



The Gay Science

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

Musean Translation

MOUSEIA



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Translated by Michael Berardi

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THIS EDITION

Mouseia's complete machine-assisted Musean translation of the expanded second edition (E. W. Fritzsche, Leipzig, 1887): the preface, the verse prologue "Jest, Cunning and Revenge", all five books (aphorisms 1–383), and the appendix "Songs of Prince Free-as-a-Bird". Made directly from the German, read from the printed pages; verse stays verse, and Nietzsche's own emphases, dashes and numbered divisions are kept.

TRANSLATOR

Michael Berardi

THE WORK

Written 1887 · Philosophy

SOURCE

Original text from archive.org.

GAPS AND UNCERTAINTIES

The text follows the 1887 printing as digitized by the Internet Archive from the New York Public Library copy (item bub_gb_uIQNAAAAYAAJ), transcribed from the page images against the volume's own OCR, which is damaged and was not used as text. The three errata the volume prints are applied and recorded in `corpus/raw/gay-science/errata-review.json`. Nietzsche's numbering is kept exactly, including Book Five's opening aphorism 343 and the appendix's unnumbered song titles; two page signatures at the foot of the appendix are printed as they stand.

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Title page



The
Gay Science.

(“la gaya scienza”)

By

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

I live in my own house, my own,
and never mimicked any man;

I laughed at every master who
had never laughed at himself.

Over my front door.

New edition

with an appendix:

Songs of Prince Free-as-a-Bird.

LEIPZIG.

Published by E. W. Fritzsche.

1887.

Preface



to the second edition.

- ¹ This book needs perhaps not one preface only; and in the end the doubt would still remain whether anyone who has not lived through something like it could be brought closer to the *experience* of this book by way of prefaces. It seems written in the language of the thawing wind: there is high spirits in it, unrest, contradiction, April weather, so that one is continually reminded as much of the nearness of winter as of the victory over winter, which is coming, must come, perhaps has come already ... Gratitude keeps streaming out, as though just the most unexpected thing had happened, the gratitude of a convalescent — for convalescence was this most unexpected thing. “Gay science”: that means the Saturnalia of a spirit that has patiently withstood a terrible long pressure — patiently, strictly, coldly, without submitting, but without hope —, and that is now suddenly overcome by hope, by the hope of health, by the *drunkenness* of convalescence. What wonder that much unreasonable and foolish stuff comes to light in this, much capricious tenderness, squandered even on problems that have a bristly hide and were not made to be petted and coaxed. This whole book is nothing but a festivity after long privation and impotence, the jubilation of returning strength, of a newly awakened faith in a tomorrow and a day after tomorrow, of the sudden feeling and forefeeling of the future, of near adventures, of seas open again, of goals permitted again, believed in again. And

what now lay behind me! That stretch of desert, exhaustion, unbelief, freezing in the middle of youth, that old age slipped in where it did not belong, that tyranny of pain outdone still by the tyranny of pride, which rejected the *consequences* of pain — and consequences are consolations —, that radical isolation as a defense against a contempt for humanity turned morbidly clairvoyant, that principled restriction to the bitter, harsh, hurtful side of knowledge, as the *nausea* prescribed it, the nausea that had grown slowly out of an imprudent spiritual diet and coddling — people call it romanticism —, oh who could feel all that after me! Whoever could, would certainly forgive me more than a little folly, exuberance, “gay science” — for instance the handful of songs that are given to the book this time — songs in which a poet makes fun of all poets in a way that is hard to forgive. — Ah, it is not only the poets and their fine “lyrical feelings” on whom this man come back to life must unleash his malice: who knows what victim he is looking for, what monster of parodic material will soon entice him? “Incipit tragoedia” — so it says at the end of this questionable-unquestionable book: let one be on one’s guard! Something exceptionally bad and malicious is announcing itself: incipit parodia, there is no doubt ...

- ² — But let us leave Herr Nietzsche: what is it to us that Herr Nietzsche got well again? ... A psychologist knows few questions as attractive as that of the relation between health and philosophy, and in the case where he himself falls ill, he brings all his scientific curiosity along into his illness. One has, namely, provided that one is a person, necessarily also the philosophy of one’s person: yet there is a considerable difference here. In the one case it is his deficiencies that philosophize, in the other his riches and powers. The former *needs* his philosophy, be it as a support, a calming, a medicine, a redemption, an exaltation, a self-estrangement; in the latter it is only a beautiful luxury, at best the voluptuousness of a triumphant gratitude that in the end still has to write itself in cosmic capitals across the sky of concepts. In the other, more ordinary case, however, when distress drives one to philosophy, as with all sick thinkers — and perhaps sick thinkers predominate in the history of philosophy —: what becomes of the thought itself when it is brought under the pressure of illness?

This is the question that concerns the psychologist: and here the experiment is possible. Not otherwise than a traveler does, who resolves to wake at a certain hour and then abandons himself quietly to sleep: so we philosophers, supposing that we fall ill, give ourselves over for a time, body and soul, to the illness — we shut our eyes, so to speak, before ourselves. And as that traveler knows that something is not sleeping, that something is counting the hours and will wake him, so we too know that the decisive moment will find us awake, — that then something leaps out and catches the spirit in the act, I mean in the weakness or the reversal or the resignation or the hardening or the darkening and whatever else the morbid states of the spirit are called, states that in healthy days have the pride of the spirit against them (for the old rhyme holds: “the proud spirit, the peacock, the horse are the three proudest animals on earth” —). After such a self-questioning, self-temptation, one learns to look with a finer eye at everything that has so far been philosophized: one guesses better than before the involuntary detours, side streets, resting places, sun spots of thought to which suffering thinkers are led and seduced precisely as sufferers; one knows now where the sick body and its need drive the spirit, push it, lure it — toward sun, stillness, mildness, patience, medicine, refreshment in some sense or other. Every philosophy that ranks peace higher than war, every ethics with a negative definition of the concept of happiness, every metaphysics and physics that knows a finale, an end state of some kind, every predominantly aesthetic or religious longing for a somewhere else, beyond, outside, above, permits the question whether illness was not the thing that inspired the philosopher. The unconscious disguising of physiological needs under the cloaks of the objective, the ideal, the purely spiritual goes frighteningly far, — and often enough I have asked myself whether, on a large reckoning, philosophy has so far not been merely an interpretation of the body and a *misunderstanding of the body*. Behind the highest value judgments, by which the history of thought has so far been guided, lie misunderstandings of bodily constitution, whether of individuals or of classes or of whole races. One may regard all those bold follies of metaphysics, especially their answers to the question of the *value* of existence, first of all always as symptoms of particular bodies; and even if such world-affir-

mations or world-denials taken wholesale, measured scientifically, carry not a grain of significance in them, they still give the historian and psychologist hints all the more valuable, as symptoms, as I said, of the body, of its thriving and its failure, of its fullness, power, self-mastery in history, or else of its inhibitions, exhaustions, impoverishments, of its forefeeling of the end, of its will to the end. I still await the day when a philosophical *physician* in the exceptional sense of the word — one whose task it is to pursue the problem of the total health of a people, an age, a race, of humanity — will once have the courage to push my suspicion to its point and dare the proposition: in all philosophizing so far it was never a matter of “truth” at all, but of something else, let us say of health, future, growth, power, life ...

- ³ — One guesses that I would not take leave of that time of severe sickness with ingratitude, a time whose yield is not even today exhausted for me: just as I am well enough aware of what I have ahead of all the blockheads of the spirit, in my changeable health. A philosopher who has made the circuit through many healths and keeps making it again has also passed through just as many philosophies: he simply *cannot* do otherwise than translate his condition each time into the most spiritual form and distance, — this art of transfiguration is precisely philosophy. It is not open to us philosophers to separate soul and body the way the people separate them, and still less open to separate soul and spirit. We are no thinking frogs, no objectifying and registering machines with coldly installed guts, — we must constantly give birth to our thoughts out of our pain and mother them with everything we have in us of blood, heart, fire, pleasure, passion, torment, conscience, fate, doom. To live — that means for us to transform constantly into light and flame everything we are, everything too that befalls us, we simply *cannot* do otherwise. And as for illness: would we not almost be tempted to ask whether it is dispensable to us at all? Only the great pain is the last liberator of the spirit, as the teacher of the *great suspicion*, which turns every U into an X, a genuine right X, that is the second-to-last letter before the last ... Only the great pain, that long slow pain that takes its time, in which we are burned, so to speak, as with green wood, compels us philosophers

to descend into our last depth and to strip from ourselves all trust, all good-naturedness, veiling, mildness, mediocrity, into which we may formerly have put our humanity. I doubt whether such pain “improves” —; but I know that it deepens us. Whether now we learn to oppose it with our pride, our scorn, our will-power, and do as the Indian does, who, however badly tormented, holds his own against his tormentor by the malice of his tongue; whether we withdraw before pain into that oriental nothing — people call it Nirvana —, into the mute, rigid, deaf surrender, self-forgetfulness, self-extinguishing: one comes out of such long dangerous exercises in mastery over oneself as another human being, with a few more question marks, above all with the will to question more, deeper, more strictly, harder, more wickedly, more quietly than one had questioned until then. Trust in life is gone: life itself has become a *problem*. — Let no one believe that one has thereby necessarily become a gloomy fellow! Even love of life is still possible, — only one loves differently. It is the love for a woman who makes us doubt ... The charm of everything problematic, the joy in the X, is however too great in such more spiritual, more spiritualized human beings for that joy not to keep breaking out again like a bright blaze over all the distress of the problematic, over all the danger of uncertainty, even over the jealousy of the lover. We know a new happiness: ...

- ⁴ Lastly, so that the most essential is not left unsaid: one comes back out of such abysses, out of such severe sickness, also out of the sickness of the severe suspicion, *newborn*, with a new skin, more ticklish, more malicious, with a finer taste for joy, with a more delicate tongue for all good things, with merrier senses, with a second, more dangerous innocence in joy, at once more childlike and a hundred times more refined than one had ever been before. Oh how enjoyment now disgusts one, the coarse, dull, brown enjoyment as the enjoyers otherwise understand it, our “educated” people, our rich and ruling people! How maliciously we now listen to the great fairground tum-ta-ta with which the “educated man” and city dweller today has himself forcibly bred into “spiritual enjoyments” by art, book and music, with the help of spiritual drinks! How the theatrical scream of passion now hurts our ears, how foreign to our taste the

whole romantic turmoil and sensory confusion that the educated mob loves has become, together with its aspirations toward the sublime, the elevated, the twisted! No, if we convalescents still need an art at all, it is an *other* art — a mocking, light, fleeting, divinely untroubled, divinely artificial art, which blazes like a bright flame into an unclouded sky! Above all: an art for artists, only for artists! We understand afterwards better what is *first* needed for that, cheerfulness, every cheerfulness, my friends! also as artists —: I should like to prove it. We know a few things too well now, we who know: oh how we now learn to forget well, to not-know well, as artists! And as for our future: one will hardly find us again on the paths of those Egyptian youths who make temples unsafe at night, embrace statues and want to unveil, uncover, place in bright light everything that is kept covered with good reasons. No, this bad taste, this will to truth, to “truth at any price,” this youthful madness in the love of truth — has become repugnant to us: for that we are too experienced, too serious, too merry, too burned, too deep ... We no longer believe that truth remains truth when its veils are drawn off; we have lived enough to believe this. Today it counts with us as a matter of decency that one does not want to see everything naked, not be present at everything, not understand and “know” everything. “Is it true that the good God is everywhere present?” a little girl asked her mother: “but I find that indecent” — a hint for philosophers! One should hold in better honor the *modesty* with which nature has hidden itself behind riddles and variegated uncertainties. Perhaps truth is a woman who has reasons for not letting her reasons be seen? Perhaps her name, to speak Greek, is Baubo? ... Oh these Greeks! They knew how to live: what is needed for that is to stand bravely on the surface, the fold, the skin, to worship appearance, to believe in forms, in tones, in words, in the whole Olympus of appearance! These Greeks were superficial — *out of depth*! And are we not coming back to precisely that, we daredevils of the spirit, who have climbed the highest and most dangerous peak of present thought and looked around from there, who have looked down from there? Are we not precisely in this — Greeks? Worshipers of forms, of tones, of words? Precisely for that reason — artists?

Ruta near Genoa,
in the autumn of 1886.

Jest, Cunning and Revenge



Prelude in German Rhymes.

¹ Invitation.

Dare to try my fare, you eaters!
Tomorrow it will taste you better,
and the day after tomorrow, good.
If you want more then — let my old
seven dishes make me seven
new kinds of courage for the road.

² My Happiness.

Since I grew weary of the search,
I learned the art of finding.
Since a wind stood against me,
I sail with all the winds.

³ Undaunted.

Where you stand, dig deep down!
Below is the spring!
Let the dark men scream:
“Below is always — hell!”

⁴ Dialogue.

A. Was I sick? Am I recovered?

And who has been my doctor?

How did I forget all that!

B. Only now do I believe you recovered:

for he is healthy who has forgotten.

⁵ To the Virtuous.

Our virtues too should lift their feet lightly:

like Homer's verses they must come and go!

⁶ Worldly Wisdom.

Do not stay on level ground!

Do not climb too high!

The world looks best

from half a height.

⁷ Vademecum — Vadetecum.

My ways and my speech entice you,

you follow me, you trail after me?

Just follow yourself faithfully: —

so you follow me — slowly! slowly!

⁸ At the Third Shedding.

Already my skin twists and breaks on me,

already with new urge

the snake in me lusts, after all the earth

it has digested, for earth.

Already I crawl between stone and grass,

hungry, on a crooked track,

to eat what I always ate,

you, snake-food, you, earth!

⁹ My Roses.

Yes! My happiness — it wants to make happy —,
all happiness wants to make happy!
Would you pick my roses?
You must bend down and hide
between rock and thorn-bush,
often lick your little fingers!
For my happiness — it loves teasing!
For my happiness — it loves malice! —
Would you pick my roses?

10 The Despiser.

Much I let fall and roll,
and you call me despiser for it.
Whoever drinks from cups too full
lets much fall and roll —,
thinks no worse of the wine for that.

11 The Proverb Speaks.

Sharp and mild, coarse and fine,
intimate and strange, dirty and clean,
the tryst of fools and of the wise:
all this am I, want to be,
dove at once, snake and swine!

12 To a Friend of Light.

If you would not weary eye and sense,
follow the sun too in the shade!

13 For Dancers.

Smooth ice
is a paradise
for him who knows how to dance.

14 The Brave Man.

Better an enmity cut from whole wood
than a friendship glued together!

15 Rust.

Rust is needed too: being sharp is not enough!
Otherwise people always say of you: “he is too young!”

16 Upward.

“How do I best get up the mountain?”
Just climb up and do not think about it!

17 Word of the Man of Violence.

Never beg! Stop that whining!
Take, I beg you, take always!

18 Narrow Souls.

Narrow souls are hateful to me;
nothing good stands there, hardly anything bad.

19 The Involuntary Seducer.

He shot an empty word to pass the time
into the blue — and yet a woman fell for it.

20 For Consideration.

Twofold pain is easier to bear
than one pain: will you dare it?

21 Against Pride.

Do not puff yourself up: otherwise
a little prick will burst you.

22 Man and Woman.

“Steal the woman your heart feels for!” —
so thinks the man; the woman does not rob, she steals.

23 Interpretation.

If I interpret myself, I read myself into myself:
I cannot be my own interpreter.
But whoever climbs only on his own path
carries my image too into a brighter light.

24 Pessimist's Medicine.

You complain that nothing tastes good to you?
Still the same old whims, my friend?
I hear you blaspheme, clamor, spit —
patience and heart break in me at it.
Follow me, my friend! Resolve, freely,
to swallow a fat little toad,
quickly and without looking! —
That will cure you of dyspepsia!

25 Request.

I know many people's minds
and do not know who I myself am!
My eye is far too near me —
I am not what I see and saw.
I would have profited myself better,
could I sit farther from myself.
Though not so far as my enemy!
The nearest friend already sits too far —
but the middle between him and me!
Do you guess what I am asking for?

26 My Hardness.

I must go over a hundred steps,
I must go up and hear you call:
"You are hard! Are we then made of stone?" —
I must go over a hundred steps,
and no one wants to be a step.

27 The Wanderer.

“No path any more! Abyss all round and dead silence!” —
that was what you wanted! Your will left the path!
Now, wanderer, it counts! Now look cold and clear!
You are lost, you believe — to danger.

28 Comfort for Beginners.

See the child grunted round by pigs,
helpless, with crooked toes!
It can weep, nothing but weep —
will it ever learn to stand and walk?
Courage! Soon, I should think,
you could see the child dance!
Once it stands on both legs,
it will stand on its head too.

29 Star Egoism.

Did I not roll myself, a round barrel,
around myself without ceasing,
how would I endure it, without burning up,
to run after the hot sun?

30 The Neighbor.

I do not like the neighbor near me:
away with him, into height and distance!
How else would he become my star? —

31 The Disguised Saint.

So that your happiness does not oppress us,
you put devil's tricks around you,
devil's wit and devil's dress.
In vain! Out of your glance
holiness looks out!

32 The Unfree.

A. He stands and listens: what could have misled him?

What does he hear whirring before his ears?

What was it that struck him down?

B. Like everyone who once wore chains,
he hears everywhere — the clatter of chains.

33 The Solitary.

Following and leading are both hateful to me.

To obey? No! And yet again no — to rule!

Whoever is not terrible to himself makes no one afraid:

and only who makes afraid can lead others.

It is hateful to me already, to lead myself!

I love it, like the animals of forest and sea,

to lose myself for a good while,

to squat brooding in sweet confusion,

and at last to lure myself home from afar,

to myself — to seduce myself.

34 Seneca et hoc genus omne.

He writes and writes his unbearable wise larifari,

as if it were primum scribere,

deinde philosophari.

35 Ice.

Yes! Now and then I make ice:

ice is useful for digestion!

If you had much to digest,

oh how you would love my ice!

36 Youthful Writings.

My wisdom's A and O
sounded here: what did I hear!
Now it no longer sounds so to me,
only the eternal Ah! and Oh!
I still hear my youth.

37 Caution.

In that region one does not travel well now;
and if you have spirit, be doubly on your guard!
They lure and love you till they tear you apart:
they are enthusiasts —: spirit is always what they lack!

38 The Pious Man Speaks.

God loves us because he created us! —
“Man created God!” — so you fine ones reply.
And should he not love what he created?
Should he deny it just because he created it?
That limps, that carries the devil's hoof.

39 In Summer.

In the sweat of our brow
are we to eat our bread?
In sweat one would rather eat nothing,
by wise doctors' judgment.
The dog star beckons: what is lacking?
What does its fiery beckoning want?
In the sweat of our brow
are we to drink our wine!

40 Without Envy.

Yes, he looks without envy: and you honor him for it?
He does not look round after your honors;
he has the eagle's eye for distances,
he does not see you! — he sees only stars, stars.

⁴¹ Heracliteanism.

All happiness on earth,
friends, is given by struggle!
Yes, to become friends,
it takes powder-smoke!
Three in one are friends:
brothers before distress,
equals before the enemy,
free men — before death!

⁴² Principle of the All-Too-Fine.

Better on tiptoe still,
than on all fours!
Better through a keyhole,
than through open doors!

⁴³ Encouragement.

You have set your mind on fame?
Then heed the teaching:
in good time renounce freely
honor!

⁴⁴ The Thorough One.

A researcher, I? Oh spare the word! —
I am only heavy — so many pounds!
I fall, fall on and on
and finally on the ground!

⁴⁵ Forever.

“Today I come, because today suits me” —
so thinks everyone who comes forever.
What does the world’s talk matter to him:
“You come too early! You come too late!”

46 Judgments of the Weary.

All the weary curse the sun;
the value of trees, to them, is — shade!

47 Decline.

“He sinks, he falls now” — you scoff now and then;
the truth is: he descends to you!
His excess of happiness became his harm,
his excess of light goes after your darkness.

48 Against the Laws.

From today on, on a harder cord,
the hour-clock hangs at my neck:
from today on the course of the stars has stopped,
sun, cockcrow and shadow,
and whatever once announced time to me
is now mute and deaf and blind: —
all nature falls silent for me
at the tick-tock of law and clock.

49 The Wise Man Speaks.

Strange to the people and useful to the people,
I go my way, sun now, now cloud —
and always above this people!

50 Lost His Head.

She has spirit now — how did she come by it?
A man recently lost his reason through her,
his head was rich before this pastime:
his head went to the devil — no! no! to the woman!

51 Pious Wishes.

“May all keys now
be lost in a hurry,
and in every keyhole
the pick turn!”
Thus thinks at every season
everyone who — is a pick.

52 Writing with the Foot.

I do not write with the hand alone:
the foot wants always to be in on the writing.
Firm, free and brave it runs for me
now through the field, now through the paper.

53 “Human, All Too Human.” A Book.

Sadly shy, as long as you look backward,
trusting the future where you trust yourself:
oh bird, do I count you among the eagles?
Are you Minerva’s darling, oo-hoo-hoo?

54 To My Reader.

A good set of teeth and a good stomach —
that is what I wish you!
And once you have digested my book,
you will certainly get along with me!

55 The Realistic Painter.

“True to nature and whole!” — how does he set about it:
when was nature ever finished in a picture?
The smallest piece of the world is infinite! —
In the end he paints of it what pleases him.
And what pleases him? What he can paint!

56 Poet’s Vanity.

Just give me glue: for the glue
I will find the wood myself!
To put sense into four senseless rhymes —
that is no small pride!

57 Choosy Taste.

If I were free to choose,
I would gladly choose a little place
right in the middle of paradise:
more gladly still — before its door!

58 The Crooked Nose.

The nose looks defiantly
into the land, the nostril swells —
that is why you fall, rhinoceros without horn,
my proud little man, always forward!
And always these two are found together:
straight pride, crooked nose.

59 The Pen Scrawls.

The pen scrawls: to hell with it!
Am I condemned to have to scrawl? —
So I boldly seize the inkwell
and write with thick ink-floods.
How that runs, so full, so broad!
How everything succeeds for me, whatever I do!
True, the writing lacks clarity —
what of it? Who reads what I write?

60 Higher Men.

That one climbs up — he should be praised!
But the other always comes from above!
That one lives exempt from praise itself,
that one is from on high!

⁶¹ The Skeptic Speaks.

Half of your life is over,
the hand moves on, your soul shudders!
Long has it strayed about
and sought and not found — and it hesitates here?
Half of your life is over:
it was pain and error, hour by hour here!
What do you still seek? Why? — —
That is just what I seek — reason on reason for it!

⁶² Ecce Homo.

Yes! I know where I come from!
Unsated like the flame
I glow and consume myself.
Light becomes everything I grasp,
coal everything I leave:
flame I certainly am.

⁶³ Star Morality.

Predestined to the star's orbit,
what is darkness to you, star?
Roll blessedly through this time!
Its misery be strange and far to you!
The farthest world owns your shine:
pity should be sin for you!
Only one commandment holds for you: be pure!

Book I



¹ *Teachers of the Purpose of Existence.* — Whether I look on men with a good or a bad eye, I always find them busy with one task, all of them and each one in particular: doing what serves the preservation of the human species. And truly not out of a feeling of love for this species, but simply because nothing in them is older, stronger, more inexorable, more invincible than that instinct — because this instinct is precisely the essence of our kind and herd. Though one may be quick enough, with the usual short-sightedness, to sort one's neighbors neatly at five paces into useful and harmful, good and evil people, on a large reckoning, on longer reflection about the whole, one grows mistrustful of this sorting and separating and finally lets it be. Even the most harmful man is perhaps still the most useful of all with regard to the preservation of the species; for he keeps alive in himself, or through his effect in others, drives without which humanity would long since have grown slack or rotten. Hatred, malice, the lust for plunder and for rule, and whatever else is called evil: all this belongs to the astonishing economy of the preservation of the species, though to a costly, extravagant and on the whole supremely foolish economy — which has nevertheless, by proven measure, preserved our kind until now.

I no longer know whether you, my dear fellow man and neighbor, can at all live to the disadvantage of the species, that is “unreasonably” and “badly”; what could have harmed the species has perhaps died out many thousands of years

ago and now belongs to the things that are no longer possible even for God. Follow your best or your worst desires and, above all, go to ruin! — in both you are probably still in some way the furtherer and benefactor of humanity, and may on that account keep your panegyrists — and likewise your mockers! But you will never find the one who would understand how to mock you, the individual, wholly even in your best part, who could bring home to you your boundless fly-and-frog wretchedness as thoroughly as would be compatible with the truth! To laugh at oneself as one would have to laugh in order to laugh *out of the whole truth* — for that the best have so far lacked enough sense of truth and the most gifted far too little genius! There is perhaps a future for laughter too! Then, when the proposition “the species is everything, one is always none” has been incorporated into humanity and the access to this last liberation and irresponsibility stands open to everyone at any time. Perhaps laughter will then have formed an alliance with wisdom, perhaps there will then be only “gay science.” For the present it is still quite otherwise, for the present the comedy of existence has not yet “become conscious” of itself, for the present it is still the time of tragedy, the time of moralities and religions. What does the ever-new appearance of those founders of moralities and religions mean, those authors of the struggle over moral valuations, those teachers of bad conscience and of wars of religion? What do these heroes mean on this stage? For they have so far been its heroes, and everything else, for a time alone visible and all too near, has always served only to prepare for these heroes, whether as machinery and backdrop or in the role of confidants and valets. (The poets, for example, were always the valets of some morality.) — It goes without saying that these tragedians too work in the interest of the *species*, even if they may believe they are working in the interest of God and as God’s emissaries. They too further the life of the species by furthering faith in life. “It is worth living — so each of them cries — there is something in this life, life has something behind it, beneath it, take care!” That drive which rules equally in the highest and in the commonest men, the drive of the preservation of the species, breaks out from time to time as reason and passion of the spirit; it then has a brilliant retinue of reasons about it and wants with all violence to make us

forget that it is at bottom drive, instinct, folly, groundlessness. Life *shall* be loved, *because!* Man *shall* further himself and his neighbor, *because!* And however all these shalls and because are called and may yet be called in future! So that what happens necessarily and always, of itself and without any purpose, may from now on appear done toward a purpose and may become evident to man as reason and last commandment — to this end the ethical teacher appears, as the teacher of the purpose of existence; to this end he invents a second and different existence and lifts, by means of his new mechanics, this old common existence out of its old common hinges. Yes! he absolutely does not want us to *laugh* about existence, nor about ourselves, — nor about him either; for him one is always one, something first and last and monstrous, for him there is no species, no sums, no zeros. However foolish and enthusiastic his inventions and valuations may be, however much he misjudges the course of nature and denies its conditions: — and all ethics have so far been foolish and contrary to nature to such a degree that humanity would have perished of each one of them, had it taken possession of humanity — nevertheless! each time “the hero” stepped onto the stage, something new was attained, the dreadful counterpart of laughter, that deep shudder of many individuals at the thought: “yes, it is worth living! yes, I am worth living!” — life and I and you and all of us became *interesting* to one another once again for a while. — It cannot be denied that *in the long run* laughter and reason and nature have so far become master over each of these great teachers of purpose: the short tragedy always passed over in the end into the eternal comedy of existence and back again, and the “waves of innumerable laughter” — to speak with Aeschylus — must in the end sweep over even the greatest of these tragedians. But with all this correcting laughter, on the whole the ever-new appearance of those teachers of the purpose of existence has nevertheless changed human nature, — it now has one need more, precisely the need for the ever-new appearance of such teachers and doctrines of “purpose.” Man has gradually become a fantastic animal that has one more condition of existence to fulfill than any other animal: man *must* from time to time believe that he knows *why* he exists, his species cannot thrive without a periodic trust in life! Without faith in the *reason in life!* And again

and again from time to time the human species will decree: “there is something about which absolutely no laughing is any longer permitted!” And the most cautious friend of man will add: “not only laughter and gay wisdom, but also the tragic with all its sublime unreason belongs among the means and necessities of the preservation of the species!” — And consequently! Consequently! Consequently! Oh do you understand me, my brothers? Do you understand this new law of ebb and flood? We too have our time!

