



Beyond Good and Evil

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

Plain English Translation

MOUSEIA



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Translated by Michael Berardi

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THIS EDITION

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TRANSLATOR

Michael Berardi

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Preface



Beyond Good and Evil

Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future.

Preface.

Suppose truth is a woman—what then? Isn't there good reason to suspect that all philosophers, insofar as they were dogmatists, understood women badly? That the grim seriousness and clumsy pushiness with which they have approached truth until now were awkward, improper ways to win over a woman? One thing is certain: she hasn't let herself be won over. And every kind of dogmatism now stands there looking sad and discouraged. *If* it still stands at all! Some mockers claim it has fallen, that all dogmatism is flat on the ground—more than that, that all dogmatism is breathing its last. Seriously, there are good grounds for hoping that all dogmatic philosophy, however solemnly it has presented itself as final and conclusive, may have been no more than a noble piece of child's play and a beginner's effort. The time may be very near when people will understand, over and over again, just *what* it took to lay the foundation for those lofty, unconditional philosophical buildings the dogmatists have put up. Some popular superstition from the distant past was enough: the superstition about the soul, for example, which still makes trouble today as the superstition about the subject and the I. Or perhaps a play on words, a temptation offered by grammar, or a reckless 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 thousands of years. Astrology was such a promise at an even earlier time. Perhaps more work, money, sharp thinking, and patience have gone into its service than into any real science so far. In Asia and Egypt, we owe the grand style of architecture to astrology and its “supernatural” claims. It seems that all great things must first roam the earth as monstrous, frightening grotesques if they are to write their eternal demands into humanity’s heart. Dogmatic philosophy was one such grotesque: the Vedanta teaching in Asia, for example, and Platonism in Europe. Let’s not be ungrateful to it, even though we must certainly admit that the worst, most lasting, and most dangerous error so far has been a dogmatist’s error: Plato’s invention of pure spirit and the good in itself. But now that this error has been overcome, now that Europe can breathe freely after this nightmare and enjoy at least a healthier—sleep, we *whose task is wakefulness itself* inherit all the strength that the fight against this error has bred. Speaking about spirit and the good as Plato did really did mean standing truth on its head and denying *perspective* itself, the basic condition of all life. Indeed, speaking as a doctor, we may ask: “How did such a disease attack antiquity’s finest growth, Plato? Did that wicked Socrates corrupt him after all? Was Socrates really the corrupter of the young? And did he deserve his hemlock?” But the fight against Plato—or, to make it clearer and put it in terms the “people” understand, the fight against thousands of years of oppression by the Christian Church, since Christianity is Platonism for the “people”—has created a magnificent tension of the spirit in Europe, unlike anything the earth has seen before. With a bow drawn that tight, we can now shoot at the most distant targets. Of course, Europeans experience this tension as distress. There have already been two large-scale attempts to slacken the bow: first through Jesuitism, and then through the democratic Enlightenment. With the help of freedom of the press and newspaper reading, the latter may really manage to make the spirit less likely to feel itself as a “distress”! (The Germans invented gunpowder—all credit to them! But they canceled that achievement out again: they invented the press.) But we who are not Jesuits, not democrats,

not even German enough—we *good Europeans* and free, *very* free spirits—we still have 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 will still tempt us into many risks. That famous truthfulness, which all philosophers so far have spoken of with respect—what questions this will to truth has already put before us! What strange, troubling, questionable questions! It is already a long story—and yet it seems to have barely begun? Is it any wonder if we finally grow suspicious, lose patience, and turn around impatiently? If *we* too learn from this Sphinx to ask questions? *Who* is really asking us questions here? *What* in us really wants “truth”? In fact, we paused for a long time over the question of what causes this will, until at last we came to a complete stop before an even deeper 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 is Oedipus here? Which is the Sphinx? It seems to be a meeting of questions and question marks. And, would you believe it, we finally find ourselves thinking that the problem has never been raised before—that we are the first to see it, face it, and *risk* it? There is a risk here, and perhaps no greater one exists.

² “How *could* something come from its opposite? Truth from error, for example? Or the will to truth from the will to deceive? Or an unselfish action from self-interest? Or the wise person’s pure, sunlike vision from desire? That kind of origin is impossible. Anyone who dreams of it is a fool, or worse. The things with the highest value must have a different origin, one of their *own*. They cannot come from this passing, tempting, deceptive, lowly world, from this tangle of delusion and desire! Instead, their foundation must lie in the lap of being, in what does not pass away, in the hidden God, in the ‘thing in itself’—*there* and nowhere else!” This way of judging is the typical prejudice by which we can recognize metaphysicians of every age. Valuations like these stand behind all their logical procedures. From this “belief” they work toward their “knowledge,” toward something that is finally christened “the truth” in a solemn ceremony. The metaphysicians’ basic belief is *the belief in opposites of value*. Even the most cautious among them never thought to start doubting here, on the threshold, where doubt was most needed—even if they had vowed “to doubt everything.” For we may doubt, first, whether opposites exist at all. And second, whether those popular valuations and oppositions of value that metaphysicians have stamped with their seal might be only surface judgments, only provisional perspectives. Perhaps, on top of that, they come from a particular corner, perhaps from below looking up: frog’s-eye views, so to speak, to borrow a familiar painters’ term. Whatever value truth, truthfulness, and unselfishness may have, appearance, the will to deceive, self-interest, and desire might have to be given a higher and more basic value for all life. It might even be that *what* gives those good and respected things their value is precisely their being dangerously related, linked, and hooked into those bad, apparently opposite things—perhaps even being essentially the same as them. Perhaps! But who is willing to bother with such dangerous perhapses! For that, we must wait for a new kind of philosopher to arrive, with tastes and leanings somehow opposite to those of earlier philosophers—philosophers of the dangerous Perhaps in every sense. And in all seriousness: I see such new philosophers coming.

- ³ After spending long enough reading between philosophers' lines and watching what their hands are doing, I tell myself this: most conscious thinking must still be counted among instinctive activities, even philosophical thinking. We must learn to think differently here, just as we have had to change our thinking about heredity and what is "inborn." The act of birth counts for very little in the whole process of heredity before and after it. In the same way, "consciousness" is not *opposed* to instinct in any decisive sense. Most of a philosopher's conscious thinking is secretly guided by his instincts and forced into particular paths. Behind all logic too, and its apparently independent movements, stand valuations. To speak more plainly, they are physiological demands for preserving a particular kind of life. For example, that what is definite is worth more than what is indefinite, that appearance is worth less than "truth." However important such judgments may be in directing *us*, they might still be only surface judgments, a certain kind of foolishness that may be necessary to preserve creatures like us. Assuming, that is, that human beings are not the "measure of things"...
- ⁴ The fact that a judgment is false is not yet an objection to it, as far as we are concerned. This may be where our new way of speaking sounds strangest. The question is how far the judgment promotes life, preserves life, preserves a species, perhaps even breeds a species. And we are basically inclined to maintain that the falsest judgments—which include synthetic judgments *a priori*—are the ones we can least do without. Human beings could not live without accepting logical fictions, without measuring reality against the wholly invented world of the unconditional and the self-identical, without constantly falsifying the world through numbers. Giving up false judgments would mean giving up life, denying life. Admitting that untruth is a condition of life certainly means resisting our usual feelings about value in a dangerous way. A philosophy that dares to do that places itself beyond good and evil by that act alone.
- ⁵ What tempts us to look at all philosophers with a mixture of suspicion and mockery is not that we keep discovering how innocent they are—how often and how easily they make mistakes and lose their way; in short, their childish-

ness and childlike ways. It is that they are not honest enough, even though they all make a great, virtuous noise as soon as the problem of truthfulness is touched on, however remotely. They all pretend they have discovered and reached their actual opinions through the self-development of a cold, pure, divinely untroubled dialectic. In this they differ from mystics of every rank, who are more honest and more clumsy: mystics speak of “inspiration.” At bottom, though, what the philosophers defend with reasons they have hunted up afterward is a proposition settled in advance, a sudden idea, an “inspiration”—usually a heartfelt wish that has been made abstract and put through a sieve. They are all lawyers who refuse to be called lawyers, and usually they are even sly advocates for prejudices they christen “truths.” They are *very* far from the courage of conscience that admits this, exactly this, to itself. They are very far from the good taste of a courage that also lets others know it, whether to warn an enemy or a friend, or out of high spirits and to make fun of itself. Old Kant’s Tartuffe-like hypocrisy, as stiff as it is morally proper, lures us onto the back ways of dialectic that lead—or rather mislead—us to his “categorical imperative.” This spectacle makes us spoiled spectators smile. We find no little amusement in watching the subtle tricks of old moralists and preachers of morality. Or take that hocus-pocus of mathematical form in which Spinoza armored and masked his philosophy as if in bronze—ultimately, “the love of *his* wisdom,” to interpret the word correctly and fairly. He did it to intimidate in advance any attacker who might dare to set eyes on this unconquerable virgin and Pallas Athena. How much personal timidity and vulnerability this masquerade of a sick recluse gives away!

- ⁶ I have gradually come to see what every great philosophy so far has been: its author’s personal confession, and a kind of unintended, unnoticed memoir. I have also come to see that the moral (or immoral) intentions in every philosophy were the real living seed from which the whole plant grew. In fact, to explain how a philosopher’s most remote metaphysical claims came about, we do well—and act wisely—to begin by asking: what morality is it (is *he*—) aiming at? So I do not believe that a “drive for knowledge” is the father of philoso-

phy. Rather, here as elsewhere, another drive has merely used knowledge (and mistaken knowledge!) as a tool. But anyone who looks at the basic human drives to see how far they may have been at play here as *inspiring* spirits (or demons and goblins—) will find that they have all practiced philosophy at some point. Each one would dearly like to present *itself* as the ultimate purpose of existence and the rightful *master* of all the other drives. For every drive wants to rule, and as *such* it tries to philosophize. Of course, things may be different with scholars, with truly scientific people—“better,” if you like. There may really be something like a drive for knowledge there: some little independent clockwork that, once properly wound up, gets down to work bravely *without* all the scholar’s other drives taking any essential part in it. That is why a scholar’s real “interests” usually lie somewhere else entirely—in his family, perhaps, or in making money, or in politics. Indeed, it makes almost no difference whether his little machine is placed in this area of science or that, or whether the “promising” young worker makes himself into a good philologist, mushroom expert, or chemist. Becoming one thing or another does not *characterize* him. By contrast, there is nothing at all impersonal about a philosopher. In particular, his morality gives clear and decisive evidence of *who he is*—that is, of the order of rank among the deepest drives of his nature.

- 7 How spiteful philosophers can be! I know nothing more poisonous than the joke Epicurus allowed himself against Plato and the Platonists: he called them Dionysiokolakes. Literally and on the surface, this means “flatterers of Dionysius,” that is, a tyrant’s hangers-on and bootlickers. But it also means “they are all *actors*; there is nothing genuine about them” (since Dionysokolax was a popular term for an actor). This last point is the real barb Epicurus fired at Plato. He resented the grand manner, the skill at putting oneself onstage, that Plato and his students possessed—and that Epicurus did not! He, the old schoolteacher from Samos, sat hidden in his little garden in Athens and wrote three hundred books. Who knows? Perhaps he did it out of anger and ambition to rival Plato? It took Greece a hundred years to find out who this garden god Epicurus had been. Did it find out?

- ⁸ In every philosophy there is a point where the philosopher's "conviction" steps onstage—or, to put it in the words 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 like nature: endlessly wasteful, endlessly indifferent, without intentions or consideration, without pity or justice, fertile and barren and uncertain all at once. Imagine indifference itself as a power. How *could* you live according to this indifference? Isn't living precisely wanting to be different from this nature? Isn't living assessing, preferring, being unjust, being limited, wanting to be different? And suppose your command to "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? The truth is quite different. You pretend, in your delight, to read the rule of your law out of nature, but you want the opposite, you strange actors and self-deceivers! Your pride wants to prescribe your morality and your ideal to nature—even to nature—and incorporate them into it. You demand that nature be nature "according to the Stoa," and you would like to make all existence exist only in your own image—as one enormous, eternal glorification and generalization of Stoicism! For all your love of truth, you force yourselves so long, so stubbornly, with such hypnotic rigidity, to see nature *falsely*—that is, stoically—that you can no longer see it any other way. And finally some unfathomable arrogance even gives you the madman's hope that, *because* you know how to tyrannize yourselves—Stoicism is self-tyranny—nature too can be tyrannized. Isn't the Stoic a *piece* of nature, after all?... But this is an old, eternal story. What happened with the Stoics then still happens today as soon as 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 being the first cause.

¹⁰ The eagerness and subtlety—I would even say cunning—with which people throughout Europe now tackle the problem “of the real world and the apparent world” give us reason to think and listen closely. Anyone who hears only a “will to truth” and nothing else in the background certainly does not have 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, the sign of a despairing soul tired to death, however brave the gestures of such virtue may look. Things seem different with the stronger thinkers, those fuller of life and still thirsty for it. They take sides *against* appearance and already say the word “perspectival” with arrogance. They rate the trustworthiness of their own bodies about as low as that of the visible evidence that says “the earth stands still.” And in this seemingly cheerful mood they let their most certain possession slip out of their hands—for what do people now believe in more firmly than their bodies? Who knows whether, deep down, they want to win back something that was once possessed even *more securely*? Something from the old landed estate of former belief: perhaps “the immortal soul,” perhaps “the old God”—in short, ideas that allowed people to live better, that is, more vigorously and cheerfully, than “modern ideas” do? There is *distrust* of these modern ideas here, disbelief in everything built yesterday and today. Perhaps there is a touch of weariness and mockery mixed in, too, unable to bear any longer the bric-a-brac of concepts from the most varied origins that so-called positivism brings to market today. It is the disgust of a more refined taste at the fairground colors and patchwork of all these little would-be philosophers of reality, about whom nothing is new and genuine except those colors. It seems to me that we should grant these skeptical opponents of reality, these microscopic investigators of knowledge today, that much. The instinct driving them away from *modern* reality has not been refuted. What do we care about the sneaking paths that take them backward! What

matters about them is *not* that they want to go “back,” but that they want to get—*away*. A little *more* strength, flight, courage, artistry: and they would want to go *out and beyond*—not back!

- ¹¹ It seems to me that people everywhere are now trying to turn attention away from Kant’s real influence on German philosophy. In particular, they are cleverly slipping past the value he assigned to himself. Kant was proud first and foremost of his table of categories. Holding this table in his hands, he said: “This is the hardest thing that could ever have been undertaken for metaphysics.” Just understand that “could have been”! He was proud of having *discovered* a new faculty in human beings: the faculty for synthetic judgments a priori. Suppose he was deceiving himself here. Still, the development and rapid flowering of German philosophy depend on this pride, and on the rivalry of all the younger thinkers to discover something to be even prouder of, if possible—and in any case, “new faculties”! But let’s stop and think; it is time. How are synthetic judgments a priori *possible*? Kant asked himself. And what did he actually answer? *By virtue of a faculty*. Unfortunately, he did not say it in three words. He said it at such length, with such solemnity and such an expenditure of German profundity and elaborate flourishes, that people missed the amusing German foolishness tucked inside the answer. People were even beside themselves over this new faculty. The rejoicing reached its peak when Kant went on to discover a moral faculty in human beings as well. For in those days the Germans were still moral, and not at all devoted to “power politics.” The honeymoon of German philosophy arrived. All the young theologians at the Tübingen seminary promptly went into the bushes—all hunting for “faculties.” And what didn’t they find, in that innocent, rich, still youthful age of the German spirit! Romanticism, the wicked fairy, blew and sang into it, back when people still did not know how to tell “finding” from “inventing.” Above all, they found a faculty for the “supersensible.” Schelling christened it intellectual intuition, and in doing so met the deepest desires of his Germans, whose desires were fundamentally devout. There is no greater injustice we could do to this whole exuberant, rapturous movement than to take it seriously, or even

treat it with moral outrage. It was youth, however boldly it dressed itself up in gray, aged concepts. Enough: people grew older, and the dream vanished. A time came when people rubbed their foreheads; they are still rubbing them today. They had been dreaming—first and foremost, old Kant. “By virtue of a faculty,” he had said, or at least meant. But is that an answer? An explanation? Isn’t it just a repetition of the question? How does opium make people sleep? “By virtue of a faculty,” namely its sleep-producing power, answers that doctor in Molière:

Because it contains a sleep-producing power,
Whose nature is to put the senses to sleep.

But answers like that belong in comedy. It is finally time to replace Kant’s question, “How are synthetic judgments a priori possible?” with another: “Why is belief in such judgments *necessary*?” It is time, that is, to understand that creatures of our kind must *believe* these judgments are true in order to survive—though the judgments could, of course, still be *false*! Or, to put it more plainly, bluntly, and thoroughly: synthetic judgments a priori should not be “possible” at all. We have no right to them; spoken by us, they are nothing but false judgments. Still, belief in their truth is necessary, as a surface belief and visible appearance belonging to the perspectival optics of life. Finally, to recall the enormous effect that “German philosophy” has had throughout Europe—I hope you understand its right to quotation marks?—there can be no doubt that a certain sleep-producing power played a part. Noble idlers, virtuous people, mystics, artists, three-quarter Christians, and political obscurantists of every nation were delighted to have, thanks to German philosophy, an antidote to the still overpowering doctrine of the senses that flowed from the previous century into this one. In short, something “to put the senses to sleep”...

- ¹² As for materialistic atomism, it is among the most thoroughly refuted things there are. Perhaps no scholar in Europe today is still so unscholarly as to give it serious importance, except as a convenient tool for everyday use—that is, as a shortened way of expressing things. For this we must first thank that Pole

Boscovich, who, together with the Pole Copernicus, has so far been the greatest and most successful opponent of visible appearances. Copernicus persuaded us to believe, against all the senses, that the earth does *not* stand still. 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 little lump and last scrap of earth. This was the greatest triumph over the senses ever won on earth. But we must go further. We must also declare war on the “atomistic need” that still leads a dangerous afterlife in areas where no one suspects it, just like the more famous “metaphysical need”—a merciless war to the knife. First, we must also finish off that other, more disastrous atomism that Christianity has taught best and longest: *soul atomism*. Let me use that term for the belief that takes the soul to be something indestructible, eternal, indivisible—a monad, an atom. *This* belief must be driven out of science! Between ourselves, there is no need at all to get rid of “the soul” itself in the process and give up one of the oldest and most respected hypotheses. That is what usually happens to clumsy naturalists: the moment they touch “the soul,” they lose it. But the way is open to new versions and refinements of the soul hypothesis. Concepts such as “mortal soul,” “soul as a multiplicity of subjects,” and “soul as a social structure of drives and emotions” now seek citizenship in science. By putting an end to the superstition that has grown around the idea of the soul with an almost tropical abundance, the *new* psychologist has, of course, pushed himself out into something like a new wasteland and a new distrust. The older psychologists may have had an easier and more enjoyable time. But in the end he knows that this also condemns him to *invent*—and, who knows? Perhaps to *find*.

- 13 Physiologists should think twice before making the drive for self-preservation the primary drive of a living thing. Above all, a living thing wants to *release* its strength—life itself is will to power. Self-preservation is only one of its indirect and most common *results*. In short, here as everywhere, beware of *unnecessary* principles that explain things in terms of purposes! The drive for self-preserva-

tion is one such principle (we owe it to Spinoza's inconsistency—). Our method demands this caution: its essential requirement must be economy in principles.

- ¹⁴ It may now be dawning on five or six people that physics too is only an interpretation and arrangement of the world—to fit us, if I may say so!—and *not* an explanation of the world. But because it rests on belief in the senses, it passes for more than that, and will have to keep passing for more for a long time: namely, for an explanation. It has eyes and fingers on its side; it has visible appearances and things we can touch on its side. This charms, persuades, and *convinces* an age whose basic taste is that of the common people. Such an age instinctively follows the standard of truth set by the eternally popular doctrine of the senses. What is clear, what is “explained”? Only what can be seen and touched. Every problem must be pushed that far. By contrast, the charm of Plato's way of thinking lay precisely in going *against* the evidence of the senses. It was a *noble* way of thinking. Perhaps it arose among people whose senses were even stronger and more demanding than those of our contemporaries, but who knew how to find a higher triumph in remaining masters of these senses. They did so with pale, cold, gray nets of concepts, which they threw over the colorful whirl of the senses—the mob of the senses, as Plato said. This conquering and interpreting of the world in Plato's style offered a different kind of *pleasure* from what today's physicists offer us, along with the Darwinists and opponents of purpose-based explanations working in physiology, with their principle of the “least possible force” and the greatest possible stupidity. “Where people have nothing left to see or grasp, they have no business looking for anything either.” This is certainly a different command from Plato's, but it may be just the right one for a rough, hardworking race of machinists and bridge builders of the future, who have nothing but *coarse* work to do.
- ¹⁵ To practice physiology with a good conscience, we must insist that the sense organs are *not* appearances in the sense meant by idealist philosophy. If they were, they could not be causes! So the doctrine of the senses must at least be a

guiding hypothesis, not to say a principle of discovery. What? And others even say that the external world is the work of our organs? But then our body, as a piece of that external world, would be the work of our organs! Then our organs themselves would be—the work of our organs! This seems to me a thorough reduction to absurdity, assuming that the concept of being one's own cause is something thoroughly absurd. So the external world is *not* the work of our organs—?

- 16 There are still innocent self-observers who believe in “immediate certainties”: “I think,” for example, or, as Schopenhauer’s superstition had it, “I will.” It is as though knowledge here could get hold of its object pure and naked, as a “thing in itself,” with no falsification on either the subject’s side or the object’s. But I will repeat a hundred times that “immediate certainty,” like “absolute knowledge” and “thing in itself,” contains a contradiction in terms. People should finally free themselves from the seduction of words! Ordinary people may believe that knowing means knowing completely. But the philosopher must tell himself: “If I take apart the process expressed in the sentence ‘I think,’ I get a series of bold claims that are hard, perhaps impossible, to justify. For example: that *I* am the one thinking; that there must be something doing the thinking at all; that thinking is an activity and effect of a being conceived as a cause; that there is an ‘I’; and finally, that it is already settled what is meant by thinking—that I *know* what thinking is. For if I had not already decided that for myself, how could I judge whether what is happening right now might instead be ‘willing’ or ‘feeling’? In short, that ‘I think’ assumes that I *compare* my present condition with other conditions I know in myself, in order to establish what it is. Because it refers back to ‘knowledge’ from elsewhere, it certainly has no immediate ‘certainty’ for me.” So instead of the “immediate certainty” that ordinary people may believe in here, the philosopher finds himself holding a series of metaphysical questions, genuine questions of intellectual conscience. They are: “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 a cause, and finally of an I as the cause of thoughts?” Anyone who dares to answer these metaphysi-

cal questions at once by appealing to a kind of *intuitive* knowledge—as someone does who says, “I think, and know that this at least is true, real, certain”—will find a philosopher today ready with a smile and two question marks. “Sir,” the philosopher may let him know, “it is unlikely that you are not mistaken. But why insist on truth at all?”

- ¹⁷ As for the logicians’ superstition, I will never tire of stressing a small, brief fact that these superstitious people dislike admitting: a thought comes when “it” wants to, and not when “I” want it to. So it *falsifies* 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, famous “I” is, to put it mildly, only an assumption, a claim—certainly not an “immediate certainty.” In the end, even “it thinks” goes too far. This “it” already contains an *interpretation* of the process and does not belong to the process itself. Here we reason according to grammatical habit: “Thinking is an activity; every activity requires someone who acts; therefore—.” Older atomism followed roughly the same pattern. Besides the “force” that acts, it still looked for that little lump of matter in which the force sits and out of which it acts: the atom. More rigorous minds finally learned to do without this “scrap of earth.” Perhaps one day logicians too will get used to doing without that little “it” into which the honest old I has evaporated.
- ¹⁸ It is certainly not the least of a theory’s attractions that it can be refuted. That is precisely how it attracts more subtle minds. The theory of “free will,” refuted a hundred times, seems to owe its continued existence only to this attraction. Someone keeps coming along who feels strong enough to refute it.
- ¹⁹ Philosophers tend to speak of the will as though it were the best-known thing in the world. Schopenhauer even suggested that the will alone is really known to us, known completely, with nothing taken away or added. But it keeps striking me that in this case too Schopenhauer merely did what philosophers usually do: he adopted a *popular prejudice* and exaggerated it. To me, willing seems above all to be something *complicated*, something that is a unity only as a word. And in that single word lies the popular prejudice that has overpowered the

philosophers' always scant caution. So let's be more cautious for once. Let's be "unphilosophical" and say: first, in every act of willing there are many feelings. There is the feeling of the condition we want to move *away* from, the feeling of the condition we want to move *toward*, the feeling of this "away" and "toward" themselves. There is also an accompanying feeling in the muscles, which, through a kind of habit, begins to play its part as soon as we "will," even if we do not set our "arms and legs" in motion. Just as we must recognize feeling, and indeed many kinds of feeling, as an ingredient of the will, so, second, we must recognize thinking too. In every act of will there is a commanding thought. We must not imagine we could separate this thought from "willing," as though some will would then be left over! Third, the will is not only a complex of feeling and thinking, but above all an *emotion*: the emotion of command. What is called "freedom of the will" is essentially the feeling of superiority toward someone who must obey: "I am free; 'he' must obey." This awareness is present in every will. So are that tense attention, that direct gaze fixed on one thing alone, that unconditional valuation, "This and nothing else is needed now," that inner certainty of being obeyed, and everything else that belongs to the commander's condition. A person who *wills* commands something in himself that obeys, or that he believes obeys. But now notice the strangest thing about the will—this thing so full of variety for which ordinary people have only one word. In a given case we are both those who command *and* those who obey. As those who obey, we know what it feels like to be forced, urged, and pressed, to resist and to move that usually begin immediately after the act of will. On the other hand, we habitually pass over this duality and deceive ourselves about it by means of the unifying concept "I." So a whole chain of mistaken conclusions, and consequently false valuations of the will itself, has attached itself to willing. The result is that the person willing sincerely believes that willing is *enough* for action. In the great majority of cases, willing has occurred only where the effect of the command—obedience, and therefore action—could also be *expected*. So the *appearance* has turned into the feeling that *the effect necessarily follows*. In short, the person willing believes with a fair degree of certainty that will and action are somehow one. He credits the success, the carry-

ing out of the willing, to the will itself, and in doing so enjoys an increase in the feeling of power that every success brings. “Freedom of the will” is the term for this many-sided state of pleasure in the person who wills. He commands and at the same time identifies himself with the one carrying out the command. As such, he shares in the triumph over resistance, but judges inwardly that his will itself is what really overcomes the resistance. In this way, the person willing adds the pleasurable feelings of the successful tools carrying out his commands, of the obedient “under-wills” or under-souls—for our body is only a social structure of many souls—to his own pleasure as commander. “I am the effect”: what happens here is what happens in every well-organized, happy community, where 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 said, of a social structure of many “souls.” That is why a philosopher should claim the right to consider willing itself within the field of morality—morality understood, that is, as the study of the relations of rule under which the phenomenon “life” arises.

- ²⁰ Individual philosophical concepts are not arbitrary things that grow on their own. They grow up in relation and kinship with one another. However suddenly and randomly they may seem to appear in the history of thought, they belong to a system just as much as all the animals of a continent do. One more sign of this is how reliably the most varied philosophers keep filling out a certain basic pattern of *possible* philosophies. Under an invisible spell, they keep running around the same orbit yet again. However independent of one another they may feel in their drive to criticize or build systems, something in them guides them; something drives them one after another in a particular order. It is precisely that inborn system and kinship of concepts. Their thinking is, in fact, much less a discovery than a recognition, a remembering, a return and homecoming to a distant, ancient, shared household of the soul, out of which those concepts once grew. To that extent, philosophizing is a kind of reversion to ancestry of the highest order. The strange family resemblance of all Indian, Greek, and German philosophizing is easy enough to explain. Wherever lan-

guages are related, their shared philosophy of grammar—I mean the unconscious rule and guidance of the same grammatical functions—inevitably prepares everything in advance for a similar development and sequence of philosophical systems. At the same time, the way seems blocked to certain other possible interpretations of the world. Philosophers in the Ural-Altaic language group, where the concept of the subject is least developed, will very probably look differently “into the world” and be found on different paths from Indo-Europeans or Muslims. The spell of particular grammatical functions is ultimately the spell of *physiological* value judgments and racial conditions. So much for rejecting Locke’s superficial view of the origin of ideas.

- ²¹ Being one’s own cause is the finest self-contradiction anyone has yet thought up, a kind of logical rape and unnatural act. But human beings’ extravagant pride has managed to entangle itself deeply and terribly in precisely this nonsense. The desire for “freedom of the will,” in that superlative metaphysical sense that unfortunately still rules the minds of the half-educated, is a desire to bear the whole and ultimate responsibility for one’s actions oneself, and to relieve God, the world, ancestors, chance, and society of it. It is nothing less than the desire to be one’s own cause, and, with a daring beyond even Münchhausen’s, to pull oneself by the hair out of the swamp of nothingness into existence. Suppose someone sees through the peasant simplicity of this famous concept of “free will” and removes it from his mind. I now ask him to take his “enlightenment” a step further and also remove the reverse of that non-concept “free will” from his mind. I mean the “unfree will,” which amounts to misusing cause and effect. We should not mistakenly *make real things out of* “cause” and “effect”, as natural scientists do—and those who, like them, now think in terms of nature—following the prevailing mechanistic stupidity that makes the cause push and shove until it “takes effect.” We should use “cause” and “effect” only as pure *concepts*: that is, as conventional fictions for naming things and communicating, *not* for explaining them. 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 there. *We* alone

have invented causes, succession, being for one another, relativity, compulsion, number, law, freedom, reason, purpose. And when we project this world of signs into things as something “in itself,” mixing it into them, we do once again what we have always done: we *make mythology*. The “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, and unfreedom in every “causal connection” and “psychological necessity,” this is almost always a symptom of what he himself lacks. Feeling in precisely that way is revealing: the person gives himself away. And in general, if I have observed correctly, people approach “unfreedom of the will” as a problem from two completely opposite sides, but always in a deeply *personal* way. Some refuse at any price to give up their “responsibility,” their belief in *themselves*, their personal right to *their* own merit (vain races belong here—). Others, on the contrary, want to be responsible for nothing, to be guilty of nothing. Out of an inner self-contempt, they demand to be able to *roll themselves off* onto something else, anywhere at all. Nowadays, when these latter people write books, they usually take up the cause of criminals. A kind of socialist pity is their most appealing disguise. And indeed, the fatalism of the weak-willed becomes astonishingly prettier when it knows how to present itself as “the religion of human suffering.” That is *its* “good taste.”

- ²² Forgive me, as an old philologist who cannot give up the nasty habit of pointing out bad interpretation: but that “lawfulness of nature” you physicists talk about so proudly, as though—exists only thanks to your interpretation and bad “philology.” It is not a fact, not a “text,” but merely a naively humanitarian arrangement and distortion of meaning, with which you amply satisfy the democratic instincts of the modern soul! “Equality before the law everywhere—nature is no different and no better off than we are.” A nice ulterior thought, disguising once again the mob’s hostility to everything privileged and sovereign, as well as a second, subtler atheism. “Neither God nor master”—that is what you want too: and so, “Long live the law of nature!” Isn’t that right? But, as I said, this is interpretation, not text. Someone might come along with the oppo-

site intention and skill in interpretation, who knew how to read, out of the same nature and with the same phenomena in view, precisely the tyrannically ruthless and relentless assertion of claims to power. Such an interpreter would show you so clearly the lack of exceptions and conditions in all “will to power” that almost every word, even the word “tyranny,” would finally seem unusable, or already a weakening and softening metaphor—too human. Yet he might finish by claiming the same thing about this world that you claim: that it has a “necessary” and “calculable” course. But *not* because laws rule in it. Rather, because laws are absolutely *absent*, and every power draws its ultimate consequence at every moment. Suppose this too is only interpretation—and you will be eager enough to object to that effect? Well, so much the better.

