shattered, broken off, sunk down, become wretched. The *wholesale degeneration of humanity*, down to what today appears to the socialist blockheads and shallow minds as their “human being of the future”—as their ideal!—this degeneration and diminution of humanity into the perfect herd animal (or, as they say, into the human being of the “free society”), this animalization of humanity into the dwarf animal of equal rights and claims is *possible*, there is no doubt! Anyone who has once thought this possibility through to the end knows one more disgust than other people—and perhaps also a new *task!*...

PART VI

We Scholars



Part Six:

We Scholars.

204 At the risk that moralizing will prove here, too, to be what it has always been—namely, an undaunted showing of one’s wounds, to borrow from Balzac—I would venture to oppose an improper and harmful displacement of rank that today threatens to establish itself between science and philosophy, quite unnoticed and seemingly with the best conscience. I think one must have the right, on the basis of one’s *experience*—experience, it seems to me, always means bad experience?—to have a say in such a higher question of rank: so as not to speak like blind people about color, or like women and artists *against* science (“Ah, this wicked science!” sigh their instinct and shame, “it always finds things *out!*”—). The declaration of independence of the scientific human being, his emancipation from philosophy, is one of the subtler aftereffects of the democratic way and its mischief: the scholar’s self-glorification and self-exaltation are everywhere in full bloom today, in their finest spring—which is not to say that self-praise smells sweet in this case. “Away with all masters!”—here too the rabble instinct demands it; and after science has defended itself against theology with the happiest success, having been its “handmaid” for too long, it now aims, in sheer arrogance and incomprehension, to prescribe laws to philosophy and play the “master” itself for once—what am I saying! the *philosopher*. My

memory—the memory of a scientific human being, if you please!—overflows with naive expressions of pride that I have heard from young natural scientists and old physicians concerning philosophy and philosophers (not to mention the most cultivated and conceited of all scholars, the philologists and school-teachers, who are both by profession—). Sometimes it was the specialist and corner-dweller who instinctively resisted all synthetic tasks and abilities; sometimes the industrious worker who had caught a scent of leisure and noble luxuriance in the philosopher's economy of soul and felt diminished and belittled by it. Sometimes it was the color blindness of the utilitarian, who sees nothing in philosophy but a succession of *refuted* systems and an extravagant expenditure that “benefits” no one. Sometimes fear of disguised mysticism and a redrawing of the boundaries of knowledge sprang out; sometimes contempt for individual philosophers that had involuntarily generalized into contempt for philosophy. Finally, most often I found behind young scholars' haughty disdain for philosophy the harmful aftereffect of a philosopher himself, to whom they had certainly renounced obedience as a whole, without yet having escaped the spell of his disparaging valuations of other philosophers—with the result of a general ill humor toward all philosophy. (Such, for example, seems to me Schopenhauer's aftereffect upon the latest Germany: with his unintelligent rage against Hegel, he managed to break the entire last generation of Germans out of its connection with German culture, a culture that, all things considered, was an eminence and divinatorial subtlety of the *historical sense*: but at precisely this point Schopenhauer himself was poor to the point of genius, unreceptive, un-German.) Broadly reckoned, it may above all have been the human, all-too-human, in short the poverty of modern philosophers themselves, that most thoroughly damaged reverence for philosophy and opened the gates to the rabble instinct. Let us admit just how much our modern world lacks the whole breed of Heraclituses, Platos, Empedocleses, and whatever all those regal and magnificent hermits of the spirit were called; and with how much justification, faced with such representatives of philosophy as are today, thanks to fashion, as much on top as beneath contempt—in Germany, for example, the two lions of Berlin, the anarchist Eugen Dühring and the amalgamist Eduard von

Hartmann—an honest man of science *may* feel himself of a better breed and ancestry. It is particularly the sight of those mishmash philosophers who call themselves “philosophers of reality” or “positivists” that can cast a dangerous mistrust into the soul of a young, ambitious scholar: at best these are scholars and specialists themselves, it is palpable!—they are all defeated men *brought back* under the dominion of science, men who once wanted *more* of themselves without having a right to this “more” and its responsibility—and who now, respectably, bitterly, vindictively, represent in word and deed *disbelief* in philosophy’s masterly task and sovereignty. Finally: how could it be otherwise! Science flourishes today and has a good conscience written abundantly on its face, while what the whole of modern philosophy has gradually sunk to, this remnant of philosophy today, arouses mistrust and discontent, if not mockery and compassion. Philosophy reduced to “theory of knowledge,” in fact no more than a timid suspension of judgment and doctrine of abstinence: a philosophy that never even gets over the threshold and scrupulously *denies* itself the right to enter—that is philosophy in its last throes, an ending, an agony, something that moves one to compassion. How could such a philosophy—*rule!*

- 205 The dangers to the philosopher’s development today are in truth so manifold that one might doubt whether this fruit can still ripen at all. The scope and towering edifice of the sciences have grown to monstrous proportions, and with them the likelihood that the philosopher will tire while still learning or allow himself to be detained somewhere and “specialized”: so that he never again reaches his height, namely the point from which he can look over, around, and *down*. Or he reaches it too late, when his best time and strength are already past; or damaged, coarsened, degenerate, so that his gaze, his overall judgment of value, means little anymore. Perhaps it is precisely the subtlety of his intellectual conscience that makes him hesitate and delays him along the way; he fears the seduction of becoming a dilettante, a thousand-footer and thousand-feeler; he knows all too well that someone who has lost his reverence for himself no longer commands, no longer *leads*, even as a knower: unless he

should want to become a great actor, a philosophical Cagliostro and Pied Piper of spirits, in short a seducer. Ultimately this is a question of taste: even if it were not a question of conscience. What is more, to double the philosopher's difficulty once again, he demands of himself a judgment, a Yes or No, not about the sciences but about life and the value of life—he is reluctant to learn to believe that he has a right or even a duty to this judgment, and must seek his way to that right and that belief only through the most wide-ranging experiences—perhaps the most disturbing, most destructive—and often hesitating, doubting, falling silent. In fact, for a long time the multitude has confused and mistaken the philosopher for either the scientific man and ideal scholar, or the religiously exalted enthusiast and drunkard of God, detached from the senses and “removed from the world”; and when today one even hears someone praised for living “wisely” or “as a philosopher,” it means almost nothing more than “prudently and out of the way.” Wisdom: to the rabble this seems a kind of escape, a means and a trick for getting oneself out of a bad game in good shape; but the genuine philosopher—so it seems to *us*, my friends?—lives “unphilosophically” and “unwisely,” above all *imprudently*, and feels the burden and duty of a hundred trials and temptations of life: he risks *himself* constantly, he plays *the* bad game...

- 206 Compared with a genius, that is, a being who either *begets* or *gives birth*, both words taken in their highest scope—the scholar, the average scientific human being, always has something of the old maid about him: for like her he knows nothing of the two most valuable human activities. Indeed, one grants both of them, scholars and old maids, respectability as a kind of compensation—one underlines respectability in these cases—and feels the same admixture of annoyance at having to make this concession. Let us look more closely: what is the scientific human being? First of all, an ignoble kind of human being, with the virtues of an ignoble kind, that is, one that neither rules nor holds authority nor is self-sufficient: he has industry, a patient willingness to take his place in rank and file, evenness and moderation in ability and need; he has an instinct for his own kind and for what his own kind needs—for example, that portion

of independence and green pasture without which there is no peace for work, that claim to honor and recognition (which first and foremost presupposes being known, being recognizable—), that sunshine of a good name, that constant sealing of his value and usefulness with which the inward *mistrust* at the bottom of the heart of all dependent human beings and herd animals must be overcome again and again. As is only fitting, the scholar also has the ailments and bad habits of an ignoble kind: he is rich in petty envy and has a lynx's eye for what is low in those natures to whose heights he cannot rise. He is familiar and confiding, but only like someone who lets himself go, not *flow*; and precisely before the human being of the great current he stands all the colder and more closed—his eye then resembles a smooth, reluctant lake in which no rapture, no fellow feeling raises a ripple anymore. The worst and most dangerous thing a scholar is capable of comes to him from his kind's instinct of mediocrity: from that Jesuitism of mediocrity which instinctively works to destroy the exceptional human being and tries to break every taut bow or—still better!—unstring it. Unstring it, that is, considerately, with a gentle hand of course—*unstring* it with familiar compassion: that is the real art of Jesuitism, which has always known how to introduce itself as a religion of compassion.—

- 207 However gratefully one may welcome the *objective* spirit—and who has not at some point been sick to death of everything subjective and its accursed very-own-selfhood!—in the end one must also learn caution toward one's gratitude and put a stop to the exaggeration with which the stripping of spirit of self and personality has lately been celebrated as though it were an end in itself, a redemption and transfiguration: as commonly happens in the pessimist school in particular, which also has good reasons of its own for paying the highest honors to "disinterested knowledge." The objective human being, who no longer curses and scolds as the pessimist does, the *ideal* scholar in whom, after a thousand complete and partial failures, the scientific instinct for once comes to full bloom, is certainly one of the most precious instruments there are: but he belongs in the hand of someone more powerful. He is only an instrument, let us say: he is a *mirror*—he is no "end in himself." The objective human being is

indeed a mirror: accustomed to submit before everything that wants to be known, with no other pleasure than that which knowing, “reflecting,” provides—he waits until something comes and then delicately spreads himself out, so that even light footsteps and the slipping past of ghostly beings will not be lost on his surface and skin. What still remains of a “person” in him seems to him accidental, often arbitrary, still more often a disturbance: so fully has he become to himself a passageway and reflection of alien forms and events. He thinks back to “himself” with effort, not infrequently wrongly; he easily confuses himself with something else, makes mistakes about his own needs, and only here is he unsubtle and careless. Perhaps his health troubles him, or the pettiness and stuffy air of wife and friend, or a lack of companions and company—yes, he forces himself to reflect on his trouble: in vain! Already his thought strays away to the *more general* case, and tomorrow he knows as little as he knew yesterday how he can be helped. He has lost seriousness about himself, and time for himself as well: he is cheerful, *not* from lack of distress but from lack of fingers and handles for *his* distress. His habitual readiness to meet every thing and experience, the sunny and unprejudiced hospitality with which he accepts everything that strikes him, his kind of heedless benevolence, of dangerous unconcern about Yes and No: ah, there are enough cases in which he must pay for these virtues!—and as a human being in general he becomes all too easily the dead residue of these virtues. If one wants love and hatred from him, I mean love and hatred as God, woman, and animal understand them—he will do what he can and give what he can. But one should not be surprised if it is not much—if precisely here he proves inauthentic, fragile, questionable, and rotten. His love is willed, his hatred artificial and rather a feat of force, a little vanity and exaggeration. He is genuine only insofar as he may be objective: only in his cheerful totalism is he still “nature” and “natural.” His reflecting soul, forever smoothing itself, no longer knows how to affirm, no longer how to deny; he does not command; neither does he destroy. “I despise almost nothing,” he says with Leibniz: do not fail to hear or underestimate the “almost”! Nor is he a model human being; he leads no one and follows no one; in general he places himself too far away to have any reason to take sides between good

and evil. If for so long he has been confused with the *philosopher*, with the Caesarian breeder and man of power in culture, then he has been given far too high an honor and the most essential thing about him overlooked—he is an instrument, a piece of slave, even if certainly the most sublime kind of slave, but nothing in himself—almost nothing! The objective human being is an instrument, a precious, easily injured and clouded measuring instrument and mirror-work of art, which one ought to treat gently and honor; but he is no goal, no departure and ascent, no complementary human being in whom the *rest* of existence finds its justification, no conclusion—and still less a beginning, a begetting and first cause, nothing solid, powerful, self-standing that wants to be master: rather, only a delicate, hollow-blown, fine, mobile vessel of forms that must first wait for some content and substance in order to “shape itself” accordingly—usually a human being without substance and content, a “self-less” human being. Consequently nothing for women either, to say it in parentheses.—

- 208 When a philosopher today gives us to understand that he is no skeptic—I hope this could be heard in the description of the objective spirit just given?—the whole world hears it unwillingly; people look at him with some apprehension, would like to ask so many questions, ask... indeed, among timid eavesdroppers, of whom there are now multitudes, he is henceforth considered dangerous. It is as though, at his rejection of skepticism, they heard some evil, threatening noise from far away, as though somewhere a new explosive were being tested, a dynamite of the spirit, perhaps a newly discovered Russian nihilin, a pessimism of good will that not only says No, wills No, but—terrible to think!—*does* No. Against this kind of “good will”—a will to the real, active negation of life—there is admittedly no better sleeping potion and sedative today than skepticism, the gentle, lovely, lulling poppy of skepticism; and Hamlet himself is now prescribed by the physicians of the age against the “ghost” and its rumbling underground. “Aren’t everyone’s ears already full of evil noises?” says the skeptic, as a friend of peace and almost a kind of security police: “this subterranean No is terrible! Be quiet at last, you pessimistic moles!” For the skeptic, this ten-

der creature, takes fright all too easily; his conscience is trained to flinch at every No, indeed even at a decisive, hard Yes, and to feel something like a bite. Yes! and No!—that goes against his morality; conversely, he loves to celebrate his virtue with noble abstention, saying, for example, with Montaigne: “What do I know?” Or with Socrates: “I know that I know nothing.” Or: “Here I do not trust myself; here no door stands open to me.” Or: “Supposing it stood open, why enter at once!” Or: “What use are all rash hypotheses? Making no hypotheses at all might easily be a matter of good taste. Must you absolutely straighten every crooked thing at once? Absolutely stuff every hole with some sort of tow? Can’t that wait? Doesn’t time have time? Oh, you daredevils, can you not *wait* at all? The uncertain has its charms too, the Sphinx too is a Circe, Circe too was a philosopher.”—Thus a skeptic consoles himself; and it is true that he needs some consolation. For skepticism is the most spiritual expression of a certain complex physiological constitution that in common language is called weak nerves and sickness; it arises whenever races or classes long separated from one another cross in a decisive and sudden way. In the new generation, which inherits different standards and values into its blood, as it were, everything is unrest, disturbance, doubt, experiment; the best forces have an inhibiting effect, the virtues themselves do not let one another grow and become strong; body and soul lack balance, a center of gravity, perpendicular certainty. But what becomes most deeply sick and degenerates in such mixed people is the *will*: they no longer know independence of decision, the brave feeling of pleasure in willing—they doubt “freedom of the will” even in their dreams. Our Europe today, the scene of an absurdly sudden experiment in radical mixing of classes and *consequently* of races, is therefore skeptical at every height and depth, now with that agile skepticism which leaps impatiently and eagerly from one branch to another, now gloomy as a cloud overloaded with question marks—and often sick to death of its will! Paralysis of the will: where does one not find this cripple sitting today! And often so dressed up! So seductively dressed up! There are the most beautiful robes of pomp and falsehood for this sickness; and that, for example, most of what displays itself today in the shopwindows as “objectivity,” “scientific rigor,” “art for art’s sake,” “pure, will-less knowledge” is only

dressed-up skepticism and paralysis of the will—for this diagnosis of Europe’s sickness I will answer.—The sickness of the will is distributed unevenly across Europe: it shows itself most strongly and variously where culture has been at home longest; it vanishes to the degree that “the barbarian” still—or once again—asserts his right beneath the loose-fitting garment of Western cultivation. In present-day France, accordingly, as one can as readily infer as grasp with one’s hands, the will is most gravely diseased; and France, which has always had a masterly skill at turning even the fatal turns of its spirit into something charming and seductive, shows its cultural ascendancy over Europe today precisely as a school and exhibition of all the enchantments of skepticism. The strength to will, and indeed to will one will for a long time, is already somewhat greater in Germany, and greater again in the German north than in Germany’s center; considerably greater in England, Spain, and Corsica, bound there to phlegm, here to hard skulls—not to speak of Italy, which is too young to know yet what it wants and must first prove whether it can will—but strongest and most astonishing of all in that enormous intermediate realm where Europe flows back into Asia, as it were, in Russia. There the strength to will has long been set aside and stored up; there the will waits—uncertain whether as a will of negation or affirmation—in a threatening manner to be released, to borrow their favorite word from today’s physicists. More than Indian wars and entanglements in Asia might be needed to relieve Europe of its greatest danger: internal upheavals, the shattering of the empire into small bodies, and above all the introduction of parliamentary idiocy, together with an obligation for everyone to read his newspaper at breakfast. I do not say this as one wishing for it: the opposite would be more to my heart—I mean such an increase in Russia’s threatening power that Europe would have to resolve to become equally threatening, namely *to acquire one will*, through the means of a new caste ruling over Europe, a long, terrible will of its own capable of setting goals across millennia—so that the long-spun comedy of its petty states, and likewise its dynastic and democratic multiplicity of wills, might at last come to an end. The time for petty politics is past: the very next century brings the struggle for dominion over the earth—the *compulsion* to great politics.