- ² *The Intellectual Conscience.* — I keep making the same experience and keep resisting it anew, I will not believe it even though I grasp it with my hands: the great majority lack the intellectual conscience; indeed it has often seemed to me that with the demand for such a conscience one is as lonely as in the desert in the most populous cities. Everyone looks at you with foreign eyes and goes on handling his scales, calling this good, that evil; no one blushes when you let it be noticed that these weights are not of full weight, — no one is indignant with you either: perhaps they laugh at your doubt. I mean to say: the *great majority* do not find it contemptible to believe this or that and to live accordingly *without* having first become conscious of the last and surest grounds for and against, and without even taking the trouble for such grounds afterward, — the most gifted men and the noblest women still belong to this “great majority.” But what are good-heartedness, delicacy and genius to me if the man of these virtues tolerates slack feelings in believing and judging, if the *demand for certainty* does not count with him as the innermost desire and deepest need, — as that which separates the higher men from the lower! I found in certain pious people a hatred of reason and was fond of them for it: so at least the bad intellectual conscience still betrayed itself! But to stand in the midst of this *rerum concordia discors* and the whole wonderful uncertainty and ambiguity of existence and *not to ask*, not to tremble with desire and delight in questioning, not even to hate the questioner, perhaps even to be wearily amused by him — that is what I feel as *contemptible*, and this feeling is what I look for first in everyone: — some folly or other always persuades me anew that every human being has this feeling, as a human being. It is my kind of injustice.

3 *Noble and Common.* — To common natures all noble, magnanimous feelings appear unpurposive and therefore first of all implausible: they wink their eyes when they hear of such things, and seem to want to say “there will probably be some good advantage in it, one cannot see through all walls”: — they are mistrustful of the noble man, as though he were seeking advantage by stealthy paths. When they are all too plainly convinced of the absence of selfish intentions and gains, the noble man counts with them as a kind of fool: they despise him in his joy and laugh at the brightness of his eyes. “How can one rejoice at being at a disadvantage, how can one want to come to a disadvantage with open eyes! There must be a sickness of reason bound up with the noble affection” — so they think, and look down as they do so: as they look down on the joy that the madman has from his fixed idea. The common nature is distinguished by this, that it keeps its advantage fixed in its eye and that this thinking of purpose and advantage is itself stronger in it than the strongest drives: not to let itself be seduced by those drives into unpurposive actions — that is its wisdom and its self-feeling. Compared with it the higher nature is the *more unreasonable*: — for the noble, magnanimous, self-sacrificing man really succumbs to his drives, and in his best moments his reason *pauses*. An animal that protects its young at the risk of its life, or in the rutting season follows the female even into death, thinks neither of danger nor of death, its reason likewise pauses, because the pleasure in its brood or in the female, and the fear of being deprived of this pleasure, rule it wholly; it becomes stupider than it otherwise is, like the noble and magnanimous man. This one possesses certain feelings of pleasure and displeasure in such strength that the intellect must fall silent before them or give itself over to their service: then the heart enters the head with such people and one now speaks of “passion.” (Here and there the opposite of this also occurs, and as it were the “inversion of passion,” for instance in Fontenelle, on whose heart someone once laid a hand with the words: “What you have there, my dearest, is brain too.”) It is the unreason, or the cross-grained reason, of passion that the common man despises in the noble man, especially when this passion directs itself to objects whose value seems to him wholly fantastic and arbitrary. He is annoyed at the man who succumbs to the

passion of the belly, but he does grasp the charm that here plays the tyrant; what he does not grasp is how one could, for example, for the love of a passion for knowledge, put one's health and honor at stake. The taste of the higher nature directs itself to exceptions, to things that usually leave one cold and seem to have no sweetness in them; the higher nature has a singular measure of value. Besides this, it mostly believes that it does *not* have a singular measure of value in its idiosyncrasy of taste; rather it posits its values and disvalues as the values and disvalues valid altogether, and thereby falls into the unintelligible and the impractical. It is very rare that a higher nature keeps enough reason in reserve to understand and treat everyday people as such: most of all it believes in its passion as in the secretly kept passion of everyone, and is full of ardor and eloquence precisely in this belief. Now if such exceptional people do not feel themselves as exceptions, how should they ever understand common natures and fairly estimate the rule! — and so they too speak of the folly, the unpurposiveness and the fantasy of humanity, full of astonishment at how madly the world runs and why it will not confess to what “it stands in need of.” — This is the eternal injustice of the noble.

- ⁴ *What Preserves the Species.* — The strongest and most evil spirits have so far advanced humanity the most: they kept kindling the passions that were falling asleep — all ordered society puts the passions to sleep —, they kept waking the sense for comparison, for contradiction, for delight in the new, the venturesome, the untried; they forced men to set opinions against opinions, model images against model images. With weapons, with the overturning of boundary stones, by violation of the pieties for the most part: but also by new religions and moralities! The same “wickedness” is in every teacher and preacher of the new, — the wickedness that brings a conqueror into ill repute, even if it expresses itself more finely, does not immediately set the muscles in motion and just for that reason does not bring so much ill repute either! The new is, however, under all circumstances the evil, as that which wants to conquer, to overturn the old boundary stones and the old pieties; and only the old is the good! The good men of every age are those who dig the old thoughts deep into the ground

and make them bear fruit, the farmers of the spirit. But every land is finally exhausted, and again and again the plowshare of evil must come. — There is now a thorough false doctrine of morality, which is much celebrated especially in England: according to it the judgments “good” and “evil” are the collection of experiences about “purposive” and “unpurposive”; according to it what is called good is what preserves the species, while what is called evil is what harms the species. In truth, however, the evil drives are to just as high a degree purposive, species-preserving and indispensable as the good ones: — only their function is a different one.

- 5 *Unconditional Duties.* — All men who feel that they need the strongest words and sounds, the most eloquent gestures and attitudes, in order to have any effect at all — revolutionary politicians, socialists, preachers of repentance with and without Christianity, with all of whom there must be no half successes — all these speak of “duties,” and always of duties with the character of the unconditional: without such they would have no right to their great pathos, and that they know very well! So they reach for philosophies of morality that preach some categorical imperative, or they take a good piece of religion into themselves, as for instance Mazzini has done. Because they want to be unconditionally trusted, they first of all need to trust themselves unconditionally, on the ground of some last indisputable and in itself sublime commandment, as whose servants and instruments they feel and wish to give themselves out. Here we have the most natural and mostly very influential opponents of moral enlightenment and skepticism: but they are rare. On the other hand there is a very extensive class of these opponents wherever interest teaches submission, while reputation and honor seem to forbid it. Whoever feels degraded at the thought of being the tool of a prince or of a party and sect or even of a money power — for example as the descendant of an old, proud family — but precisely wants or must be this tool, before himself and before the public, needs pathetic principles that one can take in one’s mouth at any time: — principles of an unconditional ought, to which one may submit, and show oneself sub-

mitted, without shame. All finer servility holds fast to the categorical imperative and is the mortal enemy of those who want to take the unconditional character from duty: that is what decency demands of them, and not decency only.

⁶ *Loss of Dignity.* — Reflection has lost all its dignity of form; the ceremonial and the solemn gesture of reflection have been made a mockery of, and a wise man of the old style would no longer be endured. We think too quickly, and on the way, and in the middle of walking, in the middle of business of all kinds, even when we think of the most serious things; we need little preparation, even little stillness: — it is as if we carried about in our heads an unstoppably rolling machine that goes on working even under the most unfavorable circumstances. Formerly one could see in everyone that he meant to think — that was indeed the exception! — that he now meant to become wiser and was preparing himself for a thought: one pulled a face at it, as at a prayer, and stopped one's step; yes, one stood still for hours in the street when the thought "came" — on one leg or on two. That was "worthy of the matter"!

⁷ *Something for the Industrious.* — Whoever now wants to make a study of moral matters opens up an immense field of work. All kinds of passions must be thought through individually, individually pursued through times, peoples, great and small individuals; their whole reason and all their valuations and illuminations of things must be brought out into the light! So far all that has given color to existence still has no history: or where would there be a history of love, of greed, of envy, of conscience, of piety, of cruelty? Even a comparative history of law, or even only of punishment, is still entirely missing. Has the different division of the day, the consequences of a regular fixing of work, festival and rest, already been made an object of research? Does one know the moral effects of foods? Is there a philosophy of nutrition? (The noise that keeps breaking out for and against vegetarianism already proves that there is no such philosophy!) Have the experiences of living together, for example the experiences of monasteries, already been collected? Has the dialectic of marriage and friendship already been presented? The customs of scholars, of merchants, artists, craftsmen — have they already found their thinkers? There is so much to think

about here! Everything that men have so far regarded as their “conditions of existence,” and all the reason, passion and superstition in this regard — has this already been researched to the end? The mere observation of the different growth that human drives have had and could still have according to the different moral climate already gives too much work for the most industrious; whole generations are needed, generations of scholars working together in a planned way, to exhaust the viewpoints and the material here. The same holds for showing the grounds for the difference of moral climate (“why does this sun of a basic moral judgment and chief measure of value shine here — and that one there?”). And again a new work is to establish the erroneousness of all these grounds and the whole nature of moral judgment so far. Supposing all these works were done, the most delicate of all questions would step to the fore: whether science is in a position to give aims of action after it has proved that it can take and destroy them — and then an experimenting would be in place in which every kind of heroism could find satisfaction, an experimenting lasting centuries, which could put in the shade all the great works and sacrifices of history so far. So far science has not yet built its Cyclopean works; the time will come for that too.

- 8 *Unconscious Virtues.* — All the qualities of a man of which he is conscious — and especially when he presupposes their visibility and evidence even for those around him — stand under quite different laws of development than those qualities which are unknown to him or poorly known, and which also hide themselves from the eye of the finer observer by their fineness and know how to hide as if behind nothing. So it is with the fine sculptures on the scales of reptiles: it would be an error to suspect in them an ornament or a weapon — for one sees them only with the microscope, that is with an eye so artificially sharpened as no similar animals, for which they might mean ornament or weapon, possess! Our visible moral qualities, and especially our supposedly visible ones, go their way — and the invisible ones of the same name, which are neither ornament nor weapon for us with regard to others, go their way too: a quite different one probably, and with lines and finenesses and sculptures that might

perhaps give pleasure to a god with a divine microscope. We have, for example, our industry, our ambition, our acuteness: all the world knows of it —, and besides that we probably have once again our industry, our ambition, our acuteness; but for these our reptile scales the microscope has not yet been invented! — And here the friends of instinctive morality will say: “Bravo! He at least holds unconscious virtues to be possible, — that is enough for us!” — Oh you easily satisfied!

⁹ *Our Eruptions.* — Uncounted things that humanity appropriated at earlier stages, but so weakly and embryonically that no one knew how to perceive them as appropriated, suddenly come to light long afterward, perhaps after centuries: it has meanwhile grown strong and ripe. Some ages seem entirely to lack this or that talent, this or that virtue, as some people do: but just wait until the grandchildren and great-grandchildren, if one has time to wait, — they bring the interior of their grandfathers into the sun, that interior of which the grandfathers themselves still knew nothing. Often the son is already the betrayer of his father: the father understands himself better since he has his son. We all have hidden gardens and plantations in us; and, with another simile, we are all growing volcanoes that will have their hour of eruption: — how near, however, or how far off this is, no one knows, not even the good God.

¹⁰ *A Kind of Atavism.* — The rare men of an age I understand best as suddenly emerging after-shoots of past cultures and their forces: as it were the atavism of a people and its civilization: — so there really is still something about them to be understood! Now they appear strange, rare, extraordinary: and whoever feels these forces in himself has to cultivate, defend, honor and raise them large against a resisting other world: and so he becomes either a great man or a mad and peculiar one, insofar as he does not go to ruin in good time at all. Formerly these same qualities were ordinary and consequently counted as common: they did not distinguish. Perhaps they were demanded, presupposed; it was impossible to become great with them, and precisely because the danger was lacking of also becoming crazy and lonely with them. — It is chiefly the *preserving* generations and castes of a people in which such after-shoots of old drives occur,

while there is no probability of such atavism where races, habits and valuations change too quickly. Tempo means as much among the forces of development in peoples as in music; for our case an andante of development is absolutely necessary, as the tempo of a passionate and slow spirit: — and of that kind the spirit of conservative generations is.

- ¹¹ *Consciousness.* — Consciousness is the last and latest development of the organic and therefore also the most unfinished and least powerful part of it. From consciousness come innumerable mistakes that make an animal, a man, go to ruin earlier than would be necessary, “against fate,” as Homer says. Were not the preserving bond of the instincts so exceedingly much more powerful, did it not serve on the whole as regulator: humanity would have to perish of its perverse judgments and fantasies with open eyes, of its groundlessness and credulity, in short precisely of its consciousness: or rather, without that, this would long since be gone! Before a function is developed and ripe, it is a danger to the organism: good if it is tyrannized over energetically for that long! So consciousness is energetically tyrannized over — and not least by pride in it! One thinks that here is the *core* of man; his abiding, eternal, last, most original part! One holds consciousness to be a fixed given magnitude! Denies its growth, its intermittences! Takes it as “unity of the organism”! — This ridiculous overestimation and misjudgment of consciousness has the great utility as a consequence, that a too-rapid development of it has thereby been *prevented*. Because men believed they already had consciousness, they took little trouble to acquire it — and even now it is no different! It is still a quite new, and only just dawning on the human eye, barely yet clearly recognizable *task, to incorporate knowledge and make it instinctive* — a task seen only by those who have grasped that so far only our *errors* have been incorporated in us and that all our consciousness refers to errors!

- ¹² *On the Goal of Science.* — How? The last goal of science should be to create for man as much pleasure and as little displeasure as possible? What if pleasure and displeasure were so tied together by one rope that whoever wants as much of the one must also have as much of the other — that whoever wants to learn the

“jubilation high as heaven” must also hold himself ready for “sad to the point of death”? And so it perhaps is! The Stoics at least believed it was so, and were consistent when they desired as little pleasure as possible in order to have as little displeasure from life (if one used the saying “the virtuous man is the happiest,” one had in it both a signboard of the school for the great mass and a casuistic subtlety for the fine). Even today you still have the choice: either *as little displeasure as possible*, in short painlessness — and at bottom socialists and politicians of all parties should honestly promise their people nothing more than that — or *as much displeasure as possible* as the price for the growth of a fullness of fine and hitherto rarely tasted pleasures and joys! If you decide for the former, if you therefore want to press down and diminish the painfulness of men, well then you must also press down and diminish their *capacity for joy*. In fact one can further the one as well as the other goal *with science*! Perhaps it is now still better known for its power to rob man of his joys and to make him colder, more statue-like, more stoical. But it could also still be discovered as the great *bringer of pain*! — And then perhaps its counter-force would be discovered at the same time, its immense capacity to light up new star-worlds of joy!

- ¹³ *On the Doctrine of the Feeling of Power.* — In doing good and in doing harm one exercises one’s power over others — one wants nothing more than that! With *harming* those to whom we must first make our power perceptible; for pain is a much more sensitive means to that than pleasure: — pain always asks for the cause, while pleasure is inclined to stand still with itself and not look back. With *benefiting* and good will toward those who already somehow depend on us (that is, are used to thinking of us as their causes); we want to increase their power, because we thus increase ours, or we want to show them the advantage of standing in our power, — so they will be more content with their situation and more hostile and ready to fight against the enemies of *our* power. Whether we bring sacrifices in benefiting or in harming does not change the final value of our actions; even if we stake our life on it, as the martyr does in favor of his church, it is a sacrifice brought to our desire for power, or for the sake of preserving our feeling of power. Whoever feels “I am in possession of

the truth,” how many possessions does he not let go in order to save this feeling! What does he not throw overboard in order to keep himself “above” — that is, above the others who lack the “truth”! Certainly the state in which we do harm is seldom as pleasant, as unmixedly pleasant, as that in which we do good, — it is a sign that we still lack power, or it betrays the vexation over this poverty, it brings new dangers and uncertainties for our present possession of power and clouds our horizon with the prospect of revenge, mockery, punishment, failure. Only for the most irritable and covetous people of the feeling of power may it be more pleasurable to press the seal of power on the resisting; for those to whom the sight of the already subjugated (which is the object of good will) is a burden and a boredom. It depends on how one is used to *spicing* one’s life; it is a matter of taste whether one prefers the slow or the sudden, the sure or the dangerous and reckless increase of power, — one seeks this or that spice always according to one’s temperament. An easy prey is something contemptible to proud natures; they feel a sense of well-being only at the sight of unbroken men who could become enemies to them, and likewise at the sight of all possessions hard of access; toward the suffering they are often hard, for he is not worthy of their striving and pride — but all the more obliging do they show themselves toward their *equals*, with whom a fight and a struggle would in any case be honorable if an opportunity should ever offer itself. Under the sense of well-being of *this* perspective the men of the knightly caste have grown used to a select courtesy toward one another. — Pity is the most pleasant feeling in those who are not proud and have no prospect of great conquests: for them the easy prey — and every sufferer is that — is something delightful. One praises pity as the virtue of the pleasure girls.

- ¹⁴ *What All Is Called Love.* — Greed and love: how differently we feel at each of these words! — and yet it could be the same drive, named twice, once disparaged from the standpoint of those who already possess, in whom the drive has come to rest and who now fear for their “property”; the other time from the standpoint of the unsatisfied, the thirsty, and therefore glorified as “good.” Is our love of neighbor not a craving for new property? And likewise our love of

knowledge, of truth, and in general all that craving for novelties? We gradually grow weary of the old, the surely possessed, and stretch out our hands again; even the most beautiful landscape in which we live for three months is no longer certain of our love, and some farther coast provokes our greed: possession mostly grows smaller through possessing. Our pleasure in ourselves wants to keep itself upright in such a way that it keeps transforming something new *in ourselves* — that is precisely what possessing means. To grow weary of a possession, that is: to grow weary of ourselves. (One can also suffer from too much — the desire to throw away, to distribute, can also attach the honorific name “love” to itself.) When we see someone suffer, we gladly use the opportunity now offered to take possession of him; that is what the beneficent and the compassionate do, for example, and he too calls the desire awakened in him for new possession “love,” and has his pleasure in it as in a new conquest beckoning him. Most clearly, however, the love of the sexes betrays itself as a craving for property: the lover wants the unconditional sole possession of the person he longs for, he wants as unconditional a power over her soul as over her body, he wants to be loved alone and to dwell and rule as the highest and most desirable thing in the other soul. If one considers that this means nothing other than to *exclude* all the world from a precious good, happiness and enjoyment: if one considers that the lover aims at the impoverishment and deprivation of all other competitors and would like to become the dragon of his golden hoard, as the most inconsiderate and selfish of all “conquerors” and exploiters: if one considers finally that to the lover himself the whole other world appears indifferent, pale, worthless, and he is ready to bring every sacrifice, to disturb every order, to put every interest behind: then one is indeed astonished that this wild greed and injustice of sexual love has been so glorified and deified as has happened at all times, yes, that from this love one has taken the concept of love as the opposite of egoism, while it is perhaps precisely the most naive expression of egoism. Here obviously the non-possessors and the desiring have made the usage — there were probably always too many of them. Those to whom much possession and satiety was granted in this domain have now and then let fall a word about the “raging demon,” like that most amiable and most beloved of all

Athenians, Sophocles: but Eros always laughed at such blasphemers — they were always precisely his greatest favorites. — There is probably here and there on earth a kind of continuation of love, in which that covetous craving of two persons for each other has given way to a new desire and covetousness, a *common* higher thirst for an ideal standing above them: but who knows this love? Who has lived it? Its right name is *friendship*.

¹⁵ *From a Distance.* — This mountain makes the whole region it dominates charming and significant in every way: after we have said this to ourselves for the hundredth time, we are so unreasonable and so grateful toward it that we believe it, the giver of this charm, must itself be the most charming thing in the region — and so we climb up it and are disappointed. Suddenly it itself, and the whole landscape around us, beneath us, is as if disenchanted; we had forgotten that some greatness, like some goodness, wants to be seen only at a certain distance, and decidedly from below, not from above, — only so does it *work*. Perhaps you know people near you who may look at themselves only from a certain distance in order to find themselves at all tolerable or attractive and strength-giving; self-knowledge is to be dissuaded from them.

¹⁶ *Over the Footbridge.* — In dealings with persons who are shy of their feelings one must be able to dissemble; they feel a sudden hatred toward anyone who catches them in a tender or enthusiastic and high-running feeling, as though he had seen their secrets. If one wants to do them good in such moments, one should make them laugh or say some cold, jesting malice: — their feeling freezes at that, and they are once more master of themselves. But I give the moral before the story. — Once in our lives we were so close to each other that nothing seemed any longer to hinder our friendship and brotherhood, and there was only a little footbridge between us. Just as you were about to step onto it, I asked you: “will you come across the bridge to me?” — But then you no longer wanted to; and when I asked again, you kept silent. Since then mountains and raging rivers, and whatever else separates and makes strange, have

been thrown between us, and even if we wanted to reach each other, we no longer could! But if you think now of that little footbridge, you have no words left, — only sobbing and astonishment.

17 *To Give a Reason for His Poverty.* — We certainly cannot, by any trick, make a rich, richly flowing virtue out of a poor one, but we can well reinterpret its poverty beautifully into necessity, so that the sight of it no longer hurts us, and on its account we no longer make reproachful faces at fate. So does the wise gardener who lays the poor little stream of his garden in a nymph's arms and thus gives a reason for the poverty: — and who would not need the nymphs as he does!

18 *Ancient Pride.* — We lack the ancient coloring of nobility because our feeling lacks the ancient slave. A Greek of noble descent found between his height and that last lowliness such monstrous intermediate steps and such a distance that he could hardly still see the slave distinctly: even Plato no longer saw him entirely. We are otherwise, accustomed as we are to the *doctrine* of the equality of men, though not to equality itself. A being that cannot dispose of itself and lacks leisure — that still does not count with our eye as anything contemptible; there is perhaps too much of this slavishness in each of us, according to the conditions of our social order and activity, which are fundamentally different from those of the ancients. — The Greek philosopher went through life with the secret feeling that there were far more slaves than one supposed — namely, that everyone was a slave who was not a philosopher; his pride swelled when he considered that even the most powerful on earth were among these his slaves. This pride too is strange and impossible to us; not even in simile does the word “slave” still have its full force for us.

19 *The Evil.* — Examine the life of the best and most fruitful men and peoples and ask yourselves whether a tree that is to grow proudly upward can do without bad weather and storms: whether disfavor and resistance from outside, whether any kinds of hatred, envy, obstinacy, mistrust, hardness, greed and violence do

not belong among the *favoring* circumstances without which a great growth even in virtue is hardly possible? The poison on which the weaker nature perishes is strengthening to the strong man — and he does not call it poison either.

²⁰ *Dignity of Folly.* — A few thousand years further along the track of the last century! — and in everything man does the highest cleverness will be visible: but precisely thereby cleverness will have lost all its dignity. It will then indeed be necessary to be clever, but also so ordinary and so common that a more fastidious taste will feel this necessity as a *vulgarity*. And just as a tyranny of truth and science would be capable of driving up the price of the lie, so a tyranny of cleverness could drive out a new kind of nobility. To be noble — that would then perhaps mean: to have follies in one's head.

²¹ *To the Teachers of Selflessness.* — One calls a man's virtues good, not with regard to the effects which they have for himself, but with regard to the effects which we presuppose they have for us and for society: — one has always been very little "selfless," very little "unegoistic" in the praise of virtues! Otherwise, namely, one would have had to see that the virtues (such as industry, obedience, chastity, piety, justice) are mostly *harmful* to their possessors, as drives that rule too violently and covetously in them and will not at all let themselves be held by reason in balance with the other drives. If you have a virtue, a real, whole virtue (and not only a little drive toward a virtue!) — then you are its *victim*! But the neighbor praises your virtue precisely for that reason! One praises the industrious man even though he damages the keenness of his eyes or the originality and freshness of his spirit with this industry; one honors and pities the young man who has "worked himself to ruin," because one judges: "For the whole greatness of society even the loss of the best individual is only a small sacrifice! Bad that the sacrifice is necessary! Much worse, certainly, if the individual should think otherwise and take his preservation and development more important than his work in the service of society!" And so one pities this young man, not for his own sake, but because a devoted instrument, inconsiderate toward itself — a so-called "good man" — has been lost to society through this death. Perhaps one even considers whether it would have been more useful in the

interest of society if he had worked less inconsiderately against himself and had preserved himself longer, — indeed one does concede an advantage in that, but one holds that other advantage higher and more lasting, that a *sacrifice* has been brought and the disposition of the sacrificial animal has once again been *visibly* confirmed. So it is once the instrument-nature in the virtues that is really praised when the virtues are praised, and then the blind drive ruling in every virtue, which will not let itself be held in bounds by the total advantage of the individual, in short: the unreason in virtue, by virtue of which the individual lets himself be transformed into a function of the whole. The praise of the virtues is the praise of something privately harmful — the praise of drives that take from man his noblest egoism and the power of the highest guardianship over himself. — Certainly: for education and for the incorporation of virtuous habits one turns out a series of effects of virtue that make virtue and private advantage appear as siblings, — and there is in fact such a siblinghood! Blindly raging industry, for example, this typical virtue of a tool, is presented as the way to wealth and honor and as the most salutary poison against boredom and the passions: but its danger is kept silent, its highest dangerousness. Education proceeds throughout in this way: it seeks to determine the individual, through a series of stimuli and advantages, to a way of thinking and acting which, once it has become habit, drive and passion, rules in him and over him *against his last advantage*, but “for the common good.” How often do I see that blindly raging industry indeed creates wealth and honor, but at the same time takes from the organs the fineness by virtue of which there could be any enjoyment of wealth and honors, and likewise that this chief means against boredom and the passions at the same time makes the senses dull and the spirit refractory to new stimuli. (The most industrious of all ages — our age — knows how to make nothing out of its much industry and money except always again more money and always again more industry: it takes more genius to spend than to acquire! — Well, we shall have our “grandchildren”!) If education succeeds, then every virtue of the individual is a public utility and a private disadvantage in the sense of the highest private goal, — probably some spiritual-sensual stunting or even early ruin: one may consider in turn from this viewpoint the

virtue of obedience, of chastity, of piety, of justice. The praise of the selfless, sacrificing, virtuous man — that is, of him who does not apply his whole strength and reason to *his* preservation, development, elevation, furtherance, increase of power, but lives modestly and thoughtlessly with regard to himself, perhaps even indifferently or ironically — this praise has certainly not sprung from the spirit of selflessness! The “neighbor” praises selflessness *because he has advantages from it!* If the neighbor himself thought “selflessly,” he would reject that loss of strength, that damage done in his favor, he would work against the emergence of such inclinations and, above all, would show his selflessness precisely by *not* calling it good! — Hereby the fundamental contradiction of that morality which is just now much honored is indicated: the *motives* for this morality stand in opposition to its *principle!* That by which this morality wants to prove itself refutes itself out of its own criterion of the moral! The proposition “you shall renounce yourself and bring yourself as a sacrifice” could, in order not to contradict its own morality, be decreed only by a being that thereby renounced its own advantage and perhaps brought about its own ruin in the demanded sacrifice of individuals. But as soon as the neighbor (or society) recommends altruism *for the sake of the use*, the precisely opposite proposition “you shall seek your advantage even at the cost of everything else” is brought into application, so that in one breath a “you shall” and a “you shall not” are preached!