- ²³ All psychology so far has remained stuck in moral prejudices and fears. It has not dared to go into the depths. To understand it as a study of forms and a *theory of the development of the will to power*, as I do—no one has even brushed against that in their thoughts. That is, if we are allowed to see in what has been written so far a symptom of what has been kept silent so far. The power of moral prejudices has penetrated deeply into the most spiritual world, the seemingly coldest world and the one most free of assumptions—and naturally it has done damage, held things back, blinded, and distorted. A genuine physio-psychology has to fight unconscious resistance in the researcher’s heart; it has “the heart” against it. Even a theory that “good” and “bad” drives depend on one another distresses and disgusts a still strong and hearty conscience, as a subtler kind of immorality. A theory that all good drives can be derived from bad ones does so even more. But suppose someone goes so far as to take hatred, envy, greed, and the lust to rule as emotions that condition life, as something that must be present in life’s whole economy, fundamentally and essentially. It follows that they must be intensified if life is to be intensified. Someone whose judgment moves in this direction suffers from it as from seasickness. And yet even this hypothesis is far from the most painful and strange one in this enormous, still almost new realm of dangerous knowledge. There really are a hundred good reasons for everyone to stay away from it who—*can*! On the other

hand, once your ship has been driven here—well then! Come on! Now grit your teeth hard! Open your eyes! Keep your hand firm on the wheel! We are sailing straight *past* morality; perhaps we are crushing and grinding up our own remaining morality as we make and dare our voyage there—but what do *we* matter! Never before has a *deeper* world of insight opened up to daring travelers and adventurers. And the psychologist who “makes sacrifices” in this way—it is *not* a sacrifice of the intellect; quite the opposite!—will at least be entitled to demand in return that psychology once again be recognized as the mistress of the sciences. The other sciences exist to serve and prepare for it. For psychology is now once again the path to the fundamental problems.

PART II

The Free Spirit



Second Part:
The Free Spirit.

²⁴ Oh, holy simplicity! What strange simplification and falsification human beings live in! Once we have fitted ourselves with eyes for this marvel, we can never stop marveling! How we have made everything around us bright, free, easy, and simple! How well we have known how to give our senses a free pass for everything on the surface, and our thinking a divine appetite for reckless leaps and false conclusions! From the very beginning, how well we have known how to preserve our ignorance so that we could enjoy a scarcely imaginable freedom, lack of hesitation, carelessness, boldness, cheerfulness in life—enjoy life itself! Only on this now solid, granite foundation of ignorance has science been able to rise so far: the will to know on the foundation of a much more powerful will, the will not to know, to uncertainty, to untruth! Not as its opposite, but as its refinement! Here, as elsewhere, *language* may be unable to overcome its clumsiness and may go on talking about opposites where there are only degrees and many fine gradations. The ingrained hypocrisy of morality, which is now part of our unconquerable “flesh and blood,” may even twist the words in the mouths of us who know. Still, here and there we understand it, and laugh at the

way even the best science is best at trying to keep us in this *simplified*, thoroughly artificial world, invented and falsified to suit us. We laugh at how, unwillingly and willingly, it loves error, because it, a living thing, loves—life!

- 25 After such a cheerful opening, let a serious word not go unheard. It is addressed to the most serious people. Watch out, you philosophers and friends of knowledge, and beware of martyrdom! Of suffering “for truth’s sake”! Even of defending yourselves! It spoils all the innocence and delicate neutrality of your conscience. It makes you stubborn against objections and red rags; it makes you stupid, brutish, and bullheaded when, in your struggle with danger, slander, suspicion, expulsion, and still cruder consequences of hostility, you finally have to play the part of truth’s defenders on earth. As though “truth” were such a harmless, clumsy person that it needed defenders! Especially you, you knights of the most sorrowful figure, you gentlemen who lurk in corners and spin the spirit’s cobwebs! In the end, you know well enough that it must not matter whether *you* in particular are proved right. You also know that no philosopher so far has been proved right, and that there may be more praiseworthy truthfulness in every little question mark you put after your favorite sayings and cherished teachings—and occasionally after yourselves—than in all your solemn gestures and trump cards before accusers and courts! Better to step aside! Escape into hiding! And have your mask and subtlety, so that people mistake you for someone else! Or fear you a little! And don’t forget the garden, the garden with its golden trellises! Keep people around you who are like a garden—or like music over water in the evening, when the day is already turning into memory. Choose *good* solitude, free, playful, light solitude, which also gives you the right to remain good yourselves in some sense! How poisonous, how cunning, how bad every long war makes us when it cannot be fought with open force! How *personal* we become through long fear, through keeping a long watch on enemies, on possible enemies! These outcasts from society, these long-persecuted, viciously hunted people—even the forced recluses, the Spinozas or Giordano Brunos—always end by becoming sophisticated seekers of revenge and poison mixers. They may do it under the most spiritual masquerade, and

perhaps without knowing it themselves. (Just dig up the foundations of Spinoza's ethics and theology sometime!) This is not even to mention the clumsiness of moral outrage, which in a philosopher is the unmistakable sign that his philosophical humor has deserted him. The philosopher's martyrdom, his "self-sacrifice for truth," forces into the open whatever agitator and actor lurked inside him. And if we have watched him so far only with an artist's curiosity, then, with some philosophers, we can certainly understand the dangerous wish to see him degenerate for once as well—degenerate into a "martyr," a ranter on the stage and public platform. But anyone with such a wish must be clear about *what* they will see in any case: only a satyr play, only a farcical after-piece, only continued proof that the long, real tragedy *is over*—assuming that every philosophy was a long tragedy in the making.

- 26 Every exceptional person instinctively seeks his castle and privacy, where he is *released* from the crowd, the many, the great majority, where he can forget "human beings" as the rule to which he is the exception. There is just one exception: when an even stronger instinct drives him straight at this rule, as someone pursuing knowledge in the great and exceptional sense. Anyone who does not sometimes turn all the colors of distress in dealings with people—green and gray with disgust, weariness, sympathy, gloom, loneliness—is certainly not a person of higher taste. But suppose he does not take on all this burden and displeasure willingly, always avoids it, and remains, as I said, quietly and proudly hidden in his castle. Then one thing is certain: he is not made, not destined, for knowledge. If he were, one day he would have to say to himself: "To hell with my good taste! The rule is more interesting than the exception—than me, the exception!" And he would go *down*, and above all, "in." The long, serious study of the *average* person—and for that purpose much disguise, self-overcoming, familiarity, bad company, since all company except that of one's equals is bad company—forms a necessary part of every philosopher's life story. Perhaps it is the most unpleasant, foul-smelling part, the richest in disappointments. But if he is lucky, as befits a favorite child of knowledge, he meets people who actually shorten and ease his task. I mean the so-called cynics: people who simply

acknowledge the animal, the commonness, the “rule” in themselves, and who still have enough intelligence and itch to have to talk about themselves and their kind *in front of witnesses*. Sometimes they even roll around in books as though in their own dung. Cynicism is the only form in which common souls brush against honesty. The higher person must open his ears to every coarser and subtler kind of cynicism, and count himself lucky whenever the shameless clown or scientific satyr speaks up in his presence. There are even cases in which fascination mixes with disgust: when, through a whim of nature, genius is attached to such an indiscreet goat and ape. This was the case with the Abbé Galiani, the deepest, sharpest-sighted, and perhaps also the filthiest person of his century. He was much deeper than Voltaire, and therefore a good deal more silent too. More often, as I suggested, a scientific head is set on an ape’s body, a subtle, exceptional intellect on a common soul. This is not rare, especially among doctors and physiologists of morality. Wherever someone speaks without bitterness, indeed quite innocently, of a human being 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 “poorly” of human beings, but not even *maliciously*, the lover of knowledge should listen closely and diligently. In general, his ears should be wherever people speak without outrage. For the outraged person, anyone who tears and mangles himself with his own teeth—or, as a substitute, the world, or God, or society—may rank higher in moral terms 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 outraged person.

²⁷ It is hard to be understood, especially when you think and live gangasrotogati, surrounded by people who think and live differently: kurmagati, or at best “at the gait of a frog,” mandeikagati. Am I doing everything I can to make myself hard to understand? We should be sincerely grateful even for the goodwill to interpret with a little subtlety. But as for “good friends,” who are always too lazy and think that precisely as friends they have a right to take things easy, we

do well to grant them a space and playground for misunderstanding from the start. That way we still have something to laugh at. Or we can get rid of them altogether, these good friends—and laugh too!

- 28 What is hardest to translate from one language into another is the tempo of its style. This is rooted in the character of the race—or, in physiological terms, in the average tempo of its “metabolism.” Some honestly intended translations are almost falsifications, because they unintentionally make the original more commonplace. This happens simply because its brave, cheerful tempo could not be translated too: the tempo that leaps over and helps us past everything dangerous in things and words. Germans are almost incapable of presto in their language. So, as we may fairly conclude, they are also incapable of many of the most delightful and daring shades of free, free-spirited thought. The comic clown and the satyr are foreign to them in body and conscience, and to the same extent Aristophanes and Petronius are untranslatable for them. Everything ponderous, slow-moving, solemnly clumsy, every long-winded and boring kind of style, has developed among the Germans in overwhelming variety. Forgive me the fact that even Goethe’s prose, with its mixture of stiffness and daintiness, is no exception. It reflects the “good old days” to which it belongs and expresses German taste at a time when there still was a “German taste”: a Rococo taste, in morals and the arts. Lessing is an exception, thanks to his actor’s nature, which understood many things and knew how to handle many things. It was no accident that he translated Bayle, and that he liked taking refuge near Diderot and Voltaire, and even more among the Roman writers of comedy. Lessing loved free-spiritedness, escape from Germany, in tempo too. But how could the German language, even in Lessing’s prose, imitate Machiavelli’s tempo? In his *Prince*, Machiavelli lets us breathe the dry, fine air of Florence, and cannot help presenting the most serious business in an unrestrained, extremely lively rush. Perhaps he has a mischievous artist’s sense of the contrast he dares: long, heavy, hard, dangerous thoughts, and the tempo of a gallop and of the very best, most playful mood. Finally, who could even dare a German translation of Petronius, who, more than any great musician so far, has

been the master of presto in inventions, sudden ideas, and words? After all, what do all the swamps of the sick, bad world—even the “ancient world”—matter, if, like him, you have the feet of a wind, the sweep and breath, the liberating mockery of a wind that makes everything healthy by setting everything *running*! And as for Aristophanes, that transfiguring, complementary spirit for whose sake we *forgive* the whole Greek world for having existed—assuming we have understood to the depths *how much* in it needs forgiveness and transfiguration—I know of nothing that has made me dream more about *Plato’s* hiddenness and Sphinx-like nature than this happily preserved little fact. Under the pillow of his deathbed, people found no “Bible,” nothing Egyptian, Pythagorean, or 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 for very few people. It is a privilege of the strong. Anyone who attempts it, even with the best right to do so, but without *being compelled to*, thereby shows that he is probably not only strong but daring to the point of recklessness. He enters a labyrinth. He multiplies a thousandfold the dangers that life already brings with it. Not the smallest of these is that no one sees with their own eyes how and where he loses his way, becomes isolated, and is torn apart piece by piece by some cave Minotaur of conscience. Suppose such a person is destroyed. It happens so far beyond people’s understanding that they neither feel it nor feel for him. And he can no longer go back! He cannot even go back to human pity!

30 Our highest insights must—and should!—sound like foolishness, and in some circumstances like crimes, when they reach, without permission, the ears of people who are not made and destined for them. The exoteric and esoteric, as philosophers used to distinguish them among Indians as among Greeks, Persians, and Muslims—in short, wherever people believed in an order of rank, *not* in equality and equal rights—are not distinguished so much by the outsider standing outside and seeing, assessing, measuring, and judging from outside rather than inside. The more essential difference is that he sees things from below looking up, while the insider sees them *from above looking down*! There

are heights of the soul from which even tragedy stops having a tragic effect. And if all the world's suffering were gathered into one, who would dare decide whether the sight of it would *necessarily* tempt and compel us to pity, and so 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 lower kind. The common person's virtues might signify vices and weaknesses in a philosopher. It is possible that a person of high nature, if he degenerated and went to ruin, would only then acquire qualities for which people in the lower world he had sunk into would now need to honor him as a saint. There are books whose value for the soul and its health is reversed depending on whether a lower soul, a lower vital force, uses them, or a higher and more powerful one does. In the first case, they are dangerous books that wear the soul down and break it apart; in the other, they are heralds' calls challenging the bravest to show *their* courage. Books for everybody are always foul-smelling books: the smell of little people clings to them. Where the people eat and drink, even where they worship, there is usually a stink. We should not go into churches if we want to breathe *clean* air.

- 31 When we are young, we still honor and despise without that art of fine distinctions that is life's best gain. We must fairly pay a heavy price for having attacked people and things with Yes and No in this way. Everything is arranged so that the worst of all tastes, the taste for the unconditional, is cruelly fooled and abused until a person learns to put some art into his feelings, and prefers even to try the artificial, as true artists of life do. The anger and reverence typical of youth seem unable to rest until they have falsified people and things to suit themselves, so that they can let themselves loose on them. Youth is already, in itself, something that falsifies and deceives. Later, when the young soul, tormented by one disappointment after another, finally turns back on itself with suspicion—still hot and wild, even in its suspicion and guilty conscience—how angry it now becomes with itself! How impatiently it tears itself apart! How it takes revenge for its long self-blinding, as though that blindness had been deliberate! In this transition, we punish ourselves by distrusting our feelings. We tor-

ture our enthusiasm with doubt. We even begin to feel a good conscience as a danger, as though it were self-concealment and a tiring of our more delicate honesty. Above all, we take sides, as a matter of principle, *against* “youth.” Ten years later, we understand that all this too was still—youth!

- ³² For the longest period of human history, what we call prehistoric times, the value or worthlessness of an action was derived from its consequences. The action itself counted as little as its origin. Instead, just as even today in China an honor or disgrace passes backward from a child to its parents, it was the backward-reaching force of success or failure that guided people to think well or poorly of an action. Let us call this the *pre-moral* period of humanity. The command “Know yourself!” was still unknown then. During the last ten thousand years, however, people in some large areas of the earth have gradually come to let the origin of an action, rather than its consequences, decide its value. Taken as a whole, this was a great event, a considerable refinement of vision and standards, the unconscious aftereffect of the rule of aristocratic values and belief in “origin.” It marks a period we may call *moral* in the narrower sense. With it, the first attempt at self-knowledge was made. Origin instead of consequences: what a reversal of perspective! And certainly a reversal achieved only after long struggles and wavering! Of course, this also brought a disastrous new superstition to power, a peculiar narrowness of interpretation. People interpreted the origin of an action in the most definite sense as its origin in an *intention*. They agreed in believing that an action’s value lay in the value of its intention. Intention as the whole origin and previous history of an action: under this prejudice, people have morally praised, blamed, judged, and also philosophized on earth almost down to the most recent times. But shouldn’t we today have reached the point where we need to decide on another reversal and fundamental shift of values, thanks to a further turn toward self-reflection and depth in human beings? Shouldn’t we be standing on the threshold of a period that, in negative terms, could first be called *extramoral*? Today, at least among us immoralists, the suspicion is stirring that the decisive value of an action lies precisely in what is *unintentional* in it. All its intentionality, everything about it that can be seen,

known, or become “conscious,” still belongs to its surface and skin—which, like every skin, reveals something but *conceals* still more. In short, we believe that intention is only a sign and symptom that first needs interpreting, and a sign, moreover, that means too many things and therefore almost nothing by itself. We believe that morality in its earlier sense, morality of intentions, has been a prejudice, a rashness, perhaps something provisional, something on roughly the level of astrology and alchemy, but in any case something that must be overcome. Overcoming morality—in a certain sense even morality’s self-overcoming—may be the name for that long, secret work reserved for today’s most sensitive and honest, and also most malicious, consciences, as living touchstones of the soul.

33 There is no help for it: we must ruthlessly question and bring to trial the feelings of devotion, of self-sacrifice for one’s neighbor, the whole morality of giving oneself away. We must do the same with the aesthetics of “disinterested contemplation,” under which the emasculation of art now seeks, seductively enough, to give itself 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 distrust here, and the question: “Might these not be—*seductions*?” That they *please* the person who has them, the person who enjoys their fruits, and even the mere spectator is not yet an argument *for* them. Rather, it is precisely a call for caution. So let us be cautious!

34 Whatever philosophical standpoint we take today, from every position the *erroneousness* of the world we believe we live in is the most certain and solid thing our eyes can still get hold of. We find reason after reason for this, tempting us to speculate 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 advocate for God—anyone who regards this world, along with space, time, form, and movement, as something *inferred* to be false, would at least have good reason to learn, at last, to distrust all thinking itself. Hasn’t it played the greatest tricks 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 lets them, even today, stand before consciousness and ask it for *honest* answers. For example, whether it is “real,” and why it is actually so determined to keep the external world at arm’s length, and other questions of that sort. Belief in “immediate certainties” is a *moral* naivety that does us philosophers credit. But we are not supposed to be “*merely* moral” people! Apart from morality, that belief is a stupidity that does us little credit! In ordinary social life, ever-ready distrust may count as a sign of “bad character,” and therefore as an unwise thing. But here among ourselves, beyond the ordinary social world and its Yes and No, what should stop us from being unwise and saying: the philosopher, as the creature who has always been fooled best on earth, has now earned a *right* to “bad character”? Today he has a *duty* to distrust, to cast the most malicious sidelong glances from 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 and judge differently about deceiving and being deceived. I have at least a few pokes in the ribs ready for the blind rage with which philosophers resist being deceived. Why *not*? It is nothing more than a moral prejudice that truth is worth more than appearance. It is even the worst-proven assumption in the world. Let us at least admit this much: no life would exist except on the basis of perspectival assessments and appearances. And if, with the virtuous enthusiasm and clumsiness of some philosophers, you wanted to abolish the “apparent world” entirely—well, supposing *you* could, nothing would remain of your “truth” either! Indeed, what forces us to assume any essential opposition between “true” and “false”? Isn’t it enough to assume degrees of appearance, as it were lighter and darker shades and overall tones of appearance—different color values, to use the language of painters? Why couldn’t the world *that concerns us* be a fiction? And if someone asks, “But doesn’t a fiction require an author?” couldn’t we answer bluntly: *Why*? Doesn’t this “require” perhaps belong to the fiction too? Aren’t we finally allowed to be a little ironic about the subject, as well as the predicate and

object? Couldn't the philosopher rise above belief in grammar? All respect to governesses—but isn't it time for philosophy to renounce the governesses' belief?

- 35 Oh, Voltaire! Oh, humanity! Oh, stupidity! "Truth," the *search* for truth, is no simple matter. And if a person goes about it all too humanly—"he seeks the true only to do the good"—I bet he finds nothing!
- 36 Suppose nothing is "given" as real except our world of desires and passions, and we cannot get down or up to any other "reality" than precisely the reality of our drives—for thinking is only a way these drives behave toward one another. Aren't we allowed to try asking whether what is given is *enough* to understand the so-called mechanistic (or "material") world too, in terms of something of the same kind? I do not mean understanding it as a deception, an "appearance," an "idea" in Berkeley's and Schopenhauer's sense. I mean as having the same degree of reality as our emotions themselves: as a more primitive form of the world of emotions, in which everything is still held together in a powerful unity that later branches out and takes shape in the organic process (and, of course, also grows delicate and weakens—). I mean a kind of life of drives in which all the organic functions—self-regulation, assimilation, nourishment, excretion, metabolism—are still bound into one another in a synthesis, as a *preliminary form* of life. In the end, it is not only permissible to make this attempt: conscientious *method* demands it. We must not assume several kinds of causality until the attempt to get by with a single kind has been pushed to its furthest limit—to the point of absurdity, if I may say so. That is a morality of method we cannot evade today. It follows "from its definition," as a mathematician would say. The question, in the end, is whether we really recognize the will as something that *acts*, whether we believe in the causality of the will. If we do—and at bottom our belief in *it* is precisely our belief in causality itself—then we *must* try setting up the causality of the will as, hypothetically, the only causality. "Will" can naturally act only on "will," not on "substances"—not on "nerves," for example. In short, we must dare the hypothesis that wherever "effects" are recognized, will acts on will, and that every mechanical event, insofar

as a force is active in it, is precisely will-force, an effect of will. Finally, suppose we succeeded in explaining our whole life of drives as the development and branching 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 reproduction and nourishment—it is one problem. Then we would have earned the right to define *all* active force unambiguously as: *will to power*. The world seen from inside, the world defined and described according to its “intelligible character”—it would be “will to power” and nothing else.

- 37 “What? Doesn’t that mean, in popular terms: God has been refuted, but the devil has not—?” On the contrary! On the contrary, my friends! And, for the devil’s sake, who forces you to speak in popular terms!
- 38 Think how things ended up, even in the full light of modern times, with the French Revolution: that horrifying and, judged close up, unnecessary farce. From a distance, noble and enthusiastic spectators all over Europe read their own indignations and enthusiasms into it for so long and so passionately *until the text disappeared beneath the interpretation*. In the same way, a noble posterity might once again misunderstand the whole past, and perhaps only then make the sight of it bearable. Or rather: hasn’t this happened already? Weren’t we ourselves that “noble posterity”? And isn’t it over precisely now, insofar as we understand this?
- 39 No one will easily take a teaching to be true merely because it makes people happy or virtuous. Perhaps we should except those charming “idealists” who gush over the good, the true, and the beautiful, and let every kind of colorful, clumsy, good-natured wishfulness swim about together in their pond. Happiness and virtue are not arguments. But people—even thoughtful minds—like to forget that making people unhappy and evil are no more counterarguments. Something could be true even if it were harmful and dangerous to the highest degree. Indeed, it could be part of the basic nature of existence that full knowledge of it would destroy us. In that case, the strength of a spirit would be

measured by how much “truth” it could just barely endure—or, more plainly, by the degree to which it *needed* truth diluted, veiled, sweetened, dulled, falsified. But there can be no doubt that evil and unhappy people are better placed to discover certain *parts* of the truth, and have a greater chance of succeeding. Not to mention evil people who are happy—a species the moralists keep silent about. Perhaps hardness and cunning provide better conditions for the growth of a strong, independent spirit and philosopher than that gentle, subtle, yielding good nature and art of taking things lightly that people value, and rightly value, in a scholar. This assumes what must come first: that we do not narrow the concept “philosopher” to the philosopher who writes books—or even puts *his* philosophy into books! Stendhal contributes one last feature to the portrait of the free-spirited philosopher. For the sake of German taste, I must underline it—because it goes *against* German taste. “To be a good philosopher,” says this last great psychologist, “one must be dry, clear, without illusions. A banker who has made a fortune has part of the character needed to make discoveries in philosophy—that is, to see clearly into what is.”

- ⁴⁰ Everything deep loves a mask. The very deepest things even hate images and likenesses. Might the *opposite* be the only proper disguise for a god’s shame to walk around in? A questionable question: it would be strange if some mystic had not already dared something like it in his own mind. Some events are so delicate that we do well to bury them under something crude and make them unrecognizable. After certain acts of love and extravagant generosity, nothing is wiser than to take a stick and beat the eyewitness soundly, thereby clouding his memory. Some people know how to cloud and mistreat their own memory, to take revenge at least on this one confidant. Shame is inventive. It is not the worst things that we are most ashamed of. There is more than malice behind a mask—there is so much goodness in cunning. I could imagine someone with something precious and vulnerable to hide rolling through life coarse and round like an old green wine barrel with heavy hoops. The delicacy of his shame wants it that way. A person whose shame has depth also encounters his destinies and delicate decisions on paths that few ever reach, and whose exis-

tence his nearest and most trusted people must not know about. His danger to life is hidden from their eyes, and so is the security of life he has won back. Such a hidden person instinctively uses speech to be silent and to conceal, and has endless ways to avoid communicating. He *wants* and encourages a mask of himself to wander in his place through his friends' hearts and minds. And if he does not want it, one day his eyes will open to the fact that a mask of him is there anyway—and that this is good. Every deep spirit needs a mask. More than that: a mask keeps growing around every deep spirit, thanks to the constantly false—that is, *shallow*—interpretation of every word, every step, every sign of life he gives.

⁴¹ We must give ourselves tests to show that we are destined for independence and command, and do so at the right time. We must not avoid our tests, even though they may be the most dangerous game we can play, and are ultimately tests performed with only ourselves as witnesses and before no other judge. Do not stay attached to a person, even the best-loved: every person is a prison, and also a corner. Do not stay attached to a fatherland, even the one that suffers most and most needs help. It is already less difficult to free your heart from a victorious fatherland. Do not stay attached to pity, even for higher people whose rare torment and helplessness chance has let us glimpse. Do not stay attached to a science, even if it tempts you with the most precious discoveries, seemingly saved up *just* for us. Do not stay attached to your own detachment, to that voluptuous distance and foreignness of the bird that keeps fleeing higher so it can see more and more beneath it—the danger of the flier. Do not stay attached to our own virtues and, as a whole, become the victim of some single feature in us, our “hospitality,” for example. This is the danger of dangers for souls of high nature and abundant wealth, who deal with themselves wastefully, almost indifferently, and push the virtue of generosity to the point of vice. We must know how to *preserve ourselves*: the strongest test of independence.

⁴² A new kind of philosopher is coming. I dare to christen them with a name that is not without danger. As I guess at them, as they let themselves be guessed at—for part of their nature is to *want* to remain a riddle in some respect—these

philosophers of the future might have a right, perhaps also a wrong, to be called *experimenters and tempters*. In the end, this name itself is only an experiment and, if you like, a temptation.

43 Are these coming philosophers new friends of “truth”? Quite probably, since all philosophers so far have loved their truths. But they will certainly not be dogmatists. It must go against their pride, and against their taste too, for their truth to be a truth for everyone as well. That has been the secret wish and hidden meaning of all dogmatic efforts so far. “My judgment is *my* judgment: another person does not readily have a right to it too,” such a philosopher of the future may say. We must get rid of the bad taste of wanting to agree with many people. “Good” is no longer good when the neighbor takes the word into his mouth. And how could there even be a “common good”? The term contradicts itself: what can be common always has little value. In the end, things must stand as they stand and have always stood: great things remain for the great, abysses for the deep, tenderness and shudders for the sensitive, and, altogether and in short, everything rare for the rare.

44 After all this, do I still need to say expressly that these philosophers of the future will also be free, *very* free spirits? They certainly will not be merely free spirits, but something more, higher, greater, and fundamentally different, something that does not want to be mistaken for or confused with something else. But in saying this, I feel an *obligation* almost as much to them as to ourselves, who are their heralds and forerunners—we free spirits! It is to blow away from all of us an old, stupid prejudice and misunderstanding that has shrouded the concept “free spirit” in fog for far too long. In every country of Europe, and likewise in America, something now misuses 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, where those *new* philosophers now coming are concerned, these spirits must be all the more like shut windows and bolted doors. In short and bluntly, these falsely named “free spirits” belong among the *levelers*, as eloquent, pen-busy slaves of democratic taste and its “modern ideas.” They are all people without solitude, without a solitude of

their own, clumsy, decent fellows whose courage and respectable conduct we should not deny. But they are simply unfree and laughably superficial, above all in their basic inclination to see the forms of the old society as more or less the cause of *all* human misery and failure. In doing so, they happily stand truth on its head! What they would like to pursue with all their strength is the herd's universal green-pasture happiness, with security, lack of danger, comfort, and an easier life for everyone. The two songs and teachings they sing most tirelessly are "equality of rights" and "sympathy for everything that suffers." They regard suffering itself as something that must be *abolished*. We who think the other way around have opened an eye and a conscience to the question of where and how the plant "human being" has so far grown upward most vigorously. We think that this has always happened under the opposite conditions. First the danger of its situation had to grow to monstrous proportions; its power to invent and disguise—its "spirit"—had to develop subtlety and daring under long pressure and compulsion; its will to life had to be intensified into an unconditional will to power. We think that hardness, violence, slavery, danger in the streets and in the heart, concealment, Stoicism, the art of temptation, and devilry of every kind—that everything evil, terrible, tyrannical, predatory, and snakelike in human beings—serves to raise the species "human being" just as well as its opposite does. We do not even say enough when we say only that. In any case, in what we say and keep silent about here, we stand at the *other* end from all modern ideology and herd wishes—perhaps as their antipodes? Is it any wonder that we "free spirits" are not exactly the most communicative spirits? That we do not want to reveal 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 being confused with others: we *are* something different from "libres-penseurs," "liberi pensatori," "freethinkers," and whatever else these decent advocates of "modern ideas" like to call themselves. At home in many countries of the spirit, or at least guests there; escaping again and again from the dull, pleasant corners into which prior loves and hates, youth, ancestry, chance encounters with people and books, or even the weariness of travel seemed to banish us; full of malice

toward the lures of dependence hidden in honors, or money, or offices, or the excitements of the senses; grateful even for distress and illnesses with their changing course, because they always freed us from some rule and its “prejudice”; grateful to 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 things; ready for every craft that demands sharp thinking and sharp senses, ready for every risk thanks to a surplus of “free will”; with front-souls and back-souls whose ultimate intentions no one easily sees, with foregrounds and backgrounds that no foot could walk to the end of; hidden under cloaks of light, conquerors although we look like heirs and spendthrifts; organizers and collectors from morning to evening, misers with our wealth and our stuffed drawers, economical in learning and forgetting, inventive in schemes, sometimes proud of tables of categories, sometimes pedants, sometimes night owls of work even in broad daylight; yes, when necessary, even scarecrows—and today it is necessary, insofar as we are the born, sworn, jealous friends of *solitude*, of our own deepest, most midnight, most midday solitude: this is the kind of people we are, we free spirits! And perhaps *you* too are something of this kind, you who are coming? You *new* philosophers?

PART III

The Religious Nature



Third Main Part:

The Religious Nature.

- 45 The human soul and its limits; the full range of human inner experience reached so far; the heights, depths, and distances of these experiences; the soul's entire history *so far* and its still undrained possibilities: this is the hunting ground marked out for a born psychologist and lover of the "great hunt." But how often he must tell himself in despair: "One person! Oh, only one person! And this huge forest, this primeval forest!" So he wishes for a few hundred hunting assistants and fine, scholarly tracking dogs. He could send them into the history of the human soul to round up *his* game there. In vain: again and again he learns thoroughly and bitterly how hard it is to find helpers and dogs for precisely the things that excite his curiosity. The trouble with sending scholars into new and dangerous hunting grounds, where courage, good judgment, and sensitivity of every kind are needed, is that they become useless just where the "*great hunt*," and also the great danger, begin. That is just where they lose their tracking eye and nose. To guess and establish, for example, the history that the problem of *knowledge and conscience* has had in the souls of religious people, someone might have to be as deep, as wounded, as immense as Pascal's intellectual conscience was. And even then he would need that wide sky of bright, malicious intelligence, able to look down from above on this swarm of

dangerous and painful experiences, arrange them, and force them into formulas.—But who would do me this service! And who would have time to wait for such servants! They clearly grow too rarely; at every period they are so unlikely! In the end you have to do everything *yourself* to know a few things yourself: that means you have *a great deal* to do!—But curiosity of my kind remains the most pleasant of all vices—forgive me! I meant to say: the love of truth has its reward in heaven, and on earth already.—

- 46 The faith that early Christianity demanded, and often achieved, arose in a skeptical world of southern free spirits. This world had centuries of conflict between philosophical schools behind it and within it, along with the training in tolerance given by the Roman Empire. This faith is *not* the loyal, gruff faith of subjects with which a Luther or a Cromwell, or some other northern barbarian of the spirit, clung to his God and Christianity. It is much closer to Pascal's faith. That faith looks horribly like a prolonged suicide of reason—a tough, long-lived, wormlike reason that cannot be killed all at once with a single blow. From the beginning, Christian faith is sacrifice: the sacrifice of all freedom, all pride, all the mind's confidence in itself. At the same time it is enslavement, self-mockery, self-mutilation. There is cruelty and a Phoenician kind of religion in this faith imposed on a tender, complex, much-pampered conscience. It presupposes that the mind's submission *hurts* beyond description, that such a mind's entire past and habits resist the supreme absurdity confronting it as "faith." Modern people, dulled to all Christian terminology, no longer feel the ultimate horror that an ancient taste found in the paradoxical formula "God on the cross." Never before, anywhere, had there been an equally daring reversal, anything as terrible, as questioning and questionable, as this formula. It promised a revaluation of all ancient values.—It is the East, the *deep* East, the eastern slave, that took revenge this way on Rome and its noble, casual tolerance, on Roman "catholicity" in matters of belief. And it was never faith, but freedom from faith, that half-Stoic, smiling unconcern about the seriousness of faith, that made slaves rebel against their masters. "Enlightenment" stirs rebellion: the slave wants something unconditional. He understands only tyranny,

even in morality. He loves as he hates, without shades of difference, to the depths, to the point of pain, to the point of sickness. His great, *hidden* suffering rebels against the noble taste that seems to *deny* suffering. Skepticism about suffering, basically just a posture of aristocratic morality, also played no small part in the rise of the last great slave revolt, which began with the French Revolution.