209 To what extent the new warlike age, which we Europeans have evidently entered, may perhaps also favor the development of another and stronger kind of skepticism, I would for the moment express only through a parable that friends of German history will understand. That unhesitating enthusiast for handsome, tall grenadiers who, as King of Prussia, gave life to a military and skeptical genius—and thereby, at bottom, to that new type of German now emerging victorious—the questionable, mad father of Frederick the Great, himself possessed the grasp and lucky claw of genius on one point: he knew what Germany lacked at that time, and which lack was a hundred times more alarming and urgent than, say, the lack of cultivation and social form—his aversion to the young Frederick came from the anxiety of a deep instinct. *Men were lacking*; and to his bitterest vexation he suspected that his own son was not man enough. In this he was mistaken: but who in his place would not have been mistaken? He saw his son succumbing to atheism, to wit, to the pleasure-loving frivolity of clever Frenchmen—he saw in the background the great bloodsucker, the spider skepticism; he suspected the incurable misery of a heart no longer hard enough for either evil or good, of a broken will that no longer commands, *can* no longer command. But meanwhile there was growing in his son that more dangerous and harder new kind of skepticism—who knows *how much* favored precisely by his father's hatred and the icy melancholy of a will made solitary?—the skepticism of audacious manliness, most closely related to the genius for war and conquest, which made its first entrance into Germany in the figure of the great Frederick. This skepticism despises and nevertheless seizes for itself; it undermines and takes possession; it does not believe, but does not lose itself in doing so; it gives the spirit dangerous freedom but keeps the heart under strict discipline; it is the *German* form of skepticism which, as an ongoing Frederickianism heightened into the most spiritual realm, brought Europe for a considerable time under the dominion of the German spirit and its critical and historical mistrust. Thanks to the unconquerably strong and tenacious masculine character of the great German philologists and historical critics (who, properly seen, were all also artists of destruction and dissolution), a *new* concept of the German spirit gradually established itself, despite all the

Romanticism in music and philosophy, in which the trait of masculine skepticism emerged decisively: for example, as fearlessness of the gaze, as courage and hardness of the dissecting hand, as a tenacious will to dangerous voyages of discovery, to spiritualized North Pole expeditions beneath desolate and dangerous skies. There may be good reasons why warm-blooded and superficial devotees of humanity cross themselves before this very spirit: “that fatalistic, ironic, Mephistophelean spirit,” Michelet calls it, not without a shudder. But to feel how distinguishing this fear of the “man” in the German spirit is, through whom Europe was awakened from its “dogmatic slumber,” one should recall the former concept that had to be overcome along with it—and how it is not so long ago that a masculinized woman could dare, with unbridled presumption, to recommend the Germans to Europe’s sympathy as gentle, good-hearted, weak-willed, poetic blockheads. Let us at last understand deeply enough Napoleon’s astonishment when he came to see Goethe: it betrays what people had understood by the “German spirit” for centuries. “There is a man!”—that meant: “Why, this is a *man*! And I had expected only a German!”—

- 210 Suppose, then, that some feature in the image of the philosophers of the future suggests that they may perhaps have to be skeptics in the sense just indicated: this would still describe only something about them—and *not* them themselves. With equal right they might allow themselves to be called critics; and certainly they will be people of experiments. In the name with which I ventured to christen them, I have already expressly underlined attempting and the pleasure in attempting: was this because, as critics in body and soul, they love to employ the experiment in a new, perhaps broader, perhaps more dangerous sense? Must they, in their passion for knowledge, go further with audacious and painful experiments than the softhearted and pampered taste of a democratic century can approve?—There is no doubt: these coming ones will least of all be able to dispense with those serious and not harmless qualities that distinguish the critic from the skeptic: I mean certainty of standards of value, the conscious handling of a unity of method, shrewd courage, the ability to stand alone and answer for oneself; indeed, they admit to themselves a *pleasure* in saying No

and dissecting, and a certain deliberate cruelty that knows how to guide the knife surely and subtly even when the heart bleeds. They will be *harder* (and perhaps not always only toward themselves) than humane people might wish; they will not become involved with “truth” in order for it to “please” them or “elevate” and “inspire” them—rather, they will have little faith that *truth* in particular brings such entertainments for the feelings. They will smile, these stern spirits, if someone should say before them, “That thought elevates me: how could it not be true?” Or: “That work delights me: how could it not be beautiful?” Or: “That artist makes me greater: how could he not be great?”—Perhaps they will have not only a smile but a genuine disgust ready for everything of this enthusiastic, idealistic, feminine, hermaphroditic sort, and anyone who knew how to follow them into the secret chambers of their hearts would scarcely find there the intention of reconciling “Christian feelings” with “ancient taste” and perhaps even with “modern parliamentarianism” (as such readiness for reconciliation is said to occur even among philosophers in our very uncertain, consequently very conciliatory century). These philosophers of the future will demand of themselves not merely critical discipline and every habit that leads to cleanliness and rigor in matters of the spirit: they may even display them as their own kind of adornment—nevertheless, they do not on that account want to be called critics. It seems to them no slight disgrace done to philosophy when people decree, as they so love to do today: “Philosophy itself is criticism and critical science—and nothing whatever besides!” This valuation of philosophy may enjoy the applause of all the positivists of France and Germany (and it is possible it would even have flattered *Kant’s* heart and taste: recall the titles of his principal works—): our new philosophers will nonetheless say: critics are instruments of the philosopher and precisely for that reason, as instruments, are far from being philosophers themselves! Even the great Chinaman of Königsberg was only a great critic.—

- 211 I insist that people finally stop confusing philosophical laborers, and scientific human beings in general, with philosophers—that precisely here they rigorously give “to each his own,” not too much to the former and not far too little

to the latter. It may be necessary for the real philosopher's education that he himself should once have stood on all those steps where his servants, the scientific laborers of philosophy, remain—*must* remain; perhaps he must himself have been critic and skeptic and dogmatist and historian, and moreover poet and collector and traveler and solver of riddles and moralist and seer and “free spirit” and almost everything, in order to traverse the circumference of human values and feelings of value and to be *able* to look with many kinds of eyes and consciences, from the height into every distance, from the depth into every height, from the corner into every expanse. But all this is only the precondition of his task: this task itself wants something else—it demands that he *create values*. Those philosophical laborers after the noble model of Kant and Hegel have to establish some great body of valuations—that is, former *positings* and creations of value that have become dominant and are called “truths” for a time—and compress it into formulas, whether in the realm of *logic* or of *politics* (morality) or of *art*. It falls to these investigators to make everything that has happened and been valued until now surveyable, thinkable, comprehensible, manageable, to abbreviate everything long, even “time” itself, and to *subdue* the entire past: an immense and wonderful task in whose service every subtle pride, every tenacious will, can certainly find satisfaction. *But the actual philosophers are commanders and legislators*: they say, “Thus it *shall* be!” They first determine humanity's Where to? and What for? and in doing so have at their disposal the preparatory work of all philosophical laborers, all subduers of the past—they reach for the future with a creative hand, and everything that is and was becomes for them a means, an instrument, a hammer. Their “knowing” is *creating*, their creating is a legislation, their will to truth is—*will to power*.—Are there such philosophers today? Have there been such philosophers? *Must* there not be such philosophers?...

- 212 It seems to me more and more that the philosopher, as a *necessary* human being of tomorrow and the day after tomorrow, has always found himself, and *had to* find himself, in contradiction to his today: his enemy each time was the ideal of today. Until now all these extraordinary advancers of humanity whom we call

philosophers, and who seldom felt themselves friends of wisdom but rather unpleasant fools and dangerous question marks, have found their task, their hard, unwanted, inescapable task, and finally the greatness of their task, in being the bad conscience of their age. By setting the vivisector's knife to the breast of precisely the *virtues of their age*, they betrayed their own secret: that they knew of a *new* greatness of the human being, of a new, untrodden path to making him greater. Each time they uncovered how much hypocrisy, comfort, letting oneself go and letting oneself fall, how much falsehood lay hidden beneath the most honored type of their contemporary morality, how much virtue had *outlived itself*; each time they said: "We must go there, out there, where *you* are least at home today." Faced with a world of "modern ideas" that would like to banish everyone to a corner and a "specialty," a philosopher, if philosophers could exist today, would be compelled to locate humanity's greatness, the concept "greatness," precisely in its breadth and multiplicity, in its wholeness in the many: he would even determine value and rank by how much and how many kinds of things someone could bear and take upon himself, how *far* he could stretch his responsibility. Today the taste and virtue of the age weaken and thin the will; nothing is so timely as weakness of will: thus, in the philosopher's ideal, precisely strength of will, hardness, and the capacity for long-lasting resolutions must belong to the concept "greatness"; with as much justification as the opposite doctrine and ideal of a timid, renouncing, humble, selfless humanity suited an opposite age, one that, like the sixteenth century, suffered from its pent-up energy of will and the wildest waters and storm tides of selfishness. In the time of Socrates, among nothing but people of weary instinct, among conservative old Athenians who let themselves go—"toward happiness," as they said, toward pleasure, as they acted—and still mouthed the old magnificent words to which their lives had long since ceased to give them a right, perhaps *irony* was necessary to greatness of soul, that Socratic, malicious assurance of the old physician and man of the rabble, who cut mercilessly into his own flesh as into the flesh and heart of the "noble," with a gaze that spoke plainly enough: "Do not dissemble before me! Here—we are equal!" Today, conversely, when in Europe the herd animal alone receives and distributes hon-

ors, when “equality of rights” could all too easily turn into equality in wrongdoing: I mean into a common war against everything rare, strange, privileged, against the higher human being, the higher soul, the higher duty, the higher responsibility, creative fullness of power and sovereignty—today being noble, wanting to be for oneself, being able to be different, having to stand alone and live on one’s own authority belong to the concept “greatness”; and the philosopher will betray something of his own ideal when he proposes: “He shall be greatest who can be most solitary, most hidden, most divergent, the human being beyond good and evil, the master of his virtues, the one overrich in will; precisely this shall be called *greatness*: being able to be as manifold as whole, as wide as full.” And to ask once again: is greatness—*possible* today?

- 213 What a philosopher is can be learned only poorly because it cannot be taught: one must “know” it from experience—or have the pride *not* to know it. But that today everyone talks about things of which they *can* have no experience is true most of all, and at its worst, of the philosopher and philosophical states: very few know them, are entitled to know them, and all popular opinions about them are false. Thus, for example, that genuinely philosophical conjunction of a bold, exuberant spirituality that runs presto and a dialectical rigor and necessity that takes no false step is unknown in the experience of most thinkers and scholars, and therefore, should someone wish to speak of it before them, unbelievable. They imagine every necessity as distress, as the painful need to follow and be compelled; and thinking itself counts for them as something slow, hesitant, almost a hardship and often enough as “worth the *sweat* of the noble”—but not at all as something light, divine, most closely related to dance and high spirits! “Thinking” and taking a matter “seriously,” taking it “heavily”—these belong together for them: that alone is how they have “experienced” it.—Artists may already have a subtler scent for this: they who know only too well that precisely when they no longer do anything “arbitrarily” and do everything necessarily, their feeling of freedom, subtlety, full power, of creative positing, disposing, shaping, reaches its height—in short, that necessity and “freedom of the will” are then one in them. Ultimately there is an order of rank

among states of soul, to which the order of rank among problems corresponds; and the highest problems mercilessly repel everyone who dares approach them without being predestined to solve them by the height and power of his spirituality. What good does it do when agile all-purpose minds or clumsy, honest mechanics and empiricists crowd with their plebeian ambition into their vicinity, into this “court of courts,” as it were, as so frequently happens today! But coarse feet must never tread on such carpets: the primal law of things has already seen to that; the doors remain closed to these intruders, even if they knock and smash their heads against them! One must be born for every high world; more clearly, one must be *bred* for it: one has a right to philosophy—the word taken in its great sense—only thanks to one’s ancestry; ancestors, “blood,” decide here too. Many generations must have labored in preparation for the philosopher’s emergence; each of his virtues must individually have been acquired, cultivated, inherited, incorporated, and not only the bold, light, delicate walk and run of his thoughts, but above all the readiness for great responsibilities, the loftiness of commanding looks and downward looks, the feeling of separation from the multitude and its duties and virtues, the gracious protection and defense of what is misunderstood and slandered, whether God or devil, the pleasure and practice of great justice, the art of commanding, the breadth of will, the slow eye that seldom admires, seldom looks upward, seldom loves...

PART VII

Our Virtues



Part Seven:
Our Virtues.

²¹⁴ Our virtues?—It is likely that we too still have our virtues, although, as is only fitting, they will not be those trusting, four-square virtues for whose sake we hold our grandfathers in honor, but also keep them a little at arm's length. We Europeans of the day after tomorrow, we firstborn of the twentieth century—with all our dangerous curiosity, our multiplicity and art of disguise, our mellowed and, as it were, sweetened cruelty in spirit and senses—*if* we should have virtues, we shall presumably have only those that have learned best to get along with our most secret and heartfelt inclinations, with our most ardent needs: well then, let us look for them in our labyrinths!—where, as everyone knows, so many things lose their way, so many things are lost entirely. And is there anything more beautiful than *looking* for one's own virtues? Does this not almost mean already: *believing* in one's own virtue? But this "believing in one's virtue"—is it not at bottom the same thing that used to be called one's "good conscience," that venerable, long-tailed conceptual pigtail our grandfathers hung behind their heads, often enough behind their understanding as well? It seems, then, that however little we may otherwise consider ourselves old-fashioned and grandfatherishly respectable, in one respect we are nevertheless the

worthy grandsons of these grandfathers, we last Europeans with a good conscience: we too still wear their pigtail.—Ah! If you knew how soon, how very soon—things will be different! ...

- 215 Just as in the realm of the stars there are sometimes two suns determining the orbit of one planet, just as in certain cases suns of different colors shine around a single planet, now with red light, now with green, then striking it at the same time and flooding it with many colors: so we modern human beings, thanks to the complicated mechanics of our “starry sky,” are determined by *different* moralities; our actions shine alternately in different colors, they are seldom unambiguous—and there are enough cases in which we perform *many-colored* actions.
- 216 Love one’s enemies? I believe that has been well learned: it happens a thousand-fold today, on a small scale and a large one; indeed, something higher and more sublime sometimes happens already—we learn to *despise* when we love, and precisely when we love best—but all this unconsciously, without noise, without display, with that shame and concealment of goodness which forbid the mouth the solemn word and the formula of virtue. Morality as a pose—offends our taste today. This too is progress: just as it was progress in our fathers that religion as a pose finally came to offend their taste, including hostility and Voltairean bitterness toward religion (and everything that once belonged to the gestural language of freethinking). It is the music in our conscience, the dance in our spirit, with which all Puritan litany, all moral preaching and ostentatious uprightness refuse to harmonize.
- 217 Beware of those who attach great importance to being credited with moral tact and subtlety in moral discrimination! They never forgive us if they have once made a blunder before us (or even *at* our expense)—they inevitably become our instinctive slanderers and detractors, even if they remain our “friends.”—Blessed are the forgetful: for they also “get over” their stupidities.

218 The psychologists of France—and where else are there still psychologists today?—have still not exhausted their bitter and manifold pleasure in bourgeois stupidity, as though... enough, they betray something by it. Flaubert, for example, the honest bourgeois of Rouen, finally saw, heard, and tasted nothing else: it was his kind of self-torture and subtler cruelty. Now, for a change—for it is getting boring—I recommend another thing to delight in: the unconscious cunning with which all the good, fat, honest spirits of mediocrity behave toward higher spirits and their tasks, that subtle, entangled, Jesuitical cunning a thousand times subtler than the understanding and taste of this middle class in its best moments—even than the understanding of its victims—as yet another proof that “instinct” is the most intelligent of all kinds of intelligence discovered so far. In short, you psychologists, study the philosophy of the “rule” in its struggle with the “exception”: there you have a spectacle good enough for gods and divine malice! Or, still more plainly: practice vivisection on the “good human being,” on the “human being of good will” ... on *yourselves*!

219 Moral judging and condemning are the favorite revenge of the intellectually limited upon those who are less so, also a kind of compensation for nature’s having endowed them poorly, and finally an opportunity to acquire spirit and *become* subtle—malice spiritualizes. At the bottom of their hearts it does them good that there is a standard before which even those heaped with the goods and privileges of the spirit stand equal to them—they fight for the “equality of all before God” and almost *need* belief in God for that very purpose. Among them are the strongest opponents of atheism. Anyone who said to them, “A lofty intellect is beyond comparison with any goodness and respectability of a merely moral human being,” would drive them into a rage—I shall take care not to do so. Rather, I would like to flatter them with my proposition that a lofty intellect itself exists only as the final offspring of moral qualities; that it is a synthesis of all those states attributed to the “merely moral” human being, after each has been acquired individually through long discipline and practice, perhaps in entire chains of generations; that a lofty intellect is precisely the spiritu-

alization of justice and of that kindly severity which knows itself charged with maintaining the *order of rank* in the world, among things themselves—and not only among human beings.

220 With the praise of the “disinterested” so popular today, one must, perhaps not without some danger, make oneself aware of *what* the people actually take an interest in, and what things the common man cares about thoroughly and deeply at all: including the educated, even scholars and, unless everything deceives us, almost philosophers too. The fact that emerges is that the vast majority of what interests and excites subtler, more pampered tastes, what interests and excites every higher nature, seems entirely “uninteresting” to the average human being—if he nevertheless notices devotion to it, he calls it “disinterested” and wonders how it is possible to act “without interest.” There have been philosophers who knew how to lend this popular astonishment a seductive and mystically otherworldly expression (perhaps because they did not know the higher nature from experience?)—instead of stating the naked and perfectly straightforward truth that a “disinterested” action is a *very* interesting and interested action, provided ... “And love?”—What! Even an action out of love is supposed to be “unegoistic”? But you blockheads—! “And praise of the self-sacrificing?”—But anyone who has really made sacrifices knows that he wanted and received something in return—perhaps something of himself for something of himself—that he gave here in order to have more there, perhaps to be more altogether, or at least to feel himself “more.” But this is a realm of questions and answers in which a more pampered spirit is reluctant to linger: so badly does truth already need to stifle a yawn here when she has to answer. Ultimately she is a woman: one should not do violence to her.

221 “It happens,” said a moralistic pedant and dealer in minutiae, “that I honor and distinguish an unselfish human being: not, however, because he is unselfish, but because he seems to me to have a right to benefit another human being at his own expense. Enough: the question is always who *he* is and who *that other* is. In someone destined and made to command, for example, self-denial and modestly stepping aside would not be a virtue but the squandering of a virtue:

so it seems to me. Every unegoistic morality that takes itself unconditionally and addresses everyone sins not only against taste: it is an incitement to sins of omission, one *more* seduction under the mask of philanthropy—and precisely a seduction and injury of the higher, rarer, privileged. One must force moralities first of all to bow before the *order of rank*, one must press their presumption upon their consciences—until they finally reach a clear understanding among themselves that it is *immoral* to say: ‘What is right for one is fair for another.’”—Thus my moralistic pedant and good fellow: did he really deserve to be laughed at when he exhorted moralities to morality in this way? But one should not be too right if one wants the laughter on *one’s* side; a grain of wrongness even belongs to good taste.

222 Wherever compassion is preached today—and, rightly heard, no other religion is being preached anymore—let the psychologist open his ears: through all the vanity, through all the noise peculiar to these preachers (as to all preachers), he will hear a hoarse, groaning, genuine sound of *self-contempt*. It belongs to that darkening and disfigurement of Europe which has been growing for a century now (and whose first symptoms are already documented in a thoughtful letter from Galiani to Madame d’Épinay): *if it is not their cause!* The human being of “modern ideas,” this proud ape, is wildly dissatisfied with himself: that much is certain. He suffers: and his vanity wants him only to “suffer with others” ...

223 The European of mixed ancestry—a tolerably ugly plebeian, all in all—simply needs a costume: he needs history as the storeroom of costumes. To be sure, he notices that none of them fits his body properly—he changes and changes. Look at the nineteenth century with regard to these swift preferences and changes of stylistic masquerade; also at the moments of despair that “nothing suits” us.—Useless to parade oneself as Romantic or classical or Christian or Florentine or baroque or “national,” in morals and arts: “it is not becoming”! But “the spirit,” particularly “the historical spirit,” finds its advantage even in this despair: again and again a new piece of the past and of foreign lands is tried on, put on, taken off, packed away, above all *studied*—we are the first learned age in the matter of “costumes,” I mean moralities, articles of faith, tastes in art,

and religions, prepared as no age has ever been for carnival on a grand scale, for the most spiritual Mardi Gras laughter and high spirits, for the transcendental height of supreme idiocy and Aristophanic mockery of the world. Perhaps it is precisely here that we shall yet discover the realm of our *invention*, that realm where we too can still be original, perhaps as parodists of world history and buffoons of God—perhaps, even if nothing else from today has a future, our *laughter* still has a future!