- ²² *L'ordre du jour pour le roi.* — The day begins: let us begin by ordering for this day the business and festivities of our most gracious master, who now still deigns to rest. His Majesty has bad weather today: we shall beware of calling it bad; there will be no talk of the weather — but we shall take the business somewhat more solemnly today and the festivities somewhat more festively than would otherwise be necessary. His Majesty will perhaps even be ill: we shall present at breakfast the last good piece of news from the evening, the arrival of Monsieur de Montaigne, who knows so pleasantly how to jest about his illness — he suffers from the stone. We shall receive a few persons (persons! — what would that old inflated frog among them say if he heard this word! “I am

no person," he would say, "but always the thing itself.") — and the reception will last longer than is pleasant to anyone: reason enough to tell of that poet who wrote on his door: "whoever enters here will do me an honor; whoever does not — a pleasure." — That is truly to say a rudeness in a polite manner! And perhaps this poet is quite right, for his part, to be rude: they say his verses are better than the verse-smith. Well, then let him make many more and withdraw himself from the world as much as possible: and that is indeed the sense of his pretty ill-manners! Conversely a prince is always worth more than his "verse," even if — but what are we doing? We chat, and the whole court thinks we are already working and breaking our heads over it: one sees no light earlier than the one burning in our window. — Hark! Was that not the bell? To the devil! The day and the dance begin, and we do not know its turns! So we must improvise, — all the world improvises its day. Let us do it today once as all the world does! — And with that my strange morning dream vanished, probably before the hard strokes of the tower clock, which just then, with all the importance that is proper to it, announced the fifth hour. It seems to me that this time the god of dreams wanted to make fun of my habits, — it is my habit to begin the day in such a way that I lay it out for myself and make it tolerable, and it may be that I have often done this too formally and too princely.

- ²³ *The Signs of Corruption.* — One should note the following signs in those conditions of society which from time to time become necessary and are designated by the word "corruption." As soon as corruption sets in anywhere, a colorful *superstition* gains the upper hand and the previous total faith of a people grows pale and powerless against it: superstition, namely, is free-thinking of the second rank — whoever gives himself over to it chooses certain forms and formulas that suit him and permits himself a right of choice. The superstitious man is, compared with the religious man, always much more a "person" than he, and a superstitious society will be one in which there are already many individuals and a taste for individuality. Seen from this standpoint, superstition always appears as a *progress* against faith and as a sign that the intellect is becoming

more independent and wants its rights. It is over corruption that the admirers of the old religion and religiosity complain — they have so far also determined the usage of words and given superstition a bad reputation even among the freest spirits. Let us learn that it is a symptom of *enlightenment*. — Second, one accuses a society in which corruption takes hold of *slackness*: and visibly the valuation of war and the delight in war decline in it, and the comforts of life are now pursued as hotly as formerly the honors of war and the gymnasium. But one is used to overlook the fact that that old energy of a people and passion of a people, which through war and the contests of arms attained a splendid visibility, has now converted itself into innumerable private passions and has only become less visible; indeed, in conditions of “corruption” the might and violence of the energy now spent by a people is probably greater than ever, and the individual gives it out as lavishly as he formerly could not, — he was then not yet rich enough for that! And so it is precisely the times of “slackness” in which tragedy runs through the houses and alleys, in which great love and great hatred are born, and the flame of knowledge shoots up bright into the sky. — Third, one is used to say of such times of corruption, as it were in compensation for the censure of superstition and slackness, that they are milder and that cruelty is now very much on the decline, measured against the older, more believing and stronger time. But I cannot agree with the praise either, any more than with that censure: I grant only this much, that cruelty now refines itself, and that its older forms from now on go against the taste; but the wounding and torturing by word and glance attains its highest development in times of corruption — only now is *malice* created, and the delight in malice. The men of corruption are witty and slanderous; they know that there are other kinds of murder than by dagger and assault — they also know that everything *well said* is believed. — Fourth: when “the customs decay,” those beings first come to the surface which one calls tyrants: they are the forerunners and, as it were, the precocious *first fruits of individuals*. A little while longer: and this fruit of fruits hangs ripe and yellow on the tree of a people — and only for the sake of these fruits was there this tree! When the decay has reached its height and the struggle of tyrants of every kind as well, then there always comes the Caesar, the final

tyrant, who puts an end to the weary wrestling for sole rule by letting the weariness work for him. In his time the individual is usually at his ripest and consequently “culture” at its highest and most fruitful, but not for his sake and not through him: although the highest cultured men like to flatter their Caesar by giving themselves out as *his* work. The truth is, however, that they need quiet from outside because they have their unrest and work within themselves. In these times venality and betrayal are greatest: for the love of the ego just discovered is now much more powerful than the love of the old, used-up, talked-to-death “fatherland”; and the need to secure oneself somehow against the fearful fluctuations of fortune also opens nobler hands as soon as a powerful and rich man shows himself ready to pour gold into them. There is now so little sure future: so one lives for today: a state of the soul in which all seducers have an easy game, — one lets oneself be seduced and bribed, namely, only “for today” too, and reserves the future and virtue for later! Individuals, these true beings-for-and-in-themselves, look after the moment more than their opposites, the herd men, as is well known, because they hold themselves to be as incalculable as the future; likewise they like to attach themselves to men of violence, because they trust themselves with actions and answers that can count on neither understanding nor mercy from the crowd — but the tyrant or Caesar understands the right of the individual even in its excess and has an interest in speaking a good word for a bolder private morality and even in lending a hand. For he thinks of himself and wants to be thought of as Napoleon once expressed it in his classical manner: “I have the right to answer everything of which one accuses me with an eternal ‘that is what I am.’ I stand apart from all the world, I accept conditions from no one. I want people to submit to my fantasies too and to find it quite simply natural when I give myself up to this or that distraction.” So Napoleon once spoke to his wife when she had grounds to call her husband’s marital fidelity into question. — The times of corruption are those in which the apples fall from the tree: I mean the individuals, the seed-bearers of the future, the authors of the spiritual colonization and new formation of state and social unions. Corruption is only a term of abuse for the *autumn times* of a people.

²⁴ *Various Discontent.* — The weak and, as it were, feminine malcontents are the inventors of the beautifying and deepening of life, the strong malcontents — the men among them, to keep the image — for the improving and securing of life. In this the former show their weakness and womanly nature, that they gladly let themselves be deceived for a time and are well content with a little intoxication and enthusiasm now and then, but on the whole are never to be satisfied and suffer from the incurability of their discontent; besides this they are the furtherers of all those who know how to produce opiate and narcotic consolations, and precisely for that reason are angry at those who esteem the physician higher than the priest — thereby they maintain the continuance of the real states of distress! Had there not been, since the Middle Ages, a surplus of malcontents of this kind in Europe, the famous European capacity for continual *transformation* would perhaps never have arisen at all: for the demands of the strong malcontents are too coarse and at bottom too modest not to be finally brought to rest. China is the example of a land where discontent on a large scale and the capacity for transformation have died out many centuries ago; and the socialists and state-idolaters of Europe could easily, with their measures for the improving and securing of life, bring Europe too into Chinese conditions and a Chinese “happiness,” supposing that they could first root out here that more sickly, tenderer, more feminine discontent and romanticism, of which there is for the present still an overabundant supply. Europe is a sick man who owes the highest thanks to his incurability and eternal transformation of his suffering; these continual new situations, these equally continual new dangers, pains and expedients have at last produced an intellectual irritability which is almost as much as genius, and in any case the mother of all genius.

²⁵ *Not Predestined for Knowledge.* — There is a not at all rare, dull humility with which, once afflicted, one is for good and all unfit to be a disciple of knowledge. Namely: at the moment when a man of this kind notices something striking, he turns, as it were, on the spot and says to himself: “You have deceived yourself! Where were your senses! This cannot be the truth!” — and then, instead of looking and listening once more more sharply, he runs out of the way of the

striking thing as if intimidated and seeks to get it out of his head as quickly as possible. His inner canon, namely, reads: "I will see nothing that contradicts the usual opinion about things! Am I made to discover new truths? There are already too many of the old ones."

²⁶ *What Does Living Mean?* — Living — that means: continually casting off something of oneself that wants to die; living — that means: being cruel and inexorable toward everything that grows weak and old in us, and not only in us. Living — that means, then: being without piety toward the dying, the wretched and the aged? Being forever a murderer? — And yet old Moses said: "You shall not kill!"

²⁷ *The Renouncer.* — What does the renouncer do? He strives after a higher world, he wants to fly farther and higher than all men of affirmation, — *he throws much away* that would weigh down his flight, and among it much that is not worthless to him, not unpleasing: he sacrifices it to his craving for height. This sacrificing, this throwing away is now precisely what alone becomes visible in him: on account of it one gives him the name of the renouncer, and as such he stands before us, wrapped in his hood and like the soul of a hair shirt. But with this effect that he makes on us he is well content: he wants to keep hidden from us his craving, his pride, his intention to fly *beyond* us. — Yes! He is cleverer than we thought, and so polite toward us — this man of affirmation! For that he is, like us, even in renouncing.

²⁸ *To Harm with One's Best.* — Our strengths sometimes drive us so far ahead that we can no longer endure our weaknesses and perish of them: we even foresee this outcome and yet will it no otherwise. Then we grow hard toward what in us wants to be spared, and our greatness is our ruthlessness too. — Such an experience, which we must in the end pay for with our life, is a parable for the whole effect of great men upon others and upon their time: — precisely with their best, with what only they can do, they ruin many weak, unsure, becoming, willing people, and are harmful thereby. Yes, the case can occur that, reckoned on the whole, they only do harm, because their best is accepted and,

as it were, drunk up only by those who lose their understanding and their egoism over it, as over too strong a drink: they become so intoxicated that they must break their limbs on all the wrong paths wherever the intoxication drives them.

²⁹ *The Liars-Added-To.* — When in France people began to combat the unities of Aristotle and consequently also to defend them, there was once again to be seen what is so often to be seen but so reluctantly seen: — *people lied reasons to themselves*, for the sake of which those laws should continue to exist, simply in order not to admit that one had *grown accustomed* to the rule of these laws and wanted it no otherwise. And so people do within every ruling morality and religion, and have always done: the reasons and the intentions behind the habit are always lied onto it only when some begin to dispute the habit and ask for reasons and intentions. Here lies the great dishonesty of the conservatives of all times: — they are the liars-added-to.

³⁰ *Comedy Playing of the Famous.* — Famous men who *need* their fame, as for example all politicians, never choose their allies and friends any more without ulterior thoughts: from this one they want a piece of the splendor and reflected glow of his virtue, from that one the fear-inspiring quality of certain questionable traits that everybody knows in him, from another they steal the reputation of his idleness, of his lying in the sun, because it serves their own purposes to count for a time as inattentive and indolent: — it conceals that they are lying in wait; now they need the enthusiast near them, now the connoisseur, now the brooder, now the pedant, and as it were as their present self, but just as soon they no longer need the same ones! And so their surroundings and outsides keep dying off, while everything seems to press into this surrounding and want to become their “character”: in this they resemble the great cities. Their fame is continually in change like their character, for their changing means demand this change, and push now this, now that real or invented quality forward and out onto the stage: their friends and allies belong, as said, to these stage quali-

ties. By contrast, what they want must stand all the more firm and brazen and shining far and wide — and this too sometimes needs its comedy and its stage play.

31 *Trade and Nobility.* — Buying and selling now counts as common, like the art of reading and writing; everyone is now practiced in it, even if he is no merchant, and practices himself in this technique every day: quite as formerly, in the age of wilder humanity, everyone was a hunter and practiced himself day after day in the technique of the hunt. Then hunting was common: but as this finally became a privilege of the powerful and noble and thereby lost the character of the everyday and the common — by ceasing to be necessary and becoming a matter of mood and luxury: — so it could one day be with buying and selling. Conditions of society are conceivable in which there is no selling and buying and in which the necessity of this technique is gradually entirely lost: perhaps individuals, who are less subject to the law of the general condition, would then permit themselves buying and selling as a *luxury of feeling*. Only then would trade acquire nobility, and the nobles would then perhaps occupy themselves with trade as gladly as hitherto with war and politics: while conversely the valuation of politics could then have changed entirely. Already it is ceasing to be the craft of the nobleman: and it would be possible that one day people would find it so common as to bring it, like all party and day literature, under the heading “prostitution of the spirit.”

32 *Unwelcome Disciples.* — What am I to do with these two young men! cried with vexation a philosopher who “corrupted” the young as Socrates once corrupted them, — they are unwelcome disciples to me. That one cannot say No, and the other says of everything: “Half and half.” Supposing they took up my teaching, the first would suffer too much, for my way of thinking requires a warlike soul, a will to do harm, a delight in saying No, a hard skin, — he would waste away from open and inner wounds. And the other will make for himself a mediocrity out of every cause he represents and thus make it a mediocrity — such a disciple I wish upon my enemy.

- 33 *Outside the Lecture Hall.* — “To prove to you that man at bottom belongs among the good-natured animals, I would remind you how credulous he has been for so long. Only now has he become a *mistrustful* animal, quite late and after monstrous self-overcoming — yes! man is now more evil than ever.” — I do not understand this: why should man now be more mistrustful and more evil? — “Because he now has a science — needs one!”
- 34 *Historia abscondita.* — Every great man has a retroactive force: all history is put back on the scales for his sake, and a thousand secrets of the past crawl out of their hiding places — into *his* sun. It is quite impossible to foresee what all will one day still be history. The past is perhaps still essentially undiscovered! So many retroactive forces are still needed!
- 35 *Heresy and Witchcraft.* — To think differently from custom — that is by far not so much the effect of a better intellect as the effect of strong, evil inclinations, of detaching, isolating, defiant, malicious, spiteful inclinations. Heresy is the counterpart of witchcraft and certainly as little as that something harmless or even in itself worthy of veneration. The heretics and the witches are two kinds of evil people: they have in common that they also *feel* themselves as evil, but that their unconquerable delight is to vent themselves harmfully on what rules (men or opinions). The Reformation, a kind of doubling of the medieval spirit, at a time when it no longer had a good conscience with it, brought both of them forth in the greatest abundance.
- 36 *Last Words.* — It will be remembered that the Emperor Augustus, that terrible man who had himself under such control and who could keep silent as well as any wise Socrates, became indiscreet about himself with his last word. For the first time he let his mask fall, when he gave to understand that he had worn a mask and played a comedy: he had played the father of his country and wisdom on the throne, well enough to be taken for real! *Plaudite, amici, comedia finita est!* — The thought of the dying Nero, *qualis artifex pereo!*, was also the thought of the dying Augustus: the vanity of the actor! The chatter of the actor! The exact opposite of the dying Socrates! But Tiberius died in silence,

that most tormented of all self-tormentors. He was genuine and no actor! What may have crossed his mind at the last? Perhaps this: "Life is a long death. Fool that I am, who have shortened the lives of so many! Was I made to be a benefactor? I should have given them eternal life; then I could have watched them *dying forever*. For that I had such good eyes: *qualis spectator pereo!*" When, after a long death struggle, he seemed to be regaining his strength once more, it was thought advisable to smother him with bed pillows. He died a double death.

37 *From Three Errors.* — In the last centuries, science has been advanced for three reasons. Partly because people hoped that through it they could best understand God's goodness and wisdom. That was the chief motive in the souls of the great English (such as Newton). Partly because people believed in the absolute usefulness of knowledge, above all in the innermost bond between morality, knowledge and happiness. That was the chief motive in the souls of the great French (such as Voltaire). And partly because people thought that in science they had and could love something selfless, harmless, self-sufficient and truly innocent, in which the wicked drives of humanity had no share at all. That was the chief motive in the soul of Spinoza, who felt himself divine as a knower. So: from three errors.

38 *The Explosives.* — If one considers how much in need of explosion the strength of young men lies, one will not be surprised to see them choose this or that cause so coarsely and so unselectively. What excites them is the sight of the zeal that surrounds a cause, and, as it were, the sight of the burning fuse, not the cause itself. For that reason the subtler seducers know how to hold out the prospect of an explosion, and to disregard the grounding of their cause. These powder kegs are not won over with reasons!

39 *Changed Taste.* — A change in the general taste is more powerful than a change in opinions. Opinions, with all their proofs, refutations and the whole intellectual masquerade, are only symptoms of changed taste, and most certainly *not* that for which they are so often taken, namely its causes. How does the general

taste change? When single, powerful, influential people, without any sense of shame, pronounce their *hoc est ridiculum*, *hoc est absurdum*, the verdict of their taste and disgust, and enforce it tyrannically. By this they impose a compulsion on many, from which in time there grows a habit in still more, and finally a *need of all*. But that these individuals feel and “taste” otherwise usually has its ground in some peculiarity of their way of life, their diet, their digestion, perhaps in more or fewer of the inorganic salts in their blood and brain; in short, in the physis. They have the courage, however, to confess their physis and to listen to its demands even in their finest tones. Their aesthetic and moral judgments are such “finest tones” of the physis.

⁴⁰ *On the Lack of Noble Form.* — Soldiers and leaders still have a far higher relationship with one another than workers and employers do. For the time being, at least, all culture founded on the military still stands high above all so-called industrial culture. The latter, in its present form, is the most common mode of existence that has yet existed. Here the law of need simply operates: one wants to live and must sell oneself, but one despises the person who exploits this need and buys the worker. It is strange that submission to powerful, frightening, even terrible persons, to tyrants and commanders, is by no means felt as painful as this submission to unknown and uninteresting persons, as all the great figures of industry are. In the employer the worker usually sees nothing but a cunning, bloodsucking, need-speculating dog of a man, whose name, appearance, manners and reputation are entirely indifferent to him. The manufacturers and great merchant-entrepreneurs have probably so far lacked all those forms and marks of the *higher race* which first make persons interesting. If they had the nobility of hereditary rank in their look and gesture, perhaps there would be no socialism of the masses. For at bottom the masses are ready for *slavery* of every kind, provided that the higher person over them keeps legitimating himself as higher, as *born* to command, through noble form! The commonest man feels that nobility cannot be improvised, and that in it he must honor the fruit of long ages. But the absence of higher form, and the notorious manufacturers’

vulgarity with red, fat hands, lead him to think that only chance and luck have raised one man above another. Well then, he concludes to himself, let us try chance and luck! Let us throw the dice! And socialism begins.

⁴¹ *Against Remorse.* — The thinker sees in his own actions experiments and questions, meant to yield some information about something. Success and failure are above all *answers* to him. But to be annoyed that something has gone wrong, or even to feel remorse, he leaves to those who act because they are ordered to, and who expect a beating if the gracious lord is not satisfied with the result.

⁴² *Work and Boredom.* — To seek work for the sake of wages: in the lands of civilization nearly all people are now alike in this. For all of them work is a means and not the end in itself, which is why they are not particular about what work they take, provided it brings in an ample profit. Now there are rarer people who would rather perish than work without pleasure in the work. They are the fastidious, the hard to satisfy, who are not served by ample profit if the work is not itself the profit of all profits. To this rarer kind of person belong the artists and contemplatives of every sort, but also those idlers who spend their lives hunting, traveling, or in love affairs and adventures. All these want work and hardship, so far as they are joined with delight, and the heaviest, hardest work if it must be. Otherwise they are resolutely idle, even if poverty, dishonor, or danger to health and life should be bound up with that idleness. They fear boredom less than work without delight. Indeed, they need a great deal of boredom if their work is to succeed. For the thinker and for all inventive spirits, boredom is that unpleasant “calm” of the soul which comes before the happy voyage and the favorable winds. He must endure it. He must wait within himself for its effect. That is precisely what the lesser natures can by no means bring themselves to do! To chase boredom away by any means is common, just as working without delight is common. Perhaps what distinguishes the Asians from the Europeans is that they are capable of a longer and deeper rest than the Europeans. Even their narcotics act slowly and demand patience, in contrast to the hateful suddenness of the European poison, alcohol.

⁴³ *What the Laws Betray.* — One gravely errs when one studies the penal laws of a people as if they were an expression of its character. The laws betray not what a people is, but what appears strange, peculiar, monstrous and foreign to it. The laws concern the exceptions to morality as custom. And the harshest punishments fall on whatever goes against the custom of the neighboring people. Thus among the Wahhabis there are only two deadly sins: having another god than the Wahhabi god, and — smoking (among them it is called “the shameful way of drinking”). “And how stands it with murder and adultery?” asked the Englishman, astonished, when he learned of these matters. “Well, God is gracious and merciful!” said the old chief. So among the ancient Romans there was the notion that a woman could commit a mortal sin in only two ways: first by adultery, and then by drinking wine. The old Cato thought that kissing among relatives had been made a custom only so that women could be kept under control in this matter: a kiss meant, does she smell of wine? Women caught drinking wine were indeed punished with death, and certainly not only because women sometimes, under the influence of wine, unlearn how to say no. The Romans feared above all the orgiastic and Dionysian character, to which the women of southern Europe were then subject from time to time, when wine was still new in Europe. It was a monstrous foreignness that overturned the foundation of the Roman feeling. To them it was like a betrayal of Rome, like the incorporation of the foreign.

⁴⁴ *The Motives Believed In.* — However important it may be to know the motives according to which humanity has actually acted until now, perhaps the *belief* in these or those motives, that is, what humanity has so far palmed off on itself and imagined as the true levers of its doing, is something even more essential for the knower. For the inner happiness and misery of human beings has come to them according to their belief in these or those motives, and *not* through what was actually the motive! All of this latter has a second-rate interest.

⁴⁵ *Epicurus.* — Yes, I am proud to feel the character of Epicurus differently from perhaps anyone else. In everything I hear and read of him, I enjoy the happiness of the afternoon of antiquity. I see his eye looking out over a wide whitish sea,

past shoreline rocks on which the sun lies, while large and small creatures play in its light, as sure and calm as that light and that eye itself. Such happiness could only have been invented by someone who was in constant pain: the happiness of an eye before which the sea of existence has become still, and which can no longer get enough of looking at its surface, at this colorful, delicate, shuddering skin of the sea. There had never before been such a modesty of voluptuousness.

⁴⁶ *Our Astonishment.* — There is a deep and thorough happiness in the fact that science establishes things which *hold their ground*, and which again and again provide the basis for new investigations. It could well be otherwise! Indeed, we are so convinced of all the uncertainty and fantasy of our judgments, and of the eternal change of all human laws and concepts, that we are actually astonished *how much* the results of science hold their ground! Earlier people knew nothing of this changeability of everything human. The custom of morality kept alive the belief that the whole inner life of humans was fastened by eternal clamps to iron necessity. Perhaps people then felt a similar voluptuousness of astonishment when they let themselves be told fairy tales and stories of enchantment. The marvelous did such good to those people, who might sometimes grow tired of rule and eternity. To lose the ground for once! To float! To err! To be mad! That belonged to the paradise and the revelry of earlier times. Our happiness, however, is like that of the shipwrecked man who has come ashore and planted both feet on the old firm earth, astonished that it does not sway.

⁴⁷ *On the Suppression of the Passions.* — If one persistently forbids the expression of the passions, as something to be left to the “common,” coarser, bourgeois, peasant natures, then one wants not so much to suppress the passions themselves as only their language and gesture. Even so, one attains precisely what one does not want: the suppression of the passions themselves, or at least their weakening and alteration. The court of Louis XIV and everything dependent on it provides the most instructive example of this. The age that followed, brought up in the suppression of expression, no longer had the passions themselves, but in their place a graceful, shallow, playful being, an age afflicted with

an inability to be rude, so that even an insult could be received and returned only in courteous words. Perhaps our own present offers the most remarkable counterpart. I see everywhere, in life and on the stage, and not least in everything that is written, a pleasure in all the *coarser* outbursts and gestures of passion. A certain convention of passionateness is now demanded, but not passion itself! Nevertheless, in the end one will attain *it* by this means, and our descendants will have a *genuine wildness*, and not merely a wildness and unruliness of forms.

48 *Knowledge of Need.* — Perhaps nothing separates human beings and ages so much as the different degree of knowledge of need they possess: need of the soul as well as of the body. Concerning the latter, we who live now are perhaps all, in spite of our infirmities and frailties, bunglers and fantasts at once, for lack of rich self-experience. Compare us with an age of fear, the longest of all ages, when the individual had to protect himself against violence and for that purpose had to become a man of violence himself. In those days a man went through his rich school of bodily torments and privations. He understood even a certain cruelty toward himself, a voluntary exercise of pain, as a means of preservation necessary to him. In those days people trained their surroundings to endure pain. They gladly inflicted pain and watched the most terrible kinds of it fall upon others, with no feeling but that of their own safety. As for the need of the soul, I now look at every person to see whether he knows it from experience or only from description; whether he still considers it necessary to pretend to know it, perhaps as a sign of finer culture; or whether he does not, at bottom, believe in great sufferings of the soul at all, and when they are named, it goes with him as when great physical endurance is named: he thinks of his toothache and his stomach ache. But so it seems to me to stand with most people now. From the general untrained state in pain of both kinds, and from a certain rarity of seeing someone suffer, an important consequence follows. People now hate pain much more than earlier people did, and speak of it more ill than ever. They even find the mere presence of pain *as a thought* hardly bearable, and make of the whole of existence a matter of conscience and a reproach.

The rise of pessimistic philosophies is by no means the mark of great, terrible distress. These question marks against the value of all life are made in times when refinement and the easing of existence already judge the unavoidable mosquito bites of soul and body to be far too bloody and malicious. In their poverty of real experience of pain, such times would most like to make painful *general ideas* appear as the suffering of the highest kind. There would already be a recipe against pessimistic philosophies and the excessive sensitivity which seems to me the true “distress of the present.” But perhaps this recipe already sounds too cruel, and would itself be counted among the signs by which people now judge: “Existence is something evil.” Well! The recipe against “distress” runs: distress.

⁴⁹ *Magnanimity and Its Kin.* — Those paradoxical phenomena, such as the sudden coldness in the manner of the warm-hearted person, the humor of the melancholic, and above all magnanimity, as a sudden renunciation of revenge or of the satisfaction of envy, appear in people who have a powerful inner slinging force, in people of sudden satiety and sudden disgust. Their satisfactions are so quick and so strong that excess and aversion follow them at once, and a flight into the opposite taste on their heels. In this opposition the cramp of feeling is released: in one person through sudden coldness, in another through laughter, in a third through tears and self-sacrifice. To me the magnanimous person, at least that kind of magnanimous person who has always made the greatest impression, appears as a man of the most extreme thirst for revenge, to whom a satisfaction shows itself close at hand, and who drinks it up so abundantly, thoroughly and down to the last drop, *already in imagination*, that an enormous quick disgust follows this quick excess. He now rises “above himself,” as one says, and forgives his enemy, indeed blesses and honors him. But with this violation of himself, this mockery of his revenge drive, which had just been so powerful, he merely yields to the new drive that has now become powerful in him, namely disgust. And he does this as impatiently and excessively as shortly

before he anticipated the joy of revenge in fantasy and, as it were, drained it. In magnanimity there is the same degree of egoism as in revenge, but a different quality of egoism.

- 50 *The Argument of Loneliness.* — Even for the most conscientious person, the reproach of conscience is weak compared with the feeling that says: “This or that is against the good custom of your society.” A cold look, or a twisted mouth, from those among whom and for whom one has been raised, is feared even by the strongest. What is really feared here? Loneliness! It is the argument that defeats even the best arguments for a person or a cause. So speaks the instinct of the herd within us.
- 51 *The Sense of Truth.* — I praise any skepticism that allows me to answer: “Let us try it!” But of all things and all questions that do not permit an experiment, I want to hear nothing more. This is the limit of my “sense of truth,” for there courage has lost its right.
- 52 *What Others Know of Us.* — What we know about ourselves and keep in memory is not as decisive for the happiness of our life as people think. One day what *others* know of us (or think they know) falls upon us, and then we recognize that it is the stronger power. One gets along with a bad conscience more easily than with a bad reputation.
- 53 *Where the Good Begins.* — Where the eye’s weak sight can no longer see the bad drive as such, because it has become refined, there people set up the realm of the good. The feeling of having now entered the realm of the good stirs up along with it all those drives that were threatened and restricted by the bad drives, such as the feeling of security, comfort and goodwill. So: the duller the eye, the farther the good reaches! Hence the lasting cheerfulness of the people and of children! Hence the gloom of the great thinkers, and their grief, which is akin to a bad conscience!