⁴⁷ Wherever religious neurosis has appeared on earth so far, we find it linked with three dangerous rules for living: solitude, fasting, and sexual abstinence. Yet we cannot decide for sure which is cause and which effect, or *whether* there is any relation of cause and effect at all. This last doubt is justified because one of its most regular symptoms, among both wild and tame peoples, is also the most sudden and excessive lust. Then, just as suddenly, this turns into spasms of repentance and denial of the world and the will. Could both perhaps be interpreted as disguised epilepsy? But nowhere should we be more willing to give up interpretations. No other type has attracted such a mass of nonsense and superstition. None seems to have interested people, even philosophers, more. It is time to cool down a little on this very subject, to learn caution—or better still, to look away, *to walk away*.—Even behind the latest philosophy, Schopenhauer's, stands this terrifying question mark of religious crisis and awakening, almost as the problem itself. How is denial of the will *possible*? How is the saint possible? This really seems to have been the question at which Schopenhauer became a philosopher and made his start. And so it was a genuinely Schopenhauerian consequence that his most convinced follower (perhaps also his last, as far as Germany is concerned), Richard Wagner, brought his own life's work to its end at this very point. Finally he put that terrible and eternal type on the stage as Kundry, a type drawn from life, in flesh and blood. At the same time, psychiatrists in almost every European country had an opportunity to study it close up, wherever religious neurosis—or, as I call it, "the religious nature"—made its latest epidemic outbreak and public appearance as the "Salvation Army." But if we ask what exactly in the whole phenomenon of the saint has been so irresistibly interesting to people of every kind and age, includ-

ing philosophers, the answer is undoubtedly the appearance of a miracle that clings to him. *Opposites follow one another* immediately: states of the soul valued as moral opposites. People believed they could grasp it with their hands here: a “bad person” suddenly became a “saint,” a good person. Earlier psychology suffered shipwreck at this point. Wasn’t that mainly because it had put itself under morality’s rule, because it *believed* in the oppositions between moral values themselves, and saw, read, and *interpreted* these oppositions into the text *and* the facts?—What? The “miracle” only a mistake in interpretation? A lack of skill in reading texts?—

- 48 Catholicism seems to belong much more deeply to the Latin peoples than Christianity as a whole belongs to us northerners. Consequently, unbelief in Catholic countries means something quite different from unbelief in Protestant ones. It means a kind of rebellion against the spirit of the race, whereas among us it is more a return to the race’s spirit (or lack of spirit). We northerners undoubtedly descend from barbarian races, including in our aptitude for religion: we have *little* talent for it. We can except the Celts, who for that reason also provided the best soil in the north for receiving the Christian infection. In France the Christian ideal came into flower as fully as the pale northern sun allowed. How strangely devout even these latest French skeptics still seem to our taste, insofar as they have some Celtic blood in their ancestry! How Catholic, how un-German Auguste Comte’s sociology smells to us, with its Roman logic of the instincts! How Jesuitical that charming, clever guide to Port-Royal, Sainte-Beuve, despite all his hostility to Jesuits! And Ernest Renan above all: how inaccessible the language of such a Renan sounds to us northerners! In him, at every moment, some tiny religious tension throws his soul off balance, a soul that is sensually indulgent in a subtler sense and likes to settle into comfort. Just repeat these beautiful sentences after him—and what malice and high spirits immediately stir in reply within our probably less beautiful and harder soul, our more German soul!—“Let us therefore say boldly that religion is a product of the normal human being; that a person is most in the truth when most religious and most certain of an infinite destiny... It is when he is

good that he wants virtue to correspond to an eternal order; it is when he looks at things without self-interest that he finds death revolting and absurd. How can we not suppose that it is at these moments that a person sees best?..." These sentences are so *completely opposite* to my ears and habits that, when I found them, my first burst of anger wrote beside them: "Religious foolishness at its finest!"—until my final burst of anger actually grew fond of them, these sentences with their truth turned upside down! It is so pleasant, so distinguishing, to have your own exact opposites!

- 49 What amazes us in the ancient Greeks' religious feeling is the unrestrained wealth of gratitude it pours out. The kind of person who faces nature and life *this way* is very noble! Later, when the rabble gains the upper hand in Greece, *fear* also overgrows religion. And Christianity was preparing its arrival.—
- 50 Passion for God: there are rustic, trusting, intrusive forms of it, like Luther's. All Protestantism lacks southern delicacy. It can contain an eastern ecstasy, like that of a slave who has been pardoned or promoted without deserving it. Augustine is an example: he lacks all nobility of gesture and desire in an offensive way. It can contain a womanly tenderness and longing that pushes, shyly and ignorantly, toward a mystical and physical union, as in Madame de Guyon. Oddly enough, in many cases it seems to disguise a girl's or a boy's puberty. Here and there it is even an old maid's hysteria, and also her last ambition. The Church has canonized a woman in such a case more than once.
- 51 Until now, the most powerful people have always bowed in reverence before the saint, seeing him as the riddle of self-conquest and deliberate, ultimate deprivation. Why did they bow? They sensed in him—as if behind the question mark of his frail and pitiful appearance—the superior force that wanted to test itself in such conquest. They sensed the strength of will in which they recognized and knew how to honor their own strength and pleasure in ruling. In honoring the saint they honored something in themselves. Besides, the sight of the saint made them suspicious. Such a monstrous amount of denial, of opposition to nature, cannot have been desired for nothing, they said and asked

themselves. Perhaps there is a reason for it, some enormous danger about which the ascetic, thanks to his secret counselors and visitors, might know more? In short, the powerful people of the world learned a new fear in his presence. They sensed a new power, a strange enemy not yet conquered. It was the “will to power” that forced 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 on so grand a scale that Greek and Indian writing have nothing to set beside them. We stand in terror and reverence before these immense remains of what humanity once was. And we have sad thoughts about ancient Asia and its little projecting peninsula, Europe, which insists on representing “human progress” compared with Asia. Admittedly, someone who is only a thin, tame domestic animal himself and knows only a domestic animal’s needs—like our educated people today, including the Christians of “educated” Christianity—has no reason to feel wonder among those ruins, much less grief. A taste for the Old Testament is a touchstone for “great” and “small.” Perhaps he will still find the New Testament, the book of grace, more to his liking. It has plenty of that proper smell of tender, dull praying brothers and little souls. To have glued this New Testament, a kind of rococo taste in every respect, together with the Old Testament as a single book, the “Bible,” “the book itself”: that may be the greatest act of recklessness and “sin against the spirit” on literary Europe’s conscience.

53 Why atheism today?—“The father” in God has been thoroughly disproved; so have “the judge” and “the rewarder.” Likewise 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 incapable of communicating clearly: is he confused?—These are the causes of European theism’s decline that I have discovered by questioning and listening in many different conversations. It seems to me that the religious instinct is indeed growing powerfully—but deeply distrusts and rejects precisely the satisfaction offered by theism.

54 What, at bottom, is all modern philosophy doing? Since Descartes—and more in defiance of him than by following his lead—all philosophers have been trying to kill off the old concept of the soul, under the appearance of criticizing the concepts of subject and predicate. That means trying to kill off the basic assumption of Christian teaching. Modern philosophy, as skepticism about knowledge, is secretly or openly *anti-Christian*, although—to put it for more sensitive ears—by no means anti-religious. In the past, people believed in “the soul” as they believed in grammar and the grammatical subject. They said that “I” is the condition, “think” is the predicate and depends on it: thinking is an activity for which a subject *must* be supposed as the cause. Then people tried, with admirable persistence and cunning, to see whether they could escape this net—whether the reverse might be true: “think” the condition, “I” dependent on it; “I,” then, only a synthesis *made* by thinking itself. What *Kant* really wanted to prove was that, starting from the subject, neither the subject nor the object could be proved. The possibility that the subject, and thus “the soul,” has *only an apparent existence* may not always have been foreign to him. This thought has already appeared once on earth, with immense power, as Vedanta philosophy.

55 There is a great ladder of religious cruelty, with many rungs, but three are the most important. Once people sacrificed human beings to their god, perhaps the very people they loved best. This includes the sacrifices of firstborn children in all prehistoric religions, and also the emperor Tiberius’s sacrifice in the grotto of Mithras on the island of Capri, that most horrifying of all Roman anachronisms. Then, in humanity’s moral age, people sacrificed to their god their strongest instincts, their “nature.” *This* festive joy shines in the cruel eye of the ascetic, the inspired enemy of nature. Finally, what was left to sacrifice? Didn’t people eventually have to sacrifice everything comforting, holy, healing; all hope; all faith in hidden harmony, in future happiness and justice? Didn’t they have to sacrifice God himself, and, out of cruelty toward themselves, worship

stone, stupidity, gravity, fate, nothingness? To sacrifice God for nothingness—this paradoxical mystery of the final cruelty was kept for the generation now coming up. All of us already know something about it.—

56 Suppose someone, like me, has long worked with some mysterious longing to think pessimism through to its depths. He has tried to free it from the half-Christian, half-German narrowness and simplicity in which it last appeared to this century, in the form of Schopenhauer's philosophy. Suppose he has really looked, with an Asian and more-than-Asian eye, into and down into the most world-denying of all possible ways of thinking—beyond good and evil, no longer, like Buddha and Schopenhauer, under morality's spell and delusion. In doing so, without really intending it, he may have opened his eyes to the opposite ideal: the ideal of the most exuberant, alive, and world-affirming person. This person has not merely learned to accept and put up with what was and is. He wants it back, *just as it was and is*, for all eternity. Insatiably he calls "From the beginning!" not only to himself but to the whole play and performance. And not only to a performance, but fundamentally to the one who needs this very performance—and makes it necessary: because he keeps needing himself—and making himself necessary——What? And wouldn't this be—a vicious-circle God?

57 As the power of a person's mental 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 sharpness and depth has been only an occasion for practice, something to play with, something for children and childish minds. Perhaps one day 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 grief seem to an old man. And perhaps then the "old human being" will need another toy and another grief—still child enough, an eternal child!

58 Has anyone properly noticed how much a truly religious life requires outward idleness or half-idleness? This applies both to its favorite microscopic work of self-examination and to that tender calm called “prayer,” a constant readiness for the “coming of God.” I mean idleness with a good conscience, inherited from ancient times and in the blood, not entirely unfamiliar with the aristocratic feeling that work *dishonors*—that it makes soul and body common. And consequently, isn’t modern industriousness, noisy, eager to squeeze value from every moment, proud of itself, stupidly proud, what trains and prepares people for “unbelief” more than anything else? Among those now living apart from religion in Germany, for example, I find people of many kinds and origins of “freethinking.” Above all, however, I find a majority whose religious instincts have been dissolved by industriousness, generation after generation. They no longer even know what religions are useful for. They merely register their existence in the world with a kind of dull amazement. These good people already feel fully occupied, whether by their business or their pleasures, not to mention the “fatherland,” the newspapers, and “family duties.” They seem to have no time left for religion, especially since they cannot tell whether it is a new business or a new pleasure. For surely, they tell themselves, nobody goes to church just to spoil a good mood. They are not enemies of religious customs. If participation is required in certain cases, by the state for example, they do what is required, as people do so many things: with patient, modest seriousness and without much curiosity or discomfort. They simply live too far apart and outside to find even a personal decision for or against such things necessary. Today this indifferent group includes most middle-class German Protestants, especially in the busy great centers of trade and transportation. It also includes most hardworking scholars and everyone attached to the universities—except the theologians, whose existence and very possibility there give psychologists ever more and subtler riddles to solve. Devout people, or even merely churchgoing people, rarely imagine *how much* goodwill—one might say willful choice—is now needed for a German scholar to take the problem of religion seriously. His whole trade, and, as I said, the craftsmanlike industriousness to which his modern conscience commits him, incline him toward a superior, almost kindly

cheerfulness about religion. Sometimes this mixes with a slight contempt for the “uncleanliness” of mind he assumes wherever someone still professes allegiance to the Church. Only with the help of history—*not* from personal experience—does the scholar manage to reach a reverent seriousness and a certain shy consideration toward religions. But even if he has raised his feelings to gratitude toward them, he has personally come not one step closer to what still exists as church or devotion; perhaps the reverse. The practical indifference toward religious matters into which he was born and educated usually becomes refined into a caution and cleanliness that avoid contact with religious people and things. It may be precisely the depth of his tolerance and humanity that tells him to avoid the delicate difficulty that toleration itself brings.—Every age has its own divine kind of naivety, whose invention other ages may envy. And how much naivety, venerable, childlike, boundlessly clumsy naivety, lies in the scholar’s belief in his own superiority, in his tolerance’s good conscience! How much lies in the unsuspecting, simple certainty with which his instinct treats the religious person as an inferior, lower type that he himself has grown beyond, away from, and *above*—he, the little conceited dwarf and man of the rabble, the diligent, nimble worker with head and hands in “ideas,” in “modern ideas”!

- 59 Someone who has looked deeply into the world can probably guess the wisdom in people’s superficiality. Their instinct for preservation teaches them to be fleeting, light, and false. Here and there, among philosophers as among artists, we find a passionate and exaggerated worship of “pure forms.” Let no one doubt that someone who *needs* this cult of the surface once reached *beneath* it with disastrous results. Perhaps even among these burned children, the born artists who can enjoy life only by intending to *falsify* its image—as if taking a drawn-out revenge on life—there is an order of rank. We could measure how thoroughly life has spoiled their taste for it by how far they want its image falsified, thinned out, moved to another world, made divine. We could count religious people among the artists, as their *highest* rank. It is the deep, suspicious fear of an incurable pessimism that forces entire millennia to sink their teeth into a religious interpretation of existence. It is the fear of an instinct that

senses we might get hold of the truth *too soon*, before humanity has become strong enough, hard enough, enough of an artist... Seen this way, devotion, “life in God,” would appear as the subtlest and final offspring of *fear* of truth: an artist’s worship and intoxication before the most consistent of all falsifications; the will to reverse truth, to embrace untruth at any price. Perhaps until now there has been no stronger means of making human beings themselves beautiful than devotion. Through it, a person can become so much art, surface, play of colors, goodness, that looking at him no longer hurts.—

⁶⁰ To love human beings *for God’s sake*—that has so far been the noblest and most remote feeling reached among human beings. Love of humanity without some sanctifying purpose behind it is just one *more* stupidity and animal impulse. The inclination toward this human love must first receive its measure, its delicacy, its grain of salt and speck of ambergris from a higher inclination. Whoever first felt and “experienced” this, however much his tongue may have stumbled when it tried to express such a delicate thing, let him remain holy and worthy of our reverence for all time, as the person who has flown highest so far and lost his way most beautifully!

⁶¹ The philosopher as *we* free spirits understand him is the person with the widest responsibility, whose conscience takes responsibility for humanity’s entire development. This philosopher will use religions for his work of breeding and education, just as he will use the political and economic conditions of his time. The selecting, breeding influence that can be exerted through religions—that is, always a destructive influence as well as a creative and shaping one—is varied and different according to the kind of people placed under their spell and protection. For the strong and independent, those prepared and destined to command, in whom the reason and skill of a ruling race take bodily form, religion is one more means of overcoming resistance and being able to rule. It is a bond tying rulers and subjects together. It exposes and surrenders the subjects’ consciences to the rulers—their hidden, innermost selves, which would like to escape obedience. And if some individuals of such noble origin, through high intellectual development, incline toward a more withdrawn and thoughtful

life, reserving for themselves only the most refined kind of rule over selected disciples or brothers of an order, religion itself can be used to gain peace from the noise and effort of *coarser* government and keep clear of the *inevitable* dirt of all political activity. The Brahmins, for example, understood this. Through a religious organization they gave themselves the power to appoint the people's kings, while keeping and feeling themselves apart and outside, as people with higher tasks, above those of kings. Meanwhile, religion also gives some of the ruled instruction and opportunity to prepare themselves for eventually ruling and commanding. These are the slowly rising classes and social ranks in which, through fortunate marriage customs, the strength and pleasure of the will, the will to self-control, constantly increase. Religion offers them plenty of prompts and temptations to take the paths toward higher intellectual life, to test the feelings of great self-overcoming, silence, and solitude. Asceticism and Puritanism are almost indispensable tools of education and ennoblement when a race wants to master its origins among the rabble and work its way up toward eventual rule. Finally, to ordinary people, the great majority, who exist to serve and be generally useful and *may* exist only to that extent, religion gives an invaluable contentment with their situation and kind. It gives them many kinds of peace of heart, ennobles obedience, adds happiness and suffering shared with people like themselves, and supplies something that transfigures and beautifies, something that justifies their whole everyday life, all its lowliness, all the half-animal poverty of their souls. Religion and life's religious significance spread sunshine over these constantly troubled people and make even their own appearance bearable to them. Religion works as an Epicurean philosophy usually works on sufferers of a higher rank: refreshing, refining, *making use of* suffering, as it were, and finally even sanctifying and justifying it. Perhaps nothing in Christianity and Buddhism deserves so much respect as their skill in teaching even the lowest to place themselves, through devotion, in a higher apparent order of things. This lets them maintain their contentment with the real order in which their lives are hard enough—and that very hardness is necessary!

⁶² Finally, though, we must also put the bad side of such religions on the balance sheet and bring their sinister danger to light. The price is always high and terrible when religions rule independently and *with sovereign power, rather than as* tools of breeding and education in the philosopher's hands; when they themselves want to be final ends, not means among other means. Among human beings, as among every other animal species, there is a surplus of failures, sick people, degenerating people, frail people, people who must suffer. Successful cases are always the exception among humans too—and a rare exception, considering that the human being is the *animal whose nature has not yet been fixed*. But worse still: the higher the type of humanity that a person represents, the less likely he is to *turn out well*. Chance, the law of meaninglessness in humanity's overall economy, shows itself most frighteningly in its destructive effect on higher people, whose conditions of life are subtle, complex, and hard to calculate. How, then, do the two greatest religions just mentioned deal with this *surplus* of failed cases? They try to preserve and hold in life whatever can possibly be held. Indeed, as religions *for sufferers*, they take their side as a matter of principle. They agree with all those who suffer from life as from a disease. They would like to make every other feeling about life count as wrong and become impossible. However highly we may value this protective, preserving care, insofar as it applies and has applied, among all the others, to the highest type of person, so far almost always also the one who suffers most, the overall reckoning remains: religions until now, the *sovereign* religions, are among the main causes that have kept the type "human" at a lower level. They preserved too much of *what ought to perish*. We owe them things beyond price. And who is rich enough in gratitude not to become poor before everything that Christianity's "spiritual people," for example, have done for Europe! And yet, when they gave comfort to sufferers, courage to the oppressed and despairing, a staff and support to the dependent, and lured the inwardly shattered and those who had turned savage away from society into monasteries and prisons for the soul, what else did they have to do? How could they work with a good conscience, as a matter of principle, to preserve everything sick and suffering—that is, in actual fact, to *worsen the European race*? Turn all value judgments *upside down*

—*that* is what they had to do! And break the strong, sicken the great hopes, cast suspicion on happiness in beauty, bend everything self-governing, manly, conquering, hungry for rule—all the instincts belonging to the highest and most successful type of “human”—into uncertainty, torment of conscience, self-destruction. Indeed, they had to turn all love of earthly things and of rule over the earth into hatred of the earth and earthly things. The Church made *this* its task, and had to make it its task, until finally, in its valuation, “turning away from the world,” “turning away from the senses,” and “higher human being” melted into a single feeling. Suppose we could survey the strangely painful comedy of European Christianity, as crude as it is subtle, with the mocking, uninvolved eye of an Epicurean god. I believe we would never stop wondering and laughing. Doesn’t it look as though one will has ruled Europe for eighteen centuries: to turn humanity into a *sublime deformity*? But suppose someone approached this almost arbitrary degeneration and stunting of humanity represented by the Christian European—Pascal, for example—with the opposite needs, no longer an Epicurean but holding some divine hammer. Wouldn’t he have to cry out in anger, pity, and horror: “Oh, you bunglers, you conceited, pitying bunglers, what have you done! Was this work for your hands! How you have hacked up and ruined my finest stone! What gave *you* the right!”—What I meant to say is this: Christianity has so far been the most disastrous kind of self-exaltation. People not high and hard enough to be allowed to shape *humanity* as artists; people not strong and farsighted enough to *let* the foreground law of failure and destruction by the thousand run its course, with sublime self-restraint; people not noble enough to see the abysmally different order of rank and gulf of rank between one person and another—*such* people, with their “equal before God,” have so far ruled over Europe’s fate. Finally they have bred a diminished, almost ridiculous kind, a herd animal, something well-meaning, sickly, and mediocre: the European of today...

PART IV

Maxims and Interludes



Fourth Main Part:
Maxims and Interludes.

- ⁶³ Someone who is a teacher through and through takes everything seriously only in relation to his students—even himself.
- ⁶⁴ “Knowledge for its own sake”—this is the last trap morality sets. It gets you completely entangled in morality once again.
- ⁶⁵ Knowledge would have little attraction if there were not so much shame to overcome on the way to it.
- ^{65a} We are most dishonest toward our God: he is not *allowed* to sin!
- ⁶⁶ The inclination to belittle yourself, to let yourself be robbed, lied to, and exploited, could be the shame of a god among human beings.
- ⁶⁷ Loving one person is barbaric: it is practiced at everyone else’s expense. The same goes for loving God.
- ⁶⁸ “I did that,” says my memory. “I cannot have done that,” says my pride, and remains unyielding. Finally—memory gives in.
- ⁶⁹ You have observed life poorly if you have not also seen the hand that kills—in a gentle way.

- 70 If you have character, you also have your typical experience, which keeps coming back.
- 71 The wise person as astronomer.—As long as you still feel the stars as something “above you,” you still lack the eye of someone who knows.
- 72 It is not the strength but the lasting power of high feelings that makes high human beings.
- 73 Someone who reaches his ideal goes beyond it in that very act.
- 73a Many a peacock hides his tail from everyone’s eyes—and calls it his pride.
- 74 A person with genius is unbearable unless he also has at least two other things: gratitude and cleanliness.
- 75 The degree and kind of a person’s sexuality reach right up to the highest peak of his mind.
- 76 In peaceful circumstances the warlike person attacks himself.
- 77 With our principles we want to tyrannize over our habits, or justify, honor, insult, or hide them. Two people with the same principles probably still want fundamentally different things from them.
- 78 Someone who despises himself still respects himself as the one doing the despising.
- 79 A soul that knows it is loved but does not love reveals its sediment: what is at the bottom rises to the top.
- 80 Something that becomes clear stops being our concern.—What did that god mean when he advised: “Know yourself”? Perhaps he meant: “Stop being your own concern! Become objective!”—And Socrates?—And the “scientific person”?—
- 81 It is terrible to die of thirst at sea. Must you salt your truth so heavily that it no longer even—quenches thirst?

- ⁸² “Pity for everyone”—that would be harshness and tyranny toward *you*, my dear neighbor!—
- ⁸³ *Instinct.*—When the house is burning, you even forget lunch.—Yes, but you make up for it on the ashes.
- ⁸⁴ A woman learns to hate to the extent that she unlearns how—to charm.
- ⁸⁵ The same emotions still have a different tempo in man and woman: that is why man and woman never stop misunderstanding each other.
- ⁸⁶ Behind all their personal vanity, women themselves still have their impersonal contempt—for “woman.”
- ⁸⁷ *A bound heart, a free spirit.*—If you bind your heart tightly and imprison it, you can give your spirit many freedoms. I said that once before. But people don’t believe me, unless they already know it...
- ⁸⁸ We begin to distrust very clever people when they become embarrassed.
- ⁸⁹ Terrible experiences leave us wondering whether the person who goes through them is something terrible himself.
- ⁹⁰ Heavy, gloomy people are lightened by the very things that weigh others down, by hatred and love, and for a while rise to their own surface.
- ⁹¹ So cold, so icy, that you burn your fingers on him! Every hand that touches him recoils in fear!—And that is precisely why some people think he is burning hot.
- ⁹² Who has not at some point sacrificed—himself for his good reputation?—
- ⁹³ There is no hatred of humanity in easy friendliness, but for that very reason far too much contempt for humanity.
- ⁹⁴ A man’s maturity means having found again the seriousness he had as a child at play.
- ⁹⁵ Being ashamed of your immorality is a step on the staircase that ends with being ashamed of your morality too.

- 96 We should leave life as Odysseus left Nausicaa—with more blessing than love.
- 97 What? A great man? I always see only the actor playing his own ideal.
- 98 If you train your conscience, it kisses you even as it bites.
- 99 The disappointed man speaks.—“I listened for an echo, and heard only praise
—”
- 100 We all present ourselves to ourselves as simpler than we are: this is how we take
a rest from other people.
- 101 Today a person seeking knowledge could easily feel like God become animal.
- 102 Discovering that love is returned should really sober up the lover about the
beloved. “What? Is *it* modest enough to love even you? Or stupid enough? Or
—or—”
- 103 Danger in happiness.—“Now everything turns out for my good; now I love
every fate.—Who would like to be my fate?”
- 104 It is not their love of humanity but the powerlessness of their love of humanity
that stops today’s Christians from—burning us.
- 105 The free spirit, the “devout seeker of knowledge,” finds pious fraud even more
offensive to his taste—to *his* “devotion”—than impious fraud. Hence his deep
failure to understand the Church, which belongs to the type “free spirit”—as
his lack of freedom.
- 106 Through music the passions enjoy themselves.
- 107 Once a decision has been made, to close your ears even to the best counterargu-
ment is a sign of strong character. So, an occasional will to stupidity.
- 108 There are no moral phenomena at all, only a moral interpretation of
phenomena...
- 109 Often enough the criminal is not equal to his deed: he belittles and slanders it.

- 110 A criminal's lawyers are rarely artists enough to turn the beautiful horror of the deed to its doer's advantage.
- 111 Our vanity is hardest to wound just when our pride has been wounded.
- 112 Someone who feels destined to see, not to believe, finds all believers too noisy and intrusive: he fends them off.
- 113 "You want to win him over? Then act embarrassed in front of him—"
- 114 The enormous expectation of sexual love, and the shame within that expectation, spoil every perspective for women from the start.
- 115 Where love or hatred is not in play, a woman gives a mediocre performance.
- 116 The great turning points in our lives come when we gain the courage to rename our evil as our best.
- 117 The will to overcome an emotion is ultimately only the will of another emotion, or of several others.
- 118 There is an innocence of admiration. It belongs to someone who has never yet thought that he too might one day be admired.
- 119 Disgust at dirt can be so great that it stops us from cleaning ourselves—from "justifying" ourselves.
- 120 Sensuality often rushes ahead of love's growth, so that the root stays weak and can easily be pulled out.
- 121 There is a certain subtlety in God's having learned Greek when he wanted to become a writer—and in his not having learned it better.
- 122 For some people, taking pleasure in praise is only a courtesy of the heart—and the very opposite of vanity of mind.
- 123 Even living together unmarried has been corrupted—by marriage.

- 124 Someone who still rejoices on the burning stake is not triumphing over pain, but over not feeling pain where he expected it. A parable.
- 125 When we have to change what we have learned about someone, we hold the inconvenience he causes us heavily 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, scholarship offends their sense of shame. It makes them feel as if someone wanted to look under their skin—worse still! Under their clothes and finery.
- 128 The more abstract the truth you want to teach, the more you must also seduce the senses into accepting it.
- 129 The devil has the widest perspectives on God, which is why he stays so far away from him—the devil, that is, as the oldest friend of knowledge.
- 130 What someone *is* begins to show when his talent weakens—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. This is because, at bottom, they honor and love only themselves—or their own ideal, to put it more pleasantly. Thus a man wants a woman to be peaceful. But a woman in particular is *essentially* unpeaceful, like a cat, however well she has trained herself in the appearance of peace.
- 132 We get punished most thoroughly for our virtues.
- 133 Someone who cannot find the path to *his* ideal lives more recklessly and shamelessly than someone without an ideal.
- 134 All credibility, all good conscience, all visible evidence of truth come first from the senses.
- 135 Pharisaic self-righteousness is not a degeneration in a good person. A substantial amount of it is, rather, a condition of all being good.

- 136 One person seeks a midwife for his thoughts, another seeks someone he can help: that is how a good conversation begins.
- 137 In dealing with scholars and artists, it is easy to miscalculate in opposite directions. Behind a remarkable scholar we often find a mediocre person; behind a mediocre artist we actually often find—a very remarkable person.
- 138 Awake, we do just as we do in dreams: first we invent and imagine the person we are dealing with—and immediately forget we have done it.
- 139 In revenge and in love, woman is more barbaric than man.
- 140 *Advice as a riddle.*—“If the bond must not break, first bite on it.”
- 141 The lower belly is the reason people 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 wants what we do best to be considered precisely what is hardest for us. On the origin of many a morality.
- 144 When a woman has scholarly inclinations, something is usually wrong with her sexuality. Infertility alone encourages a certain masculinity of taste; for man is, if you’ll excuse me, “the infertile animal.”
- 145 Comparing man and woman as a whole, we may say: woman would not have her genius for adornment if she did not have the instinct for the *second* role.
- 146 Someone fighting monsters should take care not to become a monster in the process. And when you look into an abyss for a long time, the abyss also looks into you.
- 147 From old Florentine tales—and, besides, from life: a good woman and a bad woman need the stick. Sacchetti Nov. 86.
- 148 To seduce a neighbor into a good opinion and then faithfully believe in that neighbor’s opinion: who can match women at this trick?—

- 149 What an age feels to be evil is usually an ill-timed aftereffect of what was once felt to be good—the return 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 the “world”?—
- 151 Having a talent is not enough: a person also needs your permission for it—isn’t that so, my friends?
- 152 “Where the tree of knowledge stands, there is always paradise”: that is how the oldest and the youngest snakes speak.
- 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 to pathology.
- 155 The sense of tragedy rises and falls with sensuality.
- 156 Madness is rare in individuals—but in groups, parties, peoples, and ages it is the rule.
- 157 The thought of suicide is a powerful comfort: it gets us through many a bad 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 bad—but why to the very person who did us good or bad?
- 160 As soon as we communicate our knowledge, we no longer love it enough.
- 161 Poets are shameless toward their experiences: they exploit them.
- 162 “Our neighbor is not the person next door, but the person next door to him”—that is how every people thinks.

- 163 Love brings a lover's high and hidden qualities to light—what is rare and exceptional in him. To that extent it easily misleads us about what is usual 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 have to do with us sons of God!"—
- 165 *Facing any party.*—A shepherd always needs a lead ram too—or he must occasionally be a ram himself.
- 166 We may lie with our mouths, but the face we make while doing it still tells the truth.
- 167 For hard people, tenderness is a matter of shame—and something precious.
- 168 Christianity gave Eros poison to drink. He did not die of it, but degenerated into vice.
- 169 Talking a lot about yourself can also be a way to hide yourself.
- 170 There is more intrusiveness in praise than in blame.
- 171 Pity looks almost ridiculous on a person devoted to knowledge, like delicate hands on a Cyclops.
- 172 Out of love for humanity, we sometimes embrace some random person, because we cannot embrace everyone. But that is precisely what we must not reveal to the random person...
- 173 We do not hate while we still look down on someone, but only when we consider him equal or superior.
- 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, not the thing 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 People do not believe clever people capable of their foolish acts: what a loss of human rights!
- 179 The consequences of our actions grab us by the hair, quite indifferent to our having “improved” in the meantime.
- 180 There is an innocence in lying that is a sign of good faith in a cause.
- 181 It is inhuman to bless where you are being cursed.
- 182 A superior’s familiarity embitters us because we are not allowed to return it.—
- 183 “What has shaken me is not that you lied to me, but that I no longer believe you.”—
- 184 There is an exuberance of goodness that looks like malice.
- 185 “I dislike him.”—Why?—“I am not equal to him.”—Has anyone ever answered that way?

PART V

On the Natural History of Morality



Fifth Main Part:

On the Natural History of Morality.

- 186 Moral feeling in Europe today is as fine, late-developed, complex, sensitive, and refined as its accompanying “science of morality” is still young, inexperienced, clumsy, and heavy-handed. An attractive contrast, which sometimes becomes visible and takes bodily form in a moralist himself. Even the term “science of morality” is much too arrogant for what it describes, and offends *good* taste, which usually has a preference for more modest words. We should admit to ourselves, in all strictness, *what* will still be needed here for a long time, and *what* alone is justified for now: collecting material; finding concepts for, and arranging, an enormous realm of delicate value feelings and differences in value that live, grow, reproduce, and perish. And perhaps attempts to make the recurring, more frequent forms of this living crystallization clear to the eye—as preparation for a *study of the types* of morality. Admittedly, people have not been so modest until now. Whenever philosophers dealt with morality as a science, all of them, with a stiff seriousness that makes us laugh, demanded something much higher, more ambitious, more solemn of themselves. They wanted to *establish the foundation* of morality—and every philosopher so far has

believed he has established it. Morality itself, however, was taken as “given.” How far their clumsy pride was from that seemingly insignificant task of description, left lying in dust and mold, although even the finest hands and senses could hardly be fine enough for it! Moral philosophers knew 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. They were poorly informed about peoples, ages, and past times, and not very curious themselves. Precisely for those reasons, they never even caught sight of morality’s real problems, which all emerge only when we compare *many* moralities. Strange as it may sound, all “science of morality” so far has still *lacked* the problem of morality itself: it lacked the suspicion that there might be something problematic here. What philosophers called “establishing the foundation of morality,” and demanded of themselves, was, seen in the right light, merely a scholarly form of good *faith* in the prevailing morality, a new means of *expressing* it. It was therefore itself a fact within a particular morality—indeed, at bottom, a kind of denial that this morality *may* be treated as a problem. In any case, it was the opposite of examining, taking apart, questioning, or dissecting that very faith alive. 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 rule about whose content all ethical thinkers are *really* agreed: harm no one; rather, help everyone as much as you can—this is *really* the proposition that all teachers of morality struggle to establish... the *true* 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 thoroughly felt how tastelessly false and sentimental this 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

about it. And a question in passing: a pessimist, a denier of God and the world, who *stops* at morality—who says Yes to morality and plays the flute, to the harm-no-one morality: what? Is that really—a pessimist?