- 224 The *historical sense* (or the ability to divine quickly the order of rank among the valuations by which a people, a society, a human being has lived, the “divinatory instinct” for the relationships among these valuations, for the relation of the authority of values to the authority of the forces at work): this historical sense, which we Europeans claim as our distinctive characteristic, came to us in the wake of the enchanting and mad *half-barbarism* into which Europe was plunged by the democratic mixing of classes and races—only the nineteenth century knows this sense, as its sixth sense. The past of every form and way of life, of cultures that formerly lay hard beside one another, above one another, flows into us “modern souls” thanks to that mixing; our instincts now run back in every direction, we ourselves are a kind of chaos—but in the end “the spirit,” as I said, finds its advantage in this. Through our half-barbarism in body and desire we have secret access everywhere, such as a noble age never possessed, above all access to the labyrinth of unfinished cultures and to every half-barbarism that has ever existed on earth; and insofar as the most considerable part of human culture so far has been precisely half-barbarism, “historical sense” means almost a sense and instinct for everything, a taste and tongue for everything: by which it immediately proves itself an *ignoble* sense. We enjoy Homer again, for example: perhaps it is our happiest advantage that we know how to taste Homer, whom people of a noble culture (say, the French of the seventeenth century, such as Saint-Évremond, who reproaches him for his vast mind, even their final echo, Voltaire) do not and did not so readily know how to make their own—whom they scarcely permitted themselves to enjoy. Their palate’s very definite Yes and No, their readily aroused disgust, their hesitant reserve

toward everything strange, their dread of the bad taste even of lively curiosity, and in general that ill will of every noble and self-sufficient culture toward admitting a new appetite, a dissatisfaction with what is its own, an admiration of what is foreign: all this sets and disposes them unfavorably even toward the best things in the world that are not their property or *could* not become their prey—and no sense is more incomprehensible to such people than precisely the historical sense and its submissive plebeian curiosity. It is no different with Shakespeare, that astonishing Spanish-Moorish-Saxon synthesis of taste, over whom an old Athenian from Aeschylus's circle of friends would have laughed or fretted himself half to death: but we accept precisely this wild array of colors, this jumble of the most delicate, coarsest, and most artificial, with a secret familiarity and warmth; we enjoy him as the refinement of art saved up precisely for us, and let ourselves be disturbed as little by the offensive fumes and proximity of the English rabble in which Shakespeare's art and taste live as we would on the Chiaia in Naples: where, enchanted and willing, we go our way with all our senses, however much the sewers of the rabble quarters hang in the air. We people of the "historical sense": as such we have our virtues, there is no denying it—we are undemanding, selfless, modest, brave, full of self-overcoming, full of devotion, very grateful, very patient, very accommodating—with all that, perhaps we are not very "tasteful." Let us finally admit to ourselves: what we people of the "historical sense" find hardest to grasp, to feel, to taste in sympathy, to love in sympathy, what finds us prejudiced and almost hostile at bottom, is precisely the perfect and ultimately ripe in every culture and art, the truly noble in works and human beings, their moment of smooth sea and halcyon self-sufficiency, the golden and cold quality shown by all things that have attained perfection. Perhaps our great virtue of the historical sense necessarily opposes *good* taste, at least the very best taste, and it is precisely the little, brief, and highest strokes of happiness and transfigurations of human life, such as shine out here and there, that we can reproduce in ourselves only poorly, only hesitantly, only with effort: those moments and miracles when a great force voluntarily stopped short before the measureless and boundless—when an abundance of subtle pleasure was enjoyed in sudden restraint and petrification, in

standing fast and fixing oneself upon a still trembling ground. *Measure* is foreign to us, let us admit it; our thrill is precisely the thrill of the infinite, the unmeasured. Like the rider on a horse snorting forward, we let the reins fall before the infinite, we modern human beings, we half-barbarians—and find *our* bliss only where we are also most—in *danger*.

225 Whether hedonism, pessimism, utilitarianism, or eudaimonism: all these ways of thinking that measure the value of things according to *pleasure* and *pain*, that is, according to accompanying states and secondary matters, are foreground ways of thinking and naiveties upon which everyone conscious of *shaping* forces and an artist's conscience will look down not without mockery, nor without compassion. Compassion for *you*! That, to be sure, is not compassion as you mean it: it is not compassion for social "distress," for "society" and its sick and unfortunate, for people vicious and broken from the beginning, as they lie on the ground all around us; still less is it compassion for grumbling, oppressed, rebellious slave strata striving for dominion—they call it "freedom." *Our* compassion is a higher, more farsighted compassion—we see how *humanity* diminishes itself, how *you* diminish it!—and there are moments when we watch precisely *your* compassion with an indescribable anxiety, when we defend ourselves against this compassion—when we find your seriousness more dangerous than any frivolity. You want, if possible—and there is no madder "if possible"—to *abolish suffering*; and we?—it seems *we* would rather have it even higher and worse than ever! Well-being as you understand it—that is no goal, that seems to us an *end*! A state that soon makes the human being ridiculous and contemptible—that makes one *wish* for his downfall! The discipline of suffering, of *great* suffering—do you not know that only *this* discipline has created every elevation of humanity so far? That tension of the soul in misfortune which breeds its strength, its shudders at the sight of great destruction, its inventiveness and courage in bearing, enduring, interpreting, exploiting misfortune, and whatever has ever been given it of depth, mystery, mask, spirit, cunning, greatness—was it not given it through suffering, through the discipline of great suffering? In the human being, *creature* and *creator* are united: in the

human being there is material, fragment, excess, clay, filth, nonsense, chaos; but in the human being there is also creator, sculptor, hammer-hardness, spectator-divinity, and seventh day—do you understand this opposition? And that *your* compassion is for the “creature in the human being,” for what must be formed, broken, forged, torn, burned, made to glow, refined—for what necessarily must *suffer* and *ought to* suffer? And *our* compassion—do you not grasp for whom our *opposite* compassion is intended, when it resists your compassion as the worst of all pampering and weaknesses?—Compassion *against* compassion, then!—But, to say it again, there are higher problems than all problems of pleasure and pain and compassion; and every philosophy that comes down only to these is a naivety.—

226 *We immoralists!*—This world that concerns *us*, in which *we* have to fear and love, this almost invisible, inaudible world of subtle commanding, subtle obeying, a world of “almost” in every respect, delicate, treacherous, pointed, tender: yes, it is well defended against clumsy spectators and familiar curiosity! We are spun into a strict net and shirt of duties and *cannot* get out—and precisely in this we too are “people of duty”! Sometimes, it is true, we may dance in our “chains” and among our “swords”; more often, it is no less true, we gnash our teeth beneath them and grow impatient at all the secret hardness of our fate. But we may do what we like: the blockheads and appearances say against us, “These are people *without* duty”—we always have the blockheads and appearances against us!

227 Honesty—supposing this is our virtue, from which we cannot get free, we free spirits—well then, let us work at it with all our malice and love and never tire of “perfecting” ourselves in *our* virtue, the only one we have left: may its radiance someday remain lying over this aging culture and its dull, gloomy seriousness like a gilded, blue, mocking evening light! And if one day our honesty nevertheless grows tired and sighs and stretches its limbs and finds us too hard, and would like things better, easier, tenderer, like a pleasant vice: let us remain *hard*, we last Stoics! And let us send to its aid whatever devilry we have in us—our disgust at the clumsy and approximate, our “we strive for the forbidden,” our

adventurer's courage, our shrewd and pampered curiosity, our subtlest, most disguised, most spiritual will to power and overcoming of the world, which roams and raves hungrily around all the realms of the future—let us come to the aid of our “god” with all our “devils”! It is likely that people will misunderstand and misidentify us on that account: what does it matter! They will say, “Their ‘honesty’—that is their devilry, and nothing more!” What does it matter! And even if they were right! Have not all gods so far been such devils grown holy and rebaptized? And what, in the end, do we know about ourselves? And what the spirit that leads us wants to be *called*? (It is a matter of names.) And how many spirits we harbor? Our honesty, we free spirits—let us take care that it does not become our vanity, our finery and pomp, our limit, our stupidity! Every virtue tends toward stupidity, every stupidity toward virtue; “stupid to the point of sainthood,” they say in Russia—let us take care not to end up becoming saints and bores out of honesty! Is life not a hundred times too short to—be bored in it? One would really have to believe in eternal life to ...

- 228 May I be forgiven the discovery that all moral philosophy so far has been boring and belonged among the sleeping aids—and that nothing has damaged “virtue” more in my eyes than this *tediousness* of its advocates; by which I would not wish to have failed to recognize their general usefulness. It is very important that as few people as possible think about morality—consequently it is *very* important that morality should not someday become interesting! But do not worry! Things remain today as they have always been: I see no one in Europe who has any conception (or *conveys* one) that reflection on morality could be pursued dangerously, treacherously, seductively—that *doom* might lie in it! Look, for example, at the indefatigable, unavoidable English utilitarians, how clumsily and honorably they walk along, walk on in Bentham's footsteps (a Homeric simile puts it more clearly), just as he himself already walked in the footsteps of the honorable Helvétius (no, he was not a dangerous human being, this Helvétius!). Not a new thought, nothing of a subtler turning and folding of an old thought, not even a real history of what was thought before: an *impossible* literature altogether, unless one knows how to pickle it for oneself with

some malice. For into these moralists too (whom one absolutely must read with ulterior thoughts, if one *must* read them—) that old English vice called *cant* and amounting to *moral Tartuffery* has crept, this time concealed under the new form of scientific rigor; nor is there any lack of secret defense against pangs of conscience, from which, as is only fitting, a race of former Puritans will suffer in every scientific engagement with morality. (Is a moralist not the opposite of a Puritan? Namely, as a thinker who takes morality as questionable, worthy of a question mark, in short as a problem? Ought moralizing not to be—immoral?) Ultimately they all want *English* morality to be vindicated: insofar as this best serves humanity, or the “general utility,” or “the happiness of the greatest number”—no! the happiness of *England*; they would like with all their strength to prove to themselves that striving for *English* happiness, I mean for comfort and fashion (and, at the highest point, a seat in Parliament), is also the right path of virtue, indeed that whatever virtue has existed in the world so far has consisted precisely in such striving. Not one of all these ponderous herd animals with troubled consciences (who undertake to plead the cause of egoism as the cause of general welfare—) wants to know or smell anything of the fact that “general welfare” is no ideal, no goal, no concept comprehensible in any way, but only an emetic—that what is fair to one *cannot* by any means be fair to another, that the demand for one morality for all is harmful precisely to higher human beings, in short, that there is an *order of rank* between human being and human being, consequently also between morality and morality. These utilitarian Englishmen are a modest and thoroughly mediocre kind of human being, and, as I said: insofar as they are boring, one cannot think highly enough of their utility. They ought to be *encouraged* still further: as has been attempted, in part, with the following rhymes.

Hail to you, good cart pushers,
Always “the longer, the better,”
Ever stiffer in head and knee,
Uninspired, never funny,
Indestructibly mediocre,
Without genius, without wit!

229 In those late ages entitled to pride themselves on humanity, so much fear, so much *superstition* born of fear of the “wild, cruel animal” remains—the very animal whose subjugation constitutes the pride of those more humane ages—that even palpable truths remain unspoken for centuries, as though by agreement, because they appear to help that wild animal, finally put to death, return to life. Perhaps I venture something by letting such a truth escape me: let others catch it again and give it so much “milk of pious ways of thinking” to drink that it lies quiet and forgotten in its old corner.—One ought to unlearn one’s ideas about cruelty and open one’s eyes; one ought at last to learn impatience, so that such immodest, fat errors as old and new philosophers have fattened up, for example concerning tragedy, no longer go strutting virtuously and brazenly about. Almost everything we call “higher culture” rests on the spiritualization and deepening of *cruelty*—this is my proposition; that “wild animal” has not been put to death at all, it lives, it flourishes, it has merely—deified itself. What constitutes the painful voluptuousness of tragedy is cruelty; what acts agreeably in so-called tragic compassion, indeed at bottom in everything sublime, up to the highest and tenderest shudders of metaphysics, derives its sweetness solely from the ingredient of cruelty mixed into it. What the Roman in the arena, the Christian in the ecstasies of the cross, the Spaniard before burning stakes or bullfights, the Japanese of today who crowds toward tragedy, the Parisian suburban worker homesick for bloody revolutions, the female Wagnerian who, with her will unhinged, lets Tristan and Isolde “wash over” her—what all these enjoy and strive with mysterious ardor to drink into themselves are the spiced potions of the great Circe “Cruelty.” Here, to be sure, one must chase away the clumsy psychology of former times, which knew only how to teach that cruelty

arose at the sight of *another's* suffering: there is an abundant, overabundant enjoyment of one's own suffering too, of making oneself suffer—and wherever the human being lets himself be persuaded to self-denial in the *religious* sense, or to self-mutilation, as among Phoenicians and ascetics, or in general to desensualization, defleshing, contrition, to the Puritan spasm of penitence, to vivisection of the conscience and the Pascalian sacrifice of the intellect, he is secretly enticed and driven forward by his cruelty, by those dangerous shudders of cruelty turned *against himself*. Finally, consider that even the knower, in forcing his spirit to know *against* the inclination of the spirit and often enough against the wishes of his heart as well—namely, to say No where he would like to affirm, love, worship—acts as an artist and transfigurer of cruelty; every taking of things deeply and thoroughly is already an act of violence, a will to hurt the fundamental will of the spirit, which ceaselessly wants to move toward appearance and surfaces—there is already a drop of cruelty in every will to knowledge.

- 230 Perhaps what I have said here about a “fundamental will of the spirit” is not immediately understood: allow me an explanation.—That commanding something which the people call “the spirit” wants to be master within and around itself and to feel itself master: it has the will to go from multiplicity to simplicity, a will that binds together, subdues, lusts to rule, and truly rules. Its needs and capacities in this are the same as those physiologists posit for everything that lives, grows, and multiplies. The spirit's strength in appropriating what is alien reveals itself in a strong inclination to assimilate the new to the old, to simplify the manifold, to overlook or push away what is entirely contradictory: just as it arbitrarily underlines more strongly, highlights, and falsifies to suit itself certain features and lines in the alien, in every piece of “external world.” Its intention here is to incorporate new “experiences,” to arrange new things within old series—hence growth; more precisely still, the *feeling* of growth, the feeling of increased strength. This same will is served by an apparently opposing drive of the spirit, a suddenly erupting resolve for ignorance, for arbitrary shutting out, a closing of its windows, an inward saying No to this or that thing, a refusal to let it approach, a kind of defensive state against much that can be

known, a satisfaction with darkness, with the enclosing horizon, a saying Yes to ignorance and approving it: as all this is necessary according to the degree of its power of appropriation, its “digestive power,” to speak figuratively—and indeed “the spirit” is most like a stomach. Likewise there belongs here the spirit’s occasional will to let itself be deceived, perhaps with a mischievous inkling that things are *not* this way or that, that one merely lets them count as this way or that, a pleasure in all uncertainty and ambiguity, a jubilant self-enjoyment in a corner’s arbitrary narrowness and secrecy, in what is all too near, in the foreground, in what is magnified, diminished, displaced, beautified, a self-enjoyment in the arbitrariness of all these expressions of power. Finally, there belongs here that not harmless readiness of the spirit to deceive other spirits and dissemble before them, that constant pressure and urge of a creative, formative, changeable force: in this the spirit enjoys its multiplicity of masks and cunning, enjoys the feeling of its security too—for precisely through its arts of Proteus it is best defended and hidden!—*Against this* will to appearance, to simplification, to the mask, to the cloak, in short to the surface—for every surface is a cloak—there works that sublime inclination of the knower who takes and *wants* to take things deeply, in their manifold aspects, thoroughly: as a kind of cruelty of the intellectual conscience and taste, which every brave thinker will acknowledge in himself, provided he has, as is proper, hardened and sharpened his eye for himself long enough and is accustomed to strict discipline and also strict words. He will say, “There is something cruel in the inclination of my spirit”—let the virtuous and the amiable try to talk him out of it! Indeed, it would sound prettier if, instead of cruelty, people attributed to us, whispered about us, praised in us something like an “extravagant honesty”—us free, *very* free spirits—and perhaps this really is *how* our—posthumous fame will someday sound? For the present—for there is time enough until then—we ourselves might be least inclined to deck ourselves out in such moral tinsel and fringes of words: all our work so far makes precisely this taste and its cheerful luxuriance distasteful to us. They are beautiful, glittering, jingling, festive words: honesty, love of truth, love of wisdom, sacrifice for knowledge, heroism of the truthful—there is something in them that makes one’s pride swell. But we hermits and

marmots, in all the secrecy of a hermit's conscience, have long since persuaded ourselves that this worthy verbal pomp, too, belongs to the old false finery, junk, and gold dust of unconscious human vanity, and that beneath such flattering color and overpainting, too, the terrible original text *homo natura* must be recognized once again. Namely, to translate the human being back into nature; to gain mastery over the many vain and enthusiastic interpretations and secondary meanings that have so far been scribbled and painted over that eternal original text *homo natura*; to bring it about that from now on the human being stands before the human being as, hardened in the discipline of science, he already stands today before the *rest of nature*, with fearless Oedipus eyes and sealed Odysseus ears, deaf to the enticing tunes of old metaphysical birdcatchers who have piped to him all too long: "You are more! You are higher! You are of another origin!"—that may be a strange and mad task, but it is a *task*—who would deny it! Why did we choose it, this mad task? Or, to ask differently: "Why knowledge at all?"—Everyone will ask us about that. And we, pressed in this way, we who have already asked ourselves the same question hundreds of times, we found and find no better answer ...