54 *Awareness of Appearance.* — How wonderful, new, and at the same time how dreadful and ironic I feel, placed by my knowledge in relation to all existence! I have discovered that the old humanity and animality, indeed the whole primordial and past of all feeling being, keeps on composing, loving, hating and drawing conclusions within me. I have suddenly awoken in the middle of this dream, but only to the awareness that I am dreaming, and that I *must* keep on dreaming in order not to perish, just as a sleepwalker must keep on dreaming so as not to fall down. What is “appearance” to me now! Certainly not the opposite of some being. What can I say about any being except the predicates of its appearance? Certainly not a dead mask that one might put on an unknown X and perhaps take off again! Appearance is for me the working and living thing itself, which goes so far in its self-mockery as to make me feel that here there is only appearance, will-o’-the-wisp, ghostly dance and nothing more. Among all these dreamers, I too, the “knower,” dance my dance. The knower is a means of prolonging the earthly dance, and in that respect belongs among the organizers of existence’s festival. And the sublime consistency and connectedness of all knowledge may be, and will be, the highest means for keeping the common dreaming going, the mutual intelligibility of all these dreamers, and by that very means *for keeping the dream alive.*

55 *The Last Nobility.* — What makes anything “noble”? Certainly not that one makes sacrifices; the madly voluptuous person makes sacrifices too. Certainly not that one follows a passion at all; there are contemptible passions. Certainly not that one does something for others and without selfishness; perhaps the consequence of selfishness is greatest precisely in the most noble. — Rather, the passion that seizes the noble is a peculiarity, without his knowing about this peculiarity: the use of a rare and singular standard, and almost a madness: the feeling of heat in things that feel cold to everyone else; a guessing at values for which the scales have not yet been invented; making sacrifices on altars consecrated to an unknown god; a courage without the will to honor; a self-sufficiency that has a surplus and gives it to people and things. Until now, then, it was the rare, and ignorance about that rarity, that made something noble. But

consider that by this yardstick everything customary, nearest and indispensable, in short what is most conducive to the preservation of the species, and in general the *rule* in human history so far, has been judged unfairly and slandered on the whole in favor of exceptions. To become the advocate of the rule: that might perhaps be the last form and refinement in which nobility reveals itself on earth.

- 56 *The Desire for Suffering.* — When I think of the desire to do something, which constantly tickles and spurs on the millions of young Europeans who cannot bear boredom or themselves, I understand that there must also be in them a desire to suffer, so that they can take their suffering as a probable reason for doing, for action. Distress is necessary! Hence the outcry of the politicians, hence the many false, invented and exaggerated “states of distress” of every class, and the blind willingness to believe in them. This young world demands that from *outside* there should come, or become visible, not happiness but misfortune. Its imagination is already busy shaping a monster out of it, so that afterward it can fight a monster. If these distress-seekers felt in themselves the strength to do themselves good from within, to do something to themselves, then they would also understand how to create for themselves, from within, a distress that is their own. Their inventions could then be finer, and their satisfactions could sound like good music. As it is, they fill the world with their outcry of need, and therefore all too often fill it first with the *feeling* of need! They do not know what to do with themselves, and so they paint the misfortune of others on the wall. They always need others! And ever more others! — Forgive me, my friends, I have dared to paint my own happiness on the wall.

Book II



57 *To the Realists.* — You sober people, who feel armored against passion and fantasy, and who would gladly make a pride and an ornament out of your emptiness: you call yourselves realists and suggest that the world is just as it appears to you, that reality stands before you alone, unveiled, and that you yourselves may be its best part. Oh, you beloved images of Sais! But are you not, even in your most unveiled state, still highly passionate and dark beings compared with the fishes, and still all too much like a lovesick artist? And what is “reality” for a lovesick artist! You still carry around with you the estimations of things, which have their origin in the passions and infatuations of earlier centuries! Your sobriety still has a secret and indestructible intoxication built into it! Your love of “reality,” for example, oh, that is an old, very old “love”! In every sensation, in every sense impression, there is a piece of this old love, and likewise some fantasy, some prejudice, some unreason, some ignorance, some fear, and whatever else! has worked and woven at it. There is that mountain! There is that cloud! What then is “real” about them? Just try subtracting the phantasm and all the human addition from them, you sober ones! Yes, if you could do that! If you could forget your descent, your past, your preschool, your whole humanity and animality! There is no “reality” for us, and for you too, you sober ones. We are

not nearly as alien to one another as you think, and perhaps our good will to get beyond intoxication is as worthy of respect as your belief that you are *incapable* of intoxication at all.

58 *Only as Creators!* — This has cost me the greatest effort, and still costs me the greatest effort: to see that it matters infinitely more what things are called than what they are. The reputation, name and appearance of a thing, its standing, its customary measure and weight, were at the beginning mostly an error and an arbitrary act, thrown over the thing like a garment and quite alien to its essence and even to its skin. Through belief in them, and through their growth from generation to generation, they have gradually grown onto and into the thing, as it were, and have become its body itself. The appearance at the beginning almost always becomes in the end the essence, and *acts* as the essence! What a fool he would be who thought it enough to point to this origin and this fog-veil of illusion in order to destroy the world that passes for essential, the so-called “*reality*”! Only as creators can we destroy! — But let us not forget this either: it is enough to create new names, estimations and probabilities in order, in the long run, to create new “things.”

59 *We Artists!* — When we love a woman, we easily feel a hatred for nature, thinking of all the repellent natural facts to which every woman is subject. We generally like to think past them. But when our soul touches on these things, it flinches impatiently and looks down on nature, as I said. We feel insulted; nature seems to reach into our possession with the most unconsecrated hands. So we shut our ears to all physiology and secretly decree: “I do not want to hear anything about the fact that a human being is also something other than *soul and form*!” “The human being under the skin” is an abomination and an unthought thought to all lovers, a blasphemy against God and love. Now, the way the lover feels today about nature and what is natural, that is how every worshiper of God and his “holy omnipotence” once felt. Whatever was said about nature by astronomers, geologists, physiologists and doctors, he saw as an intrusion into his most precious possession, and therefore as an attack, and moreover as an indecency on the part of the attacker. The “law of nature”

already sounded to him like a slander against God. At bottom he would most gladly have seen all mechanics traced back to moral acts of will and caprice. But since no one could render him that service, he *concealed* nature and mechanics from himself as well as he could, and lived in a dream. Oh, those people of earlier times knew how to *dream*, and did not first need to fall asleep! And we people of today still understand it far too well, with all our good will for wakefulness and daylight! It is enough to love, to hate, to desire, in short to feel, and at *once* the spirit and power of the dream come over us. With open eyes and cold against all danger, we climb the most dangerous paths, up onto the roofs and towers of fantasy, and without any dizziness, as if born for climbing: we sleepwalkers of the day! We artists! We concealers of naturalness! We moon-hungry and God-hungry! We tireless wanderers, dead-silent, on heights which we do not see as heights, but as our plains, as our securities!

- 60 *Women and Their Effect at a Distance.* — Do I still have ears? Am I still only ear and nothing more? Here I stand in the blaze of the surf, whose white flames lick up to my feet. From all sides it howls, threatens, shouts and shrieks at me, while in the deepest depth the old earth-shaker sings his aria, dull as a bellowing bull. For this he stamps out such an earth-shaking beat that even these weathered rock-giants here feel their hearts tremble in their bodies. Then suddenly, as if born from nothing, there appears before the gate of this infernal labyrinth, only a few fathoms away, a great sailing ship, gliding by as silently as a ghost. Oh, this ghostly beauty! With what magic it takes hold of me! How? Has all the rest and silence of the world embarked here? Does my happiness itself sit in this quiet place, my happier self, my second, eternalized self? Not dead, and yet no longer living? As a ghostly, quiet, contemplating, gliding, floating intermediate being? Like the ship that runs over the dark sea with its white sails like an enormous butterfly! Yes! To run *over* existence! That is it! That would be it! — — It seems the noise here has made me a fantast? All great noise makes us place happiness in silence and distance. When a man stands in the midst of *his* noise, in the midst of his surf of throws and designs, then he may see still magical beings gliding past him, for whose happiness and seclusion he longs. They are *the*

women. He almost believes that his better self lives there with the women; in those quiet places even the loudest surf becomes dead silence, and life itself becomes a dream about life. But! But! My noble enthusiast, even on the finest sailing ship there is so much noise and clatter, and unfortunately so much small and wretched clatter! The charm and the most powerful effect of women is, to speak the language of the philosophers, an effect at a distance, an *actio in distans*. But for that, first of all and above all, one needs *distance*!

- ⁶¹ *In Honor of Friendship*. — That the feeling of friendship was regarded in antiquity as the highest feeling, higher even than the most celebrated pride of the self-sufficient and the wise, indeed as its only and still more sacred kinship, is well expressed by the story of the Macedonian king who gave a talent to a world-despising philosopher of Athens and received it back from him. “What? said the king, does he then have no friend?” By this he meant: “I honor this pride of the wise and independent man. But I would honor his humanity still more if the friend in him had won the victory over his pride. Before me the philosopher has lowered himself, by showing that he does not know one of the two highest feelings, and not the higher one!”
- ⁶² *Love*. — Love even forgives the beloved for desire.
- ⁶³ *Woman in Music*. — Why is it that warm and rainy winds also bring with them the musical mood and the inventive pleasure of melody? Are they not the same winds that fill the churches and give women amorous thoughts?
- ⁶⁴ *Skeptics*. — I fear that aging women, in the most secret hiding place of their hearts, are more skeptical than all men. They believe in the superficiality of existence as its essence. For them all virtue and depth is only a veil over this “truth,” a very desirable veil over a *pudendum*. So it is a matter of decency and modesty, and nothing more!
- ⁶⁵ *Devotion*. — There are noble women with a certain poverty of spirit who, in order to *express* their deepest devotion, know no other way than to offer their virtue and modesty. It is their highest possession. And often this gift is accepted

without binding the recipient as deeply as the giver supposes. A very melancholy story!

⁶⁶ *The Strength of the Weak.* — All women are skilled at exaggerating their weakness. Indeed they are inventive in weaknesses, so as to appear entirely like fragile ornaments, which even a speck of dust can hurt. Their existence is meant to bring the clumsiness of the man home to his conscience and to make him feel guilty. In this way they defend themselves against the strong and against all “rights of the fist.”

⁶⁷ *Pretending to Oneself.* — Now she loves him, and since then she has looked straight ahead with such calm trust, like a cow! But woe! It was precisely his enchantment that she seemed thoroughly changeable and impossible to grasp! He already had too much steady weather in himself! Should she not do well to pretend her old character? To pretend lovelessness? Does love not advise her to do exactly that? *Vivat comoedia!*

⁶⁸ *Will and Willingness.* — A youth was brought to a wise man, and it was said: “Look, this is one who is being corrupted by women!” The wise man shook his head and smiled. “It is men who corrupt women,” he cried, “and everything that women lack must be paid for and mended in men, for the man makes for himself the image of woman, and woman shapes herself according to this image.” “You are too gentle with women,” said one of the bystanders, “you do not know them!” The wise man answered: “The nature of man is will, the nature of woman is willingness. That is the law of the sexes, truly! A hard law for women! All people are innocent of their existence, but women are innocent in the second degree. Who could have enough oil and mildness for them?” “What oil! What mildness!” cried another from the crowd. “One must raise women better!” “One must raise men better,” said the wise man, and beckoned to the youth to follow him. But the youth did not follow him.

- ⁶⁹ *The Capacity for Revenge.* — That someone cannot defend himself, and therefore does not want to, is not yet a disgrace in our eyes. But we think little of the one who has neither the power nor the will for revenge, whether man or woman. Could a woman hold us (or, as one says, “bind” us) whom we did not trust to handle the dagger (any kind of dagger) well against us? Or against herself: which in a given case would be the more painful revenge (the Chinese revenge).
- ⁷⁰ *The Mistresses of Masters.* — A deep, powerful contralto, such as one sometimes hears in the theater, suddenly draws back for us the curtain on possibilities in which we ordinarily do not believe. At once we believe that somewhere in the world there could be women with high, heroic, royal souls, capable and ready for grand replies, resolutions and sacrifices, capable and ready to rule over men, because in them the best of the man, beyond his sex, has become a living ideal. True, according to the theater’s intention such voices are precisely not meant to give this idea of woman. Usually they are supposed to portray the ideal male lover, for example a Romeo. But judging by my experience, the theater and the musician who expects such effects from such a voice always miscalculate. One does not believe in these lovers. These voices still always contain a tinge of the motherly and the housewifely, and most of all when love sounds in them.
- ⁷¹ *On Feminine Chastity.* — There is something quite astonishing and monstrous in the upbringing of women of good family, indeed perhaps nothing more paradoxical exists. The whole world agrees to raise them as ignorant as possible in matters of *eros*, and to put into their souls a deep shame about such things, and the utmost impatience and flight at the mere hint of these matters. All the “honor” of a woman basically stands at stake here alone. In everything else people would forgive them! But in this they are to remain ignorant down to the heart. They are to have neither eyes, nor ears, nor words, nor thoughts for this, their “evil.” Indeed, knowledge here is already the evil. And now! Thrown with a dreadful lightning-stroke into reality and knowledge, by marriage, and indeed by the one whom they love and esteem most. They catch love and shame in

contradiction, indeed they must feel rapture, surrender, duty, pity and terror at once, at the unexpected neighborhood of God and beast and all the rest! In this they have truly tied a knot of the soul that has no equal! Even the compassionate curiosity of the wisest student of human nature is not enough to guess how this or that woman learns to find her way into this solution of the riddle and into this riddle of a solution, and what dreadful, far-reaching suspicions must stir in the poor, out-of-joint soul, and how at this point the last philosophy and skepticism of woman casts its anchors! Afterward, the same deep silence as before, often a silence before herself, a closing of the eyes before herself. Young women take great pains to appear superficial and thoughtless; the most refined among them feign a kind of impudence. Women easily feel their husbands as a question mark over their honor, and their children as an apology or a penance. They need children and wish for them, in a quite different sense from that in which a man wishes for children.

In short, one cannot be gentle enough with women!

⁷² *The Mothers.* — Animals think differently about women than people do. To them the female is the productive being. Among them there is no paternal love, but something like love for the children of a beloved, and habit toward them. For the females, the children are a satisfaction of their desire to rule, a possession, an occupation, something entirely comprehensible to them, with which one can chatter. All this together is maternal love, which can be compared with the artist's love for his work. Pregnancy has made women gentler, more patient, more fearful, more eager to submit. Likewise, spiritual pregnancy produces the character of the contemplatives, which is related to the female character: they are the male mothers. Among the animals, the male sex is regarded as the beautiful one.

⁷³ *Holy Cruelty.* — A man came to a saint, holding a child that had just been born. "What shall I do with the child?" he asked. "It is wretched, misshapen, and does not have enough life to die." "Kill it," cried the saint in a terrible voice, "kill it, and then hold it in your arms for three days and three nights, so that you make yourself a memory. Then you will never beget a child again, unless

the time is right for you to beget.” When the man had heard this, he went away disappointed. And many blamed the saint for having advised a cruelty, since he had advised killing the child. “But is it not crueler to let it live?” said the saint.

⁷⁴ *The Unsuccessful.* — Those poor women always lack success who become restless and insecure in the presence of the man they love and talk too much. For men are most surely seduced by a certain secret and phlegmatic tenderness.

⁷⁵ *The Third Sex.* — “A small man is a paradox, but still a man. The little women, however, seem to me, compared with tall women, to belong to another sex.” So said an old dancing master. A small woman is never beautiful, said old Aristotle.

⁷⁶ *The Greatest Danger.* — If there had not always been a majority of people who felt the discipline of their minds, their “reasonableness,” as their pride, their obligation, their virtue, and who were offended or ashamed by all the fantasizing and wild wandering of thought, the friends of “healthy common sense,” humanity would long since have perished! Hovering above it, and hovering constantly as its greatest danger, is the breakout of madness. That means precisely the breaking loose of arbitrariness in feeling, seeing and hearing, the enjoyment of a lawlessness of the mind, the joy in human unreason. It is not truth and certainty that are the opposite of the world of the mad, but the generality and binding force of a belief, in short, the non-arbitrary in judgment. And the greatest work of humanity so far has been to agree with one another about very many things, and to lay upon itself a law of agreement, whether these things are true or false. This is the discipline of the mind that humanity has preserved. But the counter-drives are still so powerful that at bottom one may speak of humanity’s future only with little confidence. The image of things still keeps shifting and being shifted, perhaps from now on more and faster than ever. The most refined spirits keep resisting that binding generality, the researchers of truth first of all! That belief, as a belief for everybody, keeps producing disgust and a new lust in finer minds. Even the slow pace it demands for all mental processes, that imitation of the tortoise recognized here as the

norm, turns artists and poets into deserters. It is these impatient spirits in whom an actual delight in madness breaks out, because madness has such a cheerful tempo! So there is need of virtuous intellects, and, ah, I want to use the plainest word: there is need of virtuous stupidity, there is need of unshakable time-keepers of the slow mind, so that the believers in the great common belief stay together and keep dancing their dance. It is a necessity of the first rank that commands and demands here.

We others are the exception and the danger. We are always in need of defense! Now, something truly can be said in favor of the exception, provided it never wants to become the rule.

⁷⁷ *The Animal with a Good Conscience.* — The vulgarity in all that pleases in southern Europe, whether it be Italian opera (for example Rossini's and Bellini's) or the Spanish adventure novel, which is most accessible to us in the French disguise of *Gil Blas*, does not escape me. But it does not offend me, any more than the vulgarity one meets on a walk through Pompeii, and at bottom even when reading any ancient book. Where does this come from? Is it that shame is missing here, and that everything vulgar appears as sure and self-assured as anything noble, lovely and passionate in the same kind of music or novel? "The animal has its right as a human being does: so let it run around freely, and you, my dear fellow human, are still this animal too, in spite of everything!" That seems to me to be the moral of the matter and the peculiarity of southern humanity. Bad taste has its right as good taste does, and even a privilege over it, if it is the great need, the sure satisfaction, and so to speak a common language, an absolutely understandable mask and gesture. Good, select taste, on the other hand, always has something searching, tested, not wholly sure of its own comprehension. It is and was never popular! The mask is and remains popular! So let all this masklike quality run along in the melodies and cadences, in the leaps and merriments of the rhythm of these operas! And as for ancient life! What does one understand of it if one does not understand the delight in the mask, the good conscience of everything masklike? Here is the bath and recreation of the ancient spirit, and perhaps this bath was even more

necessary to the rare and sublime natures of the old world than to the common ones. By contrast, a vulgar turn in northern works, for example in German music, offends me beyond measure. Here shame is present. The artist has descended before himself and could not even prevent himself from blushing at it. We are ashamed along with him, and are so offended because we sense that he believed he had to descend on our account.

78 *What We Should Be Thankful For.* — It was artists, and above all the artists of the theater, who first gave people eyes and ears, so that they could take some pleasure in seeing and hearing what each of us is, what each of us lives, what each of us wills. They first taught us to value the hero hidden in each of these everyday people, and taught the art of looking at oneself as a hero, from a distance, simplified and transfigured, the art of “staging” oneself before oneself. Only in this way do we get past some low details in ourselves! Without that art we would be nothing but surface, and would live entirely under the spell of the optics that makes the nearest and commonest things appear enormously large and as reality itself.

Perhaps a merit of a similar kind belongs to that religion which made people look at the sinfulness of each individual through a magnifying glass, and turned the sinner into a great, immortal criminal. By describing eternal perspectives around him, it taught people to see themselves from a distance, as something past and whole.

79 *The Charm of Imperfection.* — Here I see a poet who, like many people, exerts a higher charm through his imperfections than through everything that becomes round and perfectly shaped under his hand. Indeed, he gains his advantage and his fame more from his last inability than from his rich strength. His work never fully says what he really wanted to say, what he wanted to *have seen*. It seems that he had a foretaste of a vision, but never the vision itself. Yet an enormous longing for this vision has remained in his soul, and from it he draws his equally enormous eloquence of desire and hunger. With it he lifts the one who listens to him above his work and above all “works,” and gives him wings to rise as high as listeners never rise otherwise. And so, having become poets and seers

themselves, they pay the author of their happiness an admiration as if he had led them directly to the sight of his holiest and last thing, as if he had reached his goal and had truly *seen* and shared his vision. His fame benefits from not having actually reached the goal.

80 *Art and Nature.* — The Greeks (or at least the Athenians) liked to hear good speech. Indeed they had a greedy inclination toward it, which sets them apart from the non-Greeks more than anything else. So they demanded of passion on the stage too that it speak well, and they endured with delight the unnaturalness of dramatic verse. In nature, passion is so tight-lipped! So mute and embarrassed! Or when it does find words, they are confused and unreasonable and a shame to itself! Now, thanks to the Greeks, we have all grown accustomed to this unnaturalness on the stage, just as, thanks to the Italians, we bear that other unnaturalness, the *singing* passion, and bear it gladly. It has become a need of ours that we cannot satisfy from reality: to hear people in the hardest situations speak well and at length. It delights us now when the tragic hero still finds words, reasons, eloquent gestures and on the whole a bright intellectuality, where life approaches the abysses and the real person usually loses his head and certainly his beautiful speech. This kind of *departure from nature* is perhaps the most pleasant meal for human pride. For this reason in particular people love art, as the expression of a high, heroic unnaturalness and convention. People rightly reproach the dramatic poet if he does not turn everything into reason and words, but always keeps back some remainder of *silence* in his hand. Likewise one is dissatisfied with the opera composer who, for the highest emotion, can find not a melody but only an emotional “natural” stammering and shouting. Here nature *is supposed* to be contradicted! Here the vulgar charm of illusion is *supposed* to give way to a higher charm! The Greeks went far, far along this road, to the point of alarm! As they made the stage as narrow as possible and forbade all effect through deep backgrounds, as they made it impossible for the actor to play with his features and move lightly, and turned him into a solemn, stiff, masklike idol, so they also took away from passion itself its deep background and dictated a law of beautiful speech for it. Indeed they did every-

thing to counteract the elemental effect of images that awaken fear and pity. They simply *did not want* fear and pity. Honor to Aristotle, and the highest honor! But he certainly did not hit the nail, let alone the head of the nail, when he spoke of the final purpose of Greek tragedy! Just look at the Greek tragic poets with an eye to what most stirred their diligence, their inventiveness and their rivalry. It was certainly not the aim of overpowering the spectators through passions! The Athenian went to the theater to *hear beautiful speeches*! And it was beautiful speeches that Sophocles was after! Let me be forgiven this heresy! It is quite different with *serious opera*. All its masters take pains to prevent people from understanding their characters. A word snatched up now and then may come to the aid of the inattentive listener. On the whole the situation must explain itself. The speeches do not matter! So they all think, and so they have all played their tricks with words. Perhaps they only lacked the courage to express their final contempt for the word completely. A little more impudence in Rossini and he would have had everything sung as la-la-la-la, and there would still have been reason in it! The characters of an opera are precisely not to be believed “by their word,” but by their tone! That is the difference, that is the beautiful *unnaturalness* for the sake of which one goes to the opera! Even the *recitativo secco* does not really want to be heard as word and text. This kind of half-music is meant rather to give the musical ear a little rest, a rest from *melody*, the most sublime and therefore also the most exhausting pleasure of this art. But very soon it becomes something else: a growing impatience, a growing reluctance, a new longing for *whole* music, for melody. From this point of view, how does Richard Wagner’s art stand? Perhaps differently? It often seemed to me that one must have learned the words and music of his creations by heart before the performance, for without that, so it seemed to me, one *bears* neither the words nor the music itself.

- ⁸¹ *Greek Taste*. — “What is beautiful about it?” said that land surveyor after a performance of *Iphigenia*. “Nothing is proved in it!” Could the Greeks have been so far from this taste? In Sophocles, at least, “everything is proved.”

⁸² *The Un-Greek Esprit.* — The Greeks are indescribably logical and simple in all their thinking. They did not grow tired of it, at least for their long good period, as the French so often do. The French are all too eager to make a little leap into the opposite, and they can only tolerate the spirit of logic when, through a series of such little leaps into the opposite, it reveals its *social* courtesy and its social self-denial. Logic appears to them necessary, like bread and water, but also, like these, as a kind of prisoner's fare, as soon as it is to be enjoyed pure and alone. In good company one must never want to be completely and solely right, as all pure logic wants. Hence the small dose of unreason in all French *esprit*. The social sense of the Greeks was far less developed than that of the French is and was. Hence so little *esprit* among their most witty men, hence so little wit even among their jokers, hence, ah! No one will believe these sentences of mine, and how many more of this kind I have on my conscience! *Est res magna tacere*, says Martial, with all the talkative people.

⁸³ *Translations.* — One can estimate the degree of historical sense a period possesses by how that period makes *translations* and tries to take into itself past periods and books. The French of Corneille's time, and even the French of the Revolution, took hold of Roman antiquity in a way that we would no longer have the courage for, thanks to our higher historical sense. And Roman antiquity itself: how violently and naively at once it laid its hand on everything good and high in the older Greek antiquity! How they translated into the Roman present! How they deliberately and carelessly blurred the wing dust of the butterfly of the moment! So Horace here and there translated Alcaeus or Archilochus, and Propertius translated Callimachus and Philetas (poets of the same rank as Theocritus, if we are *allowed* to judge). What did it matter to them that the original creator had experienced this and that and written the traces of it into his poem! As poets they had no fondness for the antiquarian nose that runs ahead of the historical sense. As poets they did not respect these purely personal things, these names and everything that belonged to a city, a coast or a century as its costume and mask. Instead they promptly put the present and the Roman in its place. They seem to ask us: "Should we not make

the old new for ourselves, and fit *ourselves* into it? Should we not be allowed to breathe our soul into this dead body? For dead it is, after all: how ugly everything dead is!" They did not know the enjoyment of the historical sense. The past and the foreign were embarrassing to them, and to them as Romans an incitement to a Roman conquest. In fact, when they translated, they were conquering, not merely in the sense that they left out the historical elements. No, they added an allusion to the present. Above all they struck out the name of the poet and put their own in its place, not out of any feeling of theft, but with the very best conscience of the *imperium Romanum*.

- 84 *On the Origin of Poetry.* — Those who love the fantastic in human beings, and who at the same time defend the doctrine of instinctive morality, reason like this: "Suppose people had always worshiped usefulness as the highest deity. Where then did poetry come from all over the world? This rhythmizing of speech, which works against clarity of communication rather than for it, and which nevertheless has sprung up everywhere on earth as a mockery of all useful purposefulness, and keeps springing up! The wild and beautiful unreason of poetry refutes you, you utilitarians! Wanting to break loose from usefulness at all: that is what has raised human beings, that is what has inspired them to morality and art!" Well, I must for once speak in favor of the utilitarians. They are so seldom right that it is pitiful! In those ancient times when poetry was brought into existence, people did keep usefulness in view, and a very great usefulness, when they let rhythm press into speech: that force which arranges all the atoms of a sentence anew, which means choosing words, which dyes the thought anew and makes it darker, stranger and more distant. Of course it was a *superstitious* usefulness! By means of rhythm, a human concern was supposed to be impressed more deeply on the gods, once people had noticed that a person remembers a verse better than loose speech. They also believed that by the rhythmic ticking they could make themselves heard over greater distances. A prayer set to rhythm seemed to reach the gods' ears more closely. Above all, however, people wanted to make use of that elemental overpowering which a person experiences in himself when he hears music. Rhythm is a compulsion; it

produces an irresistible pleasure in yielding and joining in. Not only the feet keep step, but the soul itself follows the beat. Probably, so people concluded, the souls of the gods do too! So they tried to *force* the gods through rhythm and to exercise power over them. They threw poetry over them like a magical noose. There was an even stranger notion, and perhaps this is the one that worked most powerfully toward the birth of poetry. Among the Pythagoreans it appears as a philosophical doctrine and a technique of education. But long before there were philosophers, people granted music the power to discharge the passions, to purify the soul, and to soften the *ferocia animi*, and they granted it precisely through the rhythmic element in music. When the right tension and harmony of the soul had been lost, one had to *dance* to the singer's beat. That was the prescription of this healing art. With it Terpander quieted an uprising, Empedocles calmed a madman, Damon cleansed a youth sick with love. With it people also brought the savage, vengeful gods to reason. First they drove the frenzy and wildness of the gods' passions to the highest pitch, so that they made the raging god mad and the vengeful god drunk with revenge. All the orgiastic cults want to discharge a deity's ferocity all at once and turn it into an orgy, so that afterward it feels freer and calmer and leaves people in peace. In its root, *melos* means a means of appeasement, not because it is gentle itself, but because its after-effect makes gentle. And not only in the cult song, but also in the secular songs of the oldest times, the assumption is that rhythm exerts a magical power. For example, when drawing water or rowing, the song is an enchantment of the spirits thought to be at work there. It makes them compliant, unfree, and a tool of humankind. And whenever people act, they have a reason to sing. *Every* action is bound up with the help of spirits. The charm-song and the incantation seem to be the original form of poetry. Even though verse was used in oracles too (the Greeks said the hexameter was invented at Delphi), rhythm was meant to exert a compulsion here also. "To have one's fortune told" originally means (according to the derivation of the Greek word that seems most likely to me) "to have something determined for oneself." People believed they could force the future by winning Apollo over to their side, he who in the oldest conception is far more than a god who foresees. As soon as

the formula is spoken, literally and rhythmically exact, it binds the future. The formula, however, is Apollo's invention, and as god of rhythms he can also bind the goddesses of fate. Seen as a whole, one must ask: was there anything *more useful* for the old superstitious human being than rhythm? With it one could do everything: magically speed up a job; compel a god to appear, to be near, to listen; make the future conform to one's will; discharge one's own soul from some excess (of fear, of mania, of pity, of revenge), and not only one's own soul but that of the most evil demon. Without verse one was nothing; through verse one became almost a god. Such a basic feeling cannot be completely uprooted. Even now, after thousands of years of work against such superstition, even the wisest of us occasionally becomes a fool of rhythm, if only in the sense that he feels a thought to be *truer* when it has a metrical form and comes along with a divine *hopsasa*. Is it not a very funny thing that even the most serious philosophers, however strictly they otherwise take their certainties, still appeal to *sayings of poets* to give their thoughts strength and credibility? And yet it is more dangerous for a truth when the poet agrees with it than when he contradicts it! For, as Homer says: "The singers tell many lies!"