187 Quite apart from the value of claims such as “there is a categorical imperative within us,” we can still ask: what does such a claim tell us about the person making it? Some moralities are meant to justify their author before others. Others are meant to calm him and make him satisfied with himself. With some he wants to crucify and humiliate himself; with others he wants revenge, with others to hide, with others to transfigure himself and place himself beyond, on high and far away. This morality serves its author as a way to forget, that one as a way to make himself, or something about himself, forgotten. Many a moralist wants to exercise power and creative whim on humanity. Many another, perhaps even Kant in particular, uses his morality to say: “What is respectable about me is that I can obey—and things *should* be no different for you than they are for me!” In short, moralities too are only a *sign language of the emotions*.

188 Every morality, as opposed to letting things go, is a piece of tyranny against “nature,” and also against “reason.” But that is not yet an objection to it, unless you are already decreeing, on the basis of some other morality, that all tyranny and unreason are forbidden. The essential, priceless thing about every morality is that it is a long constraint. To understand Stoicism or Port-Royal or Puritanism, recall the constraint under which every language has so far grown strong and free: the constraint of meter, the tyranny of rhyme and rhythm. How much trouble poets and speakers in every people have made for themselves! That includes some prose writers today, in whose ears an unforgiving conscience lives. “For the sake of a foolish thing,” as utilitarian bunglers say, thinking themselves clever—“out of submission to arbitrary laws,” as anarchists say, imagining themselves “free,” even free-spirited. But the strange fact is that everything that exists or has existed on earth of freedom, subtlety, daring, dance, and masterly confidence has developed only through the “tyranny of such arbitrary laws.” This holds for thinking itself, governing, speaking and

persuading, for the arts as well as for moral conduct. And in all seriousness, there is a considerable likelihood that this, precisely, is “nature” and “natural”—*not* that letting things go! Every artist knows how far his “most natural” state is from the feeling of letting himself go: that free arranging, placing, commanding, shaping in moments of “inspiration.” And he knows how strictly and finely he obeys a thousand laws at just that moment, laws that defy any formulation in concepts precisely because of their hardness and precision. Even the firmest concept, measured against them, has something wavering, multiple, ambiguous about it. The essential thing, “in heaven and on earth,” it seems, is, to say it again, that there should be *obedience* for a long time and in one direction. In the long run this always produces, and has produced, something that makes life on earth worthwhile: virtue, for example, art, music, dance, reason, intellectual life—something transfiguring, refined, mad, and divine. The mind’s long lack of freedom; the suspicious constraint on communicating thoughts; the discipline thinkers imposed on themselves to think within churchly and courtly guidelines or Aristotelian assumptions; the long intellectual will to interpret everything that happens according to a Christian scheme, and rediscover and justify the Christian God in every accident—all this violent, arbitrary, hard, terrible, unreasonable activity has proved the means by which the European mind was bred to its strength, its ruthless curiosity and subtle agility. Granted, in the process an irreplaceable amount of strength and intelligence also had to be crushed, suffocated, and ruined. For here, as everywhere, “nature” shows itself as it is, in all its wasteful and *indifferent* magnificence, which is outrageous but noble. For millennia European thinkers thought only in order to prove something—today, by contrast, we suspect every thinker who “wants to prove something.” What *was supposed* to come out as the result of their strictest thinking was always already settled for them, much as it once was in Asian astrology, or still is today in the harmless Christian-moral interpretation of the latest personal events “to the glory of God” and “for the salvation of the soul.” This tyranny, this arbitrariness, this strict and magnificent stupidity has *educated* the mind. Slavery, in both the coarser and the subtler sense, seems to be the indispensable means of intellectual discipline and breeding too. Look

at every morality in this light: it is the “nature” within it that teaches hatred of letting things go, of too much freedom, and plants the need for limited horizons and immediate tasks. It teaches the *narrowing of perspective*, and thus stupidity in a certain sense, as a condition of life and growth. “You must obey someone, and for a long time; *otherwise* you will perish and lose your last respect for yourself”—this seems to me nature’s moral imperative. It is certainly neither “categorical,” as old Kant demanded of it—hence the “otherwise”—nor addressed to the individual. What does nature care about the individual! Rather, it is addressed to peoples, races, ages, classes, but above all to the whole animal “human,” to *humanity*.

189 Hardworking races find it a great hardship to endure idleness. It was a masterpiece of *English* instinct to make Sunday so holy and so boring that, without noticing it, the Englishman begins longing again for his weekdays and working days. It is a kind of cleverly invented, cleverly inserted *fast*. We can observe plenty of such things in the ancient world too, though, as we would expect among southern peoples, not precisely in relation to work. There must be fasts of many kinds. Wherever powerful drives and habits rule, lawmakers must make sure to insert extra days on which such a drive is put in chains and learns to hunger again. Seen from a higher vantage point, entire generations and ages, when they appear afflicted with some moral fanaticism, look like such inserted periods of constraint and fasting. During them a drive learns to crouch and submit, but also to *purify* and *sharpen* itself. Individual philosophical sects also allow this interpretation—for example, the Stoics amid Hellenistic culture, with its air overloaded with aphrodisiac scents and turned lustful. This also offers a hint toward explaining that paradox: why the sexual drive was refined into love—passionate love—precisely during Europe’s most Christian period, and 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. This is Socratism, for which he was really too noble. “No one wants to harm himself; therefore everything bad happens involuntarily. For a bad person harms him-

self: he would not do so if he knew that the bad is bad. Accordingly, a bad person is bad only through an error. Take away his error, and you necessarily make him—good.” This way of reasoning smells of the *rabble*, who see only the unpleasant consequences of acting badly and really judge that “it is *stupid* to act badly,” while taking “good” to mean exactly the same as “useful and pleasant,” without further question. In every moral utilitarianism, we may guess at this same origin from the start and follow our noses: we will rarely go wrong. Plato did everything to read something subtle and noble into his teacher’s proposition—above all, himself. He was the boldest of all interpreters: he took the whole of Socrates merely as a popular theme, a folk song from the street, to vary into the infinite and impossible—into all his own masks and many-sidedness. To put it as a joke, and in Homer’s manner at that: what is the Platonic Socrates, if not “Plato in front and Plato behind, with a Chimera in the middle.”

- 191 The old theological problem of “faith” and “knowledge”—or, more clearly, of instinct and reason—is still that old moral problem which first appeared in Socrates’s person and divided minds long before Christianity. The question is whether, in valuing things, instinct deserves more authority than rational thought, which wants people to value and act according to reasons, according to a “Why?”—that is, according to fitness for a purpose and usefulness. Socrates himself initially took reason’s side, in keeping with the taste of his talent: that of a superior dialectician. And truly, what did he do all his life but laugh at the awkward inability of his noble Athenians, who were people of instinct like all noble people and could never adequately account for the reasons for their actions? But in the end, quietly and secretly, he also laughed at himself. In himself, before his subtler conscience and self-questioning, he found the same difficulty and inability. But why, he told himself, break away from the instincts on that account! We must give them and *also* reason their due. We must follow the instincts, but persuade reason to help them along with good reasons. This was the real *dishonesty* of that great, mysterious ironist. He brought his conscience to be satisfied with a kind of self-deception: at bottom,

he had seen through the irrational element in moral judgment. Plato, more innocent in such things and lacking the commoner's slyness, wanted to use all his strength—the greatest strength any philosopher has yet had to use!—to prove to himself that reason and instinct naturally move toward one goal, toward the good, toward “God.” Since Plato, all theologians and philosophers have followed the same track. That means that in moral matters instinct—or, as Christians call it, “faith,” or, as I call it, “the herd”—has won so far. Unless we were to make an exception for Descartes, the father of rationalism, and consequently the grandfather of the Revolution, who recognized the authority of reason alone. But reason is only a tool, and Descartes was superficial.

192 Anyone who has traced the history of a particular science finds in its development a guide to understanding the oldest and most ordinary processes in all “knowing and understanding.” In both cases, hasty hypotheses, inventions, the good, stupid will to “believe,” and a lack of distrust and patience develop first. Our senses learn late, and never learn fully, to be subtle, faithful, cautious organs of knowledge. Our eye finds it easier, on a given occasion, to reproduce an image it has often produced before than to hold on to what is different and new in an impression. The latter needs more strength, more “morality.” Hearing something new is painful and difficult for the ear; we hear unfamiliar music poorly. When listening to another language, we involuntarily try to shape the sounds we hear into words that sound more familiar and homelike to us. In this way, for example, Germans once fashioned the word *Armbrust* out of the *arcubalista* they heard. Our senses too meet anything new with hostility and reluctance. And even in the “simplest” processes of sense experience, emotions *rule*: fear, love, hatred, including the passive emotions of laziness. A reader today does not read every individual word, or even syllable, on a page. Rather, he picks out roughly five words at random from twenty and “guesses” the meaning that probably belongs with those five words. Just as little do we see a tree exactly and completely in its leaves, branches, color, and shape. We find it so much easier to imagine something approximately like a tree. Even amid the strangest experiences, we still do the same thing: we invent most of the experi-

ence, and can hardly be made *not* to act as its “inventor” while watching any event. All this means that fundamentally, from ancient times, we are—*used to lying*. Or, to put it more virtuously and hypocritically, in short, more pleasantly: we are much more artistic than we know. In a lively conversation I often see the face of the person I am talking to, according to the thought he expresses or that I believe I have aroused in him, so clearly and precisely before me that this degree of clarity far exceeds the *power* of my eyesight. So I *must* have invented the fine movements of muscles and the expression of the eyes and added them in. The person was probably making a completely different face, or no face at all.

- 193 Whatever happened in the light goes on in the dark—but also the reverse. What we experience in dreams, provided we experience it often, eventually belongs to our soul’s overall economy just as much as anything “really” experienced. Through it we become richer or poorer, have one more need or one less, and finally, in broad daylight, even in our waking mind’s brightest moments, we are led a little by the habits of our dreams. Suppose someone has often flown in his dreams and eventually, as soon as he dreams, becomes aware of a power and skill of flying as his privilege, and also as his own most personal, enviable happiness. Someone like this believes he can make every kind of curve and angle with the slightest impulse. He knows the feeling of a certain divine lightheartedness, an “upward” without strain or force, a “downward” without condescension or humiliation—without *heaviness*! How could a person with such dream experiences and dream habits not eventually find that the word “happiness” has a different color and meaning in his waking day too! How could he not long for happiness *differently*? “Soaring,” as poets describe it, must already seem to him, compared with that “flying,” too earthbound, muscular, violent, already too “heavy.”

- 194 Differences between people show not only in their different tables of goods: in their considering different goods worth pursuing, and also disagreeing about greater and lesser value, about the ranking of goods they all recognize. These differences show even more in what they count as actually *having* and *possessing*

a good. With a woman, for example, a more modest man considers control over her body and sexual enjoyment sufficient and satisfying signs of having, of possessing her. Another man, with a more suspicious and demanding thirst for possession, sees the “question mark,” the merely apparent character of such having, and wants subtler tests. Above all, he wants 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.” But a third man has not reached the end of his distrust and desire to have even here. He asks himself whether, when the woman gives up everything for him, she might be doing so for a phantom of him. Before he can be loved at all, he first wants to be known thoroughly, indeed to his depths. He dares to let himself be guessed at. Only then does he feel his beloved fully in his possession: when she no longer deceives herself about him, when she loves him as much for his devilry and hidden insatiability as for his goodness, patience, and intelligence. One man would like to possess a people, and all the higher arts of Cagliostro and Catiline suit him for that purpose. Another, with a subtler thirst for possession, tells himself: “You must not deceive where you want 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 we almost always find that clumsy cunning which first reshapes the person to be helped in imagination: supposing, for example, that he “deserves” help, wants precisely *their* help, and will prove deeply grateful, devoted, submissive to them for all their help. With these imaginings they dispose of the needy person as their property, just as it is probably from a desire for property that they are charitable and helpful people at all. We find them jealous when we cross their path in helping or get there first. Parents involuntarily make their child into something like themselves—they call this “education.” No mother doubts in the depths of her heart that in her child she has given birth to a possession; no father denies himself the right to subject it to *his* concepts and valuations. Indeed, fathers once thought it right to decide a newborn’s life or death at their own discretion, as among the ancient Germans.

And like the father, the teacher, the social class, the priest, and the prince still see every new person as an unquestionable 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 peoples,” as they themselves say and believe—the Jews accomplished that marvel of a reversal of values through which life on earth acquired a new and dangerous attraction for a couple of millennia. Their prophets fused “rich,” “godless,” “evil,” “violent,” and “sensual” into one, and for the first time coined 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 a synonym for “holy” and “friend.” With them begins the *slave revolt in morality*.
- 196 We must *infer* the existence of countless dark bodies besides the sun—ones we will never see. Between ourselves, this is a parable; and a moral psychologist reads the entire writing of the stars only as a language of parables and signs with which much can be left unsaid.
- 197 We fundamentally misunderstand the beast of prey and the predatory human being—Cesare Borgia, for example—we misunderstand “nature,” as long as we still look for some underlying “sickness” in these healthiest of all tropical monsters and growths, or even for a “hell” born within them, as almost all moralists have done until now. It seems that moralists have a hatred of the primeval forest and the tropics? And that the “tropical human being” must be discredited at any price, whether as a sickness and degeneration of humanity or as his own hell and self-torture? But why? For the sake of the “temperate zones”? For the sake of moderate people? The “moral”? The mediocre?—This belongs to the chapter “Morality as Timidity.”—
- 198 All these moralities addressed to the individual for the sake, as they say, of his “happiness”—what are they but suggestions for conduct in relation to the *danger* in which the individual lives with himself? Prescriptions against his passions, his good and bad inclinations, insofar as they have the will to power and

want to play the master. Small and large devices of cleverness and contrivance, carrying the musty smell of old home remedies and old women's wisdom. All of them bizarre and unreasonable in form, because they address "everyone," because they generalize where generalization is not allowed. All of them speaking unconditionally, taking themselves unconditionally. All of them seasoned with not just one grain of salt—rather, they become bearable, and sometimes even seductive, only when they learn to smell overseasoned and dangerous, above all "of the other world." Measured intellectually, all this is worth little and is still far from "science," let alone "wisdom." Rather, to say it again and three times over, it is cleverness, cleverness, cleverness, mixed with stupidity, stupidity, stupidity. Whether it is that indifference and statue-coldness toward the emotions' heated foolishness which the Stoics advised and treated people with; or Spinoza's no-more-laughing and no-more-crying, his so naively recommended destruction of the emotions by analyzing and dissecting them alive; or that reduction of emotions to a harmless middle level at which they may be satisfied, the Aristotelian approach to morality; even morality as enjoyment of the emotions deliberately diluted and made spiritual through the symbolism of art, perhaps as music, or as love for God and for humanity for God's sake—for in religion the passions regain their civil rights, provided that...; finally, even that accommodating, high-spirited surrender to the emotions taught by Hafiz and Goethe, that bold dropping of the reins, that freedom of conduct in mind and body in the exceptional case of wise old fellows and drunkards, for whom there is "little danger left." This too belongs to the chapter "Morality as Timidity."

- 199 As long as human beings have existed, there have also always been human herds: family groups, communities, tribes, peoples, states, churches. There have always been very many who obey compared with the small number who command. Considering, then, that obedience has so far been practiced and bred most thoroughly and longest among human beings, we can reasonably assume that, on average, everyone now has an inborn need for it. It is a kind of *formal conscience* that commands: "You must unconditionally do something, unconditionally refrain from something," in short, "You must." This need tries to sat-

isfy itself and fill its form with content. According to its strength, impatience, and tension, it grabs with little discrimination, like a crude appetite, and accepts whatever any commander shouts into its ear: parents, teachers, laws, class prejudices, public opinions. Human development's strange limitations, its hesitations, its slowness, its frequent retreats and circling, rest on the fact that the herd instinct of obedience is inherited most effectively, at the expense of the art of command. Imagine this instinct advancing to its ultimate excesses: finally commanders and independent people are simply absent. Or they suffer inwardly from a bad conscience and first need to deceive themselves in order to command—as if they too were only obeying. This condition actually exists in Europe today: I call it the moral hypocrisy of those who command. They know no way to protect themselves from their bad conscience except by acting as executors of older or higher commands—those of the ancestors, the constitution, justice, the laws, or even God. Or else they borrow herd maxims from the herd's own way of thinking, presenting themselves, for example, as the “first servants of their people” or “instruments of the common good.” On the other hand, the herd person in Europe today puts on the appearance of being the only permissible kind of human being. He glorifies the qualities that make him tame, agreeable, and useful to the herd as the truly human virtues: public spirit, goodwill, consideration, industriousness, moderation, modesty, forbearance, pity. But for cases where leaders and lead rams are thought indispensable, people today make attempt after attempt to replace commanders by adding clever herd people together. All representative constitutions, for example, have this origin. Despite all this, the appearance of someone who commands unconditionally is a blessing, a release from a pressure becoming unbearable, for these European herd animals. The effect of Napoleon's appearance gave the last great testimony to this. The history of Napoleon's effect is almost the history of the higher happiness that this entire century has achieved in its most valuable people and moments.

200 A person from an age of dissolution that throws the races together carries in his body the inheritance of many origins. That means opposing drives and standards of value—and often drives that are more than merely opposed—which fight one another and rarely give one another peace. Such a person of late cultures and broken lights will, on average, be a weaker person. His deepest desire is that the war that he himself *is* should finally end. In agreement 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 having enough, of final unity, as the “Sabbath of Sabbaths,” to use the words of the holy rhetorician Augustine, who was himself such a person. But suppose opposition and war in such a nature act as one *more* stimulus and excitement to life. And suppose that, alongside its powerful, irreconcilable drives, it has also inherited and developed a true mastery and subtlety in waging war with itself—that is, self-control, self-outwitting. Then there arise those magically elusive and unfathomable people, those human riddles destined for victory and seduction. Their finest expression is Alcibiades and Caesar—alongside whom I would gladly place that *first* European to my taste, Frederick the Second of Hohenstaufen—and, among artists, perhaps Leonardo da Vinci. They appear at exactly the same times when that weaker type, with its desire for rest, comes to the foreground. Both types belong together and arise from the same causes.

201 As long as the usefulness that rules moral value judgments is only usefulness to the herd; as long as people look only to preserving the community and seek the immoral precisely and exclusively in whatever seems dangerous to the community’s continued existence, there can still be no “morality of love for one’s neighbor.” Suppose there is already a steady little practice of consideration, pity, fairness, gentleness, mutual help. Suppose that even at this stage of society, all those drives are already active which will later receive honorable names as “virtues” and finally almost merge with the concept of “morality.” At that time they still do not belong to the realm of moral valuations at all: they are still *outside morality*. An act of pity, for example, is called neither good nor evil, neither moral nor immoral, in Rome’s best period. And even if it is praised, this praise

can still coexist perfectly well with a kind of irritated contempt, whenever the act is compared with one that serves the advancement of the whole, the *res publica*. In the end, “love of one’s neighbor” is always something secondary, partly conventional, partly a show put on at will, in relation to *fear of one’s neighbor*. Once society’s structure as a whole seems established and secured against outside dangers, this fear of one’s neighbor creates new perspectives of moral valuation. Certain strong and dangerous drives—enterprise, recklessness, desire for revenge, cunning, greed for plunder, hunger for rule—previously had to be not only honored in the interest of the community—naturally under names different from those just chosen—but cultivated and bred up. For whenever the whole was in danger, they were constantly needed against its enemies. Now their dangerousness is felt twice as strongly, now that they have no outlets, and step by step they are branded immoral and handed over to slander. Now the opposite drives and inclinations gain moral honors; 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, a state or emotion, a will, a talent—this is now the moral perspective. Here again, fear is the mother of morality. When the highest and strongest drives break out passionately and carry the individual far beyond and above the average, above the low ground of the herd conscience, the community’s self-confidence collapses. Its faith in itself, its backbone as it were, breaks. Consequently, these very drives are what people will most thoroughly brand and slander. High, independent intellectual life, the will to stand alone, even great reason are felt as dangers. From now on, everything that lifts the individual above the herd and frightens his neighbor is called *evil*. A fair, modest, conforming, equalizing disposition, a *moderate level* of desire, gains moral names and honors. Finally, under very peaceful conditions, there is less and less opportunity or need to train one’s feelings in strictness and hardness. Now every kind of strictness, even in justice, begins to trouble consciences. A high, hard nobility and responsibility for oneself almost offend people and arouse distrust; “the lamb,” still more “the sheep,” gains respect. There is a point of sickly softening and overindulgence in society’s history when it even takes the side of the person harming it, the *criminal*—and

does so seriously and honestly. Punishment seems somehow unfair to it. What is certain is that the idea of “punishment” and “having to punish” hurts and frightens it. “Isn’t it enough to make him *harmless*? Why punish as well? Punishment itself is terrible!” With this question, herd morality, the morality of timidity, draws its final conclusion. Suppose we could abolish danger altogether, the reason for fear: then we would also have abolished this morality. It would no longer be needed; it would no longer *think itself* needed! Anyone examining the conscience of today’s European will have to draw the same imperative from 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 path *toward it* are called “progress” everywhere in Europe today.

- 202 Let us immediately say once again what we have already said a hundred times: ears today are not well disposed toward such truths—toward *our* truths. We know well enough how offensive it sounds when someone counts human beings among the animals at all, without dressing it up or treating it as a metaphor. But people will almost hold it against us as a *fault* that we constantly use expressions like “herd,” “herd instincts,” and so on precisely in relation to the people of “modern ideas.” What can we do! We cannot do otherwise, for this is exactly where our new insight lies. We have found that Europe has become unanimous in all its main moral judgments, including the countries where European influence prevails. Evidently people in Europe *know* what Socrates thought he did not know, and what that famous old snake once promised to teach: today people “know” what good and evil are. So it must sound harsh and unpleasant when we insist again and again: what believes it knows here, what glorifies itself through its praise and blame and calls itself good, is the instinct of the human herd animal. This instinct has broken through, gained the upper hand and predominance over other instincts, and is doing so more and more, in keeping with the increasing physiological convergence and assimilation of which it is a symptom. *Morality in Europe today is herd-animal morality*. That is, as we understand things, only one kind of

human morality, alongside, before, and after which many others, above all *higher* moralities, are possible or should be possible. But this morality resists such a “possibility,” such a “should,” with all its strength. It says stubbornly and unrelentingly: “I am morality itself, and nothing else is morality!” Indeed, with the help of a religion that catered to and flattered the most sublime herd-animal desires, things have reached the point where even our political and social institutions give increasingly visible expression to this morality: the *democratic* movement is inheriting the Christian movement’s legacy. But its pace is still far too slow and sleepy for the more impatient, for those sick with and addicted to that instinct. Evidence of this is the increasingly frantic howling, the increasingly open baring of teeth by the anarchist dogs now roaming the streets of European culture. They seem opposed to the peaceful, hardworking democrats and revolutionary ideologues, and still more to the bungling would-be philosophers and enthusiasts for brotherhood who call themselves socialists and want a “free society.” In truth, though, they are at one with all of them in their thorough, instinctive hostility toward every form of society other than the *autonomous* herd—even to the point of rejecting the very concepts “master” and “servant”; “neither god nor master” is a socialist formula. They are at one in their stubborn resistance to every special claim, every special right and privilege—which ultimately means *every* right, for when everyone is equal, no one needs “rights” anymore. At one in their distrust of punitive justice, as though it were an act of violence against the weaker person, a wrong done to the *necessary* consequence of all earlier society. But equally at one in the religion of pity, in sympathy wherever there is feeling, life, suffering—down to the animal, up to “God”: the extravagance of “pity for God” belongs to a democratic age. All at one in the cry and impatience of pity, in deadly hatred of suffering altogether, in the almost womanly inability to remain a spectator, to *let* suffering happen. At one in the involuntary darkening and softening under whose spell Europe seems threatened by a new Buddhism. At one in their faith in the morality of *shared* pity, as though it were morality itself, the summit, humanity’s *achieved*

summit, the only hope for the future, the comfort of those alive now, the great release from all past guilt. All at one in their faith in the community as *savior*—in the herd, then, in “themselves”...

- 203 We who hold a different faith—we to whom the democratic movement is not merely a form of political organization’s decay, but a form of humanity’s decay, its diminishment, its reduction to mediocrity and lowering in value—where must we reach with our hopes? Toward *new philosophers*; there is no choice left. Toward minds strong and original enough to prompt opposite valuations and to revalue, to reverse “eternal values.” Toward people sent ahead, people of the future who in the present tie the binding knot that forces the will of millennia onto *new* paths. To teach humanity that humanity’s future is its own *will*, depends on a human will; to prepare great risks and collective experiments in discipline and breeding, and thereby end that terrible rule of meaninglessness and chance that has so far been called “history”—the meaninglessness of the “greatest number” is only its latest form—for this a new kind of philosopher and commander will someday be needed. Beside their image, everything that has ever existed on earth of hidden, terrible, and well-meaning minds 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 conditions we would have partly to create and partly to use for their emergence; the likely paths and tests by 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 steeled, a heart turned to bronze, so that it could bear the weight of such responsibility; on the other hand, the need for such leaders, the frightening danger that they might fail to appear, or turn out badly and degenerate—these are *our* real worries and dark thoughts, you know it, you free spirits? These are the heavy, distant thoughts and thunderstorms that pass across the sky of *our* lives. Few pains cut as deeply as having once seen, guessed, and shared the feeling of an extraordinary person straying from his course and degenerating. But someone with the rare eye for the overall danger that “humanity” itself might *degenerate*; someone who, like us, has recognized the mon-

strous chance that has so far played its game with humanity's future—a game in which no hand, not even a “finger of God,” has played a part!—someone who guesses the disaster hidden in the mindless innocence and trusting confidence of “modern ideas,” and still more in the whole Christian-European morality, suffers an anxiety beyond all comparison. For he grasps in a single glance everything that could still *be bred from humanity* through a favorable gathering and intensifying of strengths and tasks. He knows, with all the knowledge of his conscience, how humanity is still unexhausted for the greatest possibilities, and how often the human type has already stood at mysterious decisions and new paths. He knows still better, from his most painful memory, what pitiful things have usually caused something of the highest rank, still taking shape, to shatter, break off, sink down, become pitiful. The *overall degeneration of humanity*, down to what today appears to socialist bunglers and shallow minds as their “human being of the future”—as their ideal!—this degeneration and diminishment of humanity into the perfect herd animal, or, as they say, into the person of “free society,” this transformation of humanity into a 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



Sixth Part:
We Scholars.

204 At the risk that moralizing will turn out here, too, to be what it always was—fearlessly displaying one’s wounds, as Balzac puts it—I want to challenge an improper and harmful shift in rank. It now threatens to establish itself between scholarship and philosophy, quite unnoticed and apparently with the clearest conscience. I think you must earn the right, through your own *experience*—doesn’t experience always mean bad experience?—to join a discussion of such a high question of rank. Otherwise you will talk like blind people discussing color, or like women and artists *attacking* scholarship. (“Oh, this wicked scholarship!” their instinct and sense of shame sigh. “It always finds things *out*!”) The scientific scholar’s declaration of independence, his emancipation from philosophy, is one of the subtler aftereffects of democracy, in its good and bad forms. Everywhere today the scholar’s self-glorification and overestimation of himself are in full bloom, enjoying their finest spring. That isn’t meant to suggest that self-praise smells sweet in this case. “Away with all masters!” Here, too, that is what the rabble’s instinct demands. Science successfully defended itself against theology, whose “servant” it had been for too long. Now, full of arrogance and misunderstanding, it is out to lay down laws for philosophy and have its own turn at playing “master”—what am I saying? At playing the *philosopher*. My

memory—the memory of a scientific scholar, if you please!—is crammed with naively arrogant remarks I have heard young natural scientists and old doctors make about philosophy and philosophers. (Not to mention the most educated and conceited of all scholars, the philologists and schoolteachers, whose profession makes them both.) Sometimes it was the specialist, stuck in his corner, instinctively resisting every task and ability that brings things together. Sometimes it was the hardworking laborer who had caught a scent of leisure and noble abundance in the philosopher's spiritual household, and felt slighted and diminished by it. Sometimes it was the color blindness of the practical-minded person. He sees philosophy as nothing but a series of *refuted* systems and a wasteful expense that “does nobody any good.” Sometimes fear of disguised mysticism and a redrawing of knowledge's boundaries came to the surface. Sometimes contempt for individual philosophers had involuntarily spread into contempt for philosophy. Finally, what I most often found behind young scholars' arrogant disdain for philosophy was the bad aftereffect of a philosopher himself. Although they had largely stopped obeying him, they had not escaped the spell of his contemptuous judgments of other philosophers. The result was a general ill humor toward all philosophy. (That, for example, is how Schopenhauer's effect on present-day Germany seems to me. His unintelligent rage against Hegel has managed to break the whole latest generation of Germans out of its connection with German culture. All things considered, that culture was an achievement of height and almost prophetic subtlety in the *historical sense*. But at this very point Schopenhauer himself was poor to the point of genius, unresponsive, un-German.) On the whole, it may above all have been the human, all too human element—in short, the poverty of the modern philosophers themselves—that most thoroughly damaged respect for philosophy and opened the gates to the rabble's instinct. Let's admit how completely our modern world lacks the whole kind represented by Heraclitus, Plato, Empedocles, and all those other regal, magnificent hermits of the spirit, whatever their names were. And let's admit how much *right* an honest scientific scholar has to feel himself of a better kind and lineage than those representatives of philosophy who, thanks to fashion, are now both on top and in dis-

grace—in Germany, for example, the two lions of Berlin, the anarchist Eugen Dühring and the mixer of systems Eduard von Hartmann. In particular, the sight of those hotchpotch philosophers who call themselves “philosophers of reality” or “positivists” can plant a dangerous distrust in a young, ambitious scholar’s soul. They are themselves, at best, scholars and specialists: you can practically touch the evidence! They are all defeated men, *brought back* under science’s command. At some point they wanted to be *more*, without having a right to that “more” or to its responsibility. Now, respectable, bitter, and vengeful, they represent in word and deed a *disbelief* in philosophy’s task of mastery and its power to rule. Finally, how could it be otherwise? Science flourishes today and wears a clear conscience all over its face. Meanwhile, what the whole of modern philosophy has gradually sunk into—this present-day remnant of philosophy—arouses distrust and discontent, if not mockery and pity. Philosophy reduced to a “theory of knowledge”: in fact, no more than a timid doctrine of suspended judgment and abstinence. A philosophy that cannot even cross the threshold, and painfully *denies* itself the right to enter. That is philosophy breathing its last, an ending, a death struggle, something to be pitied. How could such a philosophy—*rule*!

- 205 The dangers facing a philosopher’s development today are so many that we might doubt whether this fruit can still ripen at all. The sciences have grown enormously in scope, building their tower higher and higher. That also makes it more likely that a philosopher will grow tired while still a student, or let himself get stuck somewhere and “specialize.” Then he never reaches his proper height, where he can look over things, around him, and *down*. Or he gets up there too late, when his best years and strength are already gone. Or he arrives damaged, coarsened, deteriorated, so that his vision, his judgment of value as a whole, means little anymore. The very sensitivity of his intellectual conscience may make him hesitate and fall behind along the way. He fears being tempted into becoming a dabbler, with a thousand feet and a thousand antennae. He knows only too well that someone who has lost respect for himself no longer commands or *leads* even as a seeker of knowledge. Unless, that is, he wants to

become a great actor, a philosophical Cagliostro and pied piper of minds—in short, a seducer. In the end, this is a question of taste, even if it weren't a question of conscience. Something else doubles the philosopher's difficulty. He demands from himself a judgment, a Yes or No, not about the sciences but about life and the value of life. He learns only reluctantly to believe he has a right, or even a duty, to make this judgment. Only through the widest range of experiences—perhaps the most disruptive and destructive ones—can he search out his way to that right and that belief, often hesitating, doubting, falling silent. For a long time the masses have in fact confused and misunderstood the philosopher. They have taken him either for the scientific researcher and ideal scholar, or for the religiously uplifted enthusiast, detached from the senses, “removed from the world,” drunk on God. And when you hear someone praised today for living “wisely” or “like a philosopher,” it means little more than “prudently and out of the way.” Wisdom seems to the rabble to be a kind of escape, a means and a clever trick for getting out of a bad game in good shape. But the real philosopher— isn't that how it seems to *us*, my friends?—lives “unphilosophically” and “unwisely,” above all *imprudently*. He feels the burden and duty of a hundred trials and temptations of life. He constantly risks *himself*. He plays *the* bad game...