- 231 Learning changes us; it does what all nourishment does, which does not merely "preserve" us either—as the physiologist knows. But at the bottom of us, quite "down there," there is certainly something unteachable, a granite of spiritual fate, of predetermined decision and answer to predetermined, selected questions. At every cardinal problem an unchangeable "that is I" speaks; about man and woman, for example, a thinker cannot learn differently, but only learn to the end—only discover completely what "stands firm" in him about it. In time one finds certain solutions to problems that inspire strong faith precisely in *us*; perhaps from then on one calls them one's "convictions." Later—one sees in them only footsteps toward self-knowledge, signposts to the problem we *are*—more correctly, to the great stupidity we are, to our spiritual fate, to the *unteachable* quite "down there."—After this abundant courtesy I have just

committed toward myself, I may perhaps be permitted a little more readily to speak out a few truths about “woman in herself”: provided it is now known from the outset how very much they are only—*my* truths.—

- 232 Woman wants to become independent: and to that end she begins enlightening men about “woman in herself”—*this* is among the worst advances in Europe’s general *disfigurement*. For what must these clumsy attempts at feminine scientific rigor and self-exposure bring to light! Woman has so much reason for shame; in woman there is so much hidden pedantry, superficiality, schoolmasterliness, petty presumption, petty unruliness and immodesty—just study her dealings with children!—which at bottom has so far been best held back and subdued by *fear* of man. Woe when the “eternally boring in woman”—she is rich in it!—is allowed to venture out! When she begins thoroughly and on principle to unlearn her cleverness and art, the art of grace, play, banishing cares, lightening burdens and taking things lightly, when she begins to unlearn her subtle aptitude for pleasant desires! Already female voices are growing loud which, by holy Aristophanes, inspire terror; with medical explicitness they threaten what woman *wants* first and last from man. Is it not the worst of taste when woman thus sets about becoming scientific? Until now, fortunately, enlightenment was men’s affair, men’s gift—we remained “among ourselves” in it; and ultimately, with everything women write about “woman,” one may reserve a healthy mistrust as to whether woman actually *wants* enlightenment about herself—and *can* want it... If a woman is not seeking a new adornment for herself in this—I do think adorning oneself belongs to the eternal feminine?—well then, she wants to inspire fear of herself: perhaps she wants dominion through it. But she does not *want* truth: what does woman care about truth! From the beginning nothing has been more alien, repugnant, hostile to woman than truth—her great art is the lie, her highest concern appearance and beauty. Let us admit it, we men: it is precisely *this* art and *this* instinct that we honor and love in woman: we who have a hard time and gladly seek relief in the company of beings under whose hands, glances, and tender follies our seriousness, our heaviness and depth, appear to us almost as a folly. Finally I ask: has a

woman herself ever yet granted depth to a woman's head, justice to a woman's heart? And is it not true that, broadly reckoned, "woman" has so far been most disdained by woman herself—and not at all by us?—We men wish woman would not continue compromising herself through enlightenment: just as it was man's solicitude and gentleness toward woman when the Church decreed: "Let woman keep silent in church!" It was for woman's benefit when Napoleon gave the all-too-eloquent Madame de Staël to understand: "Let woman keep silent in politics!"—and I think it is a true friend of women who calls out to women today: "Let woman keep silent about woman!"

- 233 It betrays corruption of the instincts—quite apart from betraying bad taste—when a woman appeals precisely to Madame Roland or Madame de Staël or Monsieur George Sand, as though this proved something *in favor* of "woman in herself." Among men, those named are the three *comic* women in themselves—nothing more!—and precisely the best involuntary *counterarguments* to emancipation and female sovereignty.
- 234 Stupidity in the kitchen; woman as cook; the appalling thoughtlessness with which the nourishment of the family and the master of the house is attended to! Woman does not understand what food *means*: and wants to be a cook! If woman were a thinking creature, then surely, as cook for millennia, she would have had to discover the greatest physiological facts, and likewise bring the art of healing into her possession! Through bad female cooks—through the complete lack of reason in the kitchen—human development has been held back longest and harmed most grievously: even today things are little better. An address to young ladies of good families.
- 235 There are turns and casts of the spirit, there are maxims, a little handful of words, in which a whole culture, a whole society suddenly crystallizes. Among them is that remark Madame de Lambert once made to her son: "My friend, never permit yourself any follies except those that will give you great pleasure"—incidentally, the most motherly and cleverest words ever addressed to a son.

236 What Dante and Goethe believed about woman—the former when he sang, “She looked upward, and I at her,” the latter when he translated it, “The eternal feminine draws us *upward*”—I do not doubt that every nobler woman will resist this belief, for she believes precisely *this* of the eternal masculine ...

237 *Seven Little Sayings on Women.*

How the longest boredom flies
When a man crawls to our side!

Age, alas! and scholarship
Give even feeble virtue strength.

Black attire and silent ways
Dress each woman—smartly.

Whom to thank for happiness?
God!—and her who makes my dress.

Young: a cave-house decked with flowers.
Old: a dragon rushes out.

Noble name and pretty leg,
Man as well: were *he* but mine!

Brief speech, far-reaching sense
—Slippery ice for the female ass!

237a Until now women have been treated by men like birds that have strayed down to them from some height: as something finer, more vulnerable, wilder, stranger, sweeter, more soulful—but as something one must lock up so it does not fly away.

238 To blunder in the fundamental problem “man and woman,” to deny here the most abysmal antagonism and the necessity of an eternally hostile tension, perhaps to dream here of equal rights, equal education, equal claims and obliga-

tions: that is a *typical* sign of shallow-mindedness, and a thinker who has proved shallow at this dangerous point—shallow in instinct!—may be considered suspect in general, more than that, given away, exposed: he will probably be too “short” for all fundamental questions of life, including the life of the future, and unable to descend to *any* depth. A man, on the other hand, who has depth in his spirit as in his desires, including that depth of benevolence capable of severity and hardness and easily confused with them, can think about woman only in an *Oriental* way: he must conceive woman as possession, as property that can be locked away, as something predestined for service and attaining its perfection in it—here he must take his stand on Asia’s immense reason, on Asia’s superiority of instinct: as the Greeks once did, those best heirs and pupils of Asia who, as is well known, from Homer down to the time of Pericles, with *increasing* culture and breadth of strength, became step by step *stricter* toward woman, in short, more Oriental. *How* necessary, how logical, *how* even humanly desirable this was: let each reflect on that for himself!

- 239 In no age has the weaker sex been treated with such respect by men as in our age—this belongs to the democratic inclination and basic taste, just as does irreverence toward age—what wonder that this respect is immediately abused again? They want more, they learn to demand, they finally find that tribute of respect almost insulting already; they would prefer competition for rights, indeed the actual struggle: enough, woman is losing her shame. Let us add at once that she is also losing her taste. She unlearns *fear* of man: but the woman who “unlearns fear” surrenders her most feminine instincts. That woman ventures forth when what inspires fear in man—more precisely, when the *man* in man—is no longer wanted and bred to greatness is fair enough, comprehensible enough; what is harder to comprehend is that in doing so—woman degenerates. This is happening today: let us not deceive ourselves about it! Wherever the industrial spirit has triumphed over the military and aristocratic spirit, woman now strives for the economic and legal independence of a clerk: “woman as clerk” stands at the gate of the modern society taking shape. As she thus takes possession of new rights, strives to become “master” and writes

woman's "progress" on her banners and little flags, the reverse is taking place with terrible clarity: *woman is going backward*. Since the French Revolution, woman's influence in Europe has *diminished* to the same degree as her rights and claims have increased; and the "emancipation of woman," insofar as women themselves (and not merely male shallow minds) demand and promote it, thus proves a remarkable symptom of the growing weakening and blunting of the most feminine instincts. There is *stupidity* in this movement, an almost masculine stupidity of which a well-constituted woman—who is always a clever woman—would have to feel ashamed to the depths. To lose one's scent for the ground on which one most surely attains victory; to neglect practice in one's proper art of arms; to let oneself go before man, perhaps even "as far as a book," where formerly one disciplined oneself into subtle, cunning humility; to work with virtuous impudence against man's belief in a fundamentally different ideal *veiled* in woman, in something eternally and necessarily feminine; to talk man emphatically and chatteringly out of the idea that woman must be maintained, provided for, protected, spared, like a more delicate, strangely wild and often pleasant domestic animal; the clumsy, indignant gathering together of everything slavlike and serflike that woman's position in the existing order of society has had and still has about it (as though slavery were a counterargument and not rather a condition of every higher culture, every elevation of culture)—what does all this mean, if not a crumbling of the feminine instincts, a defeminization? To be sure, there are enough idiotic friends of women and corrupters of women among the learned asses of the male sex who advise woman to defeminize herself in this way and copy all the stupidities from which "man" in Europe, European "manliness," is sick—who would like to bring woman down as far as "general education," perhaps even to reading newspapers and politicking. Here and there they even want to make free spirits and literary people of women: as though a woman without piety were not something entirely repugnant or ridiculous to a deep and godless man; almost everywhere they ruin women's nerves with the sickliest and most dangerous of all kinds of music (our newest German music) and make them more hysterical every day and less capable of their first and last vocation, bearing strong children. They

want to “cultivate” them still further altogether and, as they say, make the “weaker sex” *strong* through culture: as though history did not teach as emphatically as possible that human “cultivation” and weakening—namely weakening, fragmentation, sickening of the *strength of will*—have always kept pace with one another, and that the mightiest and most influential women in the world (most recently Napoleon’s mother) owed their power and ascendancy over men precisely to their strength of will—and not to schoolmasters! What inspires respect and often enough fear in woman is her *nature*, which is more “natural” than man’s, her genuine predatory, cunning suppleness, her tiger’s claw beneath the glove, her naivety in egoism, her uneducability and inward wildness, the incomprehensibility, breadth, roaming character of her desires and virtues ... What, despite all fear, inspires compassion for this dangerous and beautiful cat “woman” is that she appears more suffering, more vulnerable, more in need of love, and more condemned to disappointment than any animal. Fear and compassion: with these feelings man has until now stood before woman, always with one foot already in tragedy, which tears apart as it delights.—What? And is this now to end? And is the *disenchantment* of woman at work? Is the making of woman boring slowly coming on? Oh Europe! Europe! We know the horned animal that has always been most attractive to you, from which danger threatens you again and again! Your old fable could become “history” once more—once more a monstrous stupidity could become master over you and carry you off! And no god hidden beneath it, no! Only an “idea,” a “modern idea”! ...

PART VIII

Peoples and Fatherlands



Eighth Part:

Peoples and Fatherlands.

240 I heard, once again for the first time, Richard Wagner's overture to *The Mastersingers*: this is a magnificent, overloaded, heavy, late art, proud enough to presume, as a condition of being understood, that two centuries of music are still alive—it does the Germans credit that such pride did not miscalculate! What juices and forces, what seasons and climates are not mingled here! At one moment it strikes us as ancient, at another as foreign, austere, and excessively young; it is as arbitrary as it is pompously traditional, not infrequently roguish, still more often coarse and rough—it has fire and courage, and at the same time the slack, sallow skin of fruit that ripens too late. It streams broad and full: and suddenly a moment of inexplicable hesitation, as though a gap were opening between cause and effect, an oppression that sets us dreaming, almost a nightmare—but already the old current of well-being is spreading and widening again, well-being of the most manifold kind, happiness old and new, *very* much including the artist's happiness in himself, which he has no wish to conceal, his astonished, happy awareness of his mastery of the means employed here—new, newly acquired, untried artistic means, as he seems to reveal to us. All in all, no beauty, no South, nothing of the southern sky's fine clarity, nothing of grace, no dance, scarcely a will to logic; even a certain clumsiness, which is further

underscored, as though the artist wanted to tell us: "It is part of my intention"; a cumbersome costume, something arbitrarily barbaric and ceremonious, a shimmering of learned and venerable treasures and lace; something German, in the best and worst sense of the word, something manifold, formless, and inexhaustible in the German way; a certain German might and superabundance of soul that has no fear of hiding among the refinements of decadence—perhaps feeling most at home there; a true, authentic emblem of the German soul, at once young and outmoded, worn-out and still overrich in future. This kind of music best expresses what I think of the Germans: they belong to the day before yesterday and the day after tomorrow—*they have no today as yet*.

241 We "good Europeans": we too have hours when we permit ourselves a hearty bout of fatherland fever, a tumble and relapse into old loves and narrownesses—I have just given a sample of it—hours of national surges, patriotic constrictions, and all sorts of other antiquated floods of feeling. More ponderous spirits than ours may take longer to finish with what, for us, is confined to hours and plays itself out within hours: half a year for some, half a lifetime for others, according to the speed and strength with which they digest and "metabolize." Indeed, I could imagine dull, hesitant races that, even in our swift-moving Europe, would need half a century to overcome such atavistic attacks of fatherland fever and clinging to the soil, and return to reason, by which I mean "good Europeanism." And as my thoughts wander over this possibility, I happen to overhear a conversation between two old "patriots"—both were evidently hard of hearing and spoke all the louder for it. "*He* thinks as much of philosophy and knows as much about it as a peasant or a fraternity student," said one. "He is still innocent. But what does that matter today! This is the age of the masses: they fall on their bellies before anything massive. In politics too. A statesman who piles up a new Tower of Babel for them, some monstrosity of empire and power, is what they call 'great'—what does it matter that we more cautious, more reserved people are not yet ready to abandon the old belief that only a great thought gives greatness to an action or a cause. Suppose a statesman put his people in the position of having to pursue 'grand politics' from then on,

something for which they are by nature ill-equipped and ill-prepared: so that they would have to sacrifice their old, dependable virtues for the sake of a new, dubious mediocrity—suppose a statesman condemned his people to ‘politick-ing’ altogether, when until then they had had better things to do and think about, and deep in their souls could not rid themselves of a wary disgust at the restlessness, emptiness, and noisy bickering of the peoples who really do live for politics—suppose such a statesman goaded his people’s sleeping passions and appetites awake, made a blot of their former shyness and pleasure in standing apart, a fault of their love of foreign things and their secret boundlessness, devalued their most heartfelt inclinations, turned their consciences inside out, narrowed their minds, made their taste ‘national’—what! A statesman who did all this, for whom his people would have to do penance throughout the future, if they have a future: would such a statesman be *great*?” “Undoubtedly!” the other old patriot answered vehemently. “Otherwise he could not have *done it*! Perhaps it was mad to want such a thing? But perhaps everything great was merely mad at first!” “Misuse of words!” his interlocutor shouted back. “Strong! Strong! Strong and mad! *Not* great!” The old men had visibly grown heated as they shouted their “truths” in each other’s faces like this; but I, in my happiness and my beyond, considered how soon a stronger man would become master over the strong; also that there is compensation for the spiritual flattening of one people, namely the deepening of another.—

- 242 Call what is now supposed to distinguish Europeans “civilization” or “humanization” or “progress”; call it simply, without praise or blame, by the political formula Europe’s *democratic* movement: behind all the moral and political foregrounds to which such formulas point, a tremendous *physiological* process is taking place, increasingly gathering momentum—the process by which Europeans are growing alike, their increasing detachment from the conditions under which races bound to climate and social estate arise, their growing independence from any *particular* milieu that would like to inscribe itself on body and soul for centuries with the same demands—in other words, the slow emergence of an essentially supranational and nomadic kind of human being whose

typical distinction, physiologically speaking, is a maximum of adaptive skill and strength. This process of the *European's becoming*, whose tempo can be delayed by great relapses, though perhaps precisely through them it gains and grows in vehemence and depth—the still-raging storm and stress of “national feeling” belongs here, as does the anarchism now emerging—this process will probably lead to results that its naive promoters and eulogists, the apostles of “modern ideas,” would least like to reckon with. The very same new conditions under which, on average, a leveling and mediocratizing of humanity will develop—a useful, industrious, versatile, capable human herd animal—are eminently suited to giving rise to exceptional human beings of the most dangerous and attractive quality. For while that adaptive strength, which tries out ever-changing conditions and begins a new task with each generation, almost with each decade, rules out a *powerful* type altogether; while the overall impression of such future Europeans will probably be that of versatile, talkative, weak-willed, extremely employable workers who *need* a master, a commander, as they need their daily bread; while, then, Europe’s democratization amounts to the production of a type prepared for *slavery* in the subtlest sense: in individual and exceptional cases, the *strong* human being will have to turn out stronger and richer than perhaps ever before—thanks to the freedom from prejudice in his schooling, thanks to the tremendous variety of practice, art, and mask. What I meant to say is: Europe’s democratization is at the same time an involuntary arrangement for breeding *tyrants*—the word understood in every sense, including the most spiritual.

243 I am pleased to hear that our sun is moving rapidly toward the constellation *Hercules*: and I hope that human beings on this earth will follow the sun’s example in this. And we in the lead, we good Europeans!—

244 There was a time when people customarily singled the Germans out as “deep”: now that the most successful type of the new German character covets quite different honors, and perhaps finds everything deep lacking in “dash,” it is almost timely and patriotic to doubt whether that former praise was not a delusion—in short, whether German depth is not fundamentally something else

and something worse—and something that, thank God, we are successfully getting rid of. Let us therefore try to learn anew about German depth: all we need is a little vivisection of the German soul.—The German soul is above all manifold, diverse in origin, more assembled and superimposed than truly built: that comes of its ancestry. A German bold enough to assert that “two souls, alas, live in my breast” would do the truth a grave injustice; more precisely, he would fall short of the truth by many souls. As a people of the most monstrous mixing and blending of races, perhaps even with a preponderance of the pre-Aryan element, as a “people of the middle” in every sense, the Germans are more elusive, expansive, contradictory, unknown, incalculable, surprising, even frightening to themselves than other peoples are: they slip out of *definition* and thereby already drive the French to despair. It is characteristic of the Germans that among them the question “What is German?” never dies out. Kotzebue certainly knew his Germans well enough: “We have been recognized!” they cheered him—but *Sand* too believed he knew them. Jean Paul knew what he was doing when he angrily declared himself against Fichte’s mendacious but patriotic flatteries and exaggerations—but Goethe probably thought differently about the Germans than Jean Paul, even if he agreed with him about Fichte. What did Goethe really think about the Germans?—But he never spoke plainly about many things around him, and throughout his life understood the art of subtle silence—he probably had good reasons for it. One thing is certain: it was not “the Wars of Liberation” that made him look up more joyfully, any more than the French Revolution—the event that caused him to *rethink* his Faust, indeed the whole problem of “the human being,” was Napoleon’s appearance. There are words of Goethe’s in which, as though speaking from abroad, he dismisses with impatient severity what Germans count among their sources of pride: on one occasion he defines the famous German depth of feeling as “indulgence toward others’ weaknesses and one’s own.” Is he wrong?—It is characteristic of the Germans that one is seldom entirely wrong about them. The German soul has passages and connecting passages within it; it has caves, hiding places, castle dungeons; its disorder has much of mystery’s charm; the German knows the back ways to chaos. And as everything loves its own likeness, so the

German loves clouds and everything unclear, in process, twilit, damp, and veiled: the uncertain, the unformed, the shifting, every kind of growth, he feels to be “deep.” The German himself does not *exist*, he *becomes*, he “develops.” “Development” is therefore the distinctively German discovery and master-stroke in the great realm of philosophical formulas—a ruling concept that, allied with German beer and German music, works to Germanize all Europe. Foreigners stand astonished and attracted before the riddles posed by the contradictory nature at the bottom of the German soul (which Hegel systematized and Richard Wagner most recently set to music). “Good-natured and treacherous”—such a pairing, absurd in reference to any other people, is unfortunately justified all too often in Germany: just live among Swabians for a while! The ponderousness of the German scholar, his social tastelessness, goes frighteningly well with an inward tightrope walking and nimble audacity that has already taught all the gods to be afraid. If you want the “German soul” demonstrated before your eyes, just look into German taste, German arts and customs: what peasant indifference toward “taste”! How the noblest and the commonest stand side by side! How disorderly and rich this whole household of the soul is! The German *drags* his soul around; he drags around everything he experiences. He digests his events badly, never gets “finished” with them; German depth is often only a slow and labored “digestion.” And as all chronic invalids, all dyspeptics, incline toward ease, so the German loves “openness” and “honesty”: how *easy* it is to be open and honest!—Today this trusting, obliging, cards-on-the-table quality of German *honesty* is perhaps the most dangerous and fortunate disguise the German commands: it is his true Mephistophelean art, with which he can “still go far”! The German lets himself go, looking on with faithful, blue, empty German eyes—and immediately foreigners mistake him for his dressing gown!—What I meant to say is: let “German depth” be what it will—just between ourselves, perhaps we may permit ourselves a laugh at it?—we do well to go on honoring its appearance and good name, and not to sell off our old reputation as a people of depth too cheaply for Prussian “dash” and Berlin wit and sand. It is wise for a people to make itself pass, to *let* itself pass, for

deep, for clumsy, for good-natured, for honest, for unwise: it might even be—deep! Finally: one should live up to one's name—it is not for nothing that we are called the “tiusche” people, the deceiving people...