- 85 *The Good and the Beautiful*. — Artists are constantly *glorifying*. They do nothing else. They glorify all those states and things which have the reputation of being places where a person can feel good, great, drunk, cheerful, or well and wise. These selected things and states, whose value for human happiness is considered certain and assessed, are the objects of artists. They always lie in wait to discover such things and drag them into the realm of art. I mean to say: they are not themselves the appraisers of happiness and of the happy, but they always push close to these appraisers, with the greatest curiosity and delight, to make immediate use of their estimates. Thus, because besides their impatience they have the big lungs of heralds and the feet of runners, they are always among the first to glorify the *new* good, and often appear as the ones who first call something good and rate it as good. But this, as I said, is a mistake. They are only quicker and louder than the real appraisers. And who are those? They are the rich and the idle.

86 *On the Theater.* — This day again gave me strong and lofty feelings. If I could have music and art on its evening, I know well which music and art I would *not* want: all those that wish to intoxicate their listeners and drive them up to a moment of strong and lofty feeling. Those are people of the soul's everyday, who on the evening are not like victors on triumphal chariots, but like tired mules on which life has used the whip a little too often. What would those people know of "higher moods" at all, if there were no intoxicating means and ideal whip-strokes! So they have their inspirers, just as they have their wines. But what are their drink and their drunkenness to me! What does an inspired person need wine for? Rather, he looks with a kind of disgust at the means and the go-betweens that are supposed to produce an effect here without sufficient reason, an imitation of the high tide of the soul! What? One gives the mole wings and proud fancies before bedtime, before he crawls into his burrow? One sends him to the theater and sets huge glasses before his blind and tired eyes? People whose life is not an "action" but a business sit before the stage and watch strange beings for whom life is more than a business? "That is proper," you say, "that is entertaining, that is what culture demands!" Well then! I often lack culture, because this sight often disgusts me. Anyone who has enough of tragedy and comedy in himself will probably prefer to stay away from the theater. Or, by way of exception, the whole event, counting the theater, the audience and the poet, becomes for him the real tragic and comic play, so that the performed piece means little to him by comparison. For someone who is a Faust or a Manfred himself, what do the Fausts and Manfreds of the theater matter! And yet it certainly gives him something to think about that such figures are put on the stage at all. The *strongest* thoughts and passions before people who are incapable of thought and passion, but of *intoxication*! And *those* as a means to it! And theater and music are the Europeans' hashish-smoking and betel-chewing! Oh, who will tell us the whole history of narcotics! It is almost the history of "culture," so-called higher culture!

⁸⁷ *On the Vanity of Artists.* — I believe that artists often do not know what they can do best, because they are too vain and have directed their minds toward something prouder than these small plants seem to be, which can grow new, strange and beautiful, in true perfection, on their own soil. The best of their own garden and vineyard is valued by them only superficially, and their love and their insight are not of the same rank. Here is a musician who, more than any other musician, has his mastery in finding the tones of the realm of suffering, oppressed and tormented souls, and in giving speech even to the mute animals. No one equals him in the colors of late autumn, in the indescribably touching happiness of a last, very last, very brief enjoyment. He knows a sound for those secret and uncanny midnights of the soul, where cause and effect seem to have come out of joint and something can arise “out of nothing” at any moment. He draws most happily of all from the lower depths of human happiness, and so to speak from its drained cup, where the bitterest and most unpleasant drops have run together, at last, for good and for ill, with the sweetest. He knows that weary shuffling of the soul that can no longer leap or fly, or even walk. He has the shy look of hidden pain, of understanding without comfort, of parting without confession. Indeed, as the Orpheus of all secret misery, he is greater than anyone else. Much has been added to art through him that until then seemed inexpressible, and even unworthy of art. It could only be chased away with words, not grasped by them: many small and microscopic things of the soul. Yes, he is the master of the very small. But he does not want to be! His *character* loves rather the big walls and the daring mural painting! It escapes him that his *spirit* has another taste and inclination, and most likely sits quietly in the corners of collapsed houses. There, hidden, hidden even from himself, he paints his real masterpieces, which are all very short, often only one beat long. There, and perhaps only there, he becomes truly good, great and perfect. But he does not know it! He is too vain to know it.

⁸⁸ *Earnestness About Truth.* — Earnestness about truth! How differently people understand these words! The very same views, and the same kinds of proof and examination, which a thinker feels in himself as a frivolity, one to which he has

succumbed to his shame in this or that hour, can give an artist who encounters them and lives with them for a time the sense that the deepest earnestness about truth has now seized him, and that it is admirable that he, although an artist, shows at the same time the most serious desire for the opposite of what appears. So it is possible that someone, precisely with his pose of seriousness, betrays how superficially and contentedly his mind has so far played in the realm of knowledge. And is not everything we take seriously our betrayer? It shows where our weights lie, and for what we have no weights.

⁸⁹ *Now and Formerly.* — What is the point of all our art of artworks if that higher art, the art of festivals, is lost to us! Formerly all artworks were set up along the great festival road of humanity, as memorial signs and monuments of high and blessed moments. Now people want to use artworks to lure the poor exhausted and sick away from the great road of human suffering, for a lustful little moment. They offer them a little intoxication and madness.

⁹⁰ *Lights and Shadows.* — Books and written notes mean different things to different thinkers. One has gathered into the book the lights that he knew how to steal quickly from the rays of a knowledge shining on him, and to carry home. Another gives only the shadows, the afterimages in gray and black, of what built itself up in his soul the day before.

⁹¹ *Caution.* — As is well known, Alfieri lied a great deal when he told his astonished contemporaries the story of his life. He lied out of that despotism against himself which he showed, for example, in the way he created his own language and tyrannized himself into a poet. At last he had found a strict form of sublimity, into which he pressed his life and his memory. There must have been much torment in it. I would not believe a biography of Plato either, written by himself, any more than Rousseau's, or Dante's *Vita nuova*.

⁹² *Prose and Poetry.* — Note that the great masters of prose have almost always also been poets, either openly or only in secret, for the "little room." Indeed, one writes good prose only in the presence of poetry! For prose is an uninterrupted, graceful war with poetry. All its charms consist in constantly evading

poetry and contradicting it. Every abstraction must be presented as a mischief against poetry and in a mocking voice. Every dryness and coolness should bring the lovely goddess into a lovely despair. There are often approaches and reconciliations for a moment, and then a sudden jump back and a laugh. Often the curtain is pulled up and harsh light let in, just when the goddess is enjoying her twilights and muted colors. Often the word is taken out of her mouth and sung to a melody, while she holds her delicate hands over her delicate little ears. So there are a thousand pleasures of the war, with the defeats counted in, of which the unpoetic, the so-called prose people, know nothing at all. They therefore write and speak only bad prose! War is the father of all good things, and war is the father of good prose too! In this century there were four very strange and truly poetic people who reached the mastery of prose, which the century is otherwise not made for, for lack of poetry, as I have hinted. Setting aside Goethe, whom the century that produced him is fairly entitled to claim, I regard only Giacomo Leopardi, Prosper Mérimée, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Walter Savage Landor, the author of the *Imaginary Conversations*, as worthy of being called masters of prose.

⁹³ *But Why Do You Write?* — A.: I do not belong to those who think with a wet pen in hand, and still less to those who even give themselves over to their passions in front of an open inkwell, sitting in their chair and staring at the paper. I am annoyed by all writing, or ashamed of it. Writing is a necessity for me. Even to speak of it figuratively disgusts me. B.: But then why do you write? A.: Yes, my friend, between us: so far I have found no other means of getting rid of my thoughts. B.: And why do you want to get rid of them? A.: Why I want to? Do I want to? I have to. — B.: Enough! Enough!

⁹⁴ *Growth After Death.* — Those little daring remarks about moral matters that Fontenelle threw out in his immortal *Dialogues of the Dead* were taken in his time as paradoxes and games of a somewhat risky wit. Even the highest judges of taste and mind did not see more in them, and perhaps Fontenelle himself did not either. Now something unbelievable happens: these thoughts become truths! Science proves them! The game becomes earnest! And we read those

dialogues with a different feeling from the one Voltaire and Helvétius had when they read them, and we involuntarily lift their author into a different and much higher class of minds than they did. Rightly? Wrongly?

- 95 *Chamfort.* — That such a connoisseur of human beings and of the crowd as Chamfort should have sided with the crowd, and not stood apart in philosophical renunciation and defense, I can explain only as follows. In him an instinct was stronger than his wisdom, and it had never been satisfied: hatred of all the nobility of birth. Perhaps it was the old and all too understandable hatred of his mother, which in him was made holy through love for his mother. It was an instinct of revenge from his boyhood, waiting for the hour to avenge his mother. And then life and his genius had led him, and, ah! perhaps most of all the paternal blood in his veins, to rank himself with this nobility and stand on an equal footing with it, for many, many years. In the end, however, he could no longer endure his own sight, the sight of the “old man” under the old regime. He fell into a violent passion for penance, and in this passion he put on the garb of the rabble as his kind of hair shirt. His bad conscience was the neglect of revenge. Suppose Chamfort had remained one degree more a philosopher at that time. Then the Revolution would not have acquired its tragic wit and its sharpest sting. It would count as a much stupider event, and it would not have been such a seduction of minds. But Chamfort’s hatred and revenge educated a whole generation, and the most illustrious people went through this school. Consider that Mirabeau looked up to Chamfort as to his higher and older self, from whom he expected and endured impulses, warnings and verdicts. Mirabeau, as a human being, belongs to a quite different rank of greatness than even the foremost statesmen of yesterday and today. It is strange that, in spite of such a friend and advocate (we have Mirabeau’s letters to Chamfort), this wittiest of all moralists remained foreign to the French, just as Stendhal did, who perhaps had the most thoughtful eyes and ears of all the French of this century. Was it that the latter had at bottom too much of the German and the Englishman in him to be bearable to the Parisians? While Chamfort, a man rich in the depths and background of the soul, gloomy, suffering, glowing, a thinker

who found laughter necessary as a remedy against life, and who almost gave himself up for lost on every day he had not laughed, appears more like an Italian, a blood relative of Dante and Leopardi, than like a Frenchman. The last words of Chamfort are known: "Ah! My friend," he said to Sieyès, "I am at last leaving this world, where the heart must either break or harden —" Those are certainly not the words of a dying Frenchman.

⁹⁶ *Two Speakers.* — Of these two speakers, the one reaches the full reason of his cause only when he gives himself over to passion. Only passion pumps enough blood and heat into his brain to force his high intellect into revelation. The other tries perhaps the same thing here and there: with the help of passion he presents his cause in full sound, vehemently and sweepingly. But usually with poor results. Soon he speaks in the dark and in confusion, he exaggerates, leaves things out, and arouses distrust of the reason of his cause. He himself feels this distrust, and from it come sudden jumps into the coldest and most repellent tones, which make the listener doubt whether his whole passion was genuine. In him passion always floods the mind, perhaps because it is stronger than in the first. But he is at the height of his power when he resists the storm of feeling rushing at him and, as it were, mocks it. Only then does his mind step fully out of its hiding place: a logical, mocking, playful, and yet terrible mind.

⁹⁷ *On the Garrulousness of Writers.*

There is a garrulousness of anger, frequent in Luther, and also in Schopenhauer. There is a garrulousness born of too great a store of conceptual formulas, as in Kant. There is a garrulousness from delight in ever new turns of the same matter, which one finds in Montaigne. There is a garrulousness of spiteful natures: anyone who reads the writings of this time will recall two writers in this connection. There is a garrulousness from delight in good words and linguistic forms, not rare in Goethe's prose. And there is a garrulousness from inner pleasure in the noise and confusion of feelings, for example in Carlyle.

98 *In Praise of Shakespeare.* — The finest thing I can say in praise of Shakespeare the man is this: he believed in Brutus, and cast not a speck of distrust on that kind of virtue! To Brutus he dedicated his best tragedy, which even now is still called by a false name. He dedicated it to Brutus and to the most terrible sum of high morality. Independence of soul: that is what matters here! No sacrifice can be too great for it. One must be able to sacrifice even one's dearest friend to it, even if he is the most splendid of human beings, the ornament of the world, a genius without equal, when one loves freedom as the freedom of great souls, and this freedom is threatened by him. This is how Shakespeare must have felt. The height to which he raises Caesar is the finest honor he could show Brutus. Only thus does he lift Brutus's inner problem to monstrous size, and likewise the strength of soul that was able to cut through this knot! And was it truly political freedom that drove this poet to sympathize with Brutus, and made him an accomplice of Brutus?

Or was political freedom only a symbol for something unspeakable? Are we perhaps standing before some dark event and adventure from the poet's own soul, which remained unknown and of which he would speak only by signs? What is all the Hamlet melancholy beside the melancholy of Brutus! And perhaps Shakespeare knew this too, as he knew the other, from experience! Perhaps he too had his dark hour and his evil angel, like Brutus! But whatever resemblances and secret connections there may have been of this kind, before the whole figure and virtue of Brutus Shakespeare threw himself to the ground and felt unworthy and far away. He has written the testimony to it into his tragedy. Twice in it he brings on a poet, and twice he pours on him such an impatient and final contempt that it sounds like a cry, the cry of self-contempt. Brutus himself loses patience when the poet appears, conceited, pompous, pushy, as poets tend to be: a being who seems to bristle with possibilities of greatness, including moral greatness, and yet in the philosophy of deed and life rarely manages even to reach common uprightness. "If he knows the time, I know his whims. Away with the bell-ringing buffoon!" cries Brutus. Translate this back into the soul of the poet who wrote it.

99 *The Followers of Schopenhauer.* — What one sees when cultured peoples come into contact with barbarians is this: regularly the lower culture first takes over the vices, weaknesses and excesses of the higher culture. From them it feels an attraction, and finally, through the vices and weaknesses it has acquired, lets something of the valuable strength of the higher culture flow over into itself. This can also be seen close at hand, without traveling to barbarian peoples, though somewhat refined and spiritualized and not so easy to grasp with the hands. What, then, do Schopenhauer's followers in Germany first take over from their master? Compared with his superior culture, they must feel barbarous enough to be first fascinated and seduced by him in a barbarous way. Is it his hard sense of fact, his good will toward clarity and reason, which so often makes him appear so English and so little German? Or the strength of his intellectual conscience, which endured a lifelong contradiction between being and willing, and forced him to contradict himself constantly, and almost at every point, in his writings? Or his cleanliness in matters of the church and the Christian God? For in this he was cleaner than any German philosopher before him, so that he lived and died "as a Voltairean." Or his immortal teachings about the intellectuality of perception, the apriority of the law of causality, the instrument-nature of the intellect and the unfreedom of the will? No, all this does not enchant, and is not felt as enchanting. But Schopenhauer's mystical embarrassments and evasions, in those places where the fact-thinker let himself be led astray and ruined by the vain drive to be the unraveler of the world. The unprovable doctrine of *one will* ("all causes are only occasional causes of the appearance of the will at this time, in this place," "the will to live is present in every being, even the smallest, wholly and undivided, as completely as in all who ever were, are, and will be, taken together"). The *denial of the individual* ("all lions are at bottom only one lion," "the plurality of individuals is an appearance," and development too is only an appearance; he calls Lamarck's idea "a brilliant, absurd error"). The rapture about *genius* ("in aesthetic contemplation the individual is no longer an individual, but a pure, willless, painless, timeless subject of knowledge," "the subject, by wholly dissolving into the object contemplated, has become that object itself"). The nonsense about *com-*

passion, and the breaking-through of the *principium individuationis* made possible by it, as the source of all morality. Add to these such assertions as “dying is really the purpose of existence,” and “one cannot flatly deny a priori that a magical effect might also proceed from someone already dead.” These and similar *excesses* and vices of the philosopher are always the first to be adopted and made into matters of faith. For vices and excesses are always the easiest to imitate, and they do not require long preparation. But let us speak of the most famous of the living Schopenhauerians, Richard Wagner. He has fared as many artists have: he misjudged the meaning of the figures he created, and failed to recognize the unspoken philosophy of his own most personal art. Richard Wagner let himself be misled by Hegel until the middle of his life. He did the same thing again when he later read Schopenhauer’s doctrine out of his figures, and began to formulate himself with “will,” “genius,” and “compassion.” Even so, it will remain true that nothing goes so directly against the spirit of Schopenhauer as what is truly Wagnerian in the heroes of Wagner: I mean the innocence of the highest self-interest, the faith in great passion as good in itself, in a word, the Siegfried-like quality in the faces of his heroes. “All this smells more of Spinoza than of me,” Schopenhauer might perhaps say. So good were Wagner’s reasons to look around for other philosophers than Schopenhauer! But the enchantment to which he succumbed with regard to this thinker has made him blind not only to all other philosophers, but even to science itself. More and more his whole art wants to present itself as a companion piece and supplement to Schopenhauer’s philosophy, and more and more explicitly it gives up the higher ambition of becoming a companion piece and supplement to human knowledge and science. And it is not only the whole mysterious pomp of this philosophy that tempts him, a philosophy that would have tempted a Cagliostro too. The individual gestures and affects of the philosophers were always seducers as well! Schopenhauerian, for example, is Wagner’s zeal against the corruption of the German language. And if one were to approve of his imitation in this, it must still not be kept quiet that Wagner’s own style suffers not a little from all the sores and swellings whose sight made Schopenhauer so furious. And that, as regards the German-writing

Wagnerians, Wagnerism is beginning to prove as dangerous as any Hegelism ever proved. Schopenhauerian is Wagner's hatred of the Jews, whom he cannot even do justice to in their greatest deed: for the Jews are, after all, the inventors of Christianity! Schopenhauerian is Wagner's attempt to understand Christianity as a windblown grain of Buddhism, and, for Europe, to prepare a Buddhist age, with temporary approaches to Catholic-Christian formulas and feelings. Schopenhauerian is Wagner's sermon in favor of mercy in dealings with animals. Schopenhauer's predecessor in this was, as is well known, Voltaire, who perhaps already, like his successors, knew how to dress up his hatred of certain things and people as mercy toward animals. At any rate, Wagner's hatred of science, which speaks from his sermon, is certainly not inspired by a spirit of gentleness and goodness, nor, as goes without saying, by the spirit in general. — In the end, little depends on the philosophy of an artist, provided it is only a subsequent philosophy and does no harm to his art itself. One cannot be careful enough not to become angry at an artist for some occasional masquerade, perhaps very unhappy and presumptuous. Let us not forget that our dear artists, all of them, are and must be a little like actors, and without acting they would hardly hold out for long. Let us remain faithful to Wagner in what is *true* and original in him, and especially by being faithful, we his disciples, to what is true and original in ourselves. Let us grant him his intellectual whims and cramps. Rather, let us consider fairly what strange nourishment and needs an art like his *must* have in order to live and grow! It does not matter that he is so often wrong as a thinker. Justice and patience are not *his* business. It is enough that his life is right in its own eyes and stays right: this life, which calls out to each of us: "Be a man, and do not follow me, but yourself! Yourself!" Our life too should be right in our own eyes! We too should grow and bloom out of ourselves, free and fearless, in innocent selfhood! And so, when I contemplate such a man, these sentences still ring in my ears today as they did before: "that passion is better than stoicism and hypocrisy; that honesty, even in evil, is better than losing oneself to the morality of custom; that a free person can be both good and evil, but that an unfree person is a disgrace to nature and has no share in any heavenly or earthly consolation; and finally that *everyone*

who wants to become free must become free through himself, and that freedom does not fall into anyone's lap as a miraculous gift." (Richard Wagner in Bayreuth, p. 94.)

100 *Learning to Pay Homage.* — People must learn to pay homage just as they learn to despise. Anyone who walks new paths and has led many onto new paths discovers with astonishment how clumsy and poor these many are in expressing their gratitude, and how rarely even gratitude *can* express itself at all. It is as if something always rises into their throat when they want to speak, so that they only clear their throat, and in the clearing fall silent again. The way a thinker comes to feel the effect of his thoughts, and their power to reshape and shake, is almost a comedy. Sometimes it looks as though those who have been affected feel insulted by it at bottom, and know only how to show their threatened independence, as they fear it is, through all sorts of bad manners. Whole generations are needed even to invent a polite convention of thanks. And only very late does that moment come when a kind of spirit and genius has entered into gratitude itself. Then there is usually also someone who is the great recipient of thanks, not only for what he himself has done that is good, but mostly for what has been gradually piled up by his predecessors as a treasure of the highest and best.

101 *Voltaire.* — Wherever there was a court, he laid down the law of speaking well, and with it the law of style for all who wrote. But court language is the language of the courtier, *who has no profession*, and who, even in conversation about scientific matters, forbids himself every convenient technical term, because it smells of the trade. Therefore, in countries with a court culture, technical language, and everything that betrays the specialist, is a *blemish of style*. Now that all courts have become caricatures of what they once were, people are astonished to find even Voltaire unbearably prim and fussy on this point, for example in his judgments of stylists such as Fontenelle and Montesquieu. We are all emancipated from courtly taste, while Voltaire was its *perfecter*!

¹⁰² *A Word for the Philologists.* — That there are books so valuable and royal that whole generations of scholars are well employed if their labor keeps these books pure and keeps them understandable, that is the faith philology must keep renewing. It assumes that there is no shortage of those rare people (though one does not see them) who really know how to use such valuable books. They will probably be the ones who make such books themselves, or could make them. I mean to say that philology assumes a noble faith: that for the sake of a few, who will always “come” and are not here, a very large amount of tedious, even unclean labor must first be done. It is all labor *in usum Delphinorum*.

¹⁰³ *On German Music.* — German music is already, more than any other European music, the music in which alone the change that Europe underwent through the Revolution has found expression. Only German musicians understand how to express moving masses of people, that enormous artificial noise which need not even be very loud. Italian opera, for example, knows only choruses of servants or soldiers, but no “people.” Add to this that through all German music one can hear a deep bourgeois jealousy of the nobility, especially of *esprit* and *élégance*, as the expression of a courtly, chivalric, old society, sure of itself. This is not music like that of Goethe’s singer at the gate, which pleases also “in the hall,” and indeed pleases the king. There one does not hear: “The knights looked bravely on, and the fair ladies in their laps.” Even Grace appears in German music not without a twinge of bad conscience. Only with Grace, the rustic sister of Grace, does the German begin to feel wholly moral, and from there he rises more and more, up to his enthusiastic, learned, often grumpy “sublimity,” the sublimity of Beethoven. If one wants to picture the person who belongs to *this* music, then picture Beethoven standing beside Goethe, as perhaps at that meeting in Teplitz: as half-barbarism beside culture, as the people beside the nobility, as the good-natured man beside the good and even more than “good” man, as the fantast beside the artist, as the one who needs comfort beside the one who has been comforted, as the exaggerator and suspicious man beside the reasonable one, as the hobgoblin-hunter and self-tormentor, as the wildly rapturous, the blessedly unhappy, the candidly immoder-

ate, as the presumptuous and clumsy. And all in all, as the “untamed man.” So Goethe himself felt and named him, Goethe the exceptional German, for whom a music worthy of him has not yet been found! Finally, consider whether the contempt for melody and the stunting of the melodic sense, which keeps spreading among Germans, should not be understood as a democratic bad manner and an aftereffect of the Revolution. Melody has such an open delight in lawfulness, and such a revulsion toward everything becoming, unformed and arbitrary, that it sounds like a voice from the *old* order of European things, and like a temptation to, and a return to, that order.

104 *On the Sound of the German Language.* — We know where the German that has been the general written German for a few centuries comes from. The Germans, with their reverence for everything that came from the *court*, made the chancelleries their model in everything they had to *write*, especially in their letters, documents, wills and so on. To write in chancery style was to write in the manner of court and government, and that was something refined, set against the German of the town in which one happened to live. Gradually people drew the conclusion and spoke as they wrote, and so they became still more refined: in word forms, in the choice of words and turns of phrase, and finally in sound. One affected a courtly sound when speaking, and the affectation at last became nature. Perhaps something quite similar has happened nowhere else: the predominance of the written style over speech, and the affectedness and self-importance of a whole people, as the foundation of a common language that was no longer dialectal. I believe the sound of the German language in the Middle Ages, and especially after the Middle Ages, was deeply rustic and common. In the last centuries it has become somewhat more refined, mainly because people found it necessary to imitate so many French, Italian and Spanish sounds, and this came especially from the German (and Austrian) nobility, who could not at all be content with their mother tongue. But for Montaigne, or even for Racine, German must have sounded unbearably vulgar despite this practice. And even now, in the mouths of travelers, in the middle of Italian rabble, it still sounds very raw, backwoodsy, hoarse, as if it came from

smoky parlors and rude districts. Now I notice that among the former admirers of the chanceries a similar urge for a noble sound is spreading again, and that the Germans are beginning to submit to a quite peculiar “magic of sound,” which in the long run could become a real danger to the German language. For more hideous sounds one searches Europe in vain. Something scornful, cold, indifferent and careless in the voice: this now sounds “refined” to the Germans. I hear the good will toward this refinement in the voices of young officials, teachers, women and merchants. Even the little girls are already imitating this officer’s German. For the officer, and indeed the Prussian officer, is the inventor of these sounds: the same officer who, as a soldier and a man of his profession, has that admirable tact of modesty from which all Germans should learn (the German professors and musicians included!). But as soon as he speaks and moves, he is the most immodest and tasteless figure in old Europe, unaware of it, without any doubt! And the good Germans are unaware of it too. They marvel at him as a man of the first and most distinguished society, and gladly “take the tone” from him. And so he does indeed set it! And first it is the sergeants and corporals who imitate his tone and make it coarser. Pay attention to the words of command that now bellow through the German towns, as they drill outside all the gates. What arrogance, what raging sense of authority, what scornful coldness sounds out of this roaring! Are the Germans really a musical people? One thing is certain: the Germans are now becoming militarized in the sound of their language. It is likely that, once they are trained to speak militarily, they will in the end write militarily too. For the habit of certain sounds reaches deep into character. Soon one has the words and turns of phrase, and finally the thoughts, that fit exactly this sound! Perhaps people already write in the officer’s manner now. Perhaps I read too little of what is being written in Germany. But one thing I know all the more surely: the public German declarations that reach even foreign countries are not inspired by German music, but by that new sound of a tasteless presumption. Almost every speech of the first German statesman, and even when he speaks through his imperial mouthpiece, has an accent that the ear of a foreigner rejects with revulsion. But the Germans endure it. They endure themselves.