- 206 Compared with a genius—that is, a being who either *fathers* or *gives birth*, taking both words in their fullest sense—the scholar, the average scientific person, always has something of the old maid about him. Like her, he has no understanding of the two most valuable human functions. In fact, we grant both scholars and old maids respectability, as a kind of compensation—we stress respectability in these cases. And being forced to make this concession leaves the same trace of annoyance. Let's look more closely: what is the scientific person? First, a type of person who is not noble. He has the virtues of a type that is not noble: one that does not rule, does not carry authority, and is not self-sufficient. He is industrious, patiently takes his place in the ranks, and is steady and moderate in his abilities and needs. He has an instinct for people like himself and for what they need: for example, that bit of independence and green pas-

ture 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 confirmation of his value and usefulness. This must keep overcoming the inner *distrust* at the bottom of every dependent person's and herd animal's heart. Naturally, the scholar also has the illnesses and bad habits of a type that is not noble. He is full of petty envy, with a lynx's eye for the low points of those natures whose heights he cannot reach. He is friendly, but only like someone who lets himself go without letting himself *flow*. Faced with a person who is a mighty stream, he becomes all the colder and more closed. His eye is then like a smooth, unwelcoming lake, with no ripple of delight or fellow feeling. The worst and most dangerous thing a scholar is capable of comes from his type's instinct for mediocrity. It comes from that Jesuitism of mediocrity which instinctively works to destroy the exceptional person and tries to break every taut bow—or, preferably, to unstring it. Unstring it considerably, of course, with a gentle hand—*unstring* it with friendly pity. That is Jesuitism's real art. It has always known how to present itself as the religion of pity.—

- 207 However gratefully we may welcome the *objective* mind—and who hasn't at some point been sick to death of everything subjective and its damned fixation on its very own self?—we must eventually learn to be wary even of our gratitude. We must stop the exaggeration that has recently celebrated the mind's loss of self and personality as though it were a goal in itself, a redemption and transfiguration. This happens especially in the pessimists' school, which also has good reasons of its own for giving the highest honors to "disinterested knowledge." The objective person no longer curses and rails as the pessimist does. He is the *ideal* scholar in whom the scientific instinct finally blossoms and flourishes, after a thousand complete or partial failures. He is certainly one of the most valuable tools there are. But he belongs in the hands of someone more powerful. He is only a tool—let's say he is a *mirror*—not an "end in himself." The objective person is in fact a mirror. He is accustomed to submitting to everything that wants to be known, with no pleasure other than the pleasure of

knowing, of “reflecting.” He waits for something to come, and then spreads himself out gently so that even light footsteps and the fleeting passage of ghostly beings leave their trace on his surface and skin. Whatever “person” is still left in him seems accidental to him, often arbitrary, and even more often a nuisance. He has become so much a passageway and reflection for other shapes and events. He thinks back to “himself” with effort, and often gets it wrong. He easily mistakes himself for something else, misjudges his own basic needs, and only here is he insensitive and careless. Perhaps his health troubles him, or his wife and friend’s pettiness and stale indoor air, or a lack of companions and company. Yes, he forces himself to think about his trouble—but in vain! His thoughts are already wandering off to the *more general* case. Tomorrow he will know as little as he did yesterday about how he can be helped. He has lost his seriousness about himself, and his time for himself as well. He is cheerful, *not* because he has no troubles, but because he has no fingers and handles with which to grasp *his own* troubles. His habitual openness to every thing and experience; the sunny, unprejudiced hospitality with which he accepts whatever comes his way; his kind of indiscriminate goodwill, his dangerous indifference to Yes and No—oh, there are plenty of cases in which he must pay for these virtues! And as a human being altogether, he all too easily becomes their lifeless residue. If you ask love and hatred of 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 you shouldn’t be surprised if it isn’t much, if just here he proves false, fragile, questionable, and rotten. His love is willed, his hatred artificial and more of a feat of effort, a little vanity and exaggeration. He is genuine only insofar as he is allowed to be objective. Only in his cheerful embrace of everything is he still “nature” and “natural.” His reflecting soul, forever smoothing itself out, no longer knows how to affirm or deny. He does not command; he does not destroy either. “I despise almost nothing,” he says with Leibniz. Don’t miss or underestimate that “almost”! Nor is he a model human being. He neither leads nor follows anyone. He generally stands too far away to have any reason to take sides between good and evil. For so long he has been confused with the *philosopher*, with the Caesar-like breeder and forceful shaper of culture. That has

given him far too much honor and overlooked the essential thing about him: he is a tool, something of a slave, certainly the most refined kind of slave, but nothing in himself—almost nothing! The objective person is a tool, a valuable measuring instrument and artistic mirror, easily damaged and clouded, to be treated carefully and honored. But he is not a goal, not a going forth and rising up, not a completing human being in whom the *rest* of existence finds its justification, not a conclusion—and still less a beginning, a begetting and first cause. He is nothing solid, powerful, self-supporting that wants to be master. Rather, he is only a delicate, fine, flexible vessel for shapes, blown hollow, which must wait for some content and substance before it can “shape itself” accordingly. Usually he is a person without substance or content, a “selfless” person. So, incidentally, nothing for women either.—

- 208 When a philosopher today makes it clear that he is no skeptic—I hope that came through in the description of the objective mind just given?—everyone is unhappy to hear it. People look at him with a certain fear. There are so many things they would like to ask, to ask... Yes, among the timid eavesdroppers, of whom there are now so many, he is considered dangerous from that point on. His rejection of skepticism makes them feel as if they were hearing some evil, threatening noise from far away, as if a new explosive were being tested somewhere, a dynamite of the spirit. Perhaps a newly discovered Russian nihilism, a pessimism of good will: one that doesn't merely say No and will No, but—terrifying thought!—*does* No. Against this kind of “good will,” a will actually to deny life through action, it is generally agreed that there is no better sleeping pill and sedative today than skepticism: the soft, lovely, lulling poppy of skepticism. The doctors of our time even prescribe Hamlet himself against the “ghost” and its rumbling underground. “Haven't we all heard enough bad noises already?” says the skeptic, as a friend of peace and almost a kind of security police. “This underground No is dreadful! Be quiet at last, you pessimistic moles!” The skeptic, this tender creature, is much too easily frightened. His conscience has been trained to flinch and feel something like a bite at every No, indeed even at a firm, hard Yes. Yes! And No! That goes against his morality.

Instead, he loves celebrating his virtue with noble abstention. He might say with Montaigne, "What do I know?" Or with Socrates, "I know that I know nothing." Or, "Here I don't trust myself; no door stands open to me here." Or, "Suppose it did stand open—why go straight in?" Or, "What use are all these hasty hypotheses? Making no hypotheses at all could easily be a matter of good taste. Must you immediately straighten out everything crooked? Must you stuff every hole with some bit of tow? Can't it wait? Doesn't time have time? Oh, you daredevils, can't you *wait* at all? Uncertainty has its charms too; the Sphinx is a Circe too; Circe was a philosopher too." That is how a skeptic comforts himself. And it is true that he needs some comfort. Skepticism is the most spiritual expression of a certain complex physical condition that people commonly call weak nerves and sickliness. It arises whenever races or classes long separated from each other interbreed in a sudden and decisive way. The new generation inherits different standards and values in its blood, so to speak. Everything in it is unrest, disturbance, doubt, experiment. Its best powers hold each other back. Even its virtues stop each other from growing strong. Body and soul lack balance, a center of gravity, the certainty of standing upright. But what sickens and degenerates most deeply in such mixed people is the *will*. They no longer know independence in deciding or the brave pleasure of willing. They doubt "freedom of the will" even in their dreams. Our Europe today is the scene of an absurdly sudden experiment in radically mixing classes, and *therefore* races. That is why it is skeptical from top to bottom. Sometimes its skepticism is restless, leaping impatiently and greedily from branch to branch; sometimes it is gloomy as a cloud overloaded with question marks—and often it is sick to death of its own will! Paralysis of the will: where today do we not find this cripple sitting! And often how dressed up! How seductively dressed up! There are the most beautiful clothes of splendor and deception for this illness. Most of what displays itself in the shop windows today as "objectivity," "scientific rigor," "art for art's sake," or "pure, will-less knowledge," for example, is only dressed-up skepticism and paralysis of the will. I will stand by this diagnosis of Europe's illness. This disease of the will is unevenly spread across Europe. It shows itself most strongly and in the most forms where culture has been at

home longest. It disappears to the extent that “the barbarian” still—or once again—asserts his rights under the loose-fitting garment of Western education. In today’s France, then, the will is most seriously ill: you can reach this conclusion as easily as you can grasp the evidence. France has always been masterfully skilled at turning even disastrous changes in its spirit into something charming and seductive. Today it shows its cultural superiority over Europe precisely as a school and display of all the charms of skepticism. The power to will, and to keep willing one will for a long time, is already somewhat stronger in Germany, and stronger again in northern Germany than in its center. It is considerably stronger in England, Spain, and Corsica, bound to a placid temperament in the first case, and hard skulls in the others. I won’t speak of Italy, which is too young yet to know what it wants, and must first prove whether it can will. But it is strongest and most astonishing of all in that vast middle realm where Europe seems to flow back into Asia: Russia. There the power to will has long been set aside and stored up. There the will waits threateningly to be released—to borrow today’s physicists’ favorite word—uncertain whether it will be a will to denial or affirmation. To relieve Europe of its greatest danger might require more than wars in India and entanglements in Asia. It might require internal upheavals, the empire’s breakup into small bodies, and above all the introduction of parliamentary idiocy, along with everyone’s obligation to read his newspaper over breakfast. I don’t say this as a wish. The opposite would be more to my liking: I mean, such an increase in Russia’s threat that Europe would have to decide to become equally threatening. It would have to *acquire one will*, through a new caste ruling over Europe: a long, terrible will of its own, able to set goals across thousands of years. Then at last its long-drawn-out comedy of petty states would end, along with its many conflicting dynastic and democratic wills. The time for petty politics is over. The very next century will bring the struggle for rule over the earth—the *compulsion* to grand politics.

- 209 How far the new age of war, which we Europeans have plainly entered, may also favor the development of another, stronger kind of skepticism is something I want, for now, to express only through an image. Friends of German

history will understand it. That heedless enthusiast for handsome, tall grenadiers, who as king of Prussia brought a military and skeptical genius into the world—and thus, fundamentally, that new type of German now rising to victory—the dubious, crazed father of Frederick the Great, himself had a genius's grasp and lucky claw in one respect. He knew what Germany lacked at the time, and what lack was a hundred times more alarming and urgent than, say, a lack of education and social polish. His dislike of the young Frederick came from the fear of a deep instinct. *Men were lacking*. And to his bitterest annoyance, he suspected that his own son wasn't man enough. He was wrong about that. But who in his place wouldn't have been wrong? He saw his son surrendering to atheism, to wit, to the pleasure-loving lightheartedness of clever Frenchmen. In the background he saw the great bloodsucker, the spider of 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 commanded and *could* no longer command. Meanwhile, however, that more dangerous and harder new kind of skepticism was growing in his son. Who knows *how much* it was helped precisely by his father's hatred and by the icy melancholy of a will forced into solitude? It was the skepticism of daring manliness, closely related to genius for war and conquest, which first entered Germany in the figure of the great Frederick. This skepticism despises yet still seizes for itself; it undermines and takes possession; it does not believe, yet does not lose itself in doing so. It gives the mind dangerous freedom but keeps the heart under strict control. This is the *German* form of skepticism. As a continuing, ever more spiritual Frederickianism, it brought Europe for a good while under the rule of the German mind and its critical and historical distrust. Thanks to the unbeatably strong and tough masculine character of the great German philologists and historical critics (who, properly seen, were all also artists of destruction and dissolution), a *new* idea of the German mind gradually took hold, despite all the Romanticism in music and philosophy. Its decisive feature was the tendency toward masculine skepticism: for example, a fearless eye, courage and hardness in the dissecting hand, a persistent will to dangerous voyages of discovery, to spiritual North Pole expeditions under desolate and dangerous skies. Warm-

blooded, superficial champions of humanity may have good reasons for crossing themselves against precisely this spirit. Michelet calls it, not without a shudder, “this fatalistic, ironic, Mephistophelean spirit.” But to feel how much distinction there is in this fear of the “man” within the German mind, through whom Europe was awakened from its “dogmatic slumber,” remember the earlier idea that this one had to overcome. Remember how recently a masculinized woman could still presume, with unbridled arrogance, to recommend the Germans to Europe’s sympathy as gentle, kindhearted, weak-willed, poetic fools. At last, understand deeply enough Napoleon’s astonishment when he caught sight of Goethe. It reveals what people had understood by the “German mind” for centuries. “Here is a man!” That meant: “Why, this is a *man*! And I had only expected a German!”—

- 210 Suppose, then, that we can guess one feature in the picture of the philosophers of the future: perhaps they must be skeptics in the sense just suggested. That would still describe only something about them, *not* the philosophers themselves. They could just as rightly allow themselves to be called critics. And certainly they will be people who experiment. In the name I dared to give them, I already expressly emphasized trying things out and the pleasure of trying. Was that because, as critics in body and soul, they like to use experiments in a new, perhaps broader, perhaps more dangerous sense? Must their passion for knowledge take them further in daring and painful experiments than a democratic century’s softhearted, pampered taste can approve? There is no doubt: these coming people will need, above all, those serious and not entirely harmless qualities that distinguish the critic from the skeptic. I mean certainty in standards of value, the conscious use of a unified method, resourceful courage, the ability to stand alone and answer for themselves. Yes, they admit to themselves a *pleasure* in saying No and taking things apart, and a certain thoughtful cruelty that knows how to guide the knife surely and delicately, even while the heart bleeds. They will be *harder* (perhaps not always only on themselves) than humane people might wish. They will not involve themselves with “truth” so that it may “please,” “uplift,” and “inspire” them. Rather, they will have little

faith that *truth*, of all things, brings such treats for the feelings. These stern minds will smile if someone says in front of them, “That thought uplifts 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 genuine disgust ready for everything so dreamy, idealistic, feminine, and hermaphroditic. Anyone who knew how to follow them into the secret chambers of their hearts would hardly find an intention there to reconcile “Christian feelings” with “the taste of antiquity,” or perhaps even with “modern parliamentarianism.” (They say such a readiness to reconcile things occurs even among philosophers in our very uncertain and therefore very conciliatory century.) These philosophers of the future will not merely demand of themselves critical discipline and every habit that leads to cleanliness and rigor in matters of the mind. They may even display them as their own kind of jewelry. For all that, they still won’t want to be called critics. They see no small disgrace being done to philosophy when people decree, as they so much like to do today, “Philosophy itself is criticism and critical scholarship—and absolutely nothing else!” This assessment of philosophy may enjoy the applause of all the positivists in France and Germany. (It might even have flattered *Kant’s* heart and taste: remember the titles of his main works.) Our new philosophers will still say: critics are the philosopher’s tools, and precisely as tools, they are a long way from being philosophers themselves! Even the great Chinese man of Königsberg was only a great critic.—

- 211 I insist that people finally stop confusing philosophical workers, and scientific scholars generally, with philosophers. Here in particular, we must strictly give “each his due,” not too much to the former, and not far too little to the latter. To educate a real philosopher, it may be necessary for him to have stood on all the steps where his servants, the scholarly workers in philosophy, remain—and *must* remain. He himself may have to have been a critic, skeptic, dogmatist, historian, and, besides, a poet, collector, traveler, riddle solver, moralist, seer, “free spirit,” and almost everything. That would let him travel around the whole range of human values and feelings of value. With many kinds of eyes and con-

sciences, he *could* look from the heights into every distance, from the depths up to every height, from the corner into every open expanse. But all this only prepares for his task. The task itself wants something different: it demands that he *create values*. Those philosophical workers modeled on the noble examples of Kant and Hegel must establish some great existing body of value judgments—earlier acts of *setting* and creating values that have become dominant and are called “truths” for a time—and compress it into formulas, whether in *logic*, *politics* (morality), or *art*. These researchers have the job of making everything that has happened and been valued so far easy to survey, think over, grasp, and handle. They must shorten everything long, indeed “time” itself, and *master* the whole past. This is an enormous and wonderful task, in whose service any fine pride and any persistent will can certainly find satisfaction. *But actual philosophers are commanders and lawmakers*. They say, “This is how it *must* be!” They first determine humanity’s Where to? and What for? In doing so, they have at their disposal the preliminary work of all philosophical workers, all those who have mastered the past. They reach for the future with a creative hand. Everything that is and was becomes their means, their tool, their hammer. Their “knowing” is *creating*; their creating is lawmaking; their will to truth is—*will to power*. Are there such philosophers today? Have there been such philosophers already? *Must* there not be such philosophers?...

- 212 It seems to me increasingly that the philosopher, as a person *needed* for tomorrow and the day after tomorrow, has always been, and *had to* be, at odds with his today. His enemy was always today’s ideal. Up to now, all these exceptional people who advance humanity, whom we call philosophers, have rarely felt themselves to be friends of wisdom. They have felt more like unpleasant fools and dangerous question marks. They have found their task—a hard, unwanted, unavoidable task—and finally its greatness, in being their time’s bad conscience. By setting the vivisector’s knife to the chest of the very *virtues of their age*, they revealed their own secret: they knew of a *new* human greatness, a new, untrodden path to making humanity greater. Each time, they exposed how much hypocrisy, comfort, self-indulgence, and letting oneself sink, how much

lying lay hidden under the most honored form of their contemporaries' morality; how much virtue had *outlived itself*. Each time they said, "We must go there, out there, where *you* feel least at home today." Faced with a world of "modern ideas" that wants to confine everyone to a corner and a "specialty," a philosopher—if philosophers could exist today—would be forced to locate human greatness, the idea of "greatness," precisely in breadth and variety, in wholeness within multiplicity. He would even judge value and rank by how much, and how many different things, a person could carry and take upon himself, and how *far* he could extend his responsibility. Today's taste and virtue weaken and thin out the will. Nothing is more in keeping with the times than weakness of will. So, in the philosopher's ideal, "greatness" must include strength of will, hardness, and the ability to make long-lasting decisions. This is just as right as the opposite teaching, the ideal of a timid, renouncing, humble, selfless humanity, was suited to an opposite age. Such an age, like the sixteenth century, suffered from its pent-up energy of will and the wildest waters and storm tides of selfishness. In Socrates' time, he was surrounded by people with worn-out instincts, conservative old Athenians who let themselves go—"for happiness," they said; for pleasure, their actions said. They still kept using the old magnificent words to which their lives had long ceased to give them any right. Then greatness of soul may have needed *irony*: that malicious Socratic certainty of the old doctor and man of the people who cut ruthlessly into his own flesh, as into the flesh and heart of the "noble," with a look that spoke clearly enough: "Don't pretend in front of me! Here—we are equal!" Today, by contrast, in Europe the herd animal alone receives and hands out honors. "Equality of rights" could all too easily turn into equality in wrongdoing: I mean a joint war against everything rare, strange, privileged, against the higher human being, the higher soul, the higher duty, the higher responsibility, the fullness of creative power and mastery. Today, being noble, wanting to be on one's own, being able to be different, having to stand alone and live on one's own initiative belong to the idea of "greatness." And the philosopher will reveal something of his own ideal when he proposes: "The greatest shall be the one who can be the loneliest, the most hidden, the most different; the human being beyond good and evil,

the master of his virtues, overflowing with will. This is what *greatness* shall mean: being able to be as varied as one is whole, as broad as one is full.” And once again the question: is greatness *possible* today?

- 213 What a philosopher is can hardly be learned, because it cannot be taught. You must “know” it from experience—or have the pride *not* to know it. These days everyone talks about things they *can* have no experience of. This is most true, and worst, in the case of the philosopher and philosophical states of mind. Very few know them or are allowed to know them, and every popular opinion about them is false. Take, for example, that genuinely philosophical combination of bold, exuberant spirituality, running at top speed, and a rigor and necessity in reasoning that never puts a foot wrong. Most thinkers and scholars have no experience of it. So if someone tried to tell them about it, they wouldn’t believe it. They imagine every necessity as distress, as having painfully to follow and being forced. Thinking itself counts for them as something slow, hesitant, almost a hardship, and often enough as “worthy of the *sweat* of the noble”—but not at all as something light, divine, and closely related to dancing and high spirits! “Thinking” and “taking something seriously,” “taking it heavily”—these belong together for them. That alone is how they have “experienced” it. Artists may have a finer nose here. They 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 creatively setting, disposing, and shaping, reaches its height. In short, necessity and “freedom of the will” are then one for them. Finally, there is a ranking of states of soul, to which the ranking of problems corresponds. The highest problems mercilessly repel anyone who dares approach them without being destined to solve them through the height and power of his spirituality. What good does it do when nimble, all-purpose minds or clumsy, honest mechanics and empiricists crowd near them with their plebeian ambition, as happens so often today, pushing into this “court of courts,” so to speak! But coarse feet must never step on such carpets. The fundamental law of things has already made sure of that. The doors stay closed to these intruders, even if they bump their heads against them and smash

them! You must be born for every high world. More plainly, you must have been *bred* for it. You have a right to philosophy—taking the word in its great sense—only through your descent. Ancestors, “blood,” decide here too. Many generations must have worked to prepare the philosopher’s emergence. Each of his virtues must have been individually acquired, nurtured, inherited, and absorbed. Not only the bold, light, delicate walking and running of his thoughts, but above all the readiness for great responsibilities; the loftiness of commanding looks and downward looks; the feeling of being separate from the masses and their duties and virtues; the friendly 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 the will; the slow eye that rarely admires, rarely looks up, rarely loves...

PART VII

Our Virtues



Seventh Part:
Our Virtues.

²¹⁴ Our virtues? We probably still have our virtues too. As is only reasonable, they won't be those sincere, blockish virtues for which we honor our grandfathers, but also keep them at a little distance. We Europeans of the day after tomorrow, we first arrivals of the twentieth century—with all our dangerous curiosity, our variety and skill at disguise, our mellowed and almost sweetened cruelty of mind and senses—if we have virtues, they will probably only be those that have learned to get along best with our most secret, heartfelt inclinations, our hottest needs. Well then, let's look for them in our labyrinths! As everyone knows, many things get lost there, many things disappear for good. And is there anything more beautiful than *looking* for your own virtues? Doesn't that almost mean already *believing* in your own virtue? But this "believing in your virtue"—isn't it basically the same thing people used to call their "good conscience"? That venerable concept, a long pigtail our grandfathers hung down behind their heads, and often enough behind their understanding too? So, however little we may otherwise consider ourselves old-fashioned and grandfatherishly respectable, in one thing we are still these grandfathers' worthy grandsons. We last Europeans with a good conscience: we still wear their pigtail too. Oh! If you knew how soon, how very soon, things will—change!...

- 215 Sometimes in the realm of stars, two suns determine a single planet's orbit. In certain cases suns of different colors shine around one planet, lighting it now red, now green, and then striking it at the same time and flooding it with mixed colors. In just this way, thanks to the complicated mechanics of our "starry sky," we modern people are governed by *different* moralities. Our actions shine alternately in different colors. They seldom have just one meaning—and there are plenty of cases when we do *multicolored* deeds.
- 216 Love your enemies? I think that lesson has been well learned. It happens a thousand times over today, on a small and a large scale. Yes, sometimes something higher and more sublime already happens: we learn to *despise* when we love, precisely when we love best. But all of this happens unconsciously, quietly, without display, with that bashfulness and secrecy of goodness which forbids the solemn word and the virtuous formula from reaching our lips. Morality as a pose goes against our taste today. This too is progress, just as it was progress when our fathers finally lost their taste for religion as a pose—including hostility and Voltaire-like bitterness toward religion, and everything that once belonged to the gestures of free thinking. There is music in our conscience, a dance in our minds, with which no Puritan litany, no moral sermon, and no show of earnest respectability can harmonize.
- 217 Beware of people who attach great value to being credited with moral tact and subtlety in moral judgment! They never forgive us if they have once made a mistake in front of us—or even done wrong *to* us. They inevitably become our instinctive slanderers and detractors, even if they remain our "friends." Blessed are the forgetful, for they "get over" their stupidities too.
- 218 France's psychologists—and where else are there psychologists today?—still haven't exhausted their bitter, varied enjoyment of bourgeois stupidity, as if... enough, they give something away by it. Flaubert, for example, that honest citizen of Rouen, ended up seeing, hearing, and tasting nothing else. It was his kind of self-torment and subtler cruelty. For a change—because this is getting boring—I now recommend something else to delight in: the unconscious cun-

ning with which all the good, fat, honest minds of mediocrity deal with higher minds and their tasks. It is a subtle, tangled, Jesuitical cunning, a thousand times subtler than this middle group's understanding and taste at their best—even subtler than its victims' understanding. Yet another proof that “instinct” is the most intelligent of all the kinds of intelligence discovered so far. In short, you psychologists, study the philosophy of the “rule” as it fights the “exception.” There you have a spectacle good enough for gods and divine malice! Or, still more plainly: vivisect the “good person,” the “person of good will”... *yourselves*!

219 Moral judgment and condemnation are the favorite revenge of people with limited minds on those whose minds are less limited. They are also a kind of compensation for having been poorly provided for by nature, and finally an opportunity to gain cleverness and *become* subtle. Malice sharpens the mind. Deep in their hearts, it does them good that there is a standard by which even people showered with the mind's gifts and privileges are their equals. They fight for the “equality of all before God,” and almost *need* belief in God just for that. The strongest opponents of atheism are among them. Someone who told them, “A high degree of intellectual development is beyond comparison with any goodness or respectability of a merely moral person,” would drive them into a rage. I will take care not to do that. Instead, I would like to flatter them with my proposition that a high degree of intellectual development itself exists only as the final product of moral qualities. It brings together all the states attributed to the “merely moral” person, after they have been acquired individually through long discipline and practice, perhaps across whole chains of generations. High intellectual development is precisely the spiritual development of justice and of that kindly severity which knows it has the task of preserving the *order of rank* in the world, among things themselves—and not only among people.

220 With the praise of the “disinterested” so popular now, we must become aware—perhaps not without some danger—of *what* actually interests the people. What things does the ordinary person really care about, thoroughly and

deeply? Include the educated, even scholars, and, unless everything is misleading, almost the philosophers too. What emerges is this: most of what interests and excites finer, more demanding tastes, every higher nature, seems completely “uninteresting” to the average person. If he nevertheless notices devotion to it, he calls that devotion “disinterested” and wonders how it is possible to act “without interest.” There have been philosophers who even knew how to give this popular astonishment a seductive, mystical, otherworldly expression. (Perhaps because they didn’t know the higher nature from experience?) Instead, they should have stated the bare, perfectly reasonable truth: the “disinterested” action is a *very* interesting and interested action, provided... “And love?” What! Even an action done out of love is supposed to be “unselfish”? But you fools—! “And praise of the person who makes sacrifices?” But anyone who has really made sacrifices knows he wanted something in return, and got it. Perhaps he gave something of himself for something of himself; he gave something up here 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 where a more demanding mind doesn’t like to linger. Here truth already has such a hard time suppressing a yawn when it has to answer. After all, truth is a woman. We shouldn’t do violence to her.

- 221 “Sometimes,” said a moral pedant and picker of nits, “I honor and distinguish an unselfish person. But not because he is unselfish. It is because he seems to me to have a right to benefit another person at his own expense. In short, the question is always who *he* is and who *the other person* is. For someone destined and made to command, for example, self-denial and modestly standing back would not be a virtue but a waste of a virtue: that is how it seems to me. Every unselfish morality that takes itself as unconditional and addresses everyone doesn’t merely offend against taste. It incites sins of omission. It is one *more* seduction behind a mask of love for humanity—and a seduction that harms precisely the higher, rarer, privileged people. Moralities must be forced, before anything else, to bow to the *order of rank*. Their presumption must be driven into their consciences, until they finally reach agreement that it is *immoral* to

say, ‘What is right for one is fair for another.’” So said my moral pedant and good fellow. Did he deserve to be laughed at for urging moralities to be moral in this way? But you shouldn’t be too right if you want the laughter on *your* side. A grain of wrongness is even part of good taste.

222 Wherever pity is preached today—and if you listen properly, no other religion is being preached anymore—the psychologist should open his ears. Through all the vanity, through all the noise characteristic of these preachers, as of all preachers, he will hear a hoarse, groaning, genuine sound of *self-contempt*. It belongs to that darkening and disfiguring of Europe that has been growing for a century now (its first symptoms are already documented in a thoughtful letter from Galiani to Madame d’Épinay): *if it isn’t its cause!* The man 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 descent—a fairly ugly plebeian, all in all—absolutely needs a costume. He needs history as his costume storeroom. Of course, he notices that none of them fits him properly, so he changes and changes. Look at the nineteenth century’s quick infatuations and changes of stylistic masquerade, and at its moments of despair because “nothing suits” us. It’s no use presenting ourselves as Romantic or classical or Christian or Florentine or Baroque or “national,” in morals and the arts: “it doesn’t look good on us”! But the “mind,” especially the “historical mind,” finds its advantage even in this despair. Another piece of the past or of a foreign country is constantly being tried, put on, taken off, packed away, and above all *studied*. We are the first learned age when it comes to “costumes”: I mean moralities, articles of faith, artistic tastes, and religions. We are prepared as no age has ever been for carnival on a grand scale, for the most intellectual carnival laughter and high spirits, for the transcendental height of the greatest nonsense and Aristophanes-like mockery of the world. Perhaps it is precisely here that we will discover the realm of our *invention*, where we too can still be original, perhaps as parodists of world history and God’s clowns. Perhaps, even if nothing else from today has a future, our *laughter* does!

224 The *historical sense* is the ability to guess quickly the ranking of values by which a people, a society, or a person has lived. It is the “divining instinct” for the relationships among these value judgments, for the relation between the authority of values and the authority of the forces at work. We Europeans claim this historical sense as our special feature. It came to us in the wake of that enchanting, mad *half-barbarism* into which Europe’s democratic mixing of classes and races has plunged it. Only the nineteenth century knows this sense as its sixth sense. Thanks to that mixing, the past of every form and way of life, of cultures that used to lie harshly beside and on top of one another, flows into us “modern souls.” Our instincts now run backward in every direction. We ourselves are a kind of chaos. In the end, as I said, “the mind” finds its advantage in this. Our half-barbarism of body and desire gives us secret access everywhere, such as a noble age never possessed. Above all, it gives us access to the labyrinth of unfinished cultures and to every half-barbarism that has ever existed on earth. And since the largest part of human culture so far has been precisely half-barbarism, “historical sense” almost means a sense and instinct for everything, a taste and tongue for everything. This immediately shows it to be an *ignoble* sense. For example, we enjoy Homer again. Perhaps our happiest advantage is that we know how to savor Homer. People of a noble culture cannot and could not make him their own so easily; they scarcely allowed themselves to enjoy him. Take the French of the seventeenth century, such as Saint-Évremond, who faults him for his vast mind, or even Voltaire, their final echo. Their palate’s very definite Yes and No, their readily aroused disgust, their hesitant reserve toward everything strange, their fear of the bad taste even of lively curiosity—in general, every noble and self-sufficient culture’s unwillingness to admit a new desire, dissatisfaction with its own possessions, admiration for the foreign—all this puts them in an unfavorable position and mood toward even the best things in the world that they do not own or *could* not capture. No sense is more incomprehensible to such people than precisely the historical sense and its servile plebeian curiosity. It is no different with Shakespeare, that astonishing blend of Spanish, Moorish, and Saxon tastes. An ancient Athenian who was a friend of Aeschylus would have laughed or raged himself half to death over

him. But we accept precisely this wild mix of colors, this jumble of the most delicate, the coarsest, and the most artificial, with a secret familiarity and warmth. We enjoy him as an artistic refinement reserved especially for us. The foul fumes and the closeness of the English rabble, amid which Shakespeare's art and taste live, bother us as little as they would on the Chiaia in Naples. There we go on our way, enchanted and willing, with all our senses, however much the slum districts' sewers hang in the air. We people of the "historical sense" have our virtues as such; that is undeniable. We are undemanding, selfless, modest, brave, full of self-overcoming, full of devotion, very grateful, very patient, very accommodating. For all that, perhaps we are not very "tasteful." Let's finally admit it: what we people of the "historical sense" find hardest to grasp, feel, savor, and love as others have is precisely what is perfect and fully ripe in every culture and art. It is what is truly noble in works and people, their moment of smooth seas and halcyon self-sufficiency, the golden and cold quality shown by all things that have reached perfection. Deep down, we are prejudiced and almost hostile toward it. Perhaps our great virtue, the historical sense, necessarily opposes *good* taste, at least the very best taste. Precisely those small, brief, and highest strokes of happiness and transfigurations of human life that shine out here and there are hard for us to reproduce in ourselves. We do it only hesitantly, only by forcing ourselves. I mean those moments and miracles when a great force voluntarily stopped before the measureless and limitless; when an excess of subtle pleasure was enjoyed in suddenly being tamed and turned to stone, in standing firm and fixing oneself on still-trembling ground. *Measure* is foreign to us; let's admit it. What thrills us is precisely the thrill of the infinite, the unmeasured. Like a rider on a horse snorting as it charges forward, we modern people, we half-barbarians, drop the reins before the infinite—and find *our* bliss only where we are also most—in *danger*.