245 The “good old” days are gone; in Mozart they sang their final song—how fortunate *we* are that his rococo still speaks to us, that his “good society,” his tender raptures, his childish delight in chinoiserie and curlicues, his courtesy of heart, his longing for the delicate, the amorous, the dancing, the blissfully tearful, his faith in the South, may still appeal to some *remnant* in us! Ah, someday this too will be over!—But who can doubt that the understanding and savoring of Beethoven will be over even sooner!—For he was only the dying echo of a transition and a rupture in style, and *not*, like Mozart, the dying echo of a great European taste that had lasted centuries. Beethoven is the intervening event between an old, overripe soul that is constantly breaking and a future, excessively young soul that is constantly *coming*; over his music lies that twilight of eternal losing and eternal, extravagant hoping—the same light in which Europe lay bathed when it dreamed with Rousseau, when it danced around the Revolution's tree of liberty and finally all but worshiped before Napoleon. But how quickly precisely *this* feeling is now fading, how difficult even *knowing* of this feeling has already become—how foreign to our ears is the language of Rousseau, Schiller, Shelley, Byron, in whom, taken *together*, the same destiny of Europe found its way into words that knew how to sing in Beethoven!—What came afterward in German music belongs to Romanticism, that is, historically speaking, to a movement still shorter, still more fleeting, still more superficial than that great interlude, that transition of Europe from Rousseau to Napoleon and to the emergence of democracy. Weber: but what are *Der Freischütz* and *Oberon* to *us* today! Or Marschner's *Hans Heiling* and *The Vampire*! Or even Wagner's *Tannhäuser*! This is music that has fallen silent, though not yet been forgotten. Besides, all this Romantic music was not noble enough, not music enough, to hold its own anywhere but in the theater and before the crowd; from the outset it was second-rank music that counted for little among genuine musicians. It was different with Felix Mendelssohn, that

halcyon master who, for the sake of his lighter, purer, happier soul, was quickly revered and just as quickly forgotten: as the beautiful *interlude* of German music. As for Robert Schumann, however, who took things heavily and from the outset was also taken heavily—he is the last to have founded a school—do we not now regard it as good fortune, a chance to breathe, a liberation, that precisely this Schumannesque Romanticism has been overcome? Schumann, fleeing into the “Saxon Switzerland” of his soul, half Werther, half Jean Paul by nature, certainly not Beethoven! Certainly not Byron!—his Manfred music is a blunder and a misunderstanding to the point of injustice—Schumann with his taste, which was fundamentally a *petty* taste (namely, a dangerous inclination, doubly dangerous among Germans, toward quiet lyricism and drunken indulgence in feeling), constantly stepping aside, shyly slipping away and withdrawing, a noble, tender soul reveling in sheer anonymous happiness and pain, a kind of girl and “do not touch me” from the start: this Schumann was already no more than a *German* event in music, no longer a European one as Beethoven was, as Mozart had been to a still more comprehensive degree—with him, German music faced its greatest danger: losing *its voice for the soul of Europe* and sinking into mere fatherland fever.—

- 246 What torture books written in German are for anyone who has a *third* ear! How reluctantly he stands beside that slowly revolving swamp of sounds without resonance, of rhythms without dance, which Germans call a “book”! And the German who *reads* books, at that! How lazily, how reluctantly, how badly he reads! How many Germans know, and demand of themselves that they know, that there is *art* in every good sentence—art that must be divined if the sentence is to be understood! A misunderstanding about its tempo, for instance: and the sentence itself has been misunderstood! That there must be no doubt about the rhythmically decisive syllables; that a break in an overstrict symmetry must be felt as intentional and as a charm; that one must lend every staccato, every rubato a subtle, patient ear; that one must divine the sense in the sequence of vowels and diphthongs, and how delicately and richly they can take on and change color in succession: who among book-reading Germans has

enough goodwill to acknowledge duties and demands of this kind, and to listen for so much art and intention in language? In the end, one simply “has no ear for it”: and so the strongest contrasts of style go unheard, and the subtlest artistry is *wasted* as if before the deaf.—These were my thoughts when I noticed how clumsily and unsuspectingly people confused two masters of the art of prose: one whose words drip down hesitantly and coldly, as though from the ceiling of a damp cave—he counts on their muffled sound and echo—and another who handles his language like a supple rapier, feeling from his arm down to his toes the dangerous happiness of the quivering, oversharp blade that wants to bite, hiss, cut.—

247 How little German style has to do with sound and ears is shown by the fact that precisely our good musicians write badly. The German does not read aloud, not for the ear, but only with his eyes: he has put his ears away in a drawer. Ancient people, when they read—it happened rarely enough—read something aloud to themselves, and in a loud voice; people were astonished if someone read quietly and privately wondered why. In a loud voice: that means with all the swellings, inflections, turns of tone, and changes of tempo that gave the ancient *public* world such pleasure. In those days the laws of written style were the same as those of spoken style; and the latter’s laws depended in part on the astonishing training and refined needs of the ear and larynx, in part on the strength, endurance, and power of ancient lungs. A period, in the ancient sense, is above all a physiological whole, insofar as a single breath holds it together. Such periods as occur in Demosthenes and Cicero, swelling twice and sinking twice, and all within a single breath: these are delights for *ancient* people, who knew from their own training how to appreciate the excellence involved, the rare and difficult achievement of delivering such a period—we moderns, we short-winded people in every sense, really have no right to the *grand* period! After all, these ancients were themselves all amateurs in oratory, consequently connoisseurs, consequently critics—with this they drove their orators to the utmost; just as, in the last century, when all Italian men and women knew how to sing, virtuosity in singing (and with it the art of melody)

reached its height among them. In Germany, however (until very recently, when a kind of parliamentary eloquence began to stir its young wings, shyly and clumsily enough), there was really only one kind of public speaking that *approached* an art: speaking from the pulpit. In Germany the preacher alone knew what a syllable, what a word weighs, how a sentence strikes, leaps, plunges, runs, runs to its close; he alone had a conscience in his ears, often enough a bad conscience: for there is no lack of reasons why proficiency in speech is seldom achieved by a German, and almost always too late. The masterpiece of German prose is therefore, in all fairness, the masterpiece of its greatest preacher: the *Bible* has been the best German book so far. Measured against Luther's Bible, almost everything else is merely "literature"—a thing that did not grow in Germany and therefore did not and does not grow into German hearts, as the Bible did.

248 There are two kinds of genius: one that above all begets and wants to beget, and another that willingly lets itself be fertilized and gives birth. And likewise, among peoples of genius there are those to whom the woman's problem of pregnancy and the secret task of shaping, ripening, perfecting have fallen—the Greeks, for example, were a people of this kind, as are the French—and others that must fertilize and become the cause of new orders of life—like the Jews, the Romans, and, one asks in all modesty, the Germans?—Peoples tormented and enraptured by unknown fevers and irresistibly driven out of themselves, in love with and lusting after foreign races (those that "let themselves be fertilized"), and at the same time domineering, like everything that knows itself full of procreative forces and consequently "by the grace of God." These two kinds of genius seek each other, like man and woman; but they also misunderstand each other—like man and woman.

249 Every people has its own Tartuffery, and calls it its virtues.—The best of what one is, one does not know—cannot know.

- 250 What does Europe owe the Jews?—Many things, good and bad, and above all one thing that belongs to the best and worst at once: the grand style in morality, the fearfulness and majesty of infinite demands, infinite meanings, the whole Romanticism and sublimity of moral questionabilities—and consequently the very most attractive, ensnaring, exquisite part of those plays of color and seductions into life in whose afterglow the sky of our European culture, its evening sky, is now glowing—perhaps burning out. We artists among spectators and philosophers are—grateful to the Jews for this.
- 251 One must accept it as part of the bargain if all sorts of clouds and disturbances pass over the mind of a people suffering from national nervous fever and political ambition, *wanting* to suffer from them—in short, little attacks of stupefaction: among today’s Germans, for example, now anti-French stupidity, now anti-Jewish, now anti-Polish, now Christian-Romantic, now Wagnerian, now Teutonic, now Prussian stupidity (just look at these poor historians, Sybel and Treitzschke with their thickly bandaged heads)—and whatever else they may be called, these little befuddlements of the German mind and conscience. May I be forgiven that I too, during a brief, venturesome stay in a thoroughly infected region, was not entirely spared the disease and, like everyone else, already began forming thoughts about things that are no business of mine: the first sign of political infection. About the Jews, for instance: listen.—I have yet to meet a German who was well-disposed toward the Jews; and however unconditional the rejection of actual anti-Semitic agitation by all cautious and politically minded people may be, even this caution and political calculation are directed not against the kind of feeling itself, but only against its dangerous excess, particularly against the tasteless and shameful expression of that excessive feeling—there must be no delusion about this. That Germany has quite *enough* Jews, that the German stomach, the German blood has difficulty (and will continue to have difficulty for a long time) coping even with this quantity of “Jew”—as the Italian, the Frenchman, the Englishman have coped, thanks to a more vigorous digestion—this is the clear declaration and language of a general instinct that one must listen to and act on. “Let no more new Jews in! And especially

lock the gates toward the East (toward Austria too)!" Thus commands the instinct of a people whose type is still weak and indeterminate, so that it could easily be blurred, easily extinguished by a stronger race. The Jews, however, are beyond all doubt the strongest, toughest, and purest race now living in Europe; they know how to assert themselves even under the worst conditions (better, in fact, than under favorable ones), through certain virtues that people today would like to brand as vices—thanks above all to a resolute faith that has no need to be ashamed before "modern ideas"; *if* they change, they change only as the Russian Empire makes its conquests—as an empire that has time and is not of yesterday—namely, according to the principle "as slowly as possible!" A thinker who has Europe's future on his conscience will, in all the plans he makes for that future, reckon with the Jews as with the Russians, as the factors that are for the present the surest and most probable in the great play and struggle of forces. What is called a "nation" in Europe today, and is really more a thing made than born (indeed, sometimes looks confusingly like a thing invented and painted) is in any case something in process, young, easily shifted, not yet a race, let alone something more lasting than bronze like the Jewish type: these "nations" should take great care to avoid all hotheaded rivalry and hostility! That the Jews, if they wanted—or if they were forced to it, as the anti-Semites seem to want—*could* already have the upper hand, indeed quite literally dominion over Europe, is certain; that they are *not* working and planning toward this is equally certain. For the time being, on the contrary, they want and wish, even with a certain importunity, to be absorbed and assimilated into Europe, by Europe; they thirst to be settled somewhere at last, accepted, respected, and to put an end to the nomadic life, to the "eternal Jew"—and one should take good note of this inclination and urge (which perhaps itself already expresses a softening of Jewish instincts) and meet it halfway: for which purpose it might be useful and fair to expel the anti-Semitic loudmouths from the country. Meet it halfway with all caution, selectively; much as the English nobility does. Clearly, the stronger and already more firmly stamped types of the new German character could enter into relations with them with the least misgiving—for example, the aristocratic officer from the March of

Brandenburg: it would be interesting in many ways to see whether the genius of money and patience (and above all a little intellect and intellectuality, of which there is a plentiful lack in the place indicated) could not be added, bred into the hereditary art of commanding and obeying—in both of which the country indicated is a classic example today. But here it is fitting to break off my cheerful Germanomania and ceremonial oration: for I am already touching on *what I take seriously*, on the “European problem” as I understand it, on the breeding of a new caste ruling over Europe.—

- 252 They are no philosophical race, these English: Bacon signifies an *attack* on the philosophical spirit altogether; Hobbes, Hume, and Locke a debasement and depreciation of the concept “philosopher” for more than a century. *Against* Hume, Kant rose and raised himself; it was of Locke that Schelling was *entitled* to say: “I despise Locke”; in the struggle against the English-mechanistic making of a blockhead of the world, Hegel and Schopenhauer (with Goethe) were of one mind, those two hostile brother-geniuses in philosophy who strove apart toward opposite poles of the German spirit, doing each other the kind of injustice that only brothers do.—What England lacks and has always lacked was well enough known to that half-actor and rhetorician, that tasteless muddlehead Carlyle, who tried through passionate grimaces to conceal what he knew about himself: namely, what Carlyle *lacked*—real *power* of intellect, real *depth* of intellectual vision, in short, philosophy.—It is characteristic of such an unphilosophical race that it holds firmly to Christianity: it *needs* Christianity’s discipline for its “moralization” and humanization. The Englishman, gloomier, more sensual, stronger-willed, and more brutal than the German, is precisely for that reason, as the commoner of the two, also more pious than the German: he has that much *more need* of Christianity. To more sensitive nostrils, even this English Christianity has a genuinely English side-odor of spleen and alcoholic excess, against which it is used, for good reasons, as a remedy—the subtler poison, that is, against the coarser: a subtler poisoning is indeed already progress among coarse peoples, a step toward spiritualization. English coarseness and peasant earnestness are still most tolerably disguised, or rather inter-

preted and reinterpreted, through Christian gestures and through praying and psalm-singing; and for that herd of drunken and dissolute beasts that once learned to grunt morally under the sway of Methodism, and lately again as the “Salvation Army,” a convulsion of penitence may really be the relatively highest achievement of “humanity” to which it can be raised: that much one may fairly concede. But what offends even in the most humane Englishman is his lack of music, speaking figuratively (and not figuratively)—he has no rhythm or dance in the movements of his soul and his body, indeed not even a desire for rhythm and dance, for “music.” Listen to him speak; watch the most beautiful Englishwomen *walk*—no country on earth has more beautiful doves and swans—finally: listen to them sing! But I ask too much...

- 253 There are truths best recognized by mediocre minds because they are most suited to them; there are truths that have charm and seductive power only for mediocre spirits:—one is driven toward this perhaps unpleasant proposition precisely now, since the spirit of respectable but mediocre Englishmen—I name Darwin, John Stuart Mill, and Herbert Spencer—is beginning to gain the upper hand in the middle region of European taste. Indeed, who would wish to doubt the usefulness of *such* spirits ruling for a time? It would be a mistake to consider precisely the high-natured spirits who fly apart from the rest particularly skilled at establishing, collecting, and forcing into conclusions a multitude of little commonplace facts—as exceptions, they are from the outset in no favorable position toward the “rules.” After all, they have more to do than merely know—namely, to *be* something new, to *mean* something new, to *embody* new values! The gulf between knowing and being able is perhaps greater, also more uncanny, than one thinks: the capable person in the grand style, the creator, may possibly have to be an ignorant one—while, on the other hand, a certain narrowness, dryness, and industrious thoroughness, in short, something English, may be no bad qualification for scientific discoveries of Darwin’s kind.—Finally, let us not forget that the English have already once, with their profound averageness, caused an overall depression of the European spirit: what people call “modern ideas” or “the ideas of the eighteenth century”

or even “French ideas”—in other words, what the *German* spirit rose against in profound disgust—was of English origin, there can be no doubt of it. The French were only the apes and actors of these ideas, also their best soldiers, and unfortunately their first and most thorough *victims*: for through the damnable Anglomania of “modern ideas,” the French soul ultimately became so thin and emaciated that today one remembers its sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, its deep, passionate strength, its inventive nobility, almost with disbelief. But one must hold fast with one’s teeth to this proposition of historical fairness, defending it against the moment and against appearances: European nobility—of feeling, of taste, of manners, in short, the word taken in every high sense—is *France’s* work and invention; European vulgarity, the plebeianism of modern ideas—*England’s*.—

- 254 Even now, France is still the seat of Europe’s most intellectual and refined culture and its high school of taste: but one must know how to find this “France of taste.” Those who belong to it keep themselves well hidden—it may be a small number in whom it lives and breathes, perhaps people who do not stand on the strongest legs, some fatalists, gloomy and sick, some pampered and artificial, people whose *ambition* is to hide themselves. They all have one thing in common: they stop their ears against the raging stupidity and noisy blather of the democratic bourgeois. Indeed, a stupefied and coarsened France now sprawls across the foreground—lately, at Victor Hugo’s funeral, it celebrated a veritable orgy of bad taste and self-admiration at once. Something else is common to them too: a goodwill to resist intellectual Germanization—and a still better inability to do so! Perhaps Schopenhauer is already more at home and more naturalized in this France of the intellect, which is also a France of pessimism, than he ever was in Germany; not to mention Heinrich Heine, who has long since entered the flesh and blood of Paris’s subtler and more demanding lyric poets, or Hegel, who today, in the shape of Taine—that is, the *foremost* living historian—exercises an almost tyrannical influence. As for Richard Wagner: the more French music learns to shape itself to the actual needs of the modern soul, the more it will “Wagnerize,” one may predict that—it is already

doing enough of it! Nevertheless, there are three things that, despite all voluntary or involuntary Germanization and vulgarization of taste, the French can still proudly display today as their inheritance and possession, and as the unlost mark of an old cultural superiority over Europe: first, the capacity for artistic passions, for devotion to “form,” for which the expression art for art’s sake, among a thousand others, was invented—there has been no lack of such things in France for three centuries, and thanks to reverence for the “small number,” they have again and again made possible a kind of chamber music of literature whose equal is hard to find elsewhere in Europe. The second thing on which the French can base a superiority over Europe is their old, manifold culture of *moral psychology*, which means that on average, even among the newspapers’ minor novelists and chance habitués of the Paris boulevards, one finds a psychological sensitivity and curiosity of which, in Germany for instance, people have no conception (let alone the thing itself!). For this the Germans lack a few centuries of moral-psychological cultivation that, as I said, France did not spare itself; anyone who calls the Germans “naïve” on that account is fashioning praise out of a deficiency. (As a contrast to German inexperience and innocence in psychological pleasure, which is not too distantly related to the dullness of German social intercourse—and as the most accomplished expression of a genuinely French curiosity and inventiveness in this realm of delicate shudders—one might take Henri Beyle, that remarkable, anticipatory, forerunning man who ran at a Napoleonic tempo through *his* Europe, through several centuries of the European soul, as a tracker and discoverer of that soul—it took two generations to *catch up with him* at all, to puzzle out a few of the riddles that tormented and enraptured him, this strange Epicurean and question-mark man who was France’s last great psychologist.) There is yet a third claim to superiority: in the French character there is a halfway successful synthesis of North and South, which enables them to understand many things and bids them do other things that an Englishman will never understand; their temperament, periodically turning toward the South and away from it, in which Provençal and Ligurian blood overflows from time to time, protects them against the dreadful northern gray on gray and the sunless conceptual ghostliness and anemia—our

German disease of taste, against whose excess people have for the moment prescribed blood and iron with great determination, by which I mean “grand politics” (in keeping with a dangerous art of healing that teaches me to wait and wait, but as yet not to hope). Even now there is in France a preliminary understanding of and receptivity toward those rarer and rarely satisfied human beings who are too comprehensive to find satisfaction in any fatherland fever, and know how to love the South in the North and the North in the South—the born Mediterraneans, the “good Europeans.”—For them *Bizet* made music, this last genius to have seen a new beauty and seduction—to have discovered a piece of the *South in music*.