105 *The Germans as Artists.* — When the German really gets into a passion (and not merely, as usual, into the good will toward passion!), he behaves in it as he must, and does not think further about his behavior. The truth, however, is that in passion he behaves very clumsily and ugly, as if without tact or melody, so that the spectators have their torment or their emotion from it and nothing more. Unless he lifts himself up into the sublime and the rapturous, of which some passions are capable. Then even the German becomes *beautiful!* The sense of the height at which beauty first pours its spell even over Germans drives German artists upward, into overreach and excess of passion. So there is a real, deep longing to get beyond ugliness and clumsiness, or at least to look beyond them, toward a better, lighter, more southern, sunlike world. And so their spasms are often only signs that they would like to *dance*: these poor bears, in whom hidden nymphs and forest gods carry on their existence, and at times even higher deities!

106 *Music as Advocate.* — “I thirst for a master of the art of tones,” an innovator said to his disciple, “so that he might learn my thoughts from me and speak them in his language. Then I would reach people’s ears and hearts better. With tones one can lead people into any error and any truth. Who could *refute* a tone?” “So you would like to be considered irrefutable?” said his disciple. The innovator replied: “I want the seed to become a tree. For a teaching to become a tree, it must be believed for a good while. For it to be believed, it must be considered irrefutable. The tree needs storms, doubts, worms and malice so that it shows the nature and strength of its seed. Let it break if it is not strong enough! But a seed is always only destroyed, never refuted!” When he had said this, his disciple cried out impetuously: “But I believe in your cause, and I consider it so strong that I will say everything, absolutely everything, that I still have on my heart against it.” The innovator laughed to himself and wagged his finger at him. “This kind of discipleship, he said then, is the best, but it is dangerous, and not every kind of teaching can bear it.”

107 *Our Final Gratitude to Art.* — If we had not approved of the arts and invented this kind of cult of the untrue, then the insight into general untruth and mendacity that science now gives us, the insight into delusion and error as a condition of the knowing and feeling life, would be simply unbearable. *Honesty* would bring disgust and suicide in its train. As it is, however, our honesty has a counterforce that helps us evade such consequences: art, as the *good will toward appearance*. We do not always prevent our eye from rounding things off, from finishing the poem. Then it is no longer the eternal imperfection that we carry over the river of becoming. Then we think we are carrying a *goddess*, and we are proud and childlike in this service. As an aesthetic phenomenon, existence is still *bearable* to us, and through art we have been given eye and hand, and above all the good conscience, to be able to make such a phenomenon out of ourselves. At times we must rest from ourselves, by looking at ourselves from above and below and, from an artistic distance, laughing at ourselves or weeping over ourselves. We must discover the *hero* and likewise the *fool* hidden in our passion for knowledge. We must sometimes be glad of our folly, so that we can remain glad of our wisdom! And precisely because at bottom we are heavy and serious people, more weights than people, nothing does us as much good as the *jester's cap*. We need it in front of ourselves. We need all high-spirited, floating, dancing, mocking, childlike and blessed art, so as not to lose that *freedom above things* which our ideal demands of us. It would be a *relapse* for us to fall entirely into morality with our sensitive honesty, and, because of the overly strict demands we make on ourselves in this, to become moral monsters and scarecrows. We should be able to stand above morality too: not only stand there, with the anxious stiffness of someone who fears at every moment that he will slip and fall, but also float above it and play! How could we do without art, and without the fool, to do that? And as long as you are still somehow ashamed in front of yourselves, you do not yet belong to us!

Book III



108 *New Struggles.* — After Buddha was dead, for centuries people still showed his shadow in a cave, an enormous and dreadful shadow. God is dead. But given how people are, there may still be caves for thousands of years in which his shadow is shown. And we — we must still conquer his shadow too!

109 *Let Us Beware!* — Let us beware of thinking that the world is a living being. Where would it expand to? What would it feed on? How could it grow and multiply? We have some idea of what the organic is. Should we reinterpret the unspeakably derived, late, rare, accidental things that we perceive only on the crust of the earth as the essential, general, eternal, as those do who call the whole an organism? That disgusts me. Let us beware, too, of believing that the whole is a machine. It is certainly not constructed for a single purpose; calling it a “machine” pays it far too high an honor. Let us beware of assuming that something so full of form as the cyclical motions of our neighboring stars occurs everywhere and always. A glance at the Milky Way alone raises doubts whether there are not much rougher and more contradictory motions there, stars with eternal straight-line trajectories and the like. The astral order in which we live is an exception. This order, and the fairly long duration it makes possible, in turn made possible the exception of exceptions: the formation of the organic. The overall character of the world, by contrast, is for all eternity chaos. I do not mean the absence of necessity, but the absence of order,

arrangement, form, beauty, wisdom, and whatever else all our aesthetic human names are. Judged from our reason, the failed throws are by far the rule, and the exceptions are not the secret goal. The whole game repeats its manner eternally, a manner that may never be called a melody. Finally, even the phrase “failed throw” is already a humanizing that carries a reproach. But how could we blame or praise the whole! Let us beware of ascribing to it heartlessness or unreason, or their opposites. It is neither perfect nor beautiful nor noble, and it wants to become none of these. It does not strive at all to imitate human beings! No one of our aesthetic or moral judgments touches it in any way! It also has no instinct for self-preservation, and no drives at all. It knows no laws either. Let us beware of saying that there are laws in nature. There are only necessities. There is no one who commands, no one who obeys, no one who transgresses. If you know that there are no purposes, then you also know that there is no chance, for the word “chance” has a meaning only beside a world of purposes. Let us beware of saying that death is opposed to life. What is alive is only a kind of what is dead, and a very rare kind. Let us beware of thinking that the world creates something new forever. There are no eternally enduring substances. Matter is just as much an error as the god of the Eleatics. But when will we finally be done with our caution and our guardianship? When will all these shadows of God no longer darken us? When will we have fully de-deified nature? When will we be allowed to begin *naturalizing* ourselves, using the pure, newly discovered, newly redeemed nature!

- 110 *The Origin of Knowledge.* — For immense stretches of time the intellect produced nothing but errors. Some of them turned out to be useful and to preserve the species. Whoever hit upon them, or inherited them, fought his battle for himself and his offspring with greater luck. Such mistaken articles of belief, which were inherited ever further and at last became almost the basic stock of the human species, are for example these: that there are lasting things, that there are equal things, that there are things, substances, bodies, that a thing is what it appears to be, that our willing is free, that what is good for me is also good in and of itself. Only very late did deniers and doubters of such proposi-

tions appear. Only very late did truth appear, as the weakest form of knowledge. It seemed that one could not live with it, since our organism was built for its opposite. All its higher functions, the perceptions of the senses and every kind of feeling whatever, worked with those ancient, incorporated basic errors. More than that: those propositions became the very norms within knowledge by which one measured “true” and “untrue,” right down into the most remote regions of pure logic. So the *power* of knowledge lies not in its degree of truth, but in its age, its incorporation, its character as a condition of life. Where life and knowing seemed to come into conflict, there was never any serious fight. Denial and doubt were then taken as madness. Those exceptional thinkers, like the Eleatics, who nevertheless set up and held fast to the opposites of the natural errors, believed it possible to *live* this opposite too. They invented the sage as the human being of unchangeability, impersonality, and universality of perception, as one and all at once, with a special faculty for that reversed knowledge. They believed that their knowledge was at the same time the principle of life. But in order to be able to assert all this, they had to *deceive* themselves about their own condition. They had to ascribe to themselves impersonality and duration without change, misjudge the nature of the knower, deny the power of the drives within knowing, and in general grasp reason as a completely free activity that arose from itself. They closed their eyes to the fact that they too had come to their propositions by contradicting what was valid, or from a desire for rest, for sole possession, or for power. The finer development of honesty and skepticism finally made these people impossible too. Their life and judgment also turned out to depend on the ancient drives and basic errors of all feeling existence. That finer honesty and skepticism arose wherever two opposite propositions seemed *applicable* to life, because both were compatible with the basic errors. There one could argue about the higher or lower degree of *use* to life. It also arose where new propositions showed themselves useless to life, but at least not harmful: as expressions of an intellectual play drive, innocent and happy like all play. Gradually the human brain filled with such judgments and convictions, and in this tangle there arose fermentation, struggle and a craving for power. Not only usefulness and pleasure, but every kind of drive

took sides in the struggle over the “truths.” The intellectual struggle became an occupation, a stimulus, a calling, a duty, a dignity. Knowing and striving after the true finally ranked itself among the other needs as one more need. From then on, not only belief and conviction, but also examination, denial, distrust and contradiction were a *power*. All the “evil” instincts were subordinated to knowledge and placed in its service, and they received the glamor of the permitted, the honored, the useful, and finally the eye and innocence of the *good*. Knowledge thus became a piece of life itself, and as life it became an ever-growing power, until at last the knowledge and those ancient basic errors collided, both as life, both as power, both within the same human being. The thinker: That is now the being in whom the drive to truth and those life-preserving errors fight their first battle, now that the drive to truth too has proved itself a life-preserving power. Compared with the importance of this struggle, everything else is indifferent. The last question about the conditions of life is posed here, and the first attempt is made to answer this question with experiment. To what extent can truth bear incorporation? That is the question, that is the experiment.

- ¹¹¹ *The Origin of Logic*. — Where did logic in the human head come from? Surely from the illogical, whose realm must originally have been enormous. But countless beings that inferred differently from the way we infer now perished. It could still have been truer! For example, whoever did not find the “same” often enough, with regard to food or to the animals that threatened him, and who therefore subsumed too slowly and was too cautious in subsumption, had only a smaller chance of surviving than the one who guessed sameness at once in everything similar. But the predominant tendency to treat the similar as the same, an illogical tendency, since in itself nothing is the same, first created the whole foundation of logic. In the same way, for the concept of substance to arise, which is indispensable to logic, although nothing real corresponds to it in the strictest sense, the changing in things must for a long time not have been seen or felt. Beings that did not see precisely had an advantage over those that saw everything “in flux.” In itself, every high degree of caution in inference,

every skeptical tendency, is already a great danger to life. No living beings would have been preserved if the opposite tendency had not been bred enormously strong: the tendency to affirm rather than suspend judgment, to err and invent rather than wait, to agree rather than deny, to judge rather than be just. The course of logical thoughts and conclusions in our present brain corresponds to a process and struggle of drives, each of which is in itself very illogical and unjust. We usually experience only the result of the struggle. This ancient mechanism works in us so quickly and so hidden.

- 112 *Cause and Effect.* — We call it “explanation.” But it is “description” that distinguishes us from earlier stages of knowledge and science. We describe better. We explain no more than all earlier people did. We have uncovered a manifold succession where the naive human being and the researcher of older cultures saw only two things, “cause” and “effect,” as the phrase went. We have perfected the picture of becoming, but we have not got beyond the picture, behind the picture. In every case the series of “causes” stands much more completely before us. We conclude: this and that must come first, so that that follows. But we have *understood* nothing with this. Quality, for example in every chemical becoming, still appears as a “miracle,” and so does every movement. No one has “explained” the impact. How could we explain at all! We operate with nothing but things that do not exist: lines, surfaces, bodies, atoms, divisible times, divisible spaces. How can explanation even be possible when we first turn everything into a *picture*, our picture! It is enough to regard science as the most faithful possible humanizing of things. We keep learning to describe ourselves more and more precisely while we describe things and their succession. Cause and effect: probably such a pairing never exists. In truth a continuum stands before us, from which we isolate a few pieces. In the same way we only ever perceive a movement as isolated points, so that we do not really see it but infer it. The suddenness with which many effects stand out misleads us. But it is only sudden for us. In this second of suddenness there is an infinite number of processes that escape us. An intellect that saw cause and effect as a continuum, not as we

do, as an arbitrary dividing-up and chopping-up, that saw the flow of what happens, would reject the concept of cause and effect and deny all conditionality.

- 113 *On the Doctrine of Poisons.* — So much has to come together for scientific thinking to arise, and all these necessary powers had to be invented, practiced and cultivated one by one! In isolation, however, they very often had a quite different effect from what they have now, when within scientific thinking they check and discipline one another. They worked as poisons. For example the doubting drive, the denying drive, the waiting drive, the collecting drive, the dissolving drive. Many hecatombs of human beings were sacrificed before these drives learned to understand their coexistence and to feel themselves as functions of a single organizing power within one human being! And how far we still are from the artistic powers and the practical wisdom of life joining scientific thinking, from a higher organic system forming, in relation to which the scholar, the physician, the artist and the lawgiver, as we now know them, would have to appear as meager antiquities!
- 114 *The Scope of the Moral.* — We construct a new picture that we see, at once, with the help of all the old experiences we have had, *in proportion to* our degree of honesty and justice. There are no experiences at all except moral ones, not even within the realm of sense perception.
- 115 *The Four Errors.* — Human beings have been educated by their errors. First, they always saw themselves only incompletely. Second, they ascribed invented qualities to themselves. Third, they felt themselves in a false ranking with respect to animals and nature. Fourth, they kept inventing new tables of goods and took them for a time as eternal and unconditional, so that now this, now that human drive or state stood in first place, and as a result of this valuation was refined. If you subtract the effect of these four errors, then you have also subtracted humanity, human kindness, and “human dignity.”

116 *The Herd Instinct.* — Wherever we find a morality, we find an estimate and a ranking of human drives and actions. These estimates and rankings are always the expression of the needs of a community and a herd. What first benefits the herd, and second and third, is also the highest standard for the value of every individual. Through morality the individual is taught to be a function of the herd, and to ascribe value to himself only as a function. Since the conditions for preserving one community have been very different from those for preserving another, there have been very different moralities. And with regard to the essential transformations of herds, communities, states and societies that still lie ahead, one can prophesy that there will still be very divergent moralities. Morality is the herd instinct in the individual.

117 *The Herd's Bad Conscience.* — In the longest and most distant times of humanity there was a quite different bad conscience from today's. Today one feels responsible only for what one wills and does, and has one's pride in oneself. All our teachers of law start from this feeling of self and pleasure in the individual, as if the source of right had always sprung from here. But for most of human history nothing was more dreadful than feeling oneself alone. Being alone, feeling individually, neither obeying nor ruling, signifying an individual: that was then not a pleasure but a punishment. One was sentenced "to be an individual." Freedom of thought counted as discomfort itself. While we experience law and classification as constraint and loss, people in earlier times experienced egoism as a painful thing, a real distress. To be oneself, to value oneself by one's own measure and weight: that then went against taste. The inclination to it would have been felt as madness, for every misery and every fear was linked with being alone. Then "free will" had the bad conscience as its closest neighbor. And the less free one acted, the more the herd instinct rather than personal feeling spoke from the action, the more moral one judged oneself. Everything that harmed the herd, whether the individual had willed it or not, then gave the individual a bad conscience, and his neighbor too, and indeed the whole herd! We have learned the most of all to unlearn this.

118 *Goodwill.* — Is it virtuous when one cell turns itself into the function of a stronger cell? It must. And is it evil when the stronger assimilates that one? It must too. For it is necessary for it, since it strives for an overabundant replacement and wants to regenerate itself. Accordingly, in goodwill one must distinguish between the drive to appropriate and the drive to subordinate, depending on whether the stronger or the weaker feels goodwill. Joy and desire go together in the stronger, who wants to shape something into his function. Joy and the wish to be desired go together in the weaker, who wants to become a function. Pity is essentially the former, a pleasant stirring of the drive to appropriate, at the sight of the weaker. In this we must also remember that “strong” and “weak” are relative concepts.

119 *No Altruism!* — I see in many people a surplus of strength and a delight in wanting to be a function. They press toward it and have the finest sense for all those places where precisely they can be a function. To this belong those women who turn themselves into the function of a man in the area where he is weakly developed, and in this way become his purse, or his politics, or his social life. Such beings preserve themselves best when they fit into a foreign organism. If they do not succeed, they become annoyed and irritated, and they devour themselves.

120 *Health of the Soul.* — The popular medical formula for morality (whose originator is Ariston of Chios), “virtue is the health of the soul,” would at least have to be altered to be of use: “your virtue is the health of your soul.” For there is no health in itself, and all attempts to define a thing in this way have miserably failed. What health means, even for your body, depends on your goal, your horizon, your strengths, your impulses, your errors, and above all on the ideals and phantasms of your soul. Thus there are countless healths of the body. And the more one allows the single and incomparable to raise its head once more, the more one unlearns the dogma of the “equality of human beings,” the more the concept of a normal health, along with a normal diet and a normal course of illness, must vanish from our physicians. Only then would it be time to reflect on the health and sickness of the *soul*, and to place each person’s peculiar

virtue in its health, which of course might look, in one person, like the opposite of health in another. Finally, the great question would remain open whether we could *do without* sickness, even for the development of our virtue. And whether our thirst for knowledge and self-knowledge does not need the sick soul just as much as the healthy one. In short, whether the sole will to health is not a prejudice, a cowardice, and perhaps a piece of the finest barbarism and backwardness.

¹²¹ *Life Is No Argument.* — We have made for ourselves a world in which we can live, by assuming bodies, lines, surfaces, causes and effects, motion and rest, form and content. Without these articles of faith no one could now bear to live! But that does not make them proven. Life is no argument. Under the conditions of life, error might be the very thing.

¹²² *Moral Skepticism in Christianity.* — Christianity too has made a great contribution to enlightenment, and it taught moral skepticism in a very penetrating and effective way: accusingly, embitteringly, but with tireless patience and subtlety. It destroyed in every individual person the belief in his “virtues.” It made forever disappear from the earth those great virtuous people of whom antiquity was not short, those popular figures who went about in the belief in their own perfection with the dignity of a bullfight hero. When we now read the moral books of the ancients, for example Seneca’s and Epictetus’s, educated in this Christian school of skepticism, we feel an amusing superiority. We are full of secret insights and overviews. We feel as if a child were speaking before an old man, or as if a young, beautiful enthusiast were speaking before La Rochefoucauld. We know better what virtue is! But in the end we have applied this same skepticism to all *religious* states and processes as well, such as sin, repentance, grace and sanctification, and we have let the worm dig so well that now we have the same feeling of subtle superiority and insight when we read all the Christian books. We know the religious feelings better too! And it is time to know them well and to describe them well, for the devout of the old faith are dying out too. Let us at least preserve their image and their type for knowledge!

123 *Knowledge as More Than a Means.* — Even without this new passion, I mean the passion of knowledge, science would still be advanced. Without it, science has grown and become great until now. The good faith in science, the favorable prejudice by which our states are now governed (formerly it was even the church), rests at bottom on the fact that this unconditional urge has revealed itself so rarely within science, and that science is regarded precisely *not* as a passion but as a state and an “ethos.” Indeed, the *amour-plaisir* of knowledge (curiosity) is often enough, the *amour-vanité* is enough, a habit of it, with the ulterior aim of honor and bread is enough. For many people it is enough that, with a surplus of leisure, they know nothing to do but read, collect, arrange, observe, and then retell. Their “scientific drive” is their boredom. Pope Leo the Tenth once sang the praises of science (in a brief to Beroaldus). He called it the finest adornment and the greatest pride of our life, a noble occupation in happiness and unhappiness. “Without it,” he finally says, “all human undertakings would be without firm support. Even with it they are changeable and uncertain enough!” But this moderately skeptical pope, like all the other church panegyrists of science, keeps silent about his final judgment of it. From his words one may pick out what is remarkable enough for such a friend of the arts: that he puts science above art. In the end, however, it is only a courtesy when he does not speak here of what he too places far above all science: of “revealed truth” and of the “eternal salvation of the soul.” Compared with these, what are adornment, pride, entertainment, and securing of life! “Science is something of second rank, nothing final, unconditional, no object of passion.” This judgment remained in Leo’s soul: the properly Christian judgment of science! In antiquity its dignity and recognition were diminished, because even among its most eager disciples the striving for virtue came first, and people thought they had given knowledge its highest praise once they celebrated it as the best means of virtue. It is something new in history that knowledge wants to be more than a means.

124 *On the Horizon of the Infinite.* — We have left the land and gone to sea! We have the bridge behind us, or rather, we have broken off the land behind us! Now, little ship, watch out! Beside you lies the ocean. It is true that it does not always roar, and at times it lies there like silk and gold and the dreaminess of kindness. But there will come hours when you recognize that it is infinite, and that there is nothing more terrible than infinity. Oh, poor bird, that felt free and now bumps against the walls of this cage! Woe, when homesickness for land comes over you, as if there had been more *freedom* there. And there is no “land” anymore!

125 *The Madman.* — Have you not heard of that madman who lit a lantern in the bright morning, ran to the marketplace, and cried out unceasingly: “I seek God! I seek God!” As many of those who did not believe in God were standing around together there, he caused great laughter. Has he then got lost? said one. Has he strayed like a child? said another. Or is he hiding? Is he afraid of us? Has he gone on board a ship? Emigrated? — So they cried out and laughed all at once. The madman leaped into their midst and pierced them with his eyes. “Where has God gone?” he cried. “I will tell you! *We have killed him*, you and I! We are all his murderers! But how did we do this? How were we able to drink up the sea? Who gave us the sponge to wipe away the entire horizon? What did we do when we unchained this earth from its sun? Where is it moving now? Where are we moving? Away from all suns? Are we not falling continually? Backward, sideways, forward, in every direction? Is there still an up and a down? Are we not wandering as if through an endless nothing? Does not empty space breathe on us? Has it not become colder? Does not night keep coming, more and more night?

“Must not lanterns be lit in the morning? Do we not hear anything yet of the noise of the gravediggers who are burying God? Do we not smell anything yet of God’s decay? — Gods too decay! God is dead! God remains dead! And we have killed him! How shall we console ourselves, the murderers of all murderers? The holiest and most powerful thing the world has possessed until now has bled to death under our knives. Who will wipe this blood off us? With what

water could we cleanse ourselves? What atonement festivals, what sacred games will we have to invent? Is not the greatness of this deed too great for us? Must we not ourselves become gods, merely to appear worthy of it? There was never a greater deed, and whoever is born after us, for the sake of this deed, belongs to a higher history than all history has been until now!" — Here the madman fell silent and looked at his listeners again. They too were silent and looked at him in astonishment. At last he threw his lantern on the ground, so that it broke into pieces and went out. "I come too early, he said then. I am not yet at the right time. This tremendous event is still on its way, wandering. It has not yet reached the ears of human beings. Lightning and thunder need time. The light of the stars needs time. Deeds need time, even after they have been done, to be seen and heard. This deed is still farther from them than the farthest stars, *and yet they have done it themselves!*" It is also told that on the same day the madman forced his way into several churches and there intoned his *Requiem aeternam deo*. Led out and called to account, he always answered only this: "What are these churches still, if they are not the tombs and sepulchers of God?"

¹²⁶ *Mystical Explanations.* — Mystical explanations are considered profound. The truth is that they are not even superficial.

¹²⁷ *The Aftereffect of the Oldest Religiosity.* — Every thoughtless person believes that the will is the only thing that acts. Willing seems to him something simple, simply given, not derivable, self-evidently understood. He is convinced that when he does something, for example delivers a blow, *he* is the one who strikes, and that he struck because he *wanted* to strike. He notices no problem in this at all. The feeling of the *will* is enough for him, not only to accept cause and effect, but also to believe that he *understands* their relation. Of the mechanism of what happens, and of the hundredfold fine work that must be accomplished before the blow can come about, and likewise of the inability of the will itself to do even the smallest part of this work, he knows nothing. For him the will is a magically working force. Belief in the will as the cause of effects is belief in magically working forces. Now, originally humans believed that wherever they saw something happen, a will was its cause, and that personal, willing beings

were at work in the background. The concept of mechanics was quite remote from them. But because human beings believed for enormous stretches of time only in persons, and not in materials, forces, things and so on, belief in cause and effect became their basic belief, which they apply wherever something happens. They still do so now, instinctively, as a piece of atavism of the oldest descent. The statements “no effect without a cause” and “every effect in turn a cause” appear as generalizations of much narrower propositions: “where something is effected, something has been willed,” “only willing beings can be affected,” “there is never a pure, consequence-free undergoing of an effect; all undergoing is an arousal of the will (to act, to defend, to take revenge, to retaliate).” But in the earliest times of humanity, these propositions and those were identical. The first were not generalizations of the second. Rather, the second were explanations of the first. Schopenhauer, with his assumption that everything that exists is only something willing, lifted an ancient mythology to the throne. He never seems to have tried an analysis of the will, because he *believed* in the simplicity and immediacy of all willing, like everyone else. Yet willing is only a mechanism so well practiced that it almost escapes the observing eye. Against him I set up these propositions. First, for will to arise, a representation of pleasure and displeasure is needed. Second, that a violent stimulus is felt as pleasure or displeasure is the business of the *interpreting* intellect, which, to be sure, mostly works for us unconsciously. And one and the same stimulus *can* be interpreted as pleasure or as displeasure. Third, only among intellectual beings are there pleasure, displeasure and will. The overwhelming majority of organisms have none of these.

- 128 *The Value of Prayer.* — Prayer was invented for people who in fact never have thoughts of their own, and for whom an elevation of the soul is unknown or passes unnoticed. What should such people do in holy places, and in all the important situations of life that require calm and a kind of dignity? So that they at least do not *disturb*, the wisdom of all founders of religions, small and great, has commanded them a formula of prayer, as a long mechanical labor of the lips, joined with an effort of memory and with an equally fixed posture of

hands, feet and eyes! So let them chew over their “om mane padme hum” countless times, like the Tibetans. Or, as in Benares, let them count off the name of the god Ram-Ram-Ram on their fingers (and so on, with or without grace). Or let them honor Vishnu with his thousand names, or Allah with his ninety-nine names of invocation. Or let them use prayer wheels and rosaries. The main thing is that for a time they are fixed in this work and offer a tolerable sight. Their kind of prayer was invented for the benefit of the devout, who know thoughts and elevations of their own. And even these have their weary hours, when a row of venerable words and sounds, and a pious mechanics, does them good. But suppose these rare people (in every religion the religious person is an exception) know how to help themselves. Those poor in spirit do not know how to help themselves, and to forbid them the clatter of prayer is to take their religion away from them, as Protestantism keeps showing more and more. Religion does not want more from such people than that they *keep still*, with eyes, hands, legs and organs of every kind. In this way they are temporarily made more beautiful, and more human-like!

- 129 *The Conditions of God.* — “God himself cannot exist without wise people,” said Luther, and with good reason. But “God can exist even less without unwise people,” the good Luther did not say!
- 130 *A Dangerous Decision.* — The Christian decision to find the world ugly and bad has made the world ugly and bad.
- 131 *Christianity and Suicide.* — At the time of its origin, Christianity turned the immense longing for suicide into a lever of its power. It left only two forms of suicide, clothed them in the highest dignity and the highest hopes, and forbade all others in a terrible way. But martyrdom, and the slow self-destruction of the ascetic, were allowed.
- 132 *Against Christianity.* — Now our taste decides against Christianity, no longer our reasons.