- 225 Whether hedonism, pessimism, utilitarianism, or eudaimonism, all these ways of thinking measure the value of things by *pleasure* and *suffering*—by accompanying states and side issues. They are superficial, naive ways of thinking. Anyone conscious of *creative* powers and an artist's conscience will look down

on them with some mockery, and some pity too. Pity for *you*! Admittedly, that isn't pity as you mean it. It isn't pity for social "distress," for "society" and its sick and unfortunate people, for those vicious and broken from the start, who lie on the ground all around us. Still less is it pity for grumbling, oppressed, rebellious slave classes striving for mastery—they call it "freedom." *Our* pity is a higher, more farsighted pity. We see how *human beings* are growing smaller, how *you* make them smaller! And there are moments when we watch precisely *your* pity with indescribable anxiety, when we resist this pity, when we find your seriousness more dangerous than any lightheartedness. You want, if possible—and there is no crazier "if possible"—to *abolish suffering*. And we? It seems *we* would rather have it greater and worse than ever! Well-being as you understand it is no goal: to us it seems an *ending*! A state that soon makes human beings ridiculous and contemptible, that makes one *wish* for their downfall! The discipline of suffering, of *great* suffering—don't you know that *this* discipline alone has produced 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 bravery in bearing, enduring, interpreting, and using misfortune; and whatever has ever been given to it of depth, mystery, masks, spirit, cunning, and greatness—wasn't it given under suffering, under the discipline of great suffering? In human beings, *creature* and *creator* are united. In human beings there is material, fragment, excess, clay, dirt, nonsense, chaos. But in human beings there is also creator, shaper, hardness of the hammer, divinity of the spectator, and the seventh day. Do you understand this contrast? And that *your* pity concerns the "creature in the human being": what must be shaped, broken, forged, torn, burned, made to glow, purified—what necessarily must *suffer* and *should* suffer? And *our* pity—don't you grasp whom our *opposite* pity concerns, when it resists your pity as the worst of all pampering and weaknesses? Pity *against* pity, then! But, to say it again, there are higher problems than all problems of pleasure, suffering, and pity. And every philosophy that comes down to these alone is naive.—

226 *We immoralists!* This world that concerns *us*, in which *we* have things to fear and love, this almost invisible, inaudible world of subtle commanding and subtle obeying, a world of the “almost” in every respect, tricky, treacherous, sharp, tender—yes, it is well defended against clumsy spectators and overfamiliar curiosity! We are spun into a tight web and shirt of duties and *cannot* get out. In precisely this, we too are “people of duty”! Sometimes, it is true, we dance in our “chains” and among our “swords.” More often, no less truly, we grind our teeth under them and grow impatient with all the hidden hardness of our fate. But whatever we may do, the fools and appearances say against us, “These are people *without* duty.” We always have the fools and appearances against us!

227 Honesty—supposing this is our virtue, from which we free spirits cannot get free—well, we want to work on it with all our malice and love. We won’t tire of “perfecting” ourselves in *our* virtue, the only one we have left. May its light one day remain 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, finds us too hard, and wants things better, easier, gentler, like a pleasant vice—let’s stay *hard*, we last Stoics! Let’s send to its aid whatever devilry we have in us: our disgust at what is clumsy and approximate, our “we strive for the forbidden,” our adventurous courage, our resourceful and demanding curiosity, our subtlest, most disguised, most spiritual will to power and to overcoming the world, which roams and raves greedily around all the realms of the future. Let’s send all our “devils” to help our “god”! People will probably misunderstand and misidentify us for it. What does it matter! They will say, “Their ‘honesty’—that’s their devilry, and nothing more!” What does it matter! Even if they were right! Haven’t all gods so far been devils of that sort, renamed and made holy? And in the end, what do we know about ourselves? Or about what the spirit guiding us wants to be *called*? (It’s a matter of names.) Or about how many spirits we harbor? We free spirits must take care that our honesty doesn’t become our vanity, our decoration and show, our limit, our stupidity! Every virtue tends toward stupidity, every stupidity toward virtue. “Stupid to the point of sainthood,” they say in Russia.

Let's make sure that honesty doesn't finally turn us into saints and bores! Isn't life a hundred times too short to be—bored in it? You would have to believe in eternal life to...

228 Forgive me for discovering that all moral philosophy so far has been boring and has belonged among sleeping pills—and that nothing has lowered “virtue” more in my eyes than its advocates’ *boringness*. I don’t mean to deny their general usefulness by saying so. It matters greatly that as few people as possible think about morality. Consequently, it matters *very* greatly that morality shouldn’t become interesting one day! But don’t worry! Things are still as they always were. I see nobody in Europe who has any idea—or *gives* any idea—that thinking about morality could be pursued dangerously, treacherously, seductively, that there could be something *fateful* in it! Look, for example, at the tireless, unavoidable English utilitarians, how clumsily and respectably they walk on and on in Bentham’s footsteps—a Homeric comparison says it more clearly—just as he himself already walked in the footsteps of the respectable Helvétius. (No, this Helvétius was no dangerous man!) Not a new thought, no subtler turn or fold of an old thought, not even a real history of earlier thinking: altogether an *unbearable* literature, unless you know how to spice it with a little malice. That old English vice called *cant*, *moral hypocrisy in the manner of Tartuffe*, has crept into these moralists too. (You absolutely must read them with ulterior thoughts, if you *must* read them at all.) This time it hides beneath the new form of scientific rigor. Nor is there any lack of secret attempts to ward off the pangs of conscience that a race of former Puritans would naturally suffer whenever it studies morality scientifically. (Isn’t a moralist a Puritan’s opposite? That is, a thinker who takes morality as questionable, deserving a question mark—in short, as a problem? Shouldn’t moralizing be—immoral?) In the end, they all want *English* morality proved right, insofar as this best serves humanity, or “general usefulness,” or “the happiness of the greatest number”—no! *England’s* happiness. They want with all their might to prove to themselves that striving for *English* happiness—I mean for comfort and fashion, and at the highest level, a seat in Parliament—is also the right path of virtue. Indeed, that

whatever virtue has existed in the world so far has consisted in just such striving. Not one of these lumbering herd animals with troubled consciences, who undertake to plead the cause of selfishness as the cause of general welfare, wants to know or even smell a hint that “general welfare” is no ideal, no goal, no concept that can be grasped in any way, but only something to make you vomit. That what is fair for one *cannot* by any means therefore be fair for another; that demanding one morality for all harms precisely the higher human beings; in short, that there is an *order of rank* between person and person, and therefore also between morality and morality. These utilitarian Englishmen are a modest, thoroughly mediocre kind of person. And as I said, insofar as they are boring, you cannot think highly enough of their utility. They should be *encouraged* further, as the following rhymes have partly tried to do.

Hail to you, good cart-pushers,
Always “longer means more pleasing,”
Ever stiffer, head and knee,
Uninspired, without humor,
Indestructibly mediocre,
Without genius, without wit!

- 229 In those later ages that are entitled to pride themselves on their humanity, so much fear, so much *superstition* born of fear of the “wild, cruel beast” remains—their pride as more humane ages consists precisely in having mastered it—that even obvious truths go unspoken for centuries, as if by agreement. They seem likely to bring that wild beast, finally killed off, back to life. Perhaps I am taking a risk by letting one such truth slip out. Others may catch it again and give it so much “milk of pious thinking” to drink that it lies quiet and forgotten in its old corner. We must rethink cruelty and open our eyes. We must finally learn impatience, so that such brazen, fat errors no longer wander about virtuously and boldly, errors like those ancient and modern philosophers have fed up concerning tragedy, for example. Almost everything we call “higher culture” rests on making *cruelty* more spiritual and deepening it: that is my propo-

sition. That “wild beast” hasn’t been killed off at all. It lives, it flourishes, it has only—become divine. What makes up tragedy’s painful pleasure is cruelty. What feels pleasant in so-called tragic pity—and basically in everything sublime, up to the highest and most delicate shudders of metaphysics—gets its sweetness only from the ingredient of cruelty mixed into it. The Roman in the arena, the Christian in the ecstasies of the cross, the Spaniard watching burning stakes or bullfights, the Japanese person of today crowding toward tragedy, the worker from the outskirts of Paris who longs for bloody revolutions, the female Wagnerian who disconnects her will and lets Tristan and Isolde “happen to her”—what all these people enjoy and try to drink into themselves with mysterious heat are the spiced potions of the great Circe “Cruelty.” Here, of course, we must chase away the clumsy psychology of earlier times, which could teach only that cruelty arises at the sight of *someone else’s* suffering. There is abundant, overabundant pleasure in one’s own suffering too, in making oneself suffer. Wherever human beings let themselves be persuaded into self-denial in the *religious* sense, or self-mutilation, as among the Phoenicians and ascetics, or into stripping away the senses and the flesh, into contrition, Puritan spasms of repentance, vivisection of the conscience, and Pascal’s sacrifice of the intellect, they are secretly lured and driven forward by their cruelty. They are driven by those dangerous shudders of cruelty turned *against themselves*. Finally, consider that even the seeker of knowledge acts as an artist and transfigurer of cruelty. He forces his mind to know *against* its own inclination, and often enough against his heart’s wishes too: to say No, that is, where he would like to affirm, love, and worship. Even taking anything deeply and thoroughly is an act of violence, a wish to hurt the mind’s basic will, which constantly wants appearance and surfaces. Even in every desire for knowledge there is a drop of cruelty.

- 230 Perhaps what I have said here about a “basic will of the mind” isn’t immediately clear. Allow me an explanation. That commanding something that people call “the mind” wants to be master within itself and around itself, and to feel itself master. It has the will to move from multiplicity to simplicity, a will that binds together, tames, thirsts for mastery, and truly rules. In this, its needs and capaci-

ties are the same as those physiologists identify in everything that lives, grows, and multiplies. The mind's power to make something foreign its own shows itself in a strong tendency to make the new resemble the old, to simplify variety, to overlook or push away what completely contradicts it. In the same way, it arbitrarily stresses certain features and lines in what is foreign, in every piece of the "outside world," brings them forward, and falsifies them to suit itself. Its intention is to absorb new "experiences," to fit new things into old sequences—in other words, to grow. More precisely still, it wants the *feeling* of growth, the feeling of increased power. An apparently opposite drive of the mind serves this same will: a suddenly erupting decision for ignorance, for deliberately shutting itself off, closing its windows, saying No inwardly to this or that thing, not letting it approach. It is a kind of defensive state against much that could be known, a satisfaction with darkness, with the closing horizon, an affirmation and approval of ignorance. All this is necessary according to the degree of its power to absorb, its "digestive power," to speak figuratively—and "the mind" really does most resemble a stomach. The mind's occasional wish to let itself be deceived belongs here too. Perhaps it has a playful suspicion that things *aren't* really so, that we are merely letting them count as so. There is pleasure in all uncertainty and ambiguity, a jubilant enjoyment of itself in the deliberately chosen narrowness and secrecy of a corner, in what is too close, in the foreground, in what is enlarged, reduced, shifted, beautified. It enjoys itself in the arbitrariness of all these expressions of power. Finally, this also includes the mind's not entirely harmless readiness to deceive other minds and disguise itself before them: that constant pressure and urge of a creative, shaping, changeable force. Here the mind enjoys its variety of masks and its cunning. It also enjoys the sense of safety they give it. After all, its Proteus-like transformations are its best defense and hiding place! *Against this* will to appearance, simplification, mask, cloak—in short, surface, since every surface is a cloak—works that sublime inclination of the seeker of knowledge, who takes things deeply, in their many aspects, and thoroughly, and *wants* to do so. It is a kind of cruelty of intellectual conscience and taste. Every brave thinker will acknowledge it in himself, provided he has, as he should, hardened and sharpened his eye for him-

self long enough, and is used to strict discipline and strict words too. He will say, “There is something cruel in my mind’s inclination.” Let the virtuous and lovable people try to talk him out of it! It would indeed sound nicer if people attributed to us, whispered about us, praised in us an “excessive honesty” instead of cruelty—to us free, *very* free spirits. And perhaps that really is *how* our—posthumous fame will sound one day? For now—there is still time before that—we ourselves are probably least inclined to dress ourselves in such moral tinsel and fringe. All our work so far makes precisely this taste and its cheerful extravagance distasteful to us. They are beautiful, glittering, jingling, festive words: honesty, love of truth, love of wisdom, sacrifice for knowledge, the heroism of the truthful person. There is something in them that swells one’s pride. But we hermits and marmots, in all the secrecy of a hermit’s conscience, have long persuaded ourselves that this dignified verbal display too belongs to unconscious human vanity’s old deceptive finery, junk, and gold dust. Even under such flattering paint and repainting, the terrible basic text *homo natura* must be recognized again. That is, to translate the human being back into nature; to master the many vain and dreamy interpretations and extra meanings that have so far been scribbled and painted over that eternal basic text *homo natura*; to make human beings from now on face human beings as they already face the *rest of* nature today, hardened by the discipline of science, with fearless Oedipus eyes and sealed-up Odysseus ears, deaf to the enticing tunes of old metaphysical birdcatchers. For too long they have piped to him: “You are more! You are higher! You come from somewhere else!” This may be a strange and mad task, but it is a *task*—who would deny that! Why did we choose it, this mad task? Or, to ask differently, “Why knowledge at all?” Everyone will ask us this. And pressed in this way, we who have already asked ourselves the same question hundreds of times—we have found, and find, no better answer...

- 231 Learning changes us. It does what all nourishment does, which doesn’t merely “preserve” us either—as the physiologist knows. But at our foundation, right “down below,” there is indeed something unteachable, a granite of spiritual fate, of predetermined decisions and answers to predetermined, selected ques-

tions. With every fundamental problem, an unchanging “this is me” speaks. About man and woman, for example, a thinker cannot learn differently, but only finish learning: only finish discovering what is “fixed” in him about them. Early on we find certain solutions to problems that inspire strong belief precisely in *us*. Perhaps from then on we call them our “convictions.” Later, we see them only as footsteps toward self-knowledge, signposts to the problem that we *are*—or more correctly, to the great stupidity that we are, to our spiritual fate, to the *unteachable thing* right “down below.” Following this generous courtesy I have just shown myself, perhaps I may more readily be allowed to state a few truths about “woman as such”—provided people now know from the start how very much these are only—*my* truths.—

- 232 Woman wants to become independent. To that end, she is beginning to enlighten men about “woman as such.” *This* is one of the worst advances in Europe’s general *disfigurement*. For what must these clumsy attempts at female scientific rigor and self-exposure bring to light! Woman has so much reason for shame. There is so much pedantry, superficiality, schoolmarmishness, petty presumption, petty unruliness and immodesty hidden in woman—just study her dealings with children! Until now, *fear* of man has basically been the best way of pushing it back and taming it. 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 charm, of playing, of chasing cares away, of easing things and taking them lightly! When she unlearns her subtle skill at arousing pleasant desires! Already female voices are being raised which, by holy Aristophanes, are terrifying. They threaten, with medical explicitness, what woman *wants* from man first and last. Isn’t it the worst taste for woman to set about becoming scientific in this way? Up to now, fortunately, enlightenment has been men’s business, men’s gift—we kept it “among ourselves.” And when women write about “woman,” we may ultimately retain a healthy distrust as to whether woman really *wants*—and *can* want—enlightenment about herself... If a woman isn’t looking for some new decoration for herself in this—I do think dressing up belongs to the Eternal

Feminine?—then she wants to make people afraid of her. Perhaps she wants to rule through it. But she does not *want* truth. What does woman care about truth! From the start, nothing has been more foreign, repugnant, hostile to woman than truth. Her great art is lying; her highest concern is appearance and beauty. Let's admit it, we men: it is precisely *this* art and *this* instinct that we honor and love in woman. We have a hard time and gladly seek relief in the company of beings under whose hands, looks, and gentle follies our seriousness, weight, and depth seem to us almost like folly. Finally, I ask this question: has a woman herself ever granted depth to a woman's head, justice to a woman's heart? And isn't it true that, by and large, "woman" has so far been most disdained by woman herself—and not at all by us? We men wish woman would stop compromising herself through enlightenment. It was a man's care and consideration for woman when the Church decreed, "Let woman be silent in church!" It was for woman's benefit when Napoleon made it clear to the all-too-eloquent Madame de Staël: "Let woman be silent in politics!" And I think it is a true friend of women who calls to them today, "Let woman be silent about woman!"

233 It reveals corrupted instincts—quite apart from revealing bad taste—when a woman appeals precisely to Madame Roland or Madame de Staël or Monsieur George Sand, as if that proved something *in favor* of "woman as such." Among men, these three are the *comic* women as such—nothing more! And precisely the best unintended *counterarguments* against emancipation and female self-rule.

234 Stupidity in the kitchen; woman as cook; the appalling thoughtlessness with which the family and master of the house are fed! Woman doesn't understand what food *means*—and wants to be a cook! If woman were a thinking creature, then, having been a cook for thousands of years, she would surely have discovered the greatest facts of physiology and taken possession of the art of healing as well! Bad female cooks—the complete lack of reason in the kitchen—have held human development back longest and harmed it worst. Even today things are little better. An address to daughters of the upper classes.

235 There are turns and throws of the mind, sayings, a little handful of words, in which a whole culture, a whole society suddenly crystallizes. One is Madame de Lambert's passing remark to her son: "My friend, never allow yourself any follies except those that will give you great pleasure." Incidentally, this is the most motherly and wisest thing ever said 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 as "The Eternal Feminine draws us *upward*"—I have no doubt that every nobler woman will resist this belief. For she believes precisely *this* about the Eternal Masculine...

237 *Seven Little Sayings about Women.*

How the longest boredom flees
when a man comes crawling to us!

Age, alas! and scholarship
also give weak virtue strength.

Black clothing and silence
make every woman look smart.

Whom do I thank for my good fortune?
God!—and my dressmaker.

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

Noble name, a pretty leg,
Man as well: oh, if *he* were mine!

Short speech, long meaning
—Slippery ice for the female donkey!

- 237a Until now, men have treated women like birds that strayed down to them from some height: as something finer, more vulnerable, wilder, stranger, sweeter, more soulful—but as something that must be caged so it doesn't fly away.
- 238 To go wrong on the basic problem of “man and woman,” to deny the deepest antagonism and the need for an eternally hostile tension here, perhaps to dream of equal rights, equal education, equal claims and obligations—this is a *typical* sign of a shallow mind. A thinker who has proved shallow at this dangerous point—shallow in his instinct!—may be considered suspect altogether. More than that, he has given himself away, been exposed. He will probably fall “short” on all the basic questions of life, including future life, and be unable to descend into *any* depth. A man who has depth, on the other hand, in his mind as in his desires, including that depth of goodwill which can be stern and hard and is easily mistaken for sternness and hardness, can only think of woman in an *Oriental* way. He must understand woman as a possession, as property that can be locked up, as something predestined for service and fulfilled in it. Here he must take his stand on Asia's tremendous reason, on Asia's superiority of instinct. That is what the Greeks once did, those best heirs and students of Asia. As we know, from Homer to the time of Pericles, as their culture and the breadth of their power *increased*, they also became *stricter* toward woman step by step—in short, more Oriental. *How* necessary, how logical, *how* even desirable from a human point of view this was: think it over for yourselves!
- 239 In no age has the weaker sex been treated by men with such respect as in ours. That belongs to democracy's inclination and basic taste, just like disrespect for old age. Is it any wonder that this respect is immediately abused? Women want more, learn to demand, and finally find that tribute of respect almost insulting already. They would prefer competition for rights, indeed an actual fight. In short, woman is losing her sense of shame. Let's add at once that she is losing her taste too. She is unlearning her *fear* of man. But the woman who “unlearns fear” surrenders her most womanly instincts. It is natural enough, and understandable enough, that woman ventures forward when what inspires fear in man—or, to be more precise, when the *man* in man—is no longer wanted and

bred to greatness. What is harder to understand is that precisely in doing so—woman degenerates. This is happening today: let's not deceive ourselves about it! Wherever the industrial spirit has defeated the military and aristocratic spirit, woman now strives for a clerk's economic and legal independence. "Woman as clerk" stands at the gate of the emerging modern society. As she seizes new rights in this way, tries to become "master," and writes woman's "progress" on her banners and little flags, the opposite is happening with terrible clarity: *woman is going backward*. Since the French Revolution, woman's influence in Europe has *diminished* in proportion to the increase in her rights and claims. And insofar as the "emancipation of woman" is demanded and promoted by women themselves, not just by shallow-minded men, it proves to be a remarkable symptom of the growing weakness and blunting of the most womanly instincts. There is *stupidity* in this movement, an almost masculine stupidity, of which a woman who has turned out well—who is always a clever woman—would have to be thoroughly ashamed. Losing the scent for the ground on which you are surest to win; neglecting practice in your own particular art of arms; letting yourself go before man, perhaps even "as far as a book," where you formerly kept yourself disciplined and subtly, cunningly humble; brazenly and virtuously working against man's belief in a fundamentally different ideal *veiled* within woman, in something Eternally and Necessarily Feminine; insistently and chatteringly talking man out of the idea that woman must be maintained, provided for, protected, and treated gently like a more delicate, strangely wild, and often pleasant domestic animal; clumsily and indignantly gathering up everything slavish and serflike that woman's position in the existing social order has had and still has—as if slavery were a counterargument rather than a condition of every higher culture, every elevation of culture—what does all this mean, if not a crumbling of female instincts, a loss of womanliness? Of course, there are plenty of idiotic friends of women and corrupters of women among the learned donkeys of the male sex. They advise woman to strip herself of womanliness in this way and copy all the stupidities from which "man" in Europe, European "manliness," is suffering. They would like to bring woman down to "general education," perhaps even to reading newspapers and talking

politics. Here and there people even want to make women into free spirits and literary people—as if a woman without piety weren’t something completely repugnant or ridiculous to a deep and godless man! Almost everywhere their nerves are being ruined by the sickliest and most dangerous of all kinds of music—our latest German music—and they are being made more hysterical daily, less capable of their first and last calling, bearing strong children. People want to “cultivate” them even more in general and, as they say, make the “weaker sex” *strong* through culture. As if history didn’t teach as emphatically as possible that “cultivation” and weakening of human beings—namely the weakening, fragmentation, and sickening of *willpower*—have always gone hand in hand! And that the world’s most powerful and influential women, most recently Napoleon’s mother, owed their power and superiority over men precisely to their willpower—and not to schoolmasters! What inspires respect for woman, and often enough fear, is her *nature*, which is more “natural” than man’s. It is her genuine, cunning suppleness as a beast of prey, her tiger’s claw beneath the glove, her naivety in selfishness, her inability to be trained and her inner wildness, the incomprehensibility, vastness, and roaming of her desires and virtues... What, despite all fear, inspires pity for this dangerous and beautiful cat “woman” is that she seems to suffer more, to be more vulnerable, more in need of love, and more doomed to disappointment than any animal. Fear and pity: with these feelings man has stood before woman up to now, always with one foot already in tragedy, which tears apart as it delights. What? And is that supposed to be over now? Is woman’s *disenchantment* under way? Is woman’s becoming boring slowly approaching? Oh Europe! Europe! We know the horned animal that has always attracted you most, from which danger threatens you again and again! Your old fable could once more become “history.” Once more a tremendous stupidity could master you and carry you away! 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 listened, once again for the first time, to Richard Wagner's overture to *The Mastersingers*. This is magnificent art: overloaded, heavy, and late in its development. It is proud enough to assume that anyone who understands it still has two centuries of music alive within them. It does the Germans credit that this pride was not misplaced! What juices and forces, what seasons and climates have been mixed here! At one moment it strikes us as ancient, at another as foreign, sharp, and excessively young. It is as arbitrary as it is grandly conventional. It is often mischievous, and still more often blunt and coarse. It has fire and courage, and at the same time the loose, pale skin of fruit that ripens too late. It pours along, broad and full. Suddenly there is a moment of unexplained hesitation, as though a gap were opening between cause and effect, a pressure that makes us dream, almost a nightmare. But already the old stream of pleasure spreads and broadens again: pleasure in every form, happiness old and new. *Very* much included is the artist's pleasure in himself, which he does not want to hide: his astonished, happy awareness of his mastery of the means he uses here—new, newly acquired, untested artistic means, as he seems to be telling us. Taken as a whole, there is no beauty, no South, none of the South's delicate brightness of sky, no grace, no dance, hardly even a will to logic. There is even a

certain clumsiness, emphasized as though the artist wanted to tell us, "It is part of my intention." There is a cumbersome costume, something arbitrary, barbaric, and ceremonial; a shimmer of learned and venerable treasures and lace-work. Something German, in the best and worst sense of the word; something various, shapeless, and inexhaustible in a German way. A certain German strength and overflowing fullness of soul, unafraid to hide among the refinements of decay—perhaps feeling most at home precisely there. A true, genuine emblem of the German soul, at once young and out of date, excessively worn-out and still excessively rich in future possibilities. 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 do not yet have a today*.

²⁴¹ We "good Europeans" also have hours when we allow ourselves a hearty bout of patriotism, a plunge and relapse into old loves and narrow limits—I have just given an example. Hours of national excitement, patriotic anxieties, and all sorts of other old-fashioned floods of feeling. More cumbersome minds than ours may take longer to get through what, for us, is confined to hours and finishes playing itself out in hours. Some may take half a year, others half a lifetime, depending on the speed and strength with which they digest and "metabolize." Yes, I can imagine dull, hesitant races that, even in our fast-moving Europe, would need half-centuries to overcome such ancestral attacks of patriotism and attachment to their own patch of earth, and return to reason—I mean to being "good Europeans." While I wander through this possibility in my thoughts, I happen to overhear a conversation between two old "patriots." Both were clearly 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," one said. "He is still innocent. But what does that matter today! This is the age of the masses: they throw themselves flat before anything massive. In politics, too. A statesman who piles up a new Tower of Babel for them, some monstrous structure of empire and power, is what they call 'great.' What does it matter that we more cautious, more reserved people have not yet abandoned the old belief that only a great thought gives greatness to a deed or a cause?"

Suppose a statesman put his people in a position where, from then on, they had to pursue ‘great politics,’ for which they are naturally poorly equipped and prepared. They would have to sacrifice their old, dependable virtues for the sake of a new, doubtful mediocrity. Suppose a statesman condemned his people to ‘politicking’ at all, although until then they had better things to do and think about, and deep in their souls could never shake off a wary disgust at the restlessness, emptiness, and noisy, quarrelsome devilry of peoples who actually live for politics. Suppose such a statesman stirred up his people’s sleeping passions and cravings, made a stain of their former shyness and their pleasure in standing aside, made a fault of their love of foreign things and their hidden boundlessness, devalued their deepest inclinations, turned their conscience inside out, narrowed their minds, made their taste ‘national.’ What! A statesman who did all this, for which his people would have to pay through their entire future, if they have a future—would such a statesman be *great*?” “Without question!” 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 only madness at first!” “Misuse of words!” the first shouted back. “Strong! Strong! Strong and mad! *Not* great!” The old men had visibly grown heated as they shouted their “truths” into each other’s faces. But I, in my happiness and my beyond, considered how soon a stronger man would become master over the strong. And also how the loss of depth in one people’s mind has its compensation: in the growing depth of another’s.

242 Call it “civilization,” “humanization,” or “progress,” this thing in which Europeans now seek their distinction. Or simply call it, without praise or blame, by a political formula: Europe’s *democratic* movement. Behind all the moral and political appearances these formulas point to, an enormous *physiological* process is taking place, increasingly in motion. Europeans are becoming more alike. They are increasingly breaking free of the conditions that produce races tied to a climate and a social class. They are becoming increasingly independent of any *particular* environment that would inscribe the same demands on body and soul for centuries. In other words, a basically supranational,

nomadic kind of human being is slowly emerging, whose typical distinction, physiologically speaking, is the greatest possible skill and power of adaptation. This process of the *European's development* can be slowed down by great relapses, but perhaps these are just what make it gain and grow in force and depth. The stormy passion for “national feeling” still raging today belongs here, as does the anarchism now emerging. This process will probably lead to results its naive supporters and spokespeople, the apostles of “modern ideas,” would least like to expect. The same new conditions that will, on average, level people out and make them mediocre—a useful, hardworking human herd animal, versatile and adaptable—are extremely well suited to producing exceptional people of the most dangerous and attractive kind. That power of adaptation, trying out ever-changing conditions and starting a new task with every generation, almost every decade, makes a *powerful* type impossible. The overall impression these future Europeans make will probably be that of versatile, talkative workers, weak in will and extremely employable, who *need* a master, someone to command them, as they need their daily bread. Thus Europe’s democratization amounts to producing a type prepared for *slavery* in its most refined sense. Yet in the individual, exceptional case, the *strong* person will have to turn out stronger and richer than perhaps ever before, thanks to an education free from prejudice, thanks to the enormous variety of practice, art, and masks. What I meant to say is this: Europe’s democratization is at the same time an unintended arrangement for breeding *tyrants*—taking that word in every sense, including the most intellectual.