255 I consider a variety of precautions advisable toward German music. Suppose someone loves the South as I love it, as a great school of recovery, in the most intellectual and most sensual things, as an unrestrained fullness and transfiguration of sunlight spreading over an existence that is its own master and believes in itself: well, such a person will learn to take some care with German music, because in corrupting his taste again it also corrupts his health again. Such a southerner, not by descent but by *faith*, must, if he dreams of music’s future, also dream of music’s redemption from the North, and have in his ears the prelude to a deeper, mightier, perhaps more evil and mysterious music, a supra-German music that does not die away, turn yellow, fade at the sight of the blue, voluptuous sea and the Mediterranean sky’s brightness, as all German music does; a supra-European music that holds its own even before the desert’s brown sunsets, whose soul is kin to the palm tree and knows how to be at home and roam among great, beautiful, solitary beasts of prey... I could imagine a music whose rarest magic lay in its knowing nothing more of good and evil, except that perhaps some sailor’s homesickness, some golden shadows and tender weaknesses, would pass over it here and there: an art that saw the colors of a declining, almost incomprehensible *moral* world taking refuge with it from a great distance, and was hospitable and deep enough to receive such late fugitives.—

256 Thanks to the pathological estrangement that the madness of nationality has placed and still places between the peoples of Europe, thanks also to the short-sighted, quick-handed politicians who are on top today with its help and have no inkling how necessarily the divisive politics they practice can only be the politics of an interlude—thanks to all this and much else wholly unspeakable today, people now overlook, or arbitrarily and mendaciously reinterpret, the most unambiguous signs expressing the fact that *Europe wants to become one*. In all this century's deeper and more comprehensive human beings, the true overall direction of the mysterious labor of their souls was to prepare the way for that new *synthesis* and tentatively to anticipate the European of the future: only with their foregrounds, or in weaker hours, in old age perhaps, did they belong to the "fatherlands"—they were merely resting from themselves when they became "patriots." I am thinking of people like Napoleon, Goethe, Beethoven, Stendhal, Heinrich Heine, Schopenhauer: let no one resent my counting Richard Wagner among them too, about whom one must not be misled by his own misunderstandings—geniuses of his kind seldom have the right to understand themselves. Still less, of course, by the uncivilized noise with which people in France now resist and repel Richard Wagner—the fact remains nonetheless that *French late Romanticism* of the forties and Richard Wagner belong together in the closest and most intimate way. They are related in all the heights and depths of their needs, related at the root: it is Europe, the one Europe, whose soul, through their manifold and impetuous art, presses and yearns outward, upward—where? Into a new light? Toward a new sun? But who would want to state precisely what all these masters of new means of expression did not know how to state clearly? One thing is certain: the same storm and stress tormented them, they *sought* in the same way, these last great seekers! All of them ruled by literature down to their eyes and ears—the first artists with a world-literary education—most of them even writers and poets themselves, mediators and minglers of the arts and senses (as a musician Wagner belongs among painters, as a poet among musicians, as an artist altogether among actors); all of them fanatics of *expression* "at any price"—I single out Delacroix, Wagner's closest relation—all great discoverers in the realm of the sublime, also

of the ugly and ghastly, still greater discoverers in effect, in display, in the art of shop-window presentation, all possessed of talents far beyond their genius—virtuosos through and through, with uncanny access to everything that seduces, lures, compels, overturns, born enemies of logic and straight lines, greedy for the foreign, the exotic, the monstrous, the crooked, the self-contradictory; as human beings, Tantaluses of the will, plebeians risen in the world who knew themselves incapable, in life and creation, of a noble tempo, a *lento*—think of Balzac, for example—unbridled workers, almost self-destroyers through work; antinomians and rebels in morals, ambitious and insatiable people without balance or enjoyment; all of them finally breaking and sinking down at the Christian cross (and rightly so: for which of them would have been deep and original enough for a philosophy of the *Antichrist*?)—on the whole, a recklessly daring, magnificently violent, high-flying and upward-sweeping kind of higher human beings, who first had to teach their century—and it is the century of the *crowd*!—the concept “higher human being”... Let Richard Wagner’s German friends consult with themselves as to whether there is anything simply German in Wagnerian art, or whether its distinction is not precisely that it comes from *supra-German* sources and impulses: in considering this, one should not underestimate how indispensable precisely Paris was to the development of his type, Paris for which the depth of his instincts made him long at the most decisive time, and how the whole manner of his appearance, his self-apostleship, could reach completion only in the face of the French socialist model. Perhaps a subtler comparison will find, to the honor of Richard Wagner’s German nature, that he pushed everything further in strength, daring, hardness, height than a nineteenth-century Frenchman could—thanks to the fact that we Germans still stand closer to barbarism than the French—perhaps even the most remarkable thing Richard Wagner created is forever, and not merely today, inaccessible, beyond feeling and imitation, to the whole Latin race, so late in its development: the figure of Siegfried, that *very free* human being who may indeed be far too free, too hard, too cheerful, too healthy, too *anti-Catholic* for the taste of old, worn-out cultured peoples. This anti-Romance Siegfried may even have been a sin against Romanticism: well,

Wagner amply made good that sin in his old, gloomy days, when—anticipating a taste that has since become politics—he began, with his own peculiar religious vehemence, if not to walk *the road to Rome*, at least to preach it.—So that these last words do not lead to misunderstanding, I will call a few vigorous rhymes to my aid; even less sensitive ears will hear from them what I want—what I want *against* the “last Wagner” and his Parsifal music.

—Is this still German?—

Did this sultry screech come from a German heart?
Is this a German body tearing its flesh apart?
Is this priestly spreading of hands German,
This incense-scented teasing of the senses?
And German, this halting, plunging, reeling,
This uncertain bim-bam-dangling?
These nunnish ogles, Ave bells all ringing,
This whole false rapture, heaven past heaven winging?

—Is this still German?—

Consider! You still stand at the gate:—
For what you hear is *Rome—Rome’s faith without words!*

PART IX

What Is Noble?



Ninth Part:
What Is Noble?

²⁵⁷ Every elevation of the type “human being” has so far been the work of an aristocratic society—and so it will be again and again: a society that believes in a long ladder of rank and differences in value between human beings, and needs slavery in some sense. Without the *pathos of distance* that grows out of the ingrained difference between estates, out of the ruling caste’s constant looking out and down upon subjects and instruments, and out of its equally constant practice in obeying and commanding, keeping down and keeping at a distance, that other, more mysterious pathos could not grow at all: that longing for an ever-new widening of distances within the soul itself, the development of ever higher, rarer, more remote, more far-reaching, more comprehensive states—in short, precisely the elevation of the type “human being,” the continued “self-overcoming of humanity,” to take a moral formula in a supramoral sense. Admittedly, one must entertain no humanitarian delusions about the origins of an aristocratic society (and thus of the precondition for that elevation of the type “human being”): the truth is hard. Let us tell ourselves unsparingly how every higher culture on earth has *begun* until now! People whose nature was still natural, barbarians in every terrible sense of the word, predatory human beings still possessed of unbroken powers of will and lusts for power, hurled

themselves upon weaker, more civilized, more peaceful races, perhaps engaged in trade or cattle breeding, or upon old, crumbling cultures in which the last vitality was flickering out in brilliant fireworks of intellect and corruption. The noble caste was always, in the beginning, the barbarian caste: its superiority lay primarily not in physical strength but in strength of soul—they were the *more whole* human beings (which at every level also means “the more whole beasts”).

258 Corruption, as the expression of anarchy threatening within the instincts and of a shaken foundation of affects called “life”: corruption is something fundamentally different according to the living formation in which it appears. When, for instance, an aristocracy such as France’s at the beginning of the Revolution throws away its privileges with a sublime disgust and sacrifices itself to an excess of its moral feeling, this is corruption—it was really only the final act of that centuries-long corruption through which it had surrendered its ruling prerogatives step by step and reduced itself to a *function* of royalty (finally even to its ornament and showpiece). What is essential to a good and healthy aristocracy, however, is that it feels itself *not* to be a function (whether of royalty or of the commonwealth), but its *meaning* and highest justification—that it therefore accepts with a good conscience the sacrifice of countless people who must *for its sake* be pressed down and diminished into incomplete human beings, into slaves, into instruments. Its fundamental belief must be that society may *not* exist for society’s sake, but only as a foundation and scaffolding on which a select kind of being can raise itself to its higher task and, in general, to a higher *existence*: comparable to those sun-seeking climbing plants on Java—they are called Sipo Matador—that clasp an oak tree with their arms so long and so often that at last, high above it but supported by it, they can unfold their crown in the open light and display their happiness.—

259 Mutually refraining from injury, violence, and exploitation, setting one’s own will on a level with another’s: in a certain coarse sense, this can become good practice between individuals, if the conditions for it are given (namely, their actual similarity in quantities of strength and standards of value, and their belonging together within one body). But as soon as one wanted to take this

principle further, perhaps even as *society's fundamental principle*, it would immediately reveal itself for what it is: a will to the *denial* of life, a principle of dissolution and decay. Here one must think thoroughly down to the ground and ward off all sentimental weakness: life itself is *essentially* appropriation, injury, overpowering what is foreign and weaker, oppression, hardness, imposing one's own forms, incorporation, and at the very least, at the mildest, exploitation—but why should one always use precisely those words that have been stamped with a slanderous intention from time immemorial? Even that body within which, as was assumed above, individuals treat each other as equals—this happens in every healthy aristocracy—must itself, if it is a living and not a dying body, do to other bodies everything that its individuals refrain from doing to each other: it will have to be will to power incarnate; it will want to grow, reach out, draw things to itself, gain ascendancy—not out of any morality or immorality, but because it *lives*, and because life *is* precisely will to power. Yet there is no point on which the common consciousness of Europeans is more reluctant to be instructed than this; everywhere now people enthuse, even in scientific disguises, about coming social conditions from which “the exploitative character” will be absent—to my ears that sounds as though they were promising to invent a life that would refrain from every organic function. “Exploitation” does not belong to a corrupt or imperfect and primitive society: it belongs to the *essence* of what lives, as a basic organic function; it is a consequence of the actual will to power, which is precisely the will of life.—Granted that as a theory this is an innovation—as a reality it is the *primordial fact* of all history: let us at least be that honest with ourselves!—

- 260 Wandering through the many subtler and coarser moralities that have ruled on earth or still rule, I found certain traits regularly recurring together and linked to one another: until finally two basic types revealed themselves to me, and a fundamental distinction sprang into view. There is *master morality* and *slave morality*—I add at once that in all higher and more mixed cultures, attempts to mediate between the two moralities also appear, still more often their confusion and mutual misunderstanding, indeed sometimes their harsh juxtaposi-

tion—even in the same person, within a single soul. Moral distinctions of value have arisen either among a ruling kind, which became pleasantly conscious of its difference from the ruled—or among the ruled, the slaves and dependents of every degree. In the first case, when it is the rulers who determine the concept “good,” it is the elevated, proud states of the soul that are felt to distinguish people and determine rank. The noble human being separates from himself those beings in whom the opposite of such elevated, proud states finds expression: he despises them. Notice at once that in this first kind of morality the opposition “good” and “bad” means as much as “noble” and “contemptible”—the opposition “good” and “*evil*” has another origin. The cowardly, the timid, the petty, those who think in terms of narrow utility are despised; likewise the suspicious with their unfree gaze, the self-abasing, the doglike kind of person who lets himself be mistreated, the begging flatterer, above all the liar—it is a fundamental belief of all aristocrats that the common people are liars. “We truthful ones”—that is what the nobles of ancient Greece called themselves. It is plain that moral designations of value were everywhere first applied to *human beings*, and only derivatively and late to *actions*: hence it is a serious blunder when historians of morality begin with questions such as “Why has the compassionate action been praised?” The noble kind of human being feels *itself* to determine values; it has no need to be approved of; it judges, “What is harmful to me is harmful in itself”; it knows itself as that which first confers honor on things; it *creates values*. Everything it knows in itself it honors: such a morality is self-glorification. In the foreground stands the feeling of fullness, of power that wants to overflow, the happiness of high tension, the consciousness of a wealth that wants to give and bestow—the noble human being too helps the unfortunate, but not, or hardly, out of pity, rather from an urge produced by an excess of power. The noble human being honors the powerful person in himself, also the one who has power over himself, who knows how to speak and be silent, who takes pleasure in practicing severity and hardness toward himself and reveres everything severe and hard. “Wotan laid a hard heart in my breast,” says an old Scandinavian saga: rightly composed from the soul of a proud Viking. This kind of human being is proud precisely of *not* being made

for fellow suffering: which is why the saga's hero adds the warning, "Whoever does not have a hard heart when young will never have a hard one." Noble and brave people who think this way are furthest removed from that morality which sees the mark of the moral precisely in compassion or in acting for others or in disinterestedness; faith in oneself, pride in oneself, a fundamental hostility and irony toward "selflessness" belong as decidedly to noble morality as a slight disdain and caution toward sympathetic feelings and the "warm heart."—It is the powerful who *know how* to honor; this is their art, their realm of invention. Deep reverence for age and for tradition—all law rests on this double reverence—belief and prejudice in favor of ancestors and against those to come are typical of the morality of the powerful; and when, conversely, the people of "modern ideas" believe almost instinctively in "progress" and the "future," and increasingly lack respect for age, this alone sufficiently betrays the ignoble origin of these "ideas." But a morality of rulers is most foreign and painful to present taste in the rigor of its principle that one has duties only toward one's equals; that toward beings of lower rank, toward everything foreign, one may act as one thinks fit or "as the heart wishes," and in any case "beyond good and evil"—compassion and the like may belong here. The capacity and duty for long gratitude and long revenge—both only among one's equals—subtlety in requital, refinement of concepts in friendship, a certain necessity of having enemies (as drainage channels, so to speak, for the affects of envy, quarrelsomeness, arrogance—fundamentally, so as to be able to be a good *friend*): all these are typical marks of noble morality, which, as indicated, is not the morality of "modern ideas," and is therefore hard today to feel one's way into, hard also to excavate and uncover.—It is different with the second type of morality, *slave morality*. Suppose the violated, the oppressed, the suffering, the unfree, those uncertain of themselves and the weary moralize: what will their moral valuations have in common? Probably a pessimistic suspicion of the whole human condition will find expression, perhaps a condemnation of humanity together with its condition. The slave's gaze is ill-disposed toward the virtues of the powerful: he is skeptical and mistrustful, he has a *subtle* mistrust of everything "good" honored there—he would like to persuade himself that even the happi-

ness there is not genuine. Conversely, those qualities that serve to ease existence for sufferers are brought forward and flooded with light: here compassion, the obliging, helpful hand, the warm heart, patience, diligence, humility, friendliness attain honor—for these are the most useful qualities here, and almost the only means of enduring the pressure of existence. Slave morality is essentially a morality of utility. Here is the hearth where that famous opposition “good” and “*evil*” originates—into evil are felt power and dangerousness, a certain fear-someness, subtlety, and strength that do not allow contempt to arise. According to slave morality, then, the “evil” person arouses fear; according to master morality, it is precisely the “good” person who arouses fear and wants to arouse it, while the “bad” person is felt to be contemptible. The opposition comes to a head when, in accordance with the logic of slave morality, a breath of disdain finally attaches even to the “good” person of this morality—it may be slight and benevolent—because in the slave’s way of thinking the good person must in any case be the *harmless* one: he is good-natured, easy to deceive, a little stupid perhaps, a good fellow. Everywhere that slave morality gains the upper hand, language shows a tendency to bring the words “good” and “stupid” closer together.—One final fundamental distinction: the longing for *freedom*, the instinct for the happiness and subtleties of the feeling of freedom, belongs as necessarily to slave morality and moral conduct as artfulness and enthusiasm in reverence, in devotion, are the regular symptom of an aristocratic way of thinking and valuing.—From this one can readily understand why love *as passion*—it is our European specialty—must simply be of noble origin: as is well known, its invention belongs to the Provençal knight-poets, those magnificent, inventive human beings of the “gai saber,” to whom Europe owes so much, almost its very self.—

- 261 Among the things that are perhaps hardest for a noble human being to understand is vanity: he will be tempted to deny it even where another kind of person thinks he can grasp it with both hands. His problem is to imagine beings who seek to arouse a good opinion of themselves that they do not themselves hold—and thus do not “deserve”—and who nevertheless afterward *believe* in this good

opinion themselves. This seems to him partly so tasteless and disrespectful toward oneself, partly so grotesquely unreasonable, that he would like to understand vanity as an exception, and doubts it in most cases where people speak of it. He will say, for instance: "I can be mistaken about my worth, and on the other hand still demand that others acknowledge my worth precisely as I assess it—but that is not vanity (rather conceit or, in the more frequent cases, what is called 'humility,' also 'modesty')." Or again: "I can take pleasure in others' good opinion for many reasons, perhaps because I honor and love them and rejoice in every one of their pleasures, perhaps also because their good opinion endorses and strengthens my belief in my own good opinion, perhaps because others' good opinion, even where I do not share it, still benefits me or promises a benefit—but none of that is vanity." The noble human being must force himself, especially with history's help, to imagine that from time immemorial, in all strata of the people that were dependent in any way, the common person *was* only what he was *taken to be*—not at all accustomed to setting values himself, he assigned himself no value other than what his masters assigned him (it is the *masters' true prerogative* to create values). One may understand it as the consequence of a tremendous atavism that even now the ordinary person still *waits* first for an opinion about himself and then instinctively submits to it: but by no means only to a "good" opinion, also to a bad and unfair one (think, for example, of most of the self-assessments and self-underestimations that devout women learn from their confessors, and the devout Christian in general learns from his church). In fact, in accordance with the slow emergence of the democratic order of things (and its cause, the intermixing of the blood of masters and slaves), the originally noble and rare urge to assign oneself a value on one's own authority and to "think well" of oneself will be increasingly encouraged and spread: but at every moment it faces an older, broader, and more thoroughly incorporated inclination—and in the phenomenon of "vanity," this older inclination becomes master over the younger. The vain person takes pleasure in *every* good opinion he hears about himself (quite apart from any consideration of its usefulness, and equally regardless of true and false), just as he suffers from every bad opinion: for he submits to

both, *feels* himself subject to them, out of that most ancient instinct of submission that erupts in him.—It is “the slave” in the vain person’s blood, a remnant of the slave’s cunning—and how much “slave” remains in woman even now!—that seeks to *seduce* people into good opinions of him; it is likewise the slave who immediately afterward falls down before these opinions himself, as though he had not called them forth.—And to say it once more: vanity is an atavism.