- 133 *Principle.* — An unavoidable hypothesis, to which humanity must keep falling back, is in the long run *more powerful* than even the most firmly believed faith in something untrue (such as the Christian faith). “In the long run” here means for a hundred thousand years.
- 134 *The Pessimists as Victims.* — Where a deep displeasure with existence gets the upper hand, the aftereffects of a great dietary error come to light, one that a people has long been guilty of. Thus the spread of Buddhism (*not* its origin) depends in large part on the Indians’ excessive and almost exclusive diet of rice, and on the general lethargy that follows from it. Perhaps the European dissatisfaction of modern times should be seen in the light of this: our forebears, the whole Middle Ages, thanks to the influence of Germanic tendencies on Europe, were devoted to drink. Middle Ages, that is, the alcohol poisoning of Europe. The German displeasure with life is essentially a winter sickness, not counting the effects of cellar air and stove fumes in German living rooms.
- 135 *The Origin of Sin.* — Sin, as it is now felt everywhere that Christianity rules or once ruled, is a Jewish feeling and a Jewish invention. Against this background of all Christian morality, Christianity was indeed set on “Judaizing” the whole world. We feel most finely how far it succeeded in Europe in the degree of strangeness that the Greek antiquity, a world without feelings of sin, still has for our feeling, despite all the good will toward closeness and assimilation, which whole generations and many outstanding individuals did not lack. “Only if you *repent* will God be gracious to you”: to a Greek this is a laughing matter and a scandal. He would say, “That is how slaves may feel.” Here a powerful being is presupposed, an overpowerful one, and yet one who is eager for revenge. His power is so great that no harm can be done to him at all, except in the point of honor. Every sin is a violation of respect, a *crimen laesae majestatis divinae*, and nothing more! Contrition, humiliation, rolling in the dust: these are the first and last conditions to which his grace is tied, that is, the restoration of his divine honor! Whether harm is done to anything else through sin, whether a deep, growing ruin is planted by it that seizes and strangles one person after another like a disease, this honor-hungry Oriental in heaven does not care. Sin

is an offense against him, not against humanity! To whomever he has given his grace, he also gives this indifference to the natural consequences of sin. God and humanity are thought of here as so separated and opposed that, at bottom, nothing can be sinned against humanity at all. Every deed is to be considered *only* in terms of its *supernatural* consequences, not its natural ones. That is what the Jewish feeling wants, for which everything natural is unworthy in itself. The Greeks, by contrast, were more inclined to think that even a crime could have dignity: even theft, as in Prometheus, even the slaughter of cattle as an expression of a maddened envy, as in Ajax. In their need to invent dignity for a crime and to take it in, they invented *tragedy*, an art and a pleasure which, despite all his poetic gift and his inclination toward the sublime, has remained at the deepest level foreign to the Jew.

136 *The Chosen People.* — The Jews feel themselves to be the chosen people among the peoples, and indeed because they are the moral genius among the peoples, by virtue of the capacity that they have *despised humanity within themselves more deeply* than any other people. The Jews enjoy their divine monarch and saint in a way similar to the enjoyment the French nobility had of Louis XIV. That nobility had let all its power and self-rule be taken away and had become contemptible. To avoid feeling this, to be able to forget it, they needed a royal splendor, a royal authority and a plenitude of power *without equal*, to which only the nobility had access. By this privilege they raised themselves to the height of the court, and from there, looking down on everything below them, they saw everything as contemptible. In this way they rose above all sensitivity of conscience. So they deliberately piled the tower of royal power higher and higher into the clouds, and set the last building blocks of their own power on top.

137 *Spoken in a Parable.* — A Jesus Christ was possible only in a Jewish landscape, I mean one over which the dark and sublime thundercloud of the wrathful Jehovah constantly hung. Only here was the rare, sudden shining through of a single ray of sun through the dreadful, general, lasting day-and-night felt as a miracle of “love,” as the ray of the most undeserved “grace.” Only here could

Christ dream his rainbow and his ladder to heaven, by which God came down to human beings. Everywhere else, bright weather and sun counted too much as the rule and as everyday fact.

- 138 *The Error of Christ.* — The founder of Christianity thought that human beings suffered from nothing so much as from their sins. It was his error, the error of a man who felt himself without sin and lacked experience in this respect! So his soul filled with that wonderful, fantastic compassion that was meant for a distress which, even among his own people, the inventors of sin, was seldom a great distress. But the Christians have understood how to create the right for their master after the fact, and to hallow his error as “truth.”
- 139 *The Color of the Passions.* — Natures like that of the apostle Paul have an evil eye for the passions. They know from them only what is dirty, disfiguring and heartbreaking. Their ideal drive therefore aims at the annihilation of the passions. In the divine they see their complete purity. Quite differently from Paul and the Jews, the Greeks turned their ideal drive precisely toward the passions, and loved them, raised them up, gilded them and deified them. Evidently they felt in passion not only happier, but also purer and more divine than otherwise. And now the Christians? Did they want to become Jews in this? Perhaps they have become them.
- 140 *Too Jewish.* — If God wanted to become an object of love, he would first have had to give up judging and justice. A judge, even a gracious judge, is not an object of love. The founder of Christianity did not feel this finely enough, being a Jew.
- 141 *Too Oriental.* — What? A God who loves human beings, provided they believe in him, and who hurls terrible looks and threats against the one who does not believe in this love! What? A conditional love as the feeling of an almighty God! A love that has not even gained mastery over the feeling of honor and of irritated vengeance! How Oriental it all is! “If I love you, what business is it of yours?” is already a sufficient critique of the whole of Christianity.

142 *Incense.* — Buddha says: “Do not flatter your benefactor!” Repeat this saying in a Christian church: it at once cleanses the air of everything Christian.

143 *The Greatest Benefit of Polytheism.* — That the individual should set up his *own* ideal and derive from it his own law, his own joys and his own rights: until now this was considered the most monstrous of all human aberrations, and idolatry in itself. In fact, the few who dared to do it always needed an apology before themselves, and it usually went: “Not I! Not I! It is a god, working through me!” The marvelous art and power of creating gods, polytheism, was the place where this drive could be discharged, where it purified itself, perfected itself, and ennobled itself. For originally it was a common and unsightly drive, related to obstinacy, disobedience and envy. To be *hostile* to this drive toward one’s own ideal was once the law of all morality. There was only one norm: “*man*.” And each people believed it *had* this one and final norm. But above and outside oneself, in a distant beyond-world, one could see a *plurality of norms*. One god was not the denial or blasphemy of another god! Here people first permitted individuals; here they first honored the right of individuals. The invention of gods, heroes and superhumans of every kind, as well as of lesser and lower beings, dwarfs, fairies, centaurs, satyrs, demons and devils, was the priceless preparation for justifying the selfishness and self-rule of the individual. The freedom that people granted to their god against the other gods, they finally granted to themselves against laws, customs and neighbors. Monotheism, on the other hand, that rigid consequence of the teaching of one *normal human being*, which means belief in a normal god, beside whom there are only false, lying gods, was perhaps the greatest danger humanity has faced: here threatened that premature standstill which, as far as we can see, most other animal species reached long ago. All of them believe in one normal animal and ideal in their kind, and the morality of custom has finally translated itself into flesh and blood. In polytheism the freethinking and the many-mindedness of human beings was prefigured: the power to create new and their own eyes, and again new and even more their own. So for humans alone, of all animals, there are no eternal horizons and perspectives.

- ¹⁴⁴ *Wars of Religion.* — The greatest progress of the masses so far has been the war of religion, for it proves that the masses have begun to treat concepts with reverence. Wars of religion arise only when, through the finer disputes of sects, general reason has been refined, so that even the common people become subtle and take trifles seriously, indeed consider it possible that the “eternal salvation of the soul” hangs on small differences of concepts.
- ¹⁴⁵ *The Danger of the Vegetarians.* — The predominantly enormous consumption of rice drives toward the use of opium and narcotic things, just as the predominantly enormous consumption of potatoes drives toward brandy. But in a finer aftereffect it also drives toward ways of thinking and feeling that work narcotically. This fits with the fact that the promoters of narcotic ways of thinking and feeling, like those Indian teachers, want precisely to praise a diet that is purely vegetable and to make it the law for the masses. In this way they want to awaken and increase the need which they are able to satisfy.
- ¹⁴⁶ *German Hopes.* — Let us not forget that the names of peoples are usually insults. The Tatars, for example, are by their name “the dogs.” This is what the Chinese called them. The “Germans”: originally this meant “the heathens.” After their conversion, the Goths called the great mass of their unbaptized kinsmen this, following their translation of the Septuagint, in which the heathens are designated by the word that in Greek means “the peoples.” See Ulphilas. It would still be possible for the Germans to make an honorary name out of their old insult, by becoming the first *unchristian* people of Europe. Schopenhauer counted it to their credit that they had a great talent for this. So the work of *Luther* would come to completion, for he taught them to be unroman and to speak: “Here I stand. *I* cannot do otherwise!”
- ¹⁴⁷ *Question and Answer.* — What do wild tribes first take over from Europeans? Brandy and Christianity, the European narcotics. And what do they perish of most quickly? Of the European narcotics.

148 *Where Reformations Arise.* — At the time of the great corruption of the church, in Germany the church was least corrupt. That is why the Reformation arose *here*, as a sign that even the beginnings of corruption were felt to be unbearable. Relatively speaking, no people was ever more Christian than the Germans at the time of Luther. Their Christian culture was just ready to burst into a hundredfold splendor of bloom. Only one night was missing. But that night brought the storm that put an end to everything.

149 *The Failure of Reformations.* — It speaks for the higher culture of the Greeks, even in fairly early times, that several attempts to found new Greek religions failed. It speaks for the fact that there must have been, early on, a great number of differently constituted individuals in Greece, whose differing distress could not be cured with a single recipe of belief and hope. Pythagoras and Plato, perhaps also Empedocles, and much earlier the Orphic enthusiasts, were all bent on founding new religions. The first two had such genuine souls and talents of religious founders that one cannot marvel enough at their failure. But they only ever achieved sects. Every time the reformation of an entire people fails and only sects raise their heads, one may conclude that the people is already very varied within itself, and is beginning to detach itself from the coarse herd instincts and from the morality of custom. This is a meaningful state of suspension, which people are used to disparaging as decline of morals and corruption, while it announces the ripening of the egg and the imminent breaking of the eggshell. That Luther's Reformation succeeded in the North is a sign that the North had remained behind the South of Europe, and still knew fairly uniform and one-colored needs. And there would never have been a Christianization of Europe at all, if the culture of the old southern world had not gradually been barbarized and lost its cultural superiority through an excessive admixture of Germanic barbarian blood. The more generally and unconditionally a single person, or a single person's thought, can have an effect, the more uniform and the lower the mass must be on which it works. Counter-efforts, by contrast, reveal inner counter-needs that also want to satisfy themselves and prevail. Conversely, one may always infer a real height of culture

when powerful and domineering natures achieve only a small and sectarian effect. This holds for the individual arts too, and for the fields of knowledge. Where there is rule, there are masses. Where there are masses, there is a need for slavery. Where there is slavery, there are only a few individuals, and these have the herd instincts and the conscience against them.

150 *A Critique of the Saints.* — Must one, in order to have a virtue, want to have it in its most brutal form? That is how the Christian saints wanted it, and needed it. They endured life only with the thought that at the sight of their virtue everyone would be overcome by contempt for himself. A virtue with such an effect I call brutal.

151 *The Origin of Religion.* — The metaphysical need is not the origin of religions, as Schopenhauer claims. It is only a sprout from them. Under the rule of religious thoughts, people have become used to the idea of an “other world” (behind, below or above). When religious thoughts are destroyed, people feel an uncomfortable emptiness and lack. And now from this feeling another “other world” grows out again, but now only a metaphysical one, no longer a religious one. What led in the earliest times to the assumption of an “other world” at all was not a drive or a need, but an error in interpreting certain natural events, an embarrassment of the intellect.

152 *The Greatest Change.* — The lighting and the colors of all things have changed! We no longer fully understand how the ancient people felt the nearest and most common things, for example the day and being awake. Because the ancients believed in dreams, waking life had different lights. And the same goes for the whole of life, with the reflection of death and its meaning: our “death” is an entirely different death. All experiences shone differently, for a god gleamed out of them. All decisions and views of the distant future did too, for people had oracles and secret signs and believed in prophecy. “Truth” was felt differently, for at one time a madman could pass as its mouthpiece, which makes *us* shudder or laugh. Every injustice affected feeling differently, for people feared divine retribution, and not only civil punishment and disgrace. What

was joy in the time when one believed in devils and tempters! What was passion, when one saw demons lurking nearby! What was philosophy, when doubt was felt as a sin of the most dangerous kind, and indeed as an offense against eternal love, as mistrust of everything good, high, pure and merciful! We have newly colored things, and we keep painting on them. But what can we, for now, set against the *splendor of colors* of that old mistress? I mean the old humanity.

- 153 *Homo poeta.* — “I myself, who with the greatest care have made this tragedy of tragedies, as far as it is finished; I, who first knotted the knot of morality into existence and drew it so tight that only a god can loosen it (so Horace demands!), I have now in the fourth act killed all the gods, out of morality! What is to become of the fifth! Where shall I still get the tragic resolution from! Must I begin to think about a comic resolution?”
- 154 *Different Dangers of Life.* — You have no idea what you are living through. You stagger through life as if drunk and now and then tumble down a flight of stairs. But thanks to your drunkenness, you do not break your limbs in the process. Your muscles are too limp and your head too dim for you to find the stones of that staircase as hard as we others do! For us, life is a greater danger. We are made of glass. Woe to us if we *bump* into something! And everything is lost if we *fall*!
- 155 *What We Lack.* — We love *great* nature and have discovered it. This is because the *great* human beings are missing from our heads. The Greeks were the other way round. Their feeling for nature is different from ours.
- 156 *The Most Influential.* — When a person resists his whole age, holds it up at the gate and calls it to account, that must exert influence! Whether he wants to is beside the point. That he can is the matter.
- 157 *Mentiri.* — Pay attention! He ponders, and at once he has a lie ready. This is a stage of culture on which whole peoples have stood. Consider what the Romans expressed with *mentiri*!

- 158 *An Uncomfortable Quality.* — To find all things deep is an uncomfortable quality. It makes one constantly strain one's eyes, and in the end one always finds more than one wished for.
- 159 *Every Virtue Has Its Time.* — For someone who is unbending now, his honesty often brings a bad conscience. For unbendingness is the virtue of another age than honesty is.
- 160 *In Dealings with Virtues.* — One can also be undignified and fawning toward a virtue.
- 161 *To the Lovers of the Times.* — The runaway priest and the discharged convict keep making faces: what they want is a face without a past. But have you ever seen people who know that the future is reflected in their face, and who are so polite toward you, you lovers of "the times," that they make a face without a future?
- 162 *Egoism.* — Egoism is the *perspectival* law of feeling, by which what is nearest appears large and heavy, while everything diminishes in size and weight as it recedes into the distance.
- 163 *After a Great Victory.* — The best thing about a great victory is that it takes away the victor's fear of defeat. "Why not lose once? he says to himself. I am rich enough now to afford it."
- 164 *Those Who Seek Rest.* — I recognize spirits that seek rest by the many dark objects they set up around them. Whoever wants to sleep makes his room dark or crawls into a cave. A hint for those who do not know what they really seek most, and would like to know!
- 165 *The Happiness of Those Who Deny Themselves.* — Whoever denies himself something thoroughly and for a long time will, when he happens to meet it again, almost believe that he has discovered it. And what happiness every discoverer has! Let us be wiser than the snakes, which lie too long in the same sun.

- ¹⁶⁶ *Always in Our Own Company.* — Everything of my kind, in nature and in history, speaks to me, praises me, drives me forward, comforts me. The rest I do not hear, or I forget it at once. We are always only in our own company.
- ¹⁶⁷ *Misanthropy and Love.* — One speaks of being sick of people only when one can no longer digest them and yet still has one's stomach full of them. Misanthropy is the consequence of a love of humanity that is too greedy, a "man-eating." But who asked you, my Prince Hamlet, to swallow people like oysters?
- ¹⁶⁸ *Of a Sick Man.* — "Things are going badly for him!" What is lacking? "He suffers from the desire to be praised, and finds no food for it." Incomprehensible! The whole world celebrates him, and people carry him not only on their hands but on their lips! "Yes, but he has a poor ear for praise. If a friend praises him, it sounds to him as if the friend were praising himself. If an enemy praises him, it sounds to him as if the enemy wanted to be praised for it. If at last one of the rest praises him (there are not so many of the rest left, he is so famous!), it insults him that they do not want him as either friend or enemy. He is in the habit of saying: 'What do I care for someone who can even play the just man against me!'"
- ¹⁶⁹ *Open Enemies.* — Courage in the face of the enemy is a thing of its own. With it one can still be a coward and an irresolute muddlehead. Napoleon judged this way about the "bravest man" he knew, Murat. From this it follows that open enemies are indispensable for some people, if they are to rise to their virtue, their manliness and their cheerfulness.
- ¹⁷⁰ *With the Crowd.* — Until now he has run with the crowd and been its praiser. But one day he will be its opponent! For he follows it believing that his laziness will be served by this. He has not yet learned that the crowd is not lazy enough for him! That it always presses forward! That it lets no one stand still! And he likes so much to stand still!

- 171 *Fame.* — When the gratitude of many toward one throws off all shame, fame comes into being.
- 172 *The Spoiler of Taste.* — A: “You are a spoiler of taste, so everyone says!” B: “Certainly! I spoil every party’s taste for itself. No party forgives me for that.”
- 173 *Deep Being and Deep Seeming.* — Whoever knows himself to be deep strives for clarity. Whoever wants to seem deep to the crowd strives for darkness. For the crowd considers everything deep whose bottom it cannot see. It is so timid, and goes into the water so unwillingly.
- 174 *Off to the Side.* — Parliamentarism, that is, the public permission to choose between five basic political opinions, flatters those many people who like to seem independent and individual and who would like to fight for their opinions. In the end, however, it makes no difference whether the herd has been ordered one opinion or allowed five. Whoever departs from the five public opinions and steps aside always has the whole herd against him.
- 175 *On Eloquence.* — Who has possessed the most convincing eloquence until now? The drumroll. And as long as kings have command of this, they are still the best orators and rabble-rousers.
- 176 *Compassion.* — The poor ruling princes! All their rights are now unexpectedly turning into claims, and all these claims soon sound like presumption! And when they only say “we” or “my people,” the old malicious Europe already smiles. Truly, a chief master of ceremonies of the modern world would make few ceremonies with them. Perhaps he would decree: “*les souverains rangent aux parvenus.*”
- 177 *On “Education.”* — In Germany the higher human being lacks a great means of education: the laughter of higher human beings. These do not laugh in Germany.

- 178 *On Moral Enlightenment.* — The Germans must be talked out of their Mephistopheles, and their Faust along with him. There are two moral prejudices against the value of knowledge.
- 179 *Thoughts.* — Thoughts are the shadows of our feelings, always darker, emptier and simpler than these.
- 180 *The Good Time of Free Spirits.* — Free spirits still take their freedoms even with regard to science, and for the time being people allow them these, as long as the church still stands! In this respect they now have their good time.
- 181 *Following and Going Ahead.* — A: “Of the two, one will always follow and the other always go ahead, wherever fate leads them. *And yet* the former stands above the latter, by his virtue and his spirit!” B: “And yet? And yet? That is said for the others; not for me, not for us! *Fit secundum regulam.*”
- 182 *In Solitude.* — When one lives alone, one does not speak too loudly, nor does one write too loudly, for one fears the hollow echo, the criticism of the nymph Echo. And all voices sound different in solitude!
- 183 *The Music of the Best Future.* — The first musician for me would be the one who knew only the sadness of the deepest happiness, and no other sadness. No such musician has existed until now.
- 184 *Justice.* — Better to be robbed than to have scarecrows around one. That is my taste. And under all circumstances it is a matter of taste, and nothing more!
- 185 *Poor.* — He is poor today, but not because everything has been taken from him. He is poor because he has thrown everything away. What does that matter to him? He is used to finding things. It is the poor who misunderstand his voluntary poverty.
- 186 *Bad Conscience.* — Everything he now does is fine and orderly, and yet he has a bad conscience about it. For the extraordinary is his task.

- 187 *What Offends in the Delivery.* — This artist offends me by the way he presents his ideas, his very good ideas: so broadly and emphatically, with such coarse tricks of persuasion, as if he were speaking to the mob. After a time, the time we have given to his art, we always feel as if we were “in bad company.”
- 188 *Work.* — How close labor and the laborer now stand even to the idlest of us! The royal courtesy in the words “we are all workers!” would still have been cynicism and indecency under Louis XIV.
- 189 *The Thinker.* — He is a thinker: that is, he knows how to take things more simply than they are.
- 190 *Against Those Who Praise.* — A: “One is praised only by one’s equals!” B: “Yes! And whoever praises you says to you: you are my equal!”
- 191 *Against Certain Defenses.* — The most treacherous way of harming a cause is to defend it on purpose with faulty reasons.
- 192 *The Good-Natured.* — What distinguishes those good-natured people, from whose faces goodwill shines, from other people? They feel at ease in the presence of a new person and fall in love with them quickly. They wish them well for it, and their first judgment is “I like them.” In them the following come one after another: the wish to appropriate (they have few scruples about the worth of the other), a quick appropriation, pleasure in possession, and acting for the benefit of the one possessed.
- 193 *Kant’s Joke.* — Kant wanted to prove, in a way that shocked “all the world,” that “all the world” was right. That was the secret joke of this soul. He wrote against the scholars in favor of popular prejudice, but for scholars and not for the people.
- 194 *The “Open-Hearted” Man.* — That person probably always acts on unspoken reasons. For he always has shareable reasons on his tongue, and almost in his open hand.

- 195 *Laughable!* — Look there! Look there! He runs *away* from people. But they follow him, because he runs *ahead* of them. So much are they a herd!
- 196 *The Limit of Our Hearing.* — One hears only the questions to which one is able to find an answer.
- 197 *Therefore Caution!* — Nothing do we share so gladly with others as the seal of secrecy, along with what lies beneath it.
- 198 *The Annoyance of the Proud.* — The proud man is annoyed even with those who push him forward. He looks angrily at the horses of his carriage.
- 199 *Generosity.* — Generosity among the rich is often only a kind of shyness.
- 200 *Laughter.* — Laughing means taking pleasure in another's misfortune, but with a good conscience.
- 201 *In Applause.* — There is always a kind of noise in applause, even in the applause we give ourselves.
- 202 *A Spendthrift.* — He does not yet have the poverty of the rich man who has already counted his whole treasure through once. He squanders his spirit with the unreason of the spendthrift Nature.
- 203 *Hic niger est.* — As a rule he has no thoughts at all, but for the exception bad thoughts come to him.
- 204 *Beggars and Politeness.* — “One is not impolite when one knocks on the door with a stone, since the bell-pull is missing.” That is how beggars and the needy of every kind think. But no one agrees with them.
- 205 *Need.* — Need is regarded as the cause of an origin. In truth it is often only an effect of what has come into being.
- 206 *In the Rain.* — It is raining, and I think of the poor people who now crowd together with their many worries, and without the practice of hiding them. So each is ready and willing to hurt the other, and even in bad weather to make for

himself a wretched kind of well-being. That, only that, is the poverty of the poor!

- 207 *The Envious Man.* — He is an envious fellow. One should not wish him children, for he would envy them, because he can no longer be a child himself.
- 208 *Great Man!* — From the fact that someone is “a great man,” one may not yet conclude that he is a man. Perhaps he is only a boy, or a chameleon of every age of life, or a bewitched little woman.
- 209 *One Way of Asking for Reasons.* — There is a way of asking us for our reasons in which we not only forget our best reasons, but also feel a defiance and aversion to reasons in general awaken in us. It is a very dulling way of asking, and a real trick of tyrannical people!
- 210 *Measure in Diligence.* — One must not want to outdo one’s father’s diligence. That makes one sick.
- 211 *Secret Enemies.* — To be able to keep a secret enemy is a luxury for which even the morality of high-minded spirits is usually not rich enough.
- 212 *Not Being Deceived.* — His mind has bad manners. He is hasty and always stammers from impatience. So one hardly suspects in what long-winded and broad-chested soul he is at home.
- 213 *The Way to Happiness.* — A wise man asked a fool what the way to happiness was. The fool answered at once, like someone asked the way to the next town: “Admire yourself and live in the street!” “Stop!” cried the sage. “You ask too much. It is enough to admire yourself!” The fool replied: “But how can one admire constantly without despising constantly?”
- 214 *Faith Makes Blessed.* — Virtue gives happiness and a kind of blessedness only to those who have the good faith in their virtue, but not to the finer souls whose virtue consists in deep distrust of themselves and of all virtue. In the end, then, “faith makes blessed” here too! And note: not virtue!

- 215 *Ideal and Material.* — You have a noble ideal before your eyes. But are you such a noble stone that a statue of a god could be carved out of you? And without that, is all your labor not a barbarous sculpture? A blasphemy against your ideal?
- 216 *Danger in the Voice.* — With a very loud voice in the throat, one is almost unable to think delicate things.
- 217 *Cause and Effect.* — Before the effect, one believes in other causes than after the effect.
- 218 *My Antipathy.* — I do not like people who, in order to have any effect at all, have to burst like bombs, and near whom one is always in danger of suddenly losing one's hearing, or even more.
- 219 *The Purpose of Punishment.* — Punishment has the purpose of improving the one who punishes. That is the last refuge for the defenders of punishment.
- 220 *Sacrifices.* — About sacrifice and self-sacrifice the sacrificial animals think differently from the spectators. But they have never been allowed to speak.
- 221 *Sparing.* — Fathers and sons spare one another much more than mothers and daughters do.
- 222 *Poet and Liar.* — The poet sees in the liar his milk-brother, whose milk he has drunk up. So the other has remained wretched, and has not even managed to attain a good conscience.
- 223 *The Vicariate of the Senses.* — "One has eyes in order to hear too," said an old confessor who had gone deaf. "And among the blind, the king is whoever has the longest ears."
- 224 *A Critique of Animals.* — I fear that animals regard human beings as creatures of their own kind who have lost, in a most dangerous way, their healthy animal sense. As the mad animal, as the laughing animal, as the weeping animal, as the unhappy animal.

- 225 *The Natural Ones.* — “Evil has always had the great effect on its side! And nature is evil! So let us be natural!” That is how the great hunters of effect in humanity secretly conclude, people who have all too often been counted among the great human beings.
- 226 *The Distrustful and Style.* — We say the strongest things plainly, provided that there are people around us who believe in our strength. Such surroundings educate toward “simplicity of style.” The distrustful speak emphatically. The distrustful make things emphatic.
- 227 *A Faulty Conclusion, a Faulty Shot.* — He cannot control himself, and from this that woman concludes it will be easy to control him, and she casts her lines of capture out toward him. The poor woman, who will shortly be his slave.
- 228 *Against Mediators.* — Whoever wants to mediate between two resolute thinkers is marked as mediocre. He does not have the eye for seeing the unique. The mania for seeing likeness and for making everything equal is the mark of weak eyes.
- 229 *Defiance and Loyalty.* — He holds on to a cause out of defiance, a cause that has become transparent to him. But he calls it “loyalty.”
- 230 *Lack of Discretion.* — His whole manner does not persuade. This comes from the fact that he has never kept silent about a good deed he has done.
- 231 *The “Thorough.”* — The slow ones of knowledge think that slowness belongs to knowledge.
- 232 *Dreaming.* — One does not dream at all, or dreams in an interesting way. One must learn to be awake in the same way: not at all, or in an interesting way.
- 233 *The Most Dangerous Point of View.* — What I now do or leave undone is as important for everything to come as the greatest event of the past. In this immense perspective of effect, all actions are equally great and small.

- 234 *A Musician's Words of Consolation.* — “Your life does not ring in people's ears. For them you live a silent life, and all the delicacy of the melody, all the tender resolution in following or going ahead, remains hidden from them. It is true: you do not come down the broad street with regimental music. But these good people therefore have no right to say that your way of life lacks music. Whoever has ears, let him hear.”
- 235 *Mind and Character.* — Some reach their peak as a character, but their mind is not in proportion to that height. And some the other way round.
- 236 *To Move the Crowd.* — Must not whoever wants to move the crowd be an actor of himself? Must he not first translate himself into the grotesquely clear, and present his whole person and cause in this coarsening and simplifying?
- 237 *The Polite One.* — “He is so polite!” Yes, he always carries a cake for Cerberus, and he is so timid that he takes everyone for Cerberus, even you and me. That is his “politeness.”
- 238 *Without Envy.* — He is completely without envy, but there is no merit in it. For he wants to conquer a land that no one has yet possessed and hardly anyone has even seen.
- 239 *The Joyless Man.* — A single joyless person is enough to bring lasting ill humor and a gloomy sky to a whole household. And only by a miracle does it happen that this one is missing! Happiness is by no means so contagious a disease. Why is that?
- 240 *By the Sea.* — I would not build myself a house (and it is even part of my happiness not to be a homeowner!). But if I had to, I would build it, like many a Roman, right out into the sea. I would like to share a few secrets with this beautiful monster.
- 241 *The Work and the Artist.* — This artist is ambitious and nothing more. In the end his work is only a magnifying glass, which he offers to everyone who looks at him.