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 used to distinguish the Germans by calling them “deep.” Now the most successful type of the new German character hungers for quite different honors, and perhaps finds that everything with depth lacks “dash.” So it is almost timely and patriotic to wonder whether that old compliment did not deceive us. In short, whether German depth is not really some-

thing different and worse—and something we are, thank God, successfully getting rid of. Let us try, then, to relearn what German depth means. All that is needed is a little vivisection of the German soul. Above all, the German soul is many-sided and comes from various sources. It is more a collection of things put together and piled on top of one another than a real structure: that follows from its origins. A German bold enough to claim, “Two souls, alas, live in my breast,” would do the truth a serious injustice—or rather, would fall short of it by many souls. A people made from the most enormous mixture and stirring together of races, perhaps even with the pre-Aryan element predominating, a “people of the middle” in every sense, the Germans are harder to grasp, more wide-ranging, more contradictory, less known, less predictable, more surprising, even more frightening to themselves than other peoples are to themselves. They escape *definition*, and that alone drives the French to despair. It is characteristic of the Germans that the question “What is German?” never dies out among them. Kotzebue certainly knew his Germans well enough: “We have been understood!” they cheered at him—but *Sand* also thought he knew them. Jean Paul knew what he was doing when he angrily spoke out against Fichte’s lying but patriotic flattery and exaggeration. Yet Goethe probably thought differently about the Germans than Jean Paul did, even if he agreed with him about Fichte. What did Goethe actually think of the Germans? But he never spoke plainly about many things around him, and throughout his life he knew the subtle art of silence—probably for good reasons. What is certain is that it was not the “Wars of Liberation” that made him look up with greater joy, any more than the French Revolution did. The event that made him *rethink* his Faust, indeed the whole problem of “the human being,” was Napoleon’s appearance. There are remarks in which Goethe, as though speaking from abroad, passes judgment with impatient harshness on what the Germans take pride in. He once defines their famous depth of feeling as “indulgence toward other people’s weaknesses and one’s own.” Is he wrong? It is characteristic of the Germans that one is rarely 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 the charm of mystery. The German knows

the back ways into chaos. And just as everything loves what resembles it, the German loves clouds and everything unclear, developing, dim, damp, and veiled. Uncertainty, lack of shape, shifting, growth of every kind: these feel “deep” to him. The German himself does not *exist*: he *is becoming*, he is “developing.” So “development” is the truly German discovery and inspired invention in the great realm of philosophical formulas. It is a ruling concept that, allied with German beer and German music, works to Germanize all Europe. Foreigners stand amazed and attracted by the puzzles set them by the contradictory nature at the base of the German soul (which Hegel put into a system, and Richard Wagner most recently into music). “Good-natured and treacherous”—a combination that would be nonsense for any other people is unfortunately justified all too often in Germany. Just spend some time among Swabians! The German scholar’s clumsiness and lack of social taste go alarmingly well with an inner tightrope-walking and easy boldness that have 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 to “taste”! How the noblest and the most vulgar stand side by side! What a disorderly, wealthy household this whole soul is! The German *drags* his soul around with him; he drags around everything he experiences. He digests events badly and never “finishes” with them. German depth is often nothing but a slow, difficult “digestion.” And just as all chronic invalids, all sufferers from indigestion, lean toward comfort, the German loves “openness” and “honest simplicity.” How *comfortable* it is to be open and simple! Perhaps the most dangerous and successful disguise the German knows today is this trusting, accommodating, cards-on-the-table quality of German *honesty*. It is his real art of Mephistopheles: with it 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 this: whatever “German depth” may be—and strictly between ourselves, perhaps we may allow ourselves a laugh at it?—we would do well to keep honoring its appearance and good name. We should not sell 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, clumsy, good-natured, honest, unwise. It might even be—deep! Finally, one should do one's name credit: 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 lucky *we* are that his rococo still speaks to us! That his "good society," his tender enthusiasm, his childish delight in Chinese things and decorative curls, his courtesy of heart, his desire for delicate things, for love, dance, and blissful tears, his faith in the South, can still appeal to some *remnant* within us! Ah, one day even that will be over! But who can doubt that understanding and enjoying Beethoven will end even sooner? He was only the final sound of a transition and break in style, *not*, like Mozart, the final sound of a great European taste that had lasted for centuries. Beethoven is the event between an old, worn-out soul, constantly breaking, and a future, excessively young soul, constantly *arriving*. Over his music lies that twilight of eternal loss and eternal, extravagant hope—the same light in which Europe lay bathed when it dreamed with Rousseau, danced around the Revolution's tree of liberty, and finally all but worshiped Napoleon. But how quickly *this* very feeling is now fading! How hard it already is to *know* this feeling! How strange to our ears is the language of Rousseau, Schiller, Shelley, Byron, in whom, taken *together*, the same European destiny found its way into words that knew how to sing in Beethoven! What came afterward in German music belongs to Romanticism: in historical terms, a still shorter, more fleeting, more superficial movement than that great interlude, Europe's passage from Rousseau to Napoleon and the rise 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 music has died away, even if it has not yet been forgotten. Besides, all this Romantic music was not noble enough, not musical enough, to hold its ground anywhere but in the theater and before the crowd. From the start it was second-rate music, of little account among real musicians. It was different with Felix Mendelssohn, that serene master, quickly admired and just as quickly forgotten

for his lighter, purer, happier soul: the beautiful *episode* in German music. As for Robert Schumann, who took things heavily and was himself taken heavily from the start—he is the last to have founded a school—do we not now consider it good fortune, a breath of relief, a liberation, that precisely this Schumann-style Romanticism has been overcome? Schumann, fleeing into the “Saxon Switzerland” of his soul, half like Werther, half like Jean Paul, certainly not like Beethoven! Certainly not like Byron! His Manfred music is a mistake and a misunderstanding to the point of injustice. Schumann, whose taste was fundamentally a *small* taste (a dangerous inclination, doubly dangerous among Germans, toward quiet lyric poetry and drunkenness of feeling), constantly stepping aside, shyly slipping away and drawing back, a noble, delicate creature reveling in nothing but nameless happiness and pain, a kind of girl and “do not touch me” from the start: this Schumann was already only a *German* event in music, no longer a European one like Beethoven, or, on a still broader scale, Mozart. With him, German music faced its greatest danger: losing *its voice for Europe’s soul* and sinking into mere patriotism.—

246 What torture books written in German are for anyone with a *third* ear! How reluctantly he stands beside the slowly swirling swamp of sounds without sound, rhythms without dance, that Germans call a “book”! And then the German who *reads* books! How lazily, how unwillingly, how badly he reads! How many Germans know, and demand that they themselves know, that every good sentence contains *art*—art that has to be detected if the sentence is to be understood! Misunderstand its tempo, for example, and the sentence itself is misunderstood! There must be no doubt about which syllables determine the rhythm. A break in an overly strict symmetry must be felt as intentional and appealing. Every staccato, every rubato calls for a sensitive, patient ear. One must guess the meaning in the succession of vowels and diphthongs, and how delicately and richly they can color and recolor one another as they follow in sequence. Which Germans who read books are willing enough to recognize duties and demands like these, and listen for so much art and intention in language? In the end, they simply “have no ear for it.” And so the sharpest con-

trasts in style go unheard, and the finest artistry is *wasted* as though on the deaf. These were my thoughts when I noticed how clumsily and cluelessly people confused two masters of prose. From one, the words drip down hesitantly and coldly, as though from the ceiling of a damp cave—he relies on their muffled sound and echo. The other handles his language like a flexible fencing sword, and feels, from his arm down to his toes, the dangerous pleasure of its quivering, excessively sharp blade, eager to bite, hiss, and cut. —

247 How little German style has to do with sound and ears is shown by the fact that our good musicians, in particular, write badly. The German does not read aloud, not for the ear, but only with his eyes: meanwhile he has put his ears away in a drawer. A person in antiquity, when he read—and it happened rarely enough—read something aloud to himself, in a loud voice. People were surprised if someone read quietly, and privately wondered why. In a loud voice: that means with all the swellings, inflections, changes in tone, and shifts of tempo that the *public* world of antiquity enjoyed. Then the laws of written style were the same as those of spoken style. Those laws depended partly on the astonishing training and refined needs of ear and throat, and partly on the strength, endurance, and power of ancient lungs. A periodic sentence, in the ancient sense, is above all a physiological whole, because one breath holds it together. Periodic sentences like those in Demosthenes and Cicero, swelling twice and falling twice, all within a single breath: these were delights for people of *antiquity*. From their own training, they knew how to appreciate the skill involved, the rarity and difficulty of delivering such a sentence. *We* modern people, short of breath in every sense, really have no right to the *great* periodic sentence! All those ancient people practiced speech themselves as amateurs, and were therefore knowledgeable listeners, and therefore critics. This drove their orators to the limit. In just the same way, in the last century, when all Italian men and women knew how to sing, virtuoso singing—and with it the art of melody—reached its height among them. But in Germany there was really only one kind of public speech with *anything like* artistry: speech from the pulpit. (Only in the most recent times has a kind of platform eloquence begun moving

its young wings, shyly and clumsily enough.) In Germany, only the preacher knew what a syllable or a word weighs, how a sentence strikes, leaps, plunges, runs, runs to its end. Only he had a conscience in his ears, often enough a bad conscience. There is no lack of reasons why a German, in particular, rarely achieves skill in speech, and almost always too late. It is therefore only fair that the masterpiece of German prose is the masterpiece of its greatest preacher: so far, the *Bible* has been the best German book. Measured against Luther's Bible, almost everything else is merely "literature"—a thing that did not grow in Germany, and so 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 gladly lets itself be fertilized and gives birth. Similarly, among peoples of genius, some have been given the woman's problem of pregnancy and the secret task of shaping, ripening, completing—the Greeks, for example, were such a people, as are the French. Others have to fertilize and become the cause of new orders of life—like the Jews, the Romans, and, to ask with all modesty, the Germans? Peoples tormented and delighted by unknown fevers, irresistibly driven out beyond themselves, in love with foreign races and lusting after them (races that "let themselves be fertilized"), and at the same time hungry to rule, like everything that knows it is full of reproductive power and therefore rules "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 Tartuffe-style hypocrisy, 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 both the best and the worst: the grand style in morality, the terror and majesty of infinite demands, infinite meanings, all the romance and grandeur of moral uncertainties. And therefore precisely the most attractive, most ensnaring, most exquisite part of those plays of color and seductions

into life, in whose afterglow the sky of our European culture, its evening sky, glows today—perhaps glows its last. We artists among spectators and philosophers are—grateful to the Jews for this.

251 We must accept that a people suffering from national nervous fever and political ambition, *wanting* to suffer from them, will have all kinds of clouds and disturbances pass over its mind—in short, little attacks of growing stupid. Among today's Germans, for example, there is now anti-French stupidity, now anti-Jewish, now anti-Polish, now Christian-Romantic, now Wagnerian, now Teutonic, now Prussian (just look at those poor historians, Sybel and Treitzschke with their thickly bandaged heads), and whatever else these little fogs over the German mind and conscience may be called. May I be forgiven that I too, during a brief, risky stay in a highly infected area, was not entirely spared the disease. Like everyone else, I even began thinking about things that are none of my business: the first sign of political infection. About the Jews, for instance. Listen. I have never yet met a German who was well disposed toward the Jews. However unconditional all cautious, politically minded people may be in rejecting outright antisemitic agitation, their caution and policy are not directed against the kind of feeling itself. They oppose only its dangerous excess, especially the tasteless and shameful expression of that excessive feeling. We must not deceive ourselves about this. Germany has more than *enough* Jews; the German stomach, German blood, has trouble—and will have trouble for a long time yet—even coping with this amount of “Jew,” as the Italian, the Frenchman, the Englishman have coped through a stronger digestion. This is the clear statement and language of a general instinct that one must listen to and act upon. “Let no more Jews in! And especially lock the gates toward the East (including Austria)!” So commands the instinct of a people whose type is still weak and undefined, and could easily be blurred, easily erased by a stronger race. But the Jews are beyond all doubt the strongest, toughest, 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 people today would like to stamp as vices. Above all, thanks to a firm faith that

has no need to feel ashamed before “modern ideas.” *If* they change, they change only as the Russian Empire makes its conquests—as an empire that has time and was not born yesterday—namely, on the principle “as slowly as possible!” A thinker whose conscience bears responsibility for Europe’s future will, in all the plans he makes for that future, reckon with the Jews as with the Russians: as, for now, the most certain and probable factors in the great game and struggle of forces. What is called a “nation” in Europe today is really more a thing made than a thing born (indeed, sometimes almost indistinguishable from a thing invented and painted). In any case it is something developing, young, easily shifted, not yet a race, let alone something “more lasting than bronze,” as the Jewish type is. These “nations” should take careful precautions against any hot-headed rivalry and hostility! It is certain that the Jews, if they wanted—or if they were forced to it, as the antisemites seem to want—*could* already have the upper hand, indeed quite literally rule over Europe. It is equally certain that they are *not* working or planning toward this. For now, rather, they want and wish, even with some insistence, to be absorbed into Europe, absorbed by Europe. They thirst to be settled somewhere at last, accepted and respected, to put an end to the nomadic life, to the “Wandering Jew.” We should pay close attention to this inclination and urge—which may itself already express a softening of Jewish instincts—and meet it halfway. To that end, it might be useful and fair to expel the antisemitic loudmouths from the country. Meet it with every caution, selectively, roughly as the English nobility does. Clearly, the stronger, already more firmly formed types of the new German character could associate with them with the least concern—for example, the noble officer from the March of Brandenburg. It would be interesting in many ways to see whether the genius for money and patience could be added, bred into the hereditary art of commanding and obeying—in both of which the region just named is a classic example today. Above all, a little intelligence and intellectual life, which are abundantly lacking there. But here it is fitting to break off my cheerful German nationalism and ceremonial speech. I am already touching on *what I take seriously*, on the “European problem” as I understand it: the breeding of a new caste ruling over Europe.—

252 These English are no philosophical race. Bacon represents an *attack* on the philosophical spirit itself. Hobbes, Hume, and Locke lowered and devalued the concept “philosopher” for more than a century. Kant rose up, and rose higher, *against* Hume. It was of Locke that Schelling had *the right* to say, “I despise Locke.” Hegel and Schopenhauer, those two hostile brother-geniuses of philosophy, were at one—with Goethe—in the fight against the English-mechanistic stupefaction of the world. They strove apart toward opposite poles of the German mind, and in doing so wronged each other as only brothers can. That half-actor and rhetorician, the tasteless muddlehead Carlyle, knew well enough what England lacks and has always lacked. With passionate grimaces he tried to hide what he knew about himself: namely, what Carlyle *lacked*—real intellectual *power*, real *depth* of intellectual vision, in short, philosophy. It is characteristic of such an unphilosophical race that it clings firmly to Christianity. It *needs* Christianity’s discipline to “moralize” it and make it more human. The Englishman is gloomier, more sensual, stronger-willed, and more brutal than the German. Precisely for that reason, as the more vulgar of the two, he is also more devout: he needs Christianity *even more*. To more sensitive nostrils, even this English Christianity has a genuinely English undertone of melancholy and alcoholic excess. With good reason, it is used as a remedy against them—the subtler poison against the coarser. Among clumsy peoples, a subtler poisoning is indeed already progress, a step toward a more spiritual life. English clumsiness and peasant seriousness are most tolerably disguised—or rather, explained and reinterpreted—by Christian gestures, prayer, and psalm-singing. And for that brutish lot of drunkards and libertines, who formerly learned to grunt morally under the power of Methodism and have recently done so again as the “Salvation Army,” a fit of repentance may really be the relatively highest achievement of “humanity” to which they can be raised. It is only fair to grant that much. But what offends even in the most humane Englishman is his lack of music, to speak figuratively—and not figuratively. In the movements of his soul and body he has no rhythm or dance, 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 am asking too much...

- 253 There are truths best understood by mediocre minds, because they suit those minds best. There are truths that have charm and seductive power only for mediocre minds. We are being pushed up against this perhaps unpleasant proposition just now, as the thinking of respectable but mediocre Englishmen—I name Darwin, John Stuart Mill, and Herbert Spencer—begins to gain the upper hand in the middle reaches of European taste. Indeed, who would question the usefulness of *such* minds ruling for a time? It would be a mistake to think that minds of a high order, flying off the common track, are particularly good at establishing, collecting, and forcing into conclusions a great many small, common facts. As exceptions, they are, from the start, in no favorable position toward the “rules.” After all, they have more to do than merely acquire knowledge: namely, to *be* something new, *mean* something new, *represent* new values! The gulf between knowing and being able to do may be greater, and more disturbing, than people think. The person capable on a grand scale, the creator, may have to be an ignorant person. On the other hand, a certain narrowness, dryness, and diligent care—in short, something English—may be quite a good qualification for scientific discoveries of Darwin’s kind. Finally, let us not forget that the English have already once brought about a general depression of the European mind through their profound averageness. What people call “modern ideas,” “the ideas of the eighteenth century,” or even “French ideas”—what the *German* mind rose against with deep disgust—was English in origin. There can be no doubt of that. The French were only the apes and actors of these ideas, also their best soldiers, and unfortunately also their first and most thorough *victims*. For the damnable English craze of “modern ideas” finally made the French soul so thin and wasted that today we remember its sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, its deep, passionate strength and inventive nobility, almost with disbelief. But we must grip this statement of historical fairness with our teeth and defend it against the present moment

and present appearances: European nobility—in feeling, taste, manners, in short, taking the word in every higher sense—is *France's* work and invention; European vulgarity, the plebeian character of modern ideas, is *England's*.—

254 Even now, France is the home of Europe's most intellectual and refined culture, and its great school of taste. But one must know how to find this "France of taste." Those who belong to it keep well hidden. Perhaps only a few people keep it alive in the flesh, and perhaps these do not stand on the strongest legs: some fatalists, gloomy people, sick people; others overdicate and overartificial, people whose *ambition* is to remain hidden. They all share one thing: they stop their ears against the raging stupidity and noisy mouth of the democratic bourgeoisie. Indeed, a France grown stupid and coarse now rolls about in the foreground. Recently, at Victor Hugo's funeral, it celebrated a real orgy of bad taste and, at the same time, self-admiration. They share something else too: a good will to resist intellectual Germanization—and an even better inability to do so! Perhaps Schopenhauer is already more at home, more settled, in this intellectual France, which is also a France of pessimism, than he ever was in Germany. Not to mention Heinrich Heine, who has long since passed into the flesh and blood of Paris's more sensitive and demanding lyric poets. Or Hegel, who today, in the person of Taine—that is, the *foremost* living historian—exerts an almost tyrannical influence. As for Richard Wagner: the more French music learns to shape itself to the real needs of the modern soul, the more it will "Wagnerize." One can predict that—it already does it enough! Nevertheless, there are three things the French can still proudly point to as their inherited possessions, as the unlost signs of an old cultural superiority over Europe, despite all the willing or unwilling Germanization and vulgarization of taste. First, their capacity for artistic passions, for devotion to "form," for which the expression "art for art's sake," among a thousand others, was invented. Such things have not been lacking in France for three centuries. Thanks to respect for the "small number," they have repeatedly made possible a kind of chamber music in literature, the equal of which is hard to find in the rest of Europe. The second basis on which the French can claim superiority over Europe is their

old, many-sided culture of *observing human morals and motives*. Because of it, even among minor newspaper novelists and random people on the Paris boulevards, one generally finds a psychological sensitivity and curiosity of which, in Germany, for example, people have no concept—let alone the thing itself! The Germans lack a couple of centuries of such moral observation, centuries that, as I said, France did not spare itself. Anyone calling the Germans “naive” on this account turns a lack into a compliment. (As a contrast to German inexperience and innocence in psychological pleasure—which is not so distantly related to the dullness of German social life—and as the most successful expression of a genuinely French curiosity and inventiveness in this realm of delicate shudders, consider Henri Beyle. That remarkable man, always anticipating and running ahead, ran through *his* Europe, through several centuries of the European soul, at a Napoleonic tempo, scouting and discovering that soul. It took two generations to *catch up with him* at all, to guess some of the riddles that tormented and delighted this strange Epicurean and question-mark of a man, France’s last great psychologist.) There is a third claim to superiority. The French character contains a halfway successful synthesis of North and South. It lets them understand many things, and tells them to do other things, that an Englishman will never understand. Their temperament periodically turns toward and away from the South; from time to time the blood of Provence and Liguria overflows in it. This protects them from the dreadful northern gray on gray, the sunless world of ghostly concepts and thin blood—our *German* disease of taste. To treat its excess, people have just now very firmly prescribed blood and iron, meaning “great politics” (following a dangerous art of healing that teaches me to wait and wait, but so far not to hope). Even now, France offers an advance understanding and welcome to those rarer, rarely satisfied people who are too wide-ranging to find fulfillment in any patriotism, who know how to love the South in the North and the North in the South: the born Mediterraneans, the “good Europeans.” It was for them that *Bizet* made music, this latest genius to see a new beauty and seduction—to discover a piece of the *South in music*.

255 I think various precautions against German music are called for. Suppose someone loves the South as I love it: as a great school of recovery in the most intellectual and the most sensual things, as an untamed fullness and radiance of sunlight spreading over an existence that rules itself and believes in itself. Well, such a person will learn to be somewhat wary of German music. By spoiling his taste again, it also spoils his health again. Such a southerner, by *faith* rather than ancestry, if he dreams of music's future, must also dream of music's release from the North. He must hear in his ears the prelude to a deeper, more powerful, perhaps more evil and mysterious music. A music beyond the German, which does not die away, turn yellow, and fade at the sight of the blue, sensual sea and the clear Mediterranean sky, as all German music does. A music beyond the European, which holds its ground even before the desert's brown sunsets, whose soul is related to the palm tree and knows how to feel at home and roam among great, beautiful, solitary beasts of prey... I could imagine a music whose rarest magic consisted in knowing nothing more of good and evil, except that perhaps some sailor's homesickness, some golden shadows and tender weaknesses, might pass over it here and there. An art that would see the colors of a declining *moral* world, now almost impossible to understand, fleeing toward it from far away, and would be hospitable and deep enough to receive such late refugees.—

256 The madness of nationality has created, and still creates, a diseased estrangement among Europe's peoples. Short-sighted, quick-handed politicians now ride high with its help, never suspecting how necessarily temporary, how much a mere interlude, their policy of division must be. Thanks to all this, and to much that cannot be spoken of at all today, the clearest signs that *Europe wants to become one* are now overlooked or willfully misinterpreted with lies. In all this century's deeper and more wide-ranging people, the true overall direction of their souls' mysterious work was to prepare the way for that new *synthesis*, and tentatively anticipate the European of the future. Only on their surfaces, or in weaker hours, perhaps in old age, did they belong to the "fatherlands." When they became "patriots," they were only resting from themselves. I am thinking

of people like Napoleon, Goethe, Beethoven, Stendhal, Heinrich Heine, Schopenhauer. Do not hold it against me if I include Richard Wagner among them. We must not let his own misunderstandings mislead us about him: geniuses of his kind rarely have the right to understand themselves. Still less should we be misled by the uncivilized noise with which people in France now shut themselves off from Richard Wagner and resist him. The fact remains that *French late Romanticism* of the eighteen-forties and Richard Wagner belong together as closely and intimately as possible. They are related, fundamentally related, in every height and depth of their needs. It is Europe, the one Europe, whose soul pushes and yearns outward and upward through their varied and impetuous art—where to? Into a new light? Toward a new sun? But who would try to state precisely what all these masters of new means of expression could not state clearly? What is certain is that the same stormy drive tormented them, that they *searched* in the same way, these last great seekers! All were ruled by literature right down to their eyes and ears—the first artists educated in world literature. Most were themselves writers and poets, intermediaries and mixers of the arts and senses (as a musician Wagner belongs among painters, as a poet among musicians, as an artist in general among actors). All were fanatics of *expression* “at any price”—I single out Delacroix, Wagner’s closest relative. All were great discoverers in the realm of the sublime, also of the ugly and horrifying; still greater discoverers in effect, display, the art of shop windows. All had talents far exceeding their genius—virtuosos through and through, with uncanny access to everything that seduces, lures, compels, overturns. Born enemies of logic and straight lines, hungry for the foreign, the exotic, the monstrous, the crooked, the self-contradictory. As human beings they were Tantaluses of the will, plebeians who had risen, who knew themselves incapable of a noble pace, a slow pace, in life and creation—think of Balzac, for example. Unrestrained workers, almost destroying themselves through work; opponents of moral law and rebels against custom, ambitious and insatiable, without balance or enjoyment. All 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*?). Taken as a whole, a recklessly daring, mag-

nificantly violent, high-flying and uplifting kind of higher human being, which first had to teach its century—and it is the century of the *crowd*!—the concept “higher human being”... Richard Wagner’s German friends may consult among themselves about whether there is anything simply German in Wagner’s art, or whether its very distinction is not that it comes from sources and drives *beyond Germany*. In doing so, they should not underestimate how indispensable Paris was to the formation of his type. In the most decisive period, his deepest instincts made him long for it. His whole manner of appearing in public, of being his own apostle, could reach completion only with the example of French socialists before him. Perhaps a more sensitive comparison will find, to the credit of Richard Wagner’s German nature, that he carried everything further in strength, daring, hardness, and height than a nineteenth-century Frenchman could have done—thanks to the fact that we Germans are still closer to barbarism than the French. Perhaps even the most remarkable thing Richard Wagner created is forever, not just today, inaccessible to the whole Latin race, now so late in its development: beyond its feeling, beyond its imitation. I mean 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 civilized peoples. This anti-Roman Siegfried may even have been a sin against Romanticism. Well, Wagner amply made up for this sin in his old, gloomy days when—anticipating a taste that has since become politics—he began, with his own religious vehemence, if not to walk *the road to Rome*, then at least to preach it. So that these last words do not lead anyone to misunderstand me, I will call on some vigorous rhymes. They will tell even less sensitive ears what I want—what I want *in opposition to* the “last Wagner” and his Parsifal music.

—Is this still German?—

Did this sultry shrieking come from a German heart?
And is this tearing one's own flesh a German body's act?
Is this spreading of priestly hands German,
This incense-scented teasing of the senses?
And is this faltering, falling, staggering German,
This uncertain ding-dong dangling?
This nunnish flirting, this Ave bell-ringing,
All this falsely ecstatic piling of heaven upon heaven?

—Is that still German?—

Think! You are still standing 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 raising of the human type so far has been the work of an aristocratic society—and it will be so again and again. A society, that is, which believes in a long ladder of rank and differences in value between one person and another, and needs slavery in some sense. The *feeling of distance* grows out of ingrained differences between social classes, out of the ruling caste's constant looking out and down on subjects and tools, and its equally constant practice of obeying and commanding, keeping others down and at a distance. Without this feeling, that other, more mysterious feeling could never arise: the desire to keep extending distance within the soul itself, to develop ever higher, rarer, more distant, more widely stretched, more comprehensive states. In short, the raising of the human type, the continuing "self-overcoming of the human being," to use a moral formula in a sense beyond morality. Of course, we must not indulge in humanitarian illusions about how an aristocratic society came into being—and therefore about the precondition for that raising of the human type. The truth is hard. Let us tell ourselves without mercy how every higher culture on earth has *begun*! People whose nature was still natural, barbarians in every terrible sense of the word, predatory people still possessing unbroken strength of will and lust for power, threw themselves on weaker, more civilized, more peaceful

racés, perhaps traders or cattle breeders, or on old, worn-out cultures whose last vitality was flickering away in brilliant fireworks of intelligence and corruption. In the beginning, the noble caste was always the barbarian caste. Its superiority lay primarily not in physical strength but in strength of soul. They were the *more complete* human beings—which, at every level, also means “the more complete beasts.”

258 Corruption expresses a threat of anarchy within the instincts, a shaking of the basic structure of feelings and passions called “life.” Corruption is something fundamentally different depending on the living structure in which it appears. When, for example, an aristocracy like France’s at the start of the Revolution throws away its privileges in sublime disgust and sacrifices itself to an excess of its own moral feeling, that is corruption. It was really only the closing act of a corruption lasting centuries, through which it had given up its ruling powers step by step and lowered itself to a *function* of the monarchy—finally even to its ornament and showpiece. But what is essential in a good, healthy aristocracy is that it feels itself *not* to be a function of the monarchy or the community, but to be their *meaning* and highest justification. It therefore accepts with a good conscience the sacrifice of countless people who, *for its sake*, must be pressed down and reduced to incomplete human beings, to slaves, to tools. Its basic belief must be that society has *no* right to exist for society’s sake, but only as the foundation and scaffolding on which a select kind of being can rise to its higher task and, in general, to a higher *existence*. Like those sun-hungry climbing plants on Java—they are called Sipo Matador—which wrap their arms around an oak so long and so many times that at last, high above it but supported by it, they can spread their crown in the open light and display their happiness.—

259 Refraining from hurting, using violence against, and exploiting one another, setting one’s will on an equal footing with another’s: in a certain rough sense, this can become good manners between individuals, if the conditions are present. Namely, that they are actually alike in amounts of strength and standards of value, and belong together within a single body. But as soon as one tried to take this principle further, perhaps even make it the *fundamental prin-*

ciple of society, it would immediately prove to be what it is: a will to *deny* life, a principle of dissolution and decay. Here we must think thoroughly down to the roots and resist all sentimental weakness. Life itself is *essentially* appropriation, injury, overpowering what is foreign and weaker, oppression, harshness, forcing one's own forms on others, incorporation, and, at the very least and mildest, exploitation. But why must we always use precisely these words, stamped since ancient times with a slanderous intention? Even that body within which, as we assumed before, individuals treat one another as equals—as happens in every healthy aristocracy—must itself, if it is a living rather than a dying body, do to other bodies everything its members refrain from doing to one another. It will have to be the will to power in the flesh. It will want to grow, spread, draw things to itself, gain the upper hand—not out of any morality or immorality, but because it *lives*, and because life *is* precisely will to power. Yet on no point is ordinary European awareness more unwilling to be taught than on this one. Everywhere now, even in scientific disguises, people enthuse about future states of society that will lack an “exploitative character.” To my ears that sounds like a promise to invent a life that refrains from every organic function. “Exploitation” does not belong to a corrupt or imperfect and primitive society. It belongs to the *essence* of living things as a basic organic function. It follows from the actual will to power, which is precisely the will of life. Even if this is new as a theory, as a reality it is the *original fact* of all history. Let us at least be that honest with ourselves!—

- 260 In traveling through the many subtler and coarser moralities that have ruled on earth, or still rule, I found certain features regularly recurring together and linked to one another. At last two basic types revealed themselves to me, and a fundamental difference stood out. There is *master morality* and *slave morality*. I immediately add that all higher, more mixed cultures also show attempts to mediate between the two moralities; still more often, they show confusion between them and mutual misunderstanding, sometimes even their harsh coexistence—even in the same person, within a single soul. Moral distinctions in value have arisen either among a ruling kind of people, pleasantly aware of their

difference from those they rule, or among the ruled: slaves and dependents of every degree. In the first case, when the rulers determine the concept “good,” it is the elevated, proud states of soul that are felt to distinguish a person and determine rank. The noble person separates from himself those beings who express the opposite of such elevated, proud states: he despises them. Notice at once that in this first kind of morality the opposition “good” and “bad” means the same as “noble” and “contemptible.” The opposition “good” and “*evil*” has a different origin. The coward, the fearful, the petty person thinking only of narrow advantage is despised. So is the suspicious person with his constrained gaze, the self-abasing person, the doglike human being who lets himself be mistreated, the begging flatterer, and above all the liar. It is a basic belief of all aristocrats that the common people lie. “We truthful ones”—that is what the nobles called themselves in ancient Greece. It is obvious that terms of moral value were everywhere first applied to *people*, and only later, by derivation, to *actions*. So it is a serious mistake when historians of morality start from questions such as “Why was the compassionate action praised?” The noble kind of person feels *himself* to be the determiner of values. He does not need approval. He judges, “What harms me is harmful in itself.” He knows himself to be what first gives honor to things. He *creates values*. Everything he recognizes in himself, he honors: such a morality is self-glorification. In the foreground stands the feeling of fullness, of power wanting to overflow, the happiness of high tension, the awareness of wealth wanting to give and share. The noble person too helps the unfortunate, but not, or almost not, from compassion; rather from an urge produced by an excess of power. The noble person honors the powerful person in himself, including the one who has power over himself, who knows how to speak and remain silent, who gladly practices severity and hardness toward himself and respects everything severe and hard. “Wotan put a hard heart in my breast,” says an old Scandinavian saga. It is rightly composed in these words out of a proud Viking’s soul. Such a person is proud of *not* being made for pity. That is why the saga’s hero adds the warning: “Anyone whose heart is not hard when young will never have a hard heart.” Noble and brave people who think this way are furthest removed from that morality which sees

the mark of morality precisely in compassion, in acting for others, or in disinterestedness. Faith in oneself, pride in oneself, a fundamental hostility and irony toward “selflessness,” belong to noble morality just as surely as a slight disdain and wariness toward sympathetic feelings and the “warm heart.” The powerful are the ones who *know how* to honor. It is their art, their realm of invention. Deep respect for age and tradition—all law rests on this double respect—belief and prejudice in favor of ancestors and against those to come, are typical of the morality of the powerful. Conversely, when people of “modern ideas” believe almost instinctively in “progress” and the “future,” and show less and less respect for age, this alone sufficiently reveals the ignoble origin of those “ideas.” But a morality of rulers is most foreign and painful to present-day taste in the severity 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 sees 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 equals—subtlety in repayment, refinement in the concept of friendship, a certain need to have enemies (as drainage channels, so to speak, for the feelings of envy, quarrelsomeness, high spirits—basically, so as to be a good *friend*): all these are typical features of noble morality. As indicated, it is not the morality of “modern ideas,” and so today it is hard to enter into its feelings, hard to dig it up and uncover it. It is different with the second type of morality, *slave morality*. Suppose the violated, oppressed, suffering, unfree, self-doubting, and weary begin to moralize: what will their moral judgments have in common? Probably a pessimistic suspicion about the whole human situation will find expression, perhaps a condemnation of humanity along with its situation. The slave looks with envy at the powerful person’s virtues. He is skeptical and distrustful, *subtly* distrustful of everything “good” that is honored there. He would like to persuade himself that even their happiness is not genuine. Conversely, qualities that make existence easier for sufferers are brought forward and flooded with light. Here compassion, the accommodating, helpful hand, the warm heart, patience, diligence, humility, friendliness come to honor. For here these are the most useful qualities, and

almost the only means of enduring the pressure of existence. Slave morality is essentially a morality of usefulness. Here is the breeding ground of that famous opposition “good” and “*evil*.” Power and dangerousness are felt to be present in evil, a certain capacity to inspire fear, a subtlety and strength that prevent contempt from arising. So according to slave morality, the “evil” person inspires fear. According to master morality, it is precisely the “good” person who inspires fear and wants to inspire it, while the “bad” person is felt to be contemptible. The opposition reaches its sharpest point when, as a consequence of slave morality, even the “good” person of this morality finally carries a touch of disdain—it may be slight and well-intentioned—because in the slave’s way of thinking the good person must in any case be the *harmless* one. He is good-natured, easily deceived, perhaps a little stupid, a good fellow. Wherever slave morality gains the upper hand, language tends to bring the words “good” and “stupid” closer together. One last basic difference: the desire for *freedom*, the instinct for the happiness and subtleties of the feeling of freedom, belong as necessarily to slave morality and its moral practice as the art and enthusiasm of reverence and devotion are the regular signs of an aristocratic way of thinking and valuing. From this we can readily understand why love *as a passion*—it is our European specialty—must be of noble origin. As everyone knows, its invention belongs to the knight-poets of Provence, those magnificent, inventive people of the “joyful art,” to whom Europe owes so much and almost its very self.—

- 261 Vanity is among the things a noble person may find hardest to understand. He will be tempted to deny it even where another kind of person thinks he can grasp it with both hands. The problem for him is to imagine beings who try to awaken a good opinion of themselves that they themselves do not hold—and therefore do not “deserve”—and who afterward *believe* in that good opinion themselves. This seems to him partly so tasteless and disrespectful toward oneself, partly so bizarrely unreasonable, that he would like to treat vanity as an exception, and doubts its presence in most cases where people speak of it. He will say, for example: “I can be mistaken about my value and still demand that

others recognize my value exactly as I assess it. But that is not vanity. It is conceit, or, in the more common cases, what is called ‘humility,’ also ‘modesty.’” Or: “I can be pleased by other people’s good opinion for many reasons. Perhaps because I honor and love them, and enjoy every pleasure of theirs. Perhaps because their good opinion endorses and strengthens my belief in my own good opinion. Perhaps because the good opinion of others, even where I do not share it, still benefits me or promises benefit. But none of that is vanity.” The noble person first has to force himself, especially with history’s help, to imagine that, from time immemorial, in every dependent social layer, the common person *was* only what he was *taken to be*. Entirely unused to setting values himself, he gave himself no value other than the one his masters gave him. (Creating values is the *true right of masters*.) We may understand it as the result of an enormous return to ancestral habits that even now the ordinary person still first *waits* for an opinion about himself, then instinctively submits to it. And by no means only a “good” opinion, but also 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, as the democratic order slowly rises—and because of its cause, the mixing of masters’ and slaves’ blood—the originally noble and rare drive to assign oneself a value on one’s own authority and “think well” of oneself will be increasingly encouraged and spread. But it always has against it an older, broader, more thoroughly incorporated inclination. And in the phenomenon of “vanity,” this older inclination becomes master over the younger. The vain person delights in *every* good opinion he hears about himself, quite apart from all questions of its usefulness, and equally apart from truth or falsehood. Just as he suffers from every bad opinion. For he submits to both; he *feels* subject to them through that most ancient instinct of submission breaking out in him. It is “the slave” in the vain person’s blood, a remnant of the slave’s slyness—and how much “slave” still lingers in woman, for example!—that tries to *seduce* people into good opinions of him. It is also the slave who immediately falls down before these opinions afterward, as though he had not brought them about himself. And to say it once more: vanity is a return to an ancestral trait.