262 A *species* arises, a type becomes firm and strong, in a long struggle with essentially the same *unfavorable* conditions. Conversely, we know from breeders’ experience that species receiving overabundant nourishment and, in general, more protection and care immediately tend most strongly toward variation of type and abound in marvels and monstrosities (also in monstrous vices). Now consider an aristocratic commonwealth, say an ancient Greek polis or Venice, as an arrangement, voluntary or involuntary, for the purpose of *breeding*: here are people living together and thrown back on themselves, who want to assert their kind, usually because they *must* assert themselves or face the terrible danger of extermination. Here the favor, the excess, the protection under which variation is encouraged are absent; the species needs itself as a species, as something that can assert and perpetuate itself at all precisely through its hardness, uniformity, simplicity of form, in constant struggle with its neighbors or with the oppressed who are in revolt or threatening revolt. The most varied experience teaches it which qualities above all it owes its continued existence to, in defiance of all gods and human beings, its having always emerged victorious: these qualities it calls virtues, and these virtues alone it breeds to maturity. It does so with hardness, indeed it wants hardness; every aristocratic morality is intolerant—in educating the young, in disposing of women, in marriage customs, in the relationship of old and young, in penal laws (which have eyes only for those who deviate)—it counts intolerance itself among the virtues, under the name “justice.” A type with few but very strong traits, a kind of severe, warlike, shrewdly silent, self-contained and reserved human beings (and, as such, with the subtlest feeling for the charms and nuances of society), is in this way established beyond the succession of generations; the constant struggle with the same *unfa-*

vorable conditions is, as I said, the reason a type becomes firm and hard. Eventually, however, a fortunate situation arises, the tremendous tension relaxes; perhaps there are no more enemies among the neighbors, and the means of life, even of enjoying life, are overabundant. At a stroke the bond and compulsion of the old discipline snap: it no longer feels itself necessary, a condition of existence—if it wanted to persist, it could do so only as a form of *luxury*, an archaizing *taste*. Variation, whether as deviation (into the higher, subtler, rarer) or as degeneration and monstrosity, is suddenly on the scene in the greatest fullness and splendor; the individual dares to be individual and stand apart. At these turning points of history there appear side by side, and often entangled and interwoven, a magnificent, manifold, jungle-like upgrowth and upstriving, a kind of *tropical* tempo in the rivalry of growth, and a tremendous perishing and self-destruction, thanks to the wildly antagonistic, as it were exploding egotisms that wrestle with each other “for sun and light,” and no longer know how to derive any limit, any restraint, any consideration from the morality they have had until now. It was this morality itself that piled up strength to a monstrous degree, that bent the bow so threateningly—now it is, now it is becoming, “outlived.” The dangerous and uncanny point has been reached where the greater, more manifold, more comprehensive life *lives beyond* the old morality; the “individual” stands there, compelled to a legislation of his own, to arts and ruses of his own for self-preservation, self-elevation, self-redemption. Nothing but new purposes, nothing but new means, no shared formulas anymore, misunderstanding allied with disregard, decline, corruption, and the highest desires horribly knotted together, the genius of the race overflowing from every cornucopia of good and bad, a fateful simultaneity of spring and autumn, full of new charms and veils belonging to a young corruption, still unexhausted, still unwearied. Once again danger is there, the mother of morality, the great danger, this time displaced into the individual, into the neighbor and friend, into the street, into one’s own child, into one’s own heart, into everything most personal and secret in wish and will: what will the moral philosophers who arise at this time have to preach now? They discover, these sharp observers and street-corner loiterers, that things are rapidly coming to an end, that everything

around them is corrupt and corrupting, that nothing will last until the day after tomorrow, with one kind of human being excepted, the incurably *mediocre*. The mediocre alone have a prospect of continuing, of propagating—they are the people of the future, the only survivors; “Be like them! Become mediocre!” is now the only morality that still makes sense, that still finds ears.—But it is hard to preach, this morality of mediocrity!—For it must never admit what it is and what it wants! It must speak of moderation and dignity and duty and love of one’s neighbor—it will have trouble *hiding its irony*!—

- 263 There is an *instinct for rank* that is, more than anything else, already a sign of *high* rank; there is a *pleasure* in the nuances of reverence that suggests noble descent and habits. The subtlety, goodness, and height of a soul are put to a dangerous test when something of the first rank passes it, not yet guarded against intrusive grasping and clumsiness by the awe of authority: something that goes its way like a living touchstone, unmarked, undiscovered, testing, perhaps deliberately veiled and disguised. Anyone whose task and practice is to explore souls will employ precisely this art in many forms to establish a soul’s ultimate value, the immovable, inborn order of rank to which it belongs: he will test its *instinct for reverence*. Difference breeds hatred: the vulgarity of many a nature suddenly spurts out like dirty water when some holy vessel, some precious object from locked shrines, some book bearing the marks of a great destiny is carried past; and on the other hand there is an involuntary falling silent, a hesitation of the eye, a stilling of every gesture, expressing that a soul *feels* the nearness of what is most worthy of veneration. The way reverence for the *Bible* has on the whole been maintained in Europe until now is perhaps the best piece of discipline and refinement of manners that Europe owes to Christianity: such books of depth and ultimate significance need, for their protection, a tyranny of authority coming from outside, in order to gain those millennia of *endurance* necessary to exhaust and fathom them. Much has been achieved when the great mass of people (the shallow and the quick-digesting of every kind) has finally been bred to feel that it may not touch everything; that there are holy experiences before which it must take off its shoes and keep its

unclean hand away—it is almost its highest elevation toward humanity. Conversely, perhaps nothing about the so-called educated, the believers in “modern ideas,” is so nauseating as their lack of shame, the comfortable insolence of eye and hand with which they touch, lick, finger everything; and it is possible that today among the people, the lower people, especially among peasants, one still finds *relatively* more nobility of taste and tact in reverence than among the newspaper-reading intellectual demi-monde, the educated.

264 What a person's ancestors did most gladly and consistently cannot be wiped from his soul: whether they were industrious savers and appendages of a desk and cashbox, modest and bourgeois in their desires, modest also in their virtues; or whether they lived accustomed to commanding from morning to night, devoted to rough pleasures and perhaps still rougher duties and responsibilities; or whether, finally, at some point they sacrificed old privileges of birth and property to live entirely for their faith—their “God”—as people of an inexorable and tender conscience that blushes at every compromise. It is quite impossible for a person *not* to have the qualities and preferences of his parents and forebears in his body, whatever appearances may say against it. This is the problem of race. Suppose one knows something about the parents: an inference about the child is permitted; some repellent lack of restraint, some furtive envy, some coarse self-righteousness—as these three together have at all times constituted the true rabble type—such things must pass to the child as surely as corrupted blood; and with the help of the best upbringing and education one will achieve only a *deception* about such an inheritance.—And what else do upbringing and education want today! In our very popular age, by which I mean our rabble age, “upbringing” and “education” *must* essentially be the art of deception—of deceiving about ancestry, the inherited rabble in body and soul. An educator who today preached truthfulness above all, and constantly called to his pupils, “Be true! Be natural! Give yourselves as you are!”—even such a virtuous and simplehearted ass would after a time learn to reach for Horace's pitchfork to drive nature out: with what result? The “rabble” will always return.—

265 At the risk of displeasing innocent ears, I put this forward: egoism belongs to the essence of the noble soul, by which I mean that immovable belief that other beings must by nature be subject to a being such as “we are,” and must sacrifice themselves to it. The noble soul accepts this fact of its egoism without a question mark, without even a feeling of hardness, compulsion, or arbitrariness in it, but rather as something that may be grounded in the primordial law of things—if it sought a name for it, it would say, “It is justice itself.” Under circumstances that at first make it hesitate, it admits to itself that there are others with rights equal to its own; as soon as it has settled this question of rank, it moves among these equals and equally entitled beings with the same assurance in modesty and delicate reverence that it has in its intercourse with itself—according to an inborn celestial mechanics understood by all the stars. This subtlety and self-restraint in dealing with its equals is one *more* part of its egoism—every star is such an egoist—it honors *itself* in them and in the rights it grants them; it does not doubt that the exchange of honors and rights, as the *essence* of all intercourse, likewise belongs to the natural state of things. The noble soul gives as it takes, out of the passionate and sensitive instinct for requital that lies at its foundation. The concept “grace” has no meaning or sweet scent *inter pares*; there may be a sublime way of letting gifts from above, as it were, rain upon one and thirstily drinking them in like drops: but the noble soul has no aptitude for this art and gesture. Its egoism hinders it here: it is reluctant to look “up” at all—but looks either *ahead*, horizontally and slowly, or down—it *knows itself to be on the heights*.—

266 “One can truly esteem only someone who does not *seek* himself.”—Goethe to Councilor Schlosser.

267 There is a proverb among the Chinese that mothers already teach their children: *siao-sin*, “make your heart *small*!” This is the true fundamental inclination in late civilizations: I do not doubt that an ancient Greek would recognize self-diminishment first of all in us Europeans of today as well—in that alone we would already “go against his taste.”—

268 What, ultimately, is commonness?—Words are sound-signs for concepts; concepts, however, are more or less definite image-signs for frequently recurring sensations that occur together, for groups of sensations. To understand one another, it is not yet enough to use the same words: one must also use the same words for the same kind of inner experiences; ultimately, one must have one's experience in *common*. That is why people of one nation understand each other better than members of different nations, even when they use the same language; or rather, when people have long lived together under similar conditions (of climate, soil, danger, needs, work), something *arises* from this whose members “understand one another”: a people. In all souls, the same number of frequently recurring experiences has gained the upper hand over those that come more rarely: on their basis people understand each other, quickly and ever more quickly—the history of language is the history of a process of abbreviation—on the basis of this quick understanding people unite, closely and ever more closely. The greater the danger, the greater the need to agree quickly and easily about what is necessary; not to misunderstand each other in danger is what people simply cannot do without in their dealings. Even in every friendship or love affair, this test is made: nothing of the kind endures once it emerges that, with the same words, one of the two feels, means, senses, wishes, fears something different from the other. (Fear of the “eternal misunderstanding”: that is the benevolent genius that so often keeps people of different sexes from hasty unions recommended by the senses and the heart—and *not* some Schopenhauerian “genius of the species”!) Which groups of sensations awaken most quickly within a soul, take the floor, give orders: that decides the entire order of rank among its values, that ultimately determines its table of goods. A person's valuations betray something of the *structure* of his soul, and of where it sees its conditions of life, its actual need. Now, supposing that need has always drawn together only those people who could indicate similar needs, similar experiences, by similar signs, it follows on the whole that the easy *communicability* of need—that is, fundamentally, the experiencing of only average and *common* experiences—must have been the mightiest of all the powers that have held sway over humanity until now. The more alike, more ordinary human

beings always were and are at an advantage; the choicer, subtler, stranger, harder-to-understand people easily remain alone, succumb in their isolation to accidents, and seldom propagate. One must call upon tremendous counterforces to thwart this natural, all-too-natural *progressus in simile*, humanity's development into the similar, ordinary, average, herdlike—into the *common*!—

269 The more a psychologist—a born, an inescapable psychologist and diviner of souls—turns toward the choicer cases and human beings, the greater his danger of suffocating from compassion: he *needs* hardness and cheerfulness more than another person does. For the corruption, the perishing of higher human beings, of souls of a stranger kind, is the rule: it is terrible to have such a rule always before one's eyes. The manifold torture of the psychologist who has discovered this perishing, who first discovers and then *almost* invariably rediscovers, throughout all history, this whole inner “hopelessness” of the higher human being, this eternal “Too late!” in every sense—may perhaps one day cause him to turn bitterly against his own lot and attempt self-destruction—to “go to ruin” himself. In almost every psychologist one will notice a telltale inclination and pleasure in the company of everyday and well-ordered people: this betrays that he is always in need of healing, that he needs a kind of flight and forgetting, away from what his insights and incisions, what his “craft,” have laid upon his conscience. Fear of his memory is peculiar to him. He readily falls silent before others' judgments: with an unmoved face he listens as people revere, admire, love, transfigure where he has *seen*—or he even conceals his silence by expressly agreeing with some foreground opinion. Perhaps the paradox of his situation becomes so dreadful that the crowd, the educated, the enthusiasts learn their great veneration precisely where he has learned great compassion alongside great contempt—veneration for “great men” and prodigious creatures for whose sake people bless and honor their fatherland, the earth, the dignity of humanity, themselves, and toward whom they direct and educate the young... And who knows whether the same thing has not happened in all great cases until now: that the crowd worshiped a god—and the “god” was only a poor sacrificial animal! Success has always been the greatest liar, and the “work” itself

is a success; the great statesman, the conqueror, the discoverer is disguised beyond recognition in his creations; the “work,” the artist’s or philosopher’s, first invents the one who created it, who is supposed to have created it; “great men,” as they are revered, are little, bad fictions composed afterward; in the world of historical values, counterfeiting *rules*. These great poets, for example, these Byron, Musset, Poe, Leopardi, Kleist, Gogol—as they happen to be, perhaps have to be: people of moments, inspired, sensual, childish, rash and sudden in mistrust and trust; with souls in which some fracture usually has to be concealed; often taking revenge with their works for an inward defilement, often seeking in their soaring flights to forget an all-too-faithful memory, often straying into the mud and almost falling in love with it, until they become like the will-o’-the-wisps around the swamps and *pretend* to be stars—the people then call them idealists—often struggling with a long disgust, with a recurring ghost of unbelief that chills them and compels them to languish for glory and eat “faith in themselves” out of the hands of intoxicated flatterers—what *torture* these great artists, and higher human beings in general, are for anyone who has once divined them! It is so understandable that precisely from woman—who is clairvoyant in the world of suffering and unfortunately also craves to help and save far beyond her powers—*they* so readily receive those outbursts of boundless, utterly devoted *compassion* that the crowd, above all the revering crowd, does not understand and heaps with curious and self-satisfied interpretations. This compassion regularly deludes itself about its strength; woman would like to believe that love can do *everything*—that is her true *faith*. Ah, the knower of the heart divines how poor, stupid, helpless, presumptuous, mistaken, more readily destroying than saving, even the best and deepest love is!—It is possible that beneath the holy fable and disguise of Jesus’ life lies one of the most painful cases of the martyrdom of *knowing about love*: the martyrdom of the most innocent and most desirous heart, which never had enough of any human love, which *demand*ed love, being loved, and nothing besides, with hardness, with madness, with terrible outbursts against those who denied it love; the story of a poor, unsatisfied and insatiable being in love, who had to invent hell to send there those who *would not* love him—and who finally, hav-

ing become knowledgeable about human love, had to invent a God who was all love, all *capacity* for love—who takes pity on human love because it is so very pitiful, so ignorant! Whoever feels this way, whoever *knows* about love in this way—*seeks* death.—But why dwell on such painful things? Supposing one does not have to.—

270 The intellectual arrogance and disgust of every person who has suffered deeply—*how* deeply people can suffer almost determines their order of rank—his shuddering certainty, which thoroughly saturates and colors him, that by virtue of his suffering he *knows more* than the cleverest and wisest can know, that he has been acquainted with and once “at home” in many distant, terrible worlds “*you* know nothing about!”... this intellectual, silent arrogance of the sufferer, this pride of the one chosen for knowledge, of the “initiate,” of the all-but-sacrificed, finds every form of disguise necessary to protect itself from contact with intrusive and compassionate hands, and altogether from everything not its equal in pain. Deep suffering makes noble; it separates. One of the subtlest forms of disguise is Epicureanism and a certain boldness of taste henceforth displayed, which takes suffering lightly and puts itself on guard against everything sad and deep. There are “cheerful people” who make use of cheerfulness because it causes them to be misunderstood—they *want* to be misunderstood. There are “scientific people” who make use of science because it gives a cheerful appearance, and because scientific-mindedness permits the inference that a person is superficial—they *want* to lead people to a false conclusion. There are free, insolent spirits who would like to conceal and deny that they are broken, proud, incurable hearts; and sometimes folly itself is the mask for an unhappy, all-too-certain knowledge.—From which it follows that it belongs to a subtler humanity to have reverence “for the mask,” and not to practice psychology and curiosity in the wrong place.

271 What separates two human beings most deeply is a different sense and degree of cleanliness. What use is all uprightness and mutual usefulness, what use all goodwill toward each other: in the end the fact remains—they “cannot stand each other’s smell!” The highest instinct for cleanliness places the person

afflicted with it in the strangest and most dangerous isolation, as a saint: for that is precisely what holiness is—the highest spiritualization of the instinct in question. Some shared awareness of an indescribable fullness in the happiness of bathing, some ardor and thirst that constantly drives the soul out of night into morning and out of murk, out of “tribulation,” into the bright, gleaming, deep, subtle—just as such an inclination *distinguishes*—it is a noble inclination—it also *separates*.—The saint’s compassion is compassion for the *filth* of the human, all-too-human. And there are degrees and heights where he feels even compassion itself as contamination, as filth...

272 Signs of nobility: never to think of lowering our duties into duties for everyone; not to want to surrender one’s own responsibility, not to want to share it; to count one’s privileges and their exercise among one’s *duties*.

273 A person striving for great things regards everyone he encounters on his path either as a means or as a delay and obstacle—or as a temporary resting couch. His own distinctive, high-natured *goodness* toward his fellow human beings becomes possible only when he has reached his height and rules. Impatience, and his consciousness of being condemned until then always to play a comedy—for even war is a comedy and conceals, as every means conceals the end—spoil all his dealings with others: this kind of person knows solitude and what is most poisonous in it.