- 242 *Suum cuique.* — However great the greed of my knowledge is, I can take out of things nothing other than what already belongs to me. The property of others remains in the things. How is it possible for a person to be a thief or a robber!
- 243 *The Origin of "Good" and "Bad."* — Only someone who knows how to feel "This is not good" invents an improvement.
- 244 *Thoughts and Words.* — One cannot even render one's thoughts entirely in words.
- 245 *Praise in the Choice.* — The artist chooses his materials. That is his way of praising.
- 246 *Mathematics.* — We want to drive the subtlety and rigor of mathematics into all the sciences, as far as this is at all possible. Not in the belief that by this path we will come to know things, but in order to fix our human relation to things. Mathematics is only the means of the general and final knowledge of humanity.
- 247 *Habit.* — All habit makes our hand more witty and our wit more clumsy.
- 248 *Books.* — What is the point of a book that does not even carry us above all books?
- 249 *The Sigh of the Knower.* — "Oh, my greed! No selflessness lives in this soul. Rather, there is an all-desiring self, which would like to see through many individuals as through its eyes, and grasp as with its hands. A self that would even drag the whole past back, a self that wants to lose nothing that could possibly belong to it! Oh, this flame of my greed! Oh, that I might be reborn in a hundred beings!" Whoever does not know this sigh from experience does not know the passion of the knower either.
- 250 *Guilt.* — Although the most acute judges of witches, and even the witches themselves, were convinced of the guilt of witchcraft, the guilt was nevertheless not there. So it is with all guilt.

- 251 *Misunderstood Sufferers.* — Magnificent natures suffer differently from what their admirers imagine. They suffer most from the ignoble, petty surges of some evil moments, in short, from their doubt about their own magnificence. Not from the sacrifices and martyrdoms their task demands of them. As long as Prometheus has pity on human beings and sacrifices himself for them, he is happy and great within himself. But when he becomes envious of Zeus, and of the homage that mortals pay to him, then he suffers!
- 252 *Better to Remain Guilty.* — “Better to remain in debt than to pay with a coin that does not bear our image!” That is what our sovereignty demands.
- 253 *Always at Home.* — One day we reach our goal, and then we point with pride to what long journeys we made to get there. In truth we did not notice that we were traveling. But we came so far that at every stop we imagined we were at home.
- 254 *Against Embarrassment.* — Whoever is always deeply occupied is beyond all embarrassment.
- 255 *Imitators.* — A: “What? You do not want imitators?” B: “I do not want people to imitate something of mine. I want everyone to pretend to himself: to do the same thing I do.” A: “So —?”
- 256 *Surface-ness.* — All people of depth find their happiness in becoming, for once, like flying fish, and playing on the outermost crests of the waves. They value the best thing about things to be that they have a surface: their surface-ness, *sit venia verbo*.
- 257 *From Experience.* — Some people do not know how rich they are until they learn what rich people still turn into thieves because of them.
- 258 *Deniers of Chance.* — No victor believes in chance.
- 259 *From Paradise.* — “Good and evil are God’s prejudices,” said the serpent.

- 260 *Multiplication Table.* — One is always wrong. But with two the truth begins. One cannot prove oneself. But two can no longer be refuted.
- 261 *Originality.* — What is originality? To *see* something that has no name yet, that cannot yet be named, though it lies before everyone's eyes. For ordinary people, it is only the name that first makes a thing visible at all. The original ones have mostly also been the namegivers.
- 262 *Sub specie aeterni.* — A: "You are moving away from the living ever faster. Soon they will strike you from their lists!" B: "It is the only way to share in the privilege of the dead." A: "Which privilege?" B: "Not to die anymore."
- 263 *Without Vanity.* — When we love, we want our flaws to stay hidden, not out of vanity, but because the beloved being should not suffer. Indeed, the lover would like to seem a god, and not out of vanity either.
- 264 *What We Do.* — What we do is never understood. It is only ever praised or blamed.
- 265 *The Last Skepticism.* — What, after all, are the truths of humanity? They are the *irrefutable* errors of humanity.
- 266 *Where Cruelty Is Necessary.* — Whoever has greatness is cruel toward his virtues and his second-rank considerations.
- 267 *With a Great Goal.* — With a great goal one is even superior to justice, not only to one's deeds and one's judges.
- 268 *What Makes One Heroic?* — To go at the same time toward one's highest suffering and one's highest hope.
- 269 *What Do You Believe In?* — In this: that the weights of all things must be determined anew.
- 270 *What Does Your Conscience Say?* — "You shall become the one you are."
- 271 *Where Are Your Greatest Dangers?* — In pity.

- ²⁷² *What Do You Love in Others?* — My hopes.
- ²⁷³ *Whom Do You Call Bad?* — Whoever always wants to shame.
- ²⁷⁴ *What Is Most Human to You?* — Sparing someone shame.
- ²⁷⁵ *What Is the Seal of Freedom Attained?* — No longer being ashamed in front of oneself.

Book IV



Sanctus Januarius.
You who with the flame-spear
Split the ice of my soul,
So that now it hurries roaring to the sea
Of its highest hope:
Ever brighter, ever healthier,
Free in the most loving necessity: —
So it praises your wonders,
Most beautiful Januarius!
Genoa, January 1882.

²⁷⁶ *For the New Year.* — I am still alive, I still think: I must still live, for I must still think. *Sum, ergo cogito; cogito, ergo sum.* Today everyone allows himself to speak his wish and his dearest thought. Very well, I too will say what I wished for myself today, and which thought first ran across my heart this year, the thought that is to be for me the reason, the pledge and the sweetness of all the life still to come! I want to learn more and more to see the necessity in things as their beauty. So I shall be one of those who make things beautiful. *Amor fati*: let that be my love from now on! I do not want to wage war against the ugly. I do not

want to accuse, I do not even want to accuse the accusers. *Looking away* shall be my only negation! And, all in all and in the large: I want, at some point, to be nothing but a sayer of Yes!

277 *Personal Providence.* — There is a certain high point in life. Once we have reached it, we are, with all our freedom, and however much we have denied the beautiful chaos of existence all caring reason and goodness, once more in the greatest danger of spiritual unfreedom, and we must pass our hardest test. For now the thought of a personal providence stands before us with the most insistent force, and it has the best advocate on its side, the evident fact, now that we can grasp with our hands that all things, all the things that happen to us, keep turning out for our best. The life of every day and every hour seems to want nothing more than to prove this sentence anew. Whatever it is, bad weather or good, the loss of a friend, an illness, a slander, a letter that does not come, a sprained foot, a glance into a shop window, a counterargument, the opening of a book, a dream, a deception: it proves at once, or very soon after, to be a thing that “could not be missing,” full of deep meaning and use precisely for us! Is there a more dangerous temptation than to give up the faith in Epicurus’s gods, those carefree unknown beings, and to believe in some anxious and petty deity, who personally knows every hair on our heads and finds no disgust in the most wretched service? Well, I mean in spite of all that! Let us leave the gods in peace, and the obliging geniuses too, and be content with the assumption that our own practical and theoretical skill at interpreting and arranging events has now reached its peak. Let us not think too highly of this nimbleness of our wisdom, even when the wonderful harmony that arises as we play our instrument surprises us too much. It is a harmony that sounds too good for us to dare to credit it to ourselves. In fact, here and there someone plays with us: dear chance. From time to time he guides our hand, and the wisest providence could not invent a more beautiful music than the music our foolish hand then succeeds in making.

278 *The Thought of Death.* — In the midst of this tangle of little lanes, needs and voices, I find a melancholy happiness in living. How much enjoyment, impatience and desire, how much thirsty life and intoxication of life comes to light every moment! And yet soon it will be so quiet for all these noisy, living, life-thirsty people! Behind each of them stands his shadow, his dark companion on the way! It is always like the last moment before an emigrant ship leaves. People have more to say to one another than ever, the hour presses, and the ocean with its empty silence waits impatiently behind all the noise, so eager, so sure of its prey. And all of them think that what has come before is nothing or little, and that the near future is everything. That is why there is this haste, this shouting, this drowning out of oneself and outdoing of oneself! Everyone wants to be first in this future, and yet death and the silence of the grave are the only certain thing about this future, and what all people share! How strange that this one certainty and common fact has almost no power over people, and that they are furthest from feeling themselves the brotherhood of death! It makes me happy to see that people absolutely do not want to think the thought of death! I would gladly do something to make the thought of life a hundred times more worth thinking for them.

279 *Star Friendship.* — We were friends and have become strangers to each other. But that is quite right, and we should not hide it or darken it, as if we had to be ashamed of it. We are two ships, each with its own goal and course. We may well cross paths and celebrate a feast together, as we did. The brave ships then lay so quietly in one harbor and under one sun that it might seem they had already reached their goal, and had one goal. But then the almighty force of our task drove us apart again, into different seas and under different skies, and perhaps we will never see each other again. Perhaps we will see each other, but not recognize each other: the different seas and suns have changed us! That we must become strangers is the law over us. Precisely for that reason we should also become more worthy of respect! Precisely for that reason the thought of our former friendship should become more sacred! There is probably an enormous invisible curve and star path, in which our so different roads and goals

may be included as small stretches of the way. Let us raise ourselves to this thought! But our life is too short and our sight too weak for us to be more than friends in the sense of that sublime possibility. And so let us believe in our star friendship, even if we must be enemies on earth.

280 *The Architecture of the Knowing.* — We will need, and probably soon, to understand what our great cities above all lack: quiet and wide, extended places for thinking. Places with long, high-ceilinged halls for bad weather or too much sun, where no noise of carriages or street criers can reach, and where a finer decency would forbid even the priest to pray aloud. Buildings and grounds that as a whole express the sublimity of reflection and of stepping aside. The time is past when the church had the monopoly on thinking, when the *vita contemplativa* always had first to be a *vita religiosa*. And everything the church has built expresses this idea. I do not know how we could make do with its buildings, even if they were stripped of their ecclesiastical purpose. These buildings speak a far too pathetic and encumbered language, as houses of God and showplaces of a supramundane traffic, for us godless people to think our thoughts in them. We want to be translated into stone and plant. We want to walk around inside ourselves when we stroll through these halls and gardens.

281 *Knowing How to Find the End.* — Masters of the first rank reveal themselves by knowing how to find the end in a perfect way, in the large as well as the small. It may be the end of a melody or of a thought, the fifth act of a tragedy or of a political action. The first of the second rank always become restless toward the end, and do not drop into the sea with the proud, calm regularity of, for example, the mountains near Portofino, where the Gulf of Genoa finishes singing its melody.

282 *The Gait.* — There are manners of the mind through which even great minds reveal that they come from the common people, or the half-common. The gait and step of their thoughts especially is what betrays them. They cannot walk. So Napoleon too, to his deep annoyance, could not walk like a prince by right of birth, on occasions where one really has to understand it, such as great coro-

nation processions and the like. Even there he was always only the leader of a column, proud and hasty at once, and very aware of it. One has cause to laugh when one sees those writers who make the pleated robes of their period rustle around them. They want to cover their feet this way.

283 *Preparing People.* — I welcome every sign that a more manly, a warlike age is beginning, one that above all will restore honor to courage! For it is to clear the way for an even higher age, and to gather the strength that the higher age will one day need: an age that carries heroism into knowledge and wages wars for the sake of thoughts and their consequences. For this, for now, we need many preparing, courageous people. They cannot spring from nothing, and just as little from the sand and slime of present civilization and big-city culture. We need people who know how to be silent, lonely, resolute, content and steady in invisible activity. People who, with an inner inclination, search all things for what in them is to be overcome. People who have cheerfulness, patience, simplicity and contempt for great vanities as their own, just as they have magnanimity in victory and indulgence toward the small vanities of all the defeated. People with a sharp and free judgment about all victors, and about the share chance has in every victory and every fame. People with their own festivals, their own work-days, their own times of mourning, used to and sure in giving orders, and equally ready to obey when it matters. Equally proud in one role as in the other, equally serving their own cause. More endangered people, more fruitful people, happier people! For believe me, the secret of reaping the greatest fruitfulness and the greatest enjoyment from existence is: *live dangerously!* Build your cities on Vesuvius! Send your ships into unexplored seas! Live at war with your equals and with yourselves! Be robbers and conquerors, as long as you cannot be rulers and owners, you knowing ones! The time is soon going to pass when it was enough for you to live hidden in the woods, like timid deer! At last knowledge will reach out its hand for what is due to you. It will want to rule and to own, and you along with it!

²⁸⁴ *Faith in Oneself.* — Few people in general have faith in themselves. Of these few, some get it as a useful blindness or a partial darkening of their mind (what would they see if they could look down to the bottom of themselves!). Others must first earn it. Everything they do that is good, capable or great is at first an argument against the skeptic who lives in them. They must convince or persuade him, and for this they nearly need genius. These are the great self-insufficient ones.

²⁸⁵ *Excelsior!* — “You will never pray again, never worship again, never rest again in endless trust. You deny yourself the chance to stop before a final wisdom, final goodness, final power, and to unharness your thoughts. You have no constant guardian and friend for your seven solitudes. You live without the view of a mountain that carries snow on its head and fire in its heart. For you there is no more rewarder, no more improver of the last hand. There is no more reason in what happens, no more love in what will happen to you. No resting place is still open to your heart, where it has only to find and no longer to search. You resist any kind of final peace, you want the eternal return of war and peace. Man of renunciation, do you want to renounce all of this? Who will give you the strength for it? No one has had this strength yet!” There is a lake that one day refused to flow out, and threw up a dam where it had always flowed out. Since then this lake keeps rising higher. Perhaps this very renunciation will also give us the strength with which renunciation itself can be endured. Perhaps from then on the human being will keep rising higher, at the place where he no longer flows out into a god.

²⁸⁶ *An Interlude.* — Here are hopes. But what will you see and hear of them if you have not lived through shining and glow and dawns in your own souls? I can only remind you, and I cannot do more! Move stones, make animals into human beings: do you want that from me? Ah, if you are still stones and animals, first look for your Orpheus.

287 *Delight in Blindness.* — “My thoughts, said the wanderer to his shadow, should show me where I stand. But they should not betray to me where I am going. I love not knowing about the future, and I do not want to be ruined by impatience and by tasting promised things in advance.”

288 *High Moods.* — It seems to me that most people do not believe in high moods at all, unless for moments, at most quarter-hours. The few exceptions are those who know from experience a longer duration of high feeling.

But that a person should be the embodiment of a single high feeling, the incarnation of one great mood, has been only a dream and an enchanting possibility so far. History does not yet give us a sure example of it. Still, it could one day give birth to such people, once a number of favorable preconditions have been created and secured, which not even the luckiest chance can now throw together. Perhaps for these future souls, that would be the ordinary state which has so far come into our souls here and there as the exception we feel with awe: a continual movement between high and low, and the feeling of high and low, a constant climbing as on stairs and at the same time resting as on clouds.

289 *All Aboard!* — If you consider how a philosophical justification of a person's way of living and thinking, as a whole, works upon each individual, namely like a warming, blessing, fertilizing sun shining just for him: how it makes people self-sufficient, rich and generous in happiness and goodwill, independent of praise and blame. How it constantly turns evil into good, brings all powers to flower and ripeness, and does not let the small and great weeds of grief and vexation take root at all. Then at last one cries out with longing: Oh, if only many such new suns could be created! Even the evil person, the unhappy person, the exceptional person should have his philosophy, his good right, his sunshine! We do not need pity for them! We must unlearn this notion of arrogance, though humanity has so far learned and practiced it precisely through this notion. We have no confessors, soul-conjurers or sin-forgivers to set up for them. What we need is a new justice! And a new watchword! And new philosophers! The

moral earth is round too! The moral earth has its antipodes too! The antipodes too have their right to exist! There is still another world to discover, and more than one! All aboard, you philosophers!

290 *One Thing Is Needful.* — To “give style” to one’s character is a great and rare art. It is practiced by someone who surveys everything his nature offers in strengths and weaknesses, and then fits it into an artistic plan, until every part appears as art and reason, and even the weakness delights the eye. Here a great mass of second nature has been added, and there a piece of first nature has been removed. In both cases there has been long practice and daily work. Here the ugly, which could not be removed, has been hidden. There it has been reinterpreted as sublime. Much that is vague and resists shaping has been saved for distant views and used: it is meant to beckon into the wide and immeasurable. In the end, when the work is complete, it becomes clear that it was the compulsion of the same taste that ruled and shaped everything, large and small. Whether the taste was good or bad matters less than one thinks. It is enough that it is *one* taste! It is the strong, domineering natures who take their finest joy in such compulsion, in such constraint and completeness under their own law. The passion of their mighty will is relieved at the sight of all stylized nature, all defeated and serving nature. Even when they have palaces to build and gardens to lay out, they dislike giving nature its freedom. Conversely, it is the weak characters, who do not have power over themselves, who hate the constraint of style. They feel that if this bitterly harsh constraint were imposed on them, they would have to become common under it. They become slaves as soon as they serve, and they hate serving. Such minds, which can be minds of the first rank, are always set on shaping or interpreting themselves and their surroundings as free nature: wild, arbitrary, fantastic, disorderly, surprising. And they do well to do so, because only this way do they do themselves good. For one thing is needful: that a person reach contentment with himself, whether through this or that poetry and art. Only then is a person at all tolerable to look at! Whoever is

discontented with himself is always ready to take revenge for it. We others will be his victims, if only in having always to put up with the sight of his ugliness. For the sight of the ugly makes one bad and gloomy.

291 *Genoa.* — For quite a while I have looked at this city, its country houses and pleasure gardens, and the wide circle of its inhabited heights and slopes. In the end I have to say: I see faces from past generations. This region is strewn with the images of bold and self-ruling people. They lived and wanted to go on living. They tell me so with their houses, built and adorned for centuries and not for the fleeting hour. They were good to life, however harsh they may often have been toward themselves. I always see the builder resting his gaze on everything built around him, near and far, and likewise on the city, the sea and the lines of the mountains. With this gaze he exercises force and conquest. He wants to fit all of it into his plan and in the end make it his property, by making it a piece of himself. This whole region is overgrown with the magnificent, insatiable selfishness of the lust for possession and booty. And just as these people, far away, recognized no boundary and, in their thirst for novelty, set a new world beside the old one, so at home everyone still rebelled against everyone else, and invented a way to express his superiority and to place his personal infinity between himself and his neighbor. Each person conquered his homeland again for himself, overwhelming it with his architectural ideas and reshaping it, as it were, into a feast for the eyes of his house. In the North, the law impresses you, and the general delight in lawfulness and obedience, when you look at the way the cities are built. One guesses there that inner sense of making oneself equal and of fitting in, which must have ruled the soul of all the builders. But here, turning around every corner, you find a person who stands alone, who knows the sea, adventure and the Orient, a person who turns away from law and from the neighbor as if from a kind of boredom, and who measures everything already established and old with envious eyes. With a wonderful slyness of fantasy, he wants to found all of it anew, at least in thought: to lay

his hand on it and put his sense into it. Even if this is only for the moment of a sunny afternoon, when his insatiable and melancholy soul once feels satiety, and only what is his own may show itself to his eye, and nothing foreign.

292 *To the Preachers of Morality.* — I do not want to make a morality. But to those who do, I give this advice: if you want to rob the best things and conditions of all honor and value in the end, go on putting them in your mouths as you have until now! Place them at the head of your morality, and talk from morning to night about the happiness of virtue, the calm of the soul, justice and immanent retribution. The way you go about it, all these good things will eventually gain a popularity and a street-corner clamor for themselves. But then all the gold will have been rubbed off them, and more than that, all the gold in them will have turned into lead. Truly, you are skilled in the reverse art of alchemy, in devaluing what is most valuable! Try, for once, a different recipe, so that you do not keep achieving the opposite of what you seek:

deny those good things, take away from them the applause of the mob and their easy circulation, make them once again hidden modesties of lonely souls, and say that morality is something forbidden! Perhaps in this way you will win over the kind of people who matter for these things, I mean the heroic ones. But then there must be something frightening about them, and not, as so far, something disgusting! Should one not say today, in regard to morality, as Master Eckhart did: “I pray God to make me quit of God!”

293 *Our Air.* — We know well that whoever glances at science only in passing, in the manner of women and unfortunately of many artists, finds the strictness of its service, this unrelentingness in small things as in large, this speed in weighing, judging and condemning, something dizzying and frightening. What alarms him in particular is how the hardest things are demanded here and the best things are done, without any praise or distinctions being given. On the contrary, as among soldiers, almost only blame and sharp rebukes are heard. For doing well counts as the rule, and failure as the exception. But the rule, here as everywhere, has a silent mouth. Now it is with this “strictness of science” as with the form and courtesy of the very best society: it frightens the uninitiated.

But whoever is used to it does not want to live anywhere else than in this bright, transparent, strong, highly electric air, this manly air. Everywhere else it seems to him not clean and airy enough. He suspects that his best art would be of no real use to anyone there, and no joy to himself. He suspects that through misunderstandings half his life would slip through his fingers, and that constant caution, constant concealment and holding back would be needed: all of them great and useless losses of strength! But in this strict and clear element he has his strength whole. Here he can fly! Why should he go down again into those murky waters, where one has to swim and wade and makes one's wings discolored? No! It is too hard for us to live there. What can we do if we were born for the air, the pure air, we rivals of the ray of light, and would, like it, most gladly ride on little particles of ether, not away from the sun but toward the sun? But this we cannot do. So let us do what alone we can do: bring light to the earth, be "the light of the earth"! For this we have our wings, and our speed and strictness, and for that reason we are manly and even terrible, like fire. Let those fear us who do not know how to warm themselves at us and light themselves by us!

²⁹⁴ *Against the Slanderers of Nature.* — They are unpleasant people for me, those in whom every natural inclination at once becomes a sickness, something disfiguring or even shameful. They have led us to the opinion that the inclinations and drives of human beings are evil. They are the cause of our great injustice toward our nature, toward all nature!

There are enough people who could indulge their drives with grace and carelessness. But they do not do it, out of fear of that imagined "evil being" in nature! That is why so little nobility is found among human beings. Its mark will always be to have no fear before oneself, to expect nothing shameful from oneself, and to fly without hesitation wherever it drives us, we free-born birds! Wherever we come, it will always be free and full of sunlight around us.

²⁹⁵ *Short Habits.* — I love short habits and consider them the priceless means of getting to know many things and conditions, down to the bottom of their sweetness and bitterness. My nature is entirely set up for short habits, even in

the needs of my bodily health, and as far as I can see in general, from the lowest to the highest. I always believe that this will now satisfy me permanently. Even a short habit has that faith of passion, the faith in eternity, and I think I am to be envied for having found and recognized it. And now it nourishes me at noon and in the evening, and spreads a deep contentment around itself and into me, so that I do not long for anything else, without having to compare, despise or hate anything. And one day its time is over. The good thing parts from me, not as something that now fills me with disgust, but peacefully and satisfied with me, as I am with it, as if we had to thank each other and so reached out our hands in farewell. And already the new thing waits at the door, and so does my faith, the indestructible fool and sage! This new thing, I believe, will be the right one, the last right one. So it goes with me for food, thoughts, people, cities, poems, music, teachings, daily schedules, ways of life. On the other hand, I hate lasting habits. I feel that a tyrant is coming close to me, and that the air I breathe thickens, whenever events shape themselves so that lasting habits seem to grow out of them by necessity: through an office, for example, through constant togetherness with the same people, through a fixed residence, through a single fixed kind of health. Indeed, I am grateful, deep down in my soul, for all my misery and sickness, and for whatever is imperfect in me, because such things leave me a hundred back doors through which I can escape lasting habits. The unbearable thing, though, the truly frightening thing, would be for me a life with no habits at all, a life that constantly demands improvisation. That would be my banishment and my Siberia.

²⁹⁶ *The Firm Reputation.* — A firm reputation was once a matter of the greatest usefulness. And wherever society is still ruled by the herd instinct, even now it is most practical for each individual to present his character and his occupation as unchanging, even when in truth they are not. “You can rely on him, he stays the same.” In all dangerous situations in society, this is the praise that means the most. Society feels with satisfaction that it has in one person’s virtue, in another’s ambition, and in the thinking and passion of a third, a reliable tool that is always ready. It honors this tool-nature, this staying true to oneself, this

unchangeability in opinions and aims, and even in vices, with its highest honors. Such an esteem, which flourishes everywhere together with the morality of custom and has always flourished, trains “characters” and brings all changing, relearning and transforming into disrepute. Whatever else the advantage of this way of thinking may be, for knowledge it is in any case the most harmful kind of general judgment. For precisely the good will of the knower, to contradict his own previous opinion fearlessly at any time, and in general to be suspicious of everything in us that wants to become fixed, is here condemned and disgraced. The attitude of the knower, as being in conflict with the “firm reputation,” counts as dishonorable, while the petrification of opinions has all the honor on its side. Under the spell of such valuation we still have to live today! How hard it is to live when you feel the judgment of many thousands of years against you and around you. It is probable that for many thousands of years knowledge was burdened with a bad conscience, and that there must have been much self-contempt and secret misery in the history of the greatest minds.

²⁹⁷ *Being Able to Contradict.* — Everyone now knows that being able to tolerate contradiction is a high sign of culture. Some even know that the higher person wishes for and provokes contradiction against himself, in order to get a hint about an injustice he had not known he committed. But being able to contradict, the good conscience gained in hostility toward what is familiar, handed down and hallowed, is more than both of these. It is the really great, new and astonishing thing in our culture, the step of all steps of the freed spirit. Who knows that?

²⁹⁸ *Sigh.* — I caught this insight on the way, and quickly took the nearest poor words to fasten it, so that it would not fly away from me again. And now it has died in these dry words, and hangs and sways in them. When I look at it, I can hardly remember how I was lucky enough to catch this bird.

²⁹⁹ *What One Should Learn from Artists.* — What means do we have for making things beautiful, attractive, worth desiring, when they are not so? I mean that they never are in themselves! Here we have something to learn from physicians,

for example when they dilute the bitter, or put wine and sugar in the mixing jug. But even more we have to learn from the artists, who are in fact always out to make such inventions and tricks. To keep away from things until you no longer see much of them, and must look hard to see them at all. Or to see things around a corner, as through a cutout. Or to arrange them so that they partly hide one another and allow only perspective glimpses through. Or to look at them through colored glass or in the light of evening red. Or to give them a surface and a skin that is not fully transparent. All of this we should learn from the artists, and in other matters be wiser than they are. For their fine power usually stops where art stops and life begins. We, however, want to be the poets of our lives, and first of all in the smallest and most everyday things.

300 *Preludes to Science.* — Do you really believe that the sciences would have come into being and grown great if they had not been preceded by sorcerers, alchemists, astrologers and witches, who first had to create thirst, hunger and a taste for hidden and forbidden powers, through their promises and illusions? Indeed, that infinitely more had to be promised than could ever be fulfilled, in order for anything at all to be fulfilled in the realm of knowledge? Perhaps, in the same way that preludes and preliminary exercises of science show themselves to us here, which were in no way practiced or felt as such, all of religion too was a practice and prelude to some distant age. Perhaps it could have been the strange means by which, one day, single human beings could enjoy the complete self-sufficiency of a god and all his power of self-redemption. Yes! — one may ask — would humanity ever have learned, without that religious school and prehistory, to feel hunger and thirst in itself and to take satiety and fullness from within itself? Did Prometheus first have to think he had stolen the light and pay for it, before he could finally discover that he had created the light by longing for it, and that not only the human being but also the god was the work of his hands, and clay in his hands? Only images of the maker? Just like the delusion, the theft, the Caucasus, the vulture, and the whole tragic Prometheia of all knowers?

301 *The Delusion of the Contemplatives.* — Higher people differ from lower ones in that they see and hear incomparably more, and see and hear thinkingly