262 A *kind* comes into being, a type becomes firm and strong, through a long struggle against essentially the same *unfavorable* conditions. Conversely, breeders' experience teaches us that kinds given overabundant nourishment and generally more protection and care soon show the strongest tendency to vary their type, producing a wealth of marvels and monstrosities, including monstrous vices. Now consider an aristocratic community, say an ancient Greek city-state or Venice, as an arrangement, voluntary or involuntary, for the purpose of *breeding*. People live together there, dependent on themselves, who want their kind to prevail—usually because they *must* prevail or face the terrible danger of extermination. Here there is none of the favorable treatment, excess, and protection that encourage variation. The kind needs itself as a kind: as something that can prevail and endure precisely through its hardness, uniformity, and simplicity of form, in constant struggle with its neighbors or with the oppressed who rebel or threaten rebellion. Experience of the most varied sorts teaches it which qualities above all it owes its continued existence to, its continued victories despite all gods and men. It calls these qualities virtues, and breeds only these virtues to greatness. It does so harshly; indeed, it wants harshness. Every aristocratic morality is intolerant: in educating the young, in controlling women, in marriage customs, in the relations of old and young, in criminal laws—which have their eyes only on those who deviate from the type. It counts intolerance itself among the virtues, under the name “justice.” In this way, a type with few but very strong features is established across the changing generations: a kind of stern, warlike, shrewdly silent people, united and closed off—and as such, with the finest feeling for society's charms and nuances. As I said, constant struggle against the same *unfavorable* conditions makes a type firm and hard. But finally a fortunate situation arises, and the enormous tension relaxes. Perhaps there are no enemies left among the neighbors, and the means of living, even of enjoying life, are present in overabundance. At one stroke, the bond and compulsion of the old discipline snap. It no longer feels necessary, a condition of existence. If it wanted to continue, it could do so only as a form of *luxury*, as a *taste* for the archaic. Variation suddenly appears on the scene in the greatest abundance and splendor, whether as departure from the type toward

something higher, finer, rarer, or as degeneration and monstrosity. The individual dares to be an individual and stand apart. At these turning points in history, side by side and often tangled and entwined, there appear a magnificent, varied, jungle-like growth and upward striving, a kind of *tropical* tempo in the competition to grow, and an enormous perishing and self-destruction. This comes from the wildly opposed, seemingly exploding egoisms that struggle with one another “for sun and light” and can no longer draw any limit, restraint, or consideration from the previous morality. It was this morality itself that piled strength up to monstrous heights, that drew the bow so threateningly tight. Now it is, now it is becoming, “outlived.” The dangerous, disturbing point has been reached where the greater, more varied, more comprehensive life *lives beyond* the old morality. The “individual” stands there, forced to make his own laws and devise his own arts and tricks of self-preservation, self-elevation, self-redemption. All new purposes, all new means, no shared formulas anymore; misunderstanding allied with disrespect; decay, corruption, and the highest desires horribly knotted together; the genius of the race overflowing from every horn of plenty, in good and bad; a fateful simultaneity of spring and fall, full of new attractions and veils belonging to young corruption, not yet exhausted, not yet tired. Danger is here again, the mother of morality: the great danger, this time placed inside the individual, the neighbor and friend, in the street, in one’s own child, one’s own heart, in everything most personal and secret in desire and will. What will the moral philosophers who appear at this time have to preach? These sharp observers and street-corner watchers discover that the end is coming fast, that everything around them is becoming corrupt and spreading corruption, that nothing will last till the day after tomorrow except one kind of person: the incurably *mediocre*. Only the mediocre have any prospect of continuing, of reproducing. They are the people of the future, the only survivors. “Be like them! Become mediocre!” That is now the only morality that still makes sense, that still finds listeners. But this morality of mediocrity is hard to preach! It can never admit what it is and what it wants! It must speak of moderation, dignity, duty, and love of one’s neighbor. It will have trouble *hiding its irony!*—

263 There is an *instinct for rank* that, more than anything, is itself a sign of *high* rank. There is a *pleasure* in the nuances of reverence that suggests noble ancestry and habits. A soul's subtlety, goodness, and height are put to a dangerous test when something of the first rank passes it, not yet guarded against intrusive grabbing and clumsiness by the awe of authority. Something unmarked, undiscovered, testing, perhaps deliberately veiled and disguised, going its way like a living touchstone. Anyone whose task and practice is to explore souls will use precisely this art in many forms to determine a soul's ultimate value, the unalterable, inborn order of rank to which it belongs. He will test its *instinct for reverence*. "Difference breeds hatred": the vulgarity of some natures suddenly squirts out like dirty water when some sacred vessel, some treasure from locked shrines, some book bearing the signs of a great destiny is carried past. On the other hand, there is an involuntary falling silent, a hesitation of the eye, a stilling of every gesture, which express that a soul *feels* the nearness of what is most worthy of reverence. The way respect for the *Bible* has, on the whole, been maintained in Europe up to now is perhaps the best piece of discipline and refinement of manners Europe owes to Christianity. Books of such depth and ultimate significance need the protection of an externally imposed tyranny of authority, to gain the thousands of years of *endurance* needed to exhaust and decipher them. Much has been achieved when the great crowd—the shallow and the quick-digesting of every kind—has finally been bred to feel that it may not touch everything. That there are sacred experiences before which it must take off its shoes and keep its unclean hands away. This is almost the highest point to which it can be raised in humanity. Conversely, perhaps nothing about the so-called educated, the believers in "modern ideas," is so disgusting as their lack of shame: the easy insolence of eye and hand with which they touch, lick, and feel everything. And it is possible that today among the people, the lower people, especially peasants, there is still *relatively* more nobility of taste and tact in reverence than among the newspaper-reading half-world of the intellect, the educated.

264 What a person's ancestors most liked to do, and did most constantly, cannot be wiped from his soul. Perhaps they were diligent savers, appendages of a desk and cashbox, modest and middle-class in their desires, modest also in their virtues. Or they lived accustomed to commanding from morning till night, fond of rough pleasures and perhaps still rougher duties and responsibilities. Or finally, at some point, they sacrificed ancient privileges of birth and property to live entirely for their faith—their "God"—as people of a conscience at once unrelenting and delicate, blushing at every compromise. It is simply 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 we know something about the parents: then we may draw a conclusion about the child. Some repulsive lack of self-restraint, some secret envy, a clumsy insistence on being right—these three together have always constituted the true rabble type—must pass to the child as surely as tainted blood. Even with the best education and cultivation, one will achieve only a *deception* about such an inheritance. And what else do education and cultivation want today! In our very popular—that is to say, rabble-like—age, "education" and "cultivation" *must* essentially be the art of deception: of deceiving about origins, about the inherited rabble in body and soul. An educator who today preached truthfulness above all, and kept calling to his pupils, "Be true! Be natural! Show yourselves as you are!"—even such a virtuous, trusting ass would after a while learn to reach for Horace's pitchfork, to drive nature out. With what success? "Rabble" will always come running back.—

265 At the risk of displeasing innocent ears, I state this: egoism belongs to the essence of the noble soul. I mean that unshakable belief that other beings must naturally 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 any question mark, and without feeling any harshness, compulsion, or arbitrariness in it. Rather, it accepts it as something that may be grounded in the original law of things. If it looked for a name, it would say, "It is justice itself." Under circumstances that at first make it hesitate, it admits to itself that others exist with equal rights. As

soon as it is clear about this question of rank, it moves among these equals, these equally entitled beings, with the same assurance in modesty and delicate reverence that it has in its dealings with itself—following an inborn celestial mechanics understood by all the stars. This subtlety and self-restraint in dealing with its equals is *another* piece 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 social relations, likewise belongs to the natural order of things. The noble soul gives as it takes, out of the passionate, sensitive instinct of repayment that lies at its foundation. Among equals, the concept of “grace” has neither meaning nor a pleasant scent. There may be a sublime art of letting gifts from above descend upon oneself, as it were, and thirstily drinking them up like drops of water. But the noble soul has no talent for this art and gesture. Its egoism prevents it. It dislikes looking “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 The Chinese have a proverb that mothers already teach their children: *siao-sin*, “make your heart *small*!” This is the true basic tendency of late civilizations. I do not doubt that an ancient Greek would first notice self-diminishment in us Europeans of today as well. That alone would make us “offend his taste.”—

268 What, in the end, is vulgarity? Words are sound-signs for concepts. But concepts are more or less definite image-signs for sensations that often recur and occur together, for groups of sensations. Using the same words is not enough for people to understand one another. They must also use the same words for the same kind of inner experiences; ultimately, they must have their experience in *common*. That is why people of one nation understand one another better than members of different nations, even when they use the same language. Or rather, when people have lived together for a long time under similar conditions—of climate, soil, danger, needs, work—something *arises* whose members

“understand one another”: a people. In every soul, an equal stock of often-recurring experiences has gained the upper hand over rarer ones. On the basis of these, people understand one another quickly, and ever more quickly—the history of language is the history of a process of shortening. On the basis of this quick understanding, they join together closely, and ever more closely. The greater the danger, the greater the need to agree quickly and easily about what must be done. Not misunderstanding one another in danger: that is what people absolutely cannot do without in their dealings. Every friendship or love affair still undergoes this test. Nothing of the kind lasts once it becomes clear that, with the same words, one of the two feels, means, senses, wishes, fears something different from the other. (Fear of “eternal misunderstanding”: that is the benevolent guardian spirit that so often keeps people of different sexes from the hasty unions their senses and hearts advise—*not* some Schopenhauerian “spirit of the species”!) Which groups of sensations awaken fastest within a soul, take the floor, give the command: this decides the entire order of rank among its values, and ultimately determines its table of goods. A person’s valuations reveal something about the *structure* of his soul, and where it sees the conditions of its life, its real need. Now suppose that need has always brought together only people who could indicate similar needs and similar experiences with similar signs. It follows, on the whole, that the ease with which need can be *communicated*—that is, ultimately, experiencing only average and *common* experiences—must have been the mightiest of all powers that have governed humanity so far. The more alike, more ordinary people have always had the advantage, and still do. The more select, sensitive, unusual, harder-to-understand people easily remain alone, fall victim to accidents in their isolation, and rarely reproduce. Enormous counterforces must be called on to thwart this natural, all-too-natural advance toward similarity: humanity’s continued development toward the similar, ordinary, average, herdlike—toward the *vulgar*!

269 The more a psychologist—a born, an inevitable psychologist and reader of souls—turns toward the more select cases and people, the greater his danger of suffocating from compassion. He *needs* hardness and cheerfulness more than another person does. For the corruption and ruin of higher people, of souls of a stranger kind, is the rule. It is terrible to have such a rule constantly before one's eyes. The psychologist's many torments may one day cause him to turn bitterly against his own fate and attempt self-destruction—to “go to ruin” himself. He has discovered this ruin, first once and then *almost* always again, throughout history: all this inner “hopelessness” of the higher person, this eternal “Too late!” in every sense. In almost every psychologist one will notice a revealing preference and pleasure in the company of everyday, orderly people. This reveals his constant need for healing, for a kind of escape and forgetting, away from what his insights and incisions, his “craft,” have laid upon his conscience. Fear of his own memory is characteristic of him. Faced with other people's judgments, he easily falls silent. With an unmoving face, he listens to reverence, admiration, love, glorification precisely where he has *seen*. Or he even hides his silence by expressly agreeing with some surface opinion. Perhaps the paradox of his position becomes so dreadful that the crowd, the educated, the enthusiasts learn great reverence precisely where he has learned great compassion alongside great contempt. Reverence for “great men” and miraculous creatures, for whose sake people bless and honor their fatherland, the earth, humanity's dignity, themselves; toward whom they point the young, toward whom they educate them... And who knows whether the same thing has happened in every great case so far: 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, conqueror, discoverer is disguised in his creations until he is unrecognizable. The “work,” the artist's or philosopher's, first invents the person who created it, who supposedly created it. The “great men,” as they are revered, are little, bad fictions made up afterward. Counterfeiting *rules* in the world of historical values. Those great poets, for example, those Byron, Musset, Poe, Leopardi, Kleist, Gogol, being as they are, perhaps must be: people of moments, inspired, sensual, childish, careless and

sudden in distrust and trust; with souls in which some break usually has to be concealed. Often taking revenge in their works for some inner stain, often seeking, in their flights upward, to forget an all-too-faithful memory. Often lost in the mud and almost in love with it, until they become like the wandering lights around 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 forces them to languish for glory and feed on “faith in themselves” from the hands of intoxicated flatterers. What a *torment* these great artists, and higher people in general, are to anyone who has once seen through them! It is so understandable that from woman in particular—who is clairvoyant in the world of suffering and, unfortunately, craves to help and save far beyond her powers—*they* so easily receive those outbursts of boundless, utterly devoted *pity*. The crowd, especially the worshipping crowd, does not understand these outbursts and heaps curious, self-satisfied interpretations on them. This compassion regularly deceives itself about its power. Woman wants to believe that love can do *anything*: that is her real *faith*. Ah, someone who knows the heart sees how poor, stupid, helpless, presumptuous, mistaken even the best and deepest love is—more likely to destroy than to save! It is possible that beneath the holy fable and disguise of Jesus’s life lies hidden one of the most painful cases of the martyrdom of *knowing about love*. The martyrdom of the most innocent and demanding heart, never satisfied with any human love, *demanding* love, being loved, and nothing else—with harshness, with madness, with terrible outbursts against those who refused it love. The story of a poor person unsatisfied and insatiable in love, who had to invent hell to send there those who did not *want* to love him. Who finally, having learned about human love, had to invent a God who is entirely love, entirely the *ability* to love—who takes pity on human love because it is so very poor, so ignorant! Anyone who feels this way, who *knows* about love in this way, *seeks* death. But why dwell on such painful things? Assuming one does not have to.—

270 The intellectual arrogance and disgust of anyone who has suffered deeply—*how* deeply people can suffer almost determines their rank. His shuddering certainty, which soaks and colors him through and through, that because 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 silent intellectual arrogance of the sufferer, this pride of the one chosen for knowledge, the “initiate,” the one all but sacrificed, finds every form of disguise necessary to protect itself from the touch of intrusive, pitying hands, and in general from everything that is 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 displayed from then on, which treats suffering lightly and defends itself against everything sad and deep. There are “cheerful people” who use cheerfulness because it makes them misunderstood: they *want* to be misunderstood. There are “scientific people” who use science because it gives a cheerful appearance, and because being scientific suggests that the person is superficial: they *want* to lure people to a false conclusion. There are free, insolent spirits who want to hide and deny that they are broken, proud, incurable hearts. And sometimes foolishness itself is the mask of an unhappy, all-too-certain knowledge. It follows that a more sensitive humanity includes reverence “for the mask,” and refrains from practicing psychology and curiosity in the wrong place.

271 What separates two people most deeply is a different sense and degree of cleanliness. What use are all their decency and mutual usefulness, all their goodwill toward each other? In the end the fact remains: they “cannot stand each other’s smell!” The highest instinct for cleanliness puts the person who has it into the strangest and most dangerous isolation, as a saint. For that is precisely what holiness is: the highest spiritualization of this instinct. Some shared awareness of an indescribable fullness in the happiness of bathing, some heat and thirst constantly driving the soul from night into morning, and from murk, from “tribulation,” into what is bright, shining, deep, fine: as much as such an inclination *distinguishes*—it is a noble inclination—it also *separates*. The saint’s

compassion is compassion for the *dirt* of the human, all-too-human. And there are degrees and heights at which he feels compassion itself as contamination, as dirt...

- 272 Signs of nobility: never thinking of lowering our duties into duties for everyone; not wanting to give away or share our own responsibility; counting our privileges and their exercise among our *duties*.
- 273 A person who strives for great things sees everyone he meets on his path either as a means, a delay and obstacle—or as a temporary couch to rest on. His own distinctive, high-minded *kindness* toward his fellow human beings becomes possible only when he has reached his height and rules. Impatience, and his awareness that until then he is always condemned to play in a comedy—for even war is a comedy, and conceals, as every means conceals its end—spoil every social relation for him. This kind of person knows solitude, and the most poisonous thing in it.
- 274 *The problem of those who wait.* Good luck and many unpredictable things are needed for a higher person, in whom the solution of a problem sleeps, to act while there is still time—to “break out,” as one might say. Usually it does *not* happen, and in every corner of the earth sit people waiting, scarcely knowing in what sense they are waiting, much less that they are waiting in vain. Sometimes the wake-up call comes too late: that chance event that gives “permission” to act, when the best youth and strength for action have already been used up by sitting still. And how many a person has discovered with horror, just as he “sprang up,” that his limbs had fallen asleep and his mind had already grown too heavy! “It is too late,” he told himself, having lost faith in himself and now useless forever. In the realm of genius, might the “Raphael without hands,” taking the words in their broadest sense, be not the exception but the rule? Perhaps genius is not so rare at all. But the five hundred *hands* it needs to master the *καρπός*, “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 superficial in him—and thereby reveals himself.

- 276 With every kind of injury and loss, the lower, coarser soul is better off than the nobler one. The latter's dangers must be greater. Indeed, because of the many conditions its life depends on, the likelihood of its meeting disaster and perishing is enormous. A lizard grows back a finger it has lost. Not so a human being.
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- 277 Bad enough! The old story again! Once you have finished building your house, you realize you have unexpectedly learned something in the process that you absolutely *needed to* know before you—began building. The eternal, wretched “Too late!” The melancholy of everything *finished!*...
- 278 “Wanderer, who are you? I see you going your way, without mockery, without love, with unreadable eyes. Wet and sad like a sounding weight brought unsatisfied back into the light from every depth—what was it looking for 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 have you done? Rest here: this place welcomes everyone. Recover! And whoever you may be: what pleases you now? What helps you recover? Just name it: whatever I have, I offer you!” “To recover? To recover? Oh, you curious person, what are you saying! But give me, please—” “What? What? Say it!” “One more mask! A second mask!”...
- 279 People of deep sadness reveal themselves when they are happy. They have a way of grasping happiness as though, out of jealousy, they wanted to crush and suffocate it. Ah, they know all too well that it runs away from them!
- 280 “Bad! Bad! What? Isn't he going—backward?” Yes! But you misunderstand him if you complain about that. He is stepping back 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. I have done it only very rarely, only under compulsion, always without pleasure ‘in the subject,’ ready to wander away from ‘me,’ always without faith in the result. This is thanks to an unconquerable distrust of the *possibility* of self-knowledge, which has led me so

far as to feel that even the concept ‘immediate knowledge,’ which theorists allow themselves, is a contradiction in terms. This whole fact is almost the most certain 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 in this? Probably; but fortunately not one for my own teeth. Perhaps it reveals the species to which I belong? But not to me—which is just as I would wish.”

282 “But what happened to you?” “I don’t know,” he said hesitantly. “Perhaps the Harpies flew over my table.” Nowadays it sometimes happens that a gentle, moderate, reserved person suddenly goes wild, smashes plates, overturns the table, screams, rages, insults everyone—and finally goes off alone, ashamed, furious with himself. Where to? What for? To starve to death apart from others? To suffocate on his memory? Anyone with the desires of a high, choosy soul, who only rarely finds his table laid, his food ready, will face great danger at all times. But today it is extraordinary. Thrown into a noisy, rabble-like age, with which he does not want to eat from the same dish, he can easily perish from hunger and thirst—or, if he finally does “dig in,” from sudden disgust. Probably all of us have sat at tables where we did not belong. And precisely the most intellectual among us, the hardest to feed, know that dangerous indigestion arising from a sudden insight and disappointment about our fare and our table companions: *disgust after dinner*.

283 It is a subtle and at the same time noble form of self-control, assuming one wants to praise at all, always to praise only where one does *not* agree. Otherwise one would be praising oneself, which goes against good taste. Admittedly, this self-control provides a pretty occasion and incentive for being constantly *misunderstood*. To allow oneself this real luxury of taste and morality, one must not live among intellectual blockheads, but among people whose misunderstandings and mistakes are still amusing in their subtlety—or one will pay dearly for it! “He praises me: *so* he agrees with me.” This asinine conclusion spoils half the lives of us hermits, because it brings asses into our neighborhood and friendship.

- 284 To live with an enormous, proud composure; always beyond. To have or not have one's passions, one's yes and no, at will; to descend to them for hours; to *sit* on them as on horses, often as on asses—for one must know how to use their stupidity as well as their fire. To preserve one's three hundred surfaces; also one's dark glasses, because there are cases where no one may look into our eyes, still less into our "grounds." And to choose that roguish, cheerful vice, courtesy, for one's company. And to remain master of one's four virtues: courage, insight, sympathy, solitude. For solitude is a virtue with us, a sublime inclination and urge toward cleanliness, which senses how contact between people—"in society"—must inevitably be unclean. Every community makes one, somehow, somewhere, sometime—"common."
- 285 The greatest events and thoughts—but the greatest thoughts are the greatest events—are understood latest. The generations living at the same time as them do not *experience* such events: they live right past them. Something happens here like what happens among the stars. The light of the most distant stars reaches people last; and until it has arrived, people *deny* that there are—stars there. "How many centuries does a mind need to be understood?" That too is a measure. With it one also creates an order of rank and an etiquette, such as is needed: for mind and star.—
- 286 "Here the view is clear, the spirit raised." But there is an opposite kind of person, also on the heights, also with a clear view—but looking *down*.
- 287 What is noble? What does the word "noble" still mean to us today? Under this heavy, veiled sky of the beginnings of mob rule, which makes everything opaque and leaden, what reveals the noble person, what lets us recognize him? It is not actions that prove him—actions are always open to many meanings, always unfathomable. Nor is it his "works." Among artists and scholars today, one finds enough people whose works reveal a deep desire driving them toward the noble. But precisely this need *for* the noble is fundamentally different from the needs of the noble soul itself, and is the eloquent and dangerous sign of its absence. It is not works but *faith* that decides here, that establishes rank—to

take up an old religious formula in a new and deeper sense. Some basic 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 who are inescapably intelligent. They may twist and turn as they like, hold their hands over their revealing eyes—as though the hand were not a betrayer! In the end it always comes out that they have something to hide: intelligence. One of the subtlest means of deceiving people, at least as long as possible, and successfully making oneself look stupider than one is—which in everyday life is often as desirable as an umbrella—is called *enthusiasm*. Add what belongs with it, for example virtue. For as Galiani says, and he must have known: virtue is enthusiasm.

289 In a hermit's writings one always hears something of the echo of the wasteland, something of solitude's whispering and shy glancing around. From his strongest words, even from his cry, there still sounds a new, more dangerous kind of silence, of concealment. Anyone who has sat alone with his soul year after year, day and night, in intimate argument and dialogue; anyone who, in his cave—which may be a labyrinth, but also a gold mine—has become a cave bear or a treasure digger, or a treasure guardian and dragon: in the end his very concepts take on their own twilight color. They acquire a smell of depth as much as of mold, something uncommunicative and reluctant that blows cold on every passerby. The hermit does not believe that any philosopher—assuming a philosopher was always first a hermit—ever expressed his real and final opinions in books. Doesn't one write books precisely to hide what one harbors within? Indeed, he will doubt whether a philosopher *can* have "final and real" opinions at all; whether behind every cave there does not lie, must not lie, a deeper cave—a more comprehensive, stranger, richer world above a surface, an abyss behind every ground, beneath every "grounding." Every philosophy is a surface philosophy: that is a hermit's judgment. "There is something arbitrary about the fact that *he* stopped here, looked back, looked around, did not dig

deeper *here*, and put the spade aside. There is also something suspicious about it.” Every philosophy also *hides* 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 may hurt his vanity; the former hurts his heart, his sympathy, which always says, “Ah, why do *you* want to have it as hard as I do?”
- 291 The human being, a many-sided, lying, artificial, opaque animal, frightening to the other animals less through strength than through cunning and cleverness, invented the good conscience so that for once he could enjoy his soul as *simple*. And all morality is a bold, long falsification through which any pleasure at all in the sight of the soul becomes possible. From this point of view, perhaps much more belongs within the concept “art” than people usually believe.
- 292 A philosopher: 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 person, 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 for my own and will protect and defend it against everyone.” A man who can lead a cause, carry through a decision, remain faithful to a thought, hold on to a woman, punish and strike down a reckless person. A man who has his anger and his sword, and to whom the weak, suffering, and hard-pressed, even animals, gladly turn and naturally belong. In short, a man who is a *master* by nature: when such a man feels compassion, well, *this* compassion has value! But what does the compassion of those who suffer matter! Or of those who actually preach compassion! Almost everywhere in Europe today there is a sickly sensitivity and irritability toward pain, and an equally repulsive lack of restraint in complaining. An overdelicacy that

wants to dress itself up as something higher with religion and philosophical bric-a-brac. There is a downright cult of suffering. What strikes the eye first, I think, is always the *unmanliness* of what these circles of enthusiasts christen “compassion.” This latest form of bad taste must be firmly and thoroughly banned. And finally I wish people would hang the good amulet “gai saber” around their hearts and necks to ward it off—“joyful knowledge,” to make it clear to the Germans.

294 *The Olympian vice.* In defiance of that philosopher who, like a true Englishman, tried to give laughter a bad reputation among all thinking minds—“Laughter is a serious infirmity of human nature, which every thinking mind will strive to overcome” (Hobbes)—I would even venture to rank philosophers according to the rank of their laughter, up to those capable of *golden* laughter. And assuming that gods too philosophize—a conclusion I have already been driven toward more than once—I do not doubt that, in doing so, they also know how to laugh in a new, superhuman way—and at the expense of everything serious! Gods enjoy mockery. It seems they cannot stop laughing even during sacred rites.

295 The genius of the heart, such as that great hidden one possesses, the tempter-god and born piper of consciences. His voice knows how to descend into the underworld of every soul. He does not say a word, does not cast a glance, without some consideration and twist of enticement in it. Part of his mastery is knowing how to appear—not as what he is, but as what gives those who follow him 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 lets them taste a new desire: to lie still like a mirror, so that the deep sky may be reflected in them. The genius of the heart that teaches the clumsy, overhasty hand to hesitate and grasp more delicately; that detects the hidden, forgotten treasure, the drop of goodness and sweet intellectual life beneath thick, murky ice, and is a divining rod for every grain of gold long buried in a prison of mud and sand. The genius of the heart, whose touch sends everyone away richer—

not favored and astonished, not made happy and burdened as though by someone else's possessions, but richer in themselves, newer to themselves than before, broken open, breathed on and sounded out by a thawing wind, perhaps less certain, more tender, more fragile, more broken, but full of hopes that still have no name, full of new willing and flowing, full of new unwillingness and flowing back... But what am I doing, my friends? Who am I talking to you about? Have I forgotten myself so far that I have not even told you his name? Unless you have already guessed for yourselves who this questionable spirit and god is, who wants to be *praised* in such a way. As happens to everyone who has always been traveling and abroad since childhood, I too have had strange and not harmless spirits cross my path. Above all the one I have just spoken of, and him again and again: no less 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, it seems to me, the last person to have offered him a *sacrifice*. For I found no one who understood what I was doing then. Since then I have learned much, all too much more about this god's philosophy, and, as I said, in direct conversation—I, the last disciple and initiate of the god Dionysus. And might I not finally begin to let you, my friends, taste a little of this philosophy, as far as I am permitted? In a low voice, as is fitting: for it concerns many things secret, new, strange, wondrous, uncanny. That Dionysus is a philosopher at all, and therefore that gods too philosophize, already seems to me a piece of news that is not without danger, and might arouse distrust precisely among philosophers. Among you, my friends, it has less against it, unless it comes too late and at the wrong hour. For I have been told that nowadays 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 enjoy? Certainly the god in question went further, very much further, in such conversations, and was always many steps ahead of me... Yes, if I were permitted to give him beautiful, solemn titles of splendor and virtue in the human manner, I would have much praise for his courage as an explorer and discoverer, for his daring honesty, truthfulness, and love of wisdom. But such a god has no use for all this venerable clutter and finery. "Keep it," he would say, "for yourself

and your kind, and whoever else needs it! I—have no reason to cover my nakedness!” One guesses: perhaps this kind of deity 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 an equal on earth; it still finds its way in every labyrinth. I am fond of it. I often think about how to bring it further forward 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 serene smile, as though he had just said something charmingly courteous. One sees at the same time that this deity lacks more than shame. And there are good reasons in general for supposing that in some respects all the gods could take lessons from us human beings. We human beings are—more human...

- 296 Ah, what have you become, my written and painted thoughts! 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? You have already taken off your novelty, and some of you, I fear, are ready to become truths: they already look so immortal, so heartbreakingly upright, so boring! And was it ever any different? What things do we copy down and paint, we mandarins with a Chinese brush, we immortalizers of things that *can* be written? What alone are we able to paint? Ah, always only what is just about to wilt and begin losing its scent! Ah, always only departing, exhausted thunderstorms and yellow, late feelings! Ah, always only birds that have flown themselves tired and astray, and now let themselves be caught by hand—by *our* hand! We immortalize what can no longer live and fly for long, only tired, worn-out things! And it is only for your *afternoon*, my written and painted thoughts, that I have colors—many colors, perhaps, many colorful caresses, and fifty yellows and browns and greens and reds. But from these no one can guess how you looked in your morning, you sudden sparks and wonders of my solitude, you my old, beloved—*wicked* thoughts!

From High Mountains. Aftersong



From High Mountains.
Aftersong.

Oh, noon of life! A solemn time!
Oh, summer garden!
Restless happiness in standing, scanning, waiting:
I wait for friends, ready day and night.
Where are you, friends? Come! It's time! It's time!

Wasn't it for you that the glacier's gray
Adorns itself with roses today?
The stream seeks you; longingly wind and cloud push and jostle
Higher into the blue today,
To scan for you from the farthest bird's-eye view.

At the very top, my table was set for you:—
Who lives as near the stars,
And as near the abyss's most dreadful reaches?
My realm—what realm has stretched itself farther?
And my honey—who has tasted it?...

There you *are*, friends! Alas, but *I* am not the one
You wanted to reach?
You hesitate, stare in wonder—ah, if only you were angry instead!
I—am no longer the one? Hand, step, face all changed?
And *what* I am, my friends—am I not that to you?

Have I become another? A stranger to myself?
Sprung free from myself?
A wrestler who has overcome himself too often?
Too often braced himself against his own strength,
Wounded and held back 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 regions,
Unlearn humanity and God, curse and prayer?
Become a ghost that walks over glaciers?

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

I have become a *wicked* hunter! Look how sharply
My bow is drawn!
The strongest was the one who drew it so—:
But now beware! Dangerous is *that* arrow,
Like *no* other arrow—away from here! For your own good!...

You turn away? Oh, heart, you have borne enough,
Your hope stayed 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 can still read the pale signs
That love once wrote into it?
I compare it to parchment that the hand
Fears to grasp—equally browned and burned.

No longer friends, these 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 thought were like me and had changed,
Their growing *old* has banished them:
Only those who change remain akin to me.

Oh, noon of life! A second time of youth!
Oh, summer garden!
Restless happiness in standing, scanning, waiting!
I wait for friends, ready day and night,
For *new* friends! Come! It’s time! It’s time!

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

Now, sure of our united 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 light and darkness has come...