274 *The problem of those who wait.*—Good fortune and much that cannot be calculated are necessary if a higher human being, in whom the solution to a problem sleeps, is to come to action at the right time—to an “eruption,” as one might say. As a rule it does *not* happen, and in every corner of the earth sit people waiting who scarcely know to what extent they are waiting, still less that they are waiting in vain. Sometimes, too, the awakening call comes too late, that chance occurrence that gives “permission” to act—when the best youth and strength for action have already been used up in sitting still; and how many, at the very moment they “leaped up,” discovered with horror that their limbs had fallen asleep and their minds had already grown too heavy! “It is too late,” they

told themselves, having lost faith in themselves and now forever useless.—In the realm of genius, might the “Raphael without hands,” the phrase taken in the widest sense, perhaps be not the exception but the rule?—Perhaps genius is not so rare at all: but the five hundred *hands* it needs to tyrannize over the *καιρός*, “the right time”—to seize chance by the forelock!

- 275 Anyone who does not *want* to see what is high in a person looks all the more sharply for what is low and foreground in him—and thereby betrays himself.
- 276 In every kind of injury and loss, the lower and coarser soul is better off than the nobler: the latter’s dangers must be greater; indeed, given the manifold conditions of its life, the likelihood that it will meet disaster and perish is enormous.—A lizard grows back a finger it has lost: not so a human being.—
- 277 Bad enough! The old story again! Once one has finished building one’s house, one realizes one has inadvertently learned something in the process that one absolutely *had to* know before one—began building. The eternal, tiresome “Too late!”—The melancholy of everything *finished!*...
- 278 “Wanderer, who are you? I see you go your way, without scorn, without love, with unfathomable eyes; wet and sad as a plummet that has come back unsatisfied from every depth into the light—what did it seek down there?—with a breast that does not sigh, with a lip that hides its disgust, with a hand that now grasps only slowly: who are you? What did you do? Rest here: this place is hospitable to everyone—recover! And whoever you may be: what would please you now? What would help you recover? Just name it: whatever I have, I offer you!”—“To recover? To recover? Oh, you curious one, what are you saying! But give me, I beg you—”—“What? What? Say it!”—“One mask more! A second mask!”...
- 279 People of deep sadness betray themselves when they are happy: they have a way of grasping happiness as though they wanted to crush and suffocate it out of jealousy—ah, they know too well that it will run away from them!

280 “Bad! Bad! What? Isn’t he going—backward?”—Yes! But you understand him badly if you complain about it. He is going backward like anyone who wants to make a great leap.—

281 “Will anyone believe me? But I demand to be believed: I have always been poor at thinking about myself, reflecting on myself, only in quite rare cases, only under compulsion, always without pleasure ‘in the subject,’ ready to wander away from ‘Me,’ always without faith in the result, thanks to an invincible mistrust of the *possibility* of self-knowledge, which has led me so far that I feel even the concept ‘immediate knowledge,’ which the theorists permit themselves, to be a *contradictio in adjecto*—this whole fact is almost the surest thing I know about myself. There must be a kind of reluctance in me to *believe* anything definite about myself.—Is there perhaps a riddle hidden here? Probably; but fortunately not one for my own teeth.—Perhaps it betrays the species to which I belong?—But not to me: just as I myself am quite content to have it.”

282 “But what happened to you?”—“I don’t know,” he said hesitantly; “perhaps the Harpies flew over my table.”—It sometimes happens today that a gentle, moderate, reserved person suddenly flies into a frenzy, smashes plates, overturns the table, shouts, rages, insults everyone—and finally goes aside, ashamed, furious with himself—where? To what end? To starve to death apart from the rest? To choke on his memory?—Anyone who has the desires of a high, discriminating soul and only rarely finds his table set, his food ready, will be in great danger at all times: today, however, his danger is extraordinary. Thrown into a noisy and vulgar age with which he has no wish to eat from the same bowl, he can easily perish from hunger and thirst, or, if he finally does “help himself”—from sudden disgust.—Probably all of us have sat at tables where we did not belong; and precisely the most intellectual among us, who are hardest to nourish, know that dangerous *dyspepsia* arising from a sudden insight and disillusionment about our food and our table companions—*after-dinner disgust*.

283 It is a subtle and at the same time noble self-control, supposing one wants to praise at all, always to praise only where one does *not* agree—in the other case one would be praising oneself, which goes against good taste—admittedly a self-control that offers a pleasant occasion and inducement for being constantly *misunderstood*. To be entitled to indulge in this genuine luxury of taste and morality, one must live not among intellectual blockheads, but among people whose misunderstandings and mistakes still amuse by their subtlety—or one will have to pay dearly for it!—“He praises me: *therefore* he agrees with me”—this asinine inference spoils half the lives of us hermits, for it brings the asses into our neighborhood and friendship.

284 To live with an immense and proud composure; always beyond.—To have and not have one’s affects, one’s For and Against, at will; to condescend to them, for hours; to *mount* them like horses, often like asses—for one must know how to put their stupidity to use as well as their fire. To preserve one’s three hundred foregrounds; also one’s dark glasses: for there are cases where no one may look into our eyes, still less into our “grounds.” And to choose that roguish and cheerful vice for one’s companion, politeness. And to remain master of one’s four virtues: courage, insight, fellow feeling, solitude. For with us solitude is a virtue, as a sublime inclination and urge toward cleanliness that divines how, in contact between human beings—“in society”—things must inevitably go uncleanly. Every community makes one, somehow, somewhere, sometime —“common.”

285 The greatest events and thoughts—but the greatest thoughts are the greatest events—are understood last: the generations contemporaneous with them do not *experience* such events—they live past them. Something happens here as in the realm of the stars. The light of the most distant stars comes last to human beings; and until it has arrived, human beings *deny* that there are—stars there. “How many centuries does a spirit need to be understood?”—That too is a measure; with it too one creates an order of rank and an etiquette, such as are needed: for spirit and star.—

- 286 “Here the view is open, the spirit lifted.”—But there is an opposite kind of person who is also on the heights and also has an open view—but looks *down*.
- 287 What is noble? What does the word “noble” still mean to us today? By what does the noble human being betray himself, by what can he be recognized, beneath this heavy, overcast sky of the dawning rule of the rabble, through which everything becomes opaque and leaden?—It is not actions that prove him—actions are always ambiguous, always unfathomable—nor is it “works.” Among artists and scholars today one finds enough who betray through their works how a deep desire for the noble drives them: but precisely this need *for* the noble is fundamentally different from the needs of the noble soul itself, and is the very eloquent and dangerous sign of its absence. It is not works, it is *faith* that decides here, that establishes the order of rank here, to take up an old religious formula in a new and deeper sense: some fundamental certainty a noble soul has about itself, something that cannot be sought, cannot be found, and perhaps cannot be lost either.—*The noble soul has reverence for itself.*—
- 288 There are people whose intelligence is inescapable; they may twist and turn as they please and hold their hands before their telltale eyes (as though the hand were not a traitor!)—in the end it always comes out that they have something to hide, namely intelligence. One of the subtlest means of deceiving at least as long as possible, and successfully pretending to be stupider than one is—which in ordinary life is often as desirable as an umbrella—is called *enthusiasm*: including what belongs with it, virtue for instance. For, as Galiani says, who must have known: virtue is enthusiasm.
- 289 In a hermit’s writings one always hears something of the echo of the wasteland too, something of solitude’s whispering tone and shy glances around; from his strongest words, even from his cry, there sounds a new and more dangerous kind of silence, of keeping silent. Whoever has sat alone with his soul year in, year out, by day and night, in intimate dispute and dialogue; whoever in his cave—it may be a labyrinth, but also a gold mine—has become a cave bear or treasure digger or guardian of treasure and dragon: his concepts themselves

finally acquire a twilight color of their own, an odor as much of depth as of mold, something uncommunicative and reluctant that breathes coldly on everyone passing by. The hermit does not believe that any philosopher—supposing that a philosopher has always first been a hermit—has ever expressed his true and ultimate opinions in books: does one not write books precisely to conceal what one harbors within?—Indeed, he will doubt whether a philosopher *can* have “ultimate and true” opinions at all, whether behind every cave there does not lie, must not lie, a still deeper cave—a more comprehensive, stranger, richer world above a surface, an abyss behind every ground, beneath every “grounding.” Every philosophy is a foreground philosophy—that is a hermit’s judgment: “There is something arbitrary in the fact that *he* stopped here, looked back, looked around, that he dug no deeper *here* and laid his spade aside—there is something distrustful in it too.” Every philosophy also *conceals* a philosophy; every opinion is also a hiding place, every word also a mask.

- 290 Every deep thinker fears being understood more than being misunderstood. The latter perhaps wounds his vanity; the former, however, his heart, his fellow feeling, which always says: “Ah, why do *you* want to have it as hard as I do?”
- 291 The human being, a manifold, mendacious, artificial, opaque animal, uncanny to the other animals less through strength than through cunning and cleverness, invented the good conscience in order to enjoy his soul for once as something *simple*; and the whole of morality is a long, audacious falsification through which any pleasure in the sight of the soul becomes possible at all. From this point of view, perhaps far more belongs within the concept “art” than people commonly believe.
- 292 A philosopher: that is a person who constantly experiences, sees, hears, suspects, hopes, dreams extraordinary things; who is struck by his own thoughts as though from outside, from above and below, as by *his* own kind of events and lightning bolts; who is perhaps himself a thunderstorm pregnant with new lightning; a fateful human being around whom there is always rumbling and

growling and gaping and something uncanny going on. A philosopher: ah, a being who often runs away from himself, often fears himself—but is too curious not to keep “coming back to himself”...

293 A man who says, “I like this; I take it as my own and will protect and defend it against everyone”; a man who can conduct a cause, carry out a decision, remain faithful to a thought, hold on to a woman, punish and overthrow a reckless man; a man who has his anger and his sword, and to whom the weak, the suffering, the oppressed, even the animals, gladly turn and naturally belong, in short a man who is by nature a *master*—when such a man has compassion, well! *That* compassion has value! But what does the compassion of those who suffer matter! Or of those who actually preach compassion! Today, almost everywhere in Europe, there is a pathological sensitivity and susceptibility to pain, likewise a repellent lack of restraint in lamentation, an overindulgent softness that would like to dress itself up as something higher with religion and philosophical odds and ends—there is a veritable cult of suffering. The *unmanliness* of what is christened “compassion” in such circles of enthusiasts is, I think, always the first thing to strike the eye.—One must vigorously and thoroughly banish this newest kind of bad taste; and finally I wish that people would place the good amulet “gai saber” around their hearts and necks against it—“joyful science,” to make it clear to the Germans.

294 *The Olympian vice.*—In defiance of that philosopher who, as a true Englishman, tried to give laughter a bad name among all thinking minds —“Laughter is a grave defect of human nature, which every thinking mind will strive to overcome” (Hobbes)—I would even permit myself an order of rank among philosophers according to the rank of their laughter—up to those capable of *golden* laughter. And supposing that gods too philosophize, as many an inference has already driven me to suppose, I do not doubt that they also know how to laugh while doing so in a superhuman and new way—and at the expense of all serious things! Gods delight in mockery: it seems they cannot refrain from laughter even during holy rites.

295 The genius of the heart, such as that great hidden one possesses, the tempter-god and born pried piper of consciences, whose voice knows how to descend into the underworld of every soul, who speaks not a word, casts not a glance in which there does not lie a consideration and a fold of enticement, whose mastery includes knowing how to appear—and not as what he is, but as what supplies his followers with one *more* compulsion to press ever closer to him, to follow him ever more inwardly and thoroughly—the genius of the heart that silences everything loud and self-satisfied and teaches it to listen, that smooths rough souls and gives them a taste of a new longing—to lie still like a mirror, so that the deep sky may mirror itself in them; the genius of the heart that teaches the clumsy and overhasty hand to hesitate and grasp more delicately; that divines the hidden and forgotten treasure, the drop of goodness and sweet intellectuality beneath thick, murky ice, and is a divining rod for every grain of gold long buried in a prison of much mud and sand; the genius of the heart from whose touch everyone goes away richer, not favored by grace and taken by surprise, not gladdened and burdened as by another's goods, but richer in himself, newer to himself than before, broken open, breathed upon and sounded out by a thawing wind, perhaps more uncertain, more tender, more fragile, more broken, but full of hopes that as yet have no name, full of new willing and streaming, full of new unwillingness and streaming back... But what am I doing, my friends? Of whom am I speaking to you? Have I forgotten myself so far that I have not even told you his name? Unless you have already divined for yourselves who this questionable spirit and god is, who wants to be *praised* in such a way. For as happens to everyone who from childhood has always been on the road and in foreign lands, many strange and not undangerous spirits have crossed my path too, but above all the one of whom I have just spoken, and this one again and again: none other, namely, than the god *Dionysus*, that great ambiguous one and tempter-god to whom, as you know, I once offered my first fruits in all secrecy and reverence—as the last, it seems to me, to have offered him a *sacrifice*: for I found no one who understood what I did then. Since then I have learned much, all too much more about this god's philosophy, and, as I said, from mouth to mouth—I, the last disciple and initiate of the god

Dionysus: and surely I might at last begin to give you, my friends, a little taste of this philosophy, as far as I am permitted? In a half voice, as is fitting: for it involves many things secret, new, strange, wondrous, uncanny. The very fact that Dionysus is a philosopher, and therefore that gods too philosophize, seems to me a piece of news that is not without its risks and might arouse mistrust precisely among philosophers—among you, my friends, it already has less against it, unless it comes too late and at the wrong hour: for today, as I have been told in confidence, you are reluctant to believe in God and gods. Perhaps, too, I must go further in the frankness of my account than the strict habits of your ears will always find agreeable? Certainly the god in question went further in such dialogues, very much further, and was always many steps ahead of me... Indeed, if it were permissible to give him, after human custom, beautiful, solemn names of splendor and virtue, I would have much praise to bestow on his courage in inquiry and discovery, his daring honesty, truthfulness, and love of wisdom. But a god like this has no use for all that venerable junk and pomp. “Keep it,” he would say, “for yourself and your kind and whoever else needs it! I—have no reason to cover my nakedness!”—One divines: perhaps this kind of divinity and philosopher lacks shame?—Thus he once said: “Under certain circumstances I love human beings”—and here he was alluding to Ariadne, who was present—“the human being is to me a pleasant, brave, inventive animal, without equal on earth; it can still find its way in every labyrinth. I am fond of it: I often think about how to advance it further and make it stronger, more evil, and deeper than it is.”—“Stronger, more evil, and deeper?” I asked in alarm. “Yes,” he said once more, “stronger, more evil, and deeper; also more beautiful”—and with that the tempter-god smiled his halcyon smile, as though he had just said something enchantingly courteous. Here one sees at the same time: it is not only shame that this divinity lacks—and there are, in general, good reasons to conjecture that in some respects the gods, one and all, could be schooled by us human beings. We human beings are—more human...

296 Ah, what have you become, you thoughts of mine, written and painted! Not long ago you were still so colorful, young, and malicious, full of thorns and secret spices, that you made me sneeze and laugh—and now? Already you have taken off your novelty, and some of you, I fear, are ready to become truths: so immortal do they already look, so heartbreakingly upright, so boring! And was it ever otherwise? What things do we copy down and paint, we mandarins with a Chinese brush, we immortalizers of things that *let* themselves be written—what alone are we capable of painting? Ah, always only what is just about to wither and is beginning to lose its scent! Ah, always only departing and exhausted thunderstorms and yellow, late feelings! Ah, always only birds that have flown themselves weary and flown astray, and now let themselves be caught by hand—by *our* hand! We immortalize what can no longer live and fly for long, only weary and brittle things! And it is only for your *afternoon*, you thoughts of mine, written and painted, that I have colors, many colors perhaps, many colorful tendernesses and fifty yellows and browns and greens and reds—but no one can divine from them how you looked in your morning, you sudden sparks and wonders of my solitude, you old, beloved—*wicked* thoughts of mine!

From High Mountains. Aftersong



From High Mountains.
Aftersong.

Oh noon of life! Solemn time!
Oh summer garden!
Restless happiness in standing, watching, waiting:—
I wait for friends, ready by day and night,
Where are you, friends? Come! It is time! It is time!

Was it not for you the glacier's gray
Today adorns itself with roses?
The stream seeks you; with longing, wind and cloud
Press, thrust themselves today into a higher blue,
To seek you from the farthest bird's-eye view.

On the heights my table was set for you:—
Who to the stars
Lives quite so near—or to the abyss's most dreadful reaches?
My realm—what realm has stretched itself out farther?
And my honey—who has tasted it?...

—There you *are*, friends!—Alas, but *I* am not
The one you sought?
You hesitate, marvel—oh, if only you were angry!
I—am no longer I? Have hand, step, face been changed?
And *what* I am, to you my friends—am I not that?

Have I become another? And a stranger to myself?
Escaped from my own self?
A wrestler who has overcome himself too often?
Too often braced himself against his own strength,
Wounded and checked by his own victory?

Did I seek where the wind blows sharpest?
Did I learn to live
Where no one lives, in barren polar-bear zones,
Unlearn humanity and God, curse and prayer?
Become a ghost that walks across the glaciers?

—You old friends! Look! Now you gaze pale,
Full of love and horror!
No, go! Do not be angry! Here—*you* could not live:
Here among the farthest realms of ice and rock—
Here one must be a hunter, like the chamois.

A *wicked* hunter I became!—See how steeply
My bow is drawn!
The strongest was the one who drew it so—:
But now beware! Dangerous is *this* arrow,
As *no* arrow is—away from here! For your own good!...

You turn away?—Oh heart, you have borne enough,
Your hope remained strong:
Keep your doors open to *new* friends!
Let the old ones go! Let memory go!
Once you were young; now—you are young in a better way!

What once bound us, the bond of a single hope—
Who still reads the faded signs
That love once wrote upon it?
I compare it to parchment that the hand
Shrinks from touching—equally browned and burned.

No longer friends, they are—what shall I call them?—
Only ghosts of friends!
They still knock at night upon my heart and window,
Look at me and say: “But we *were* the ones?”—
Oh withered word that once smelled like roses!

Oh youthful longing that misunderstood itself!
Those *I* longed for,
Whom I imagined kindred to myself and transformed—
Their growing *old* has banished them:
Only those who change remain akin to me.

Oh noon of life! Time of second youth!
Oh summer garden!
Restless happiness in standing, watching, waiting!
I wait for friends, ready by day and night,
For *new* friends! Come! It is time! It is time!

This song is done—longing's sweet cry
Died in my mouth:
A magician did it, the friend at the right hour,
The noonday friend—no! Do not ask who he is—
It was at noon that one became two...

Now, certain of our shared victory, we celebrate
The feast of feasts:
Friend *Zarathustra* came, the guest of guests!
Now the world laughs, the dreadful curtain tore,
The wedding of the light and dark has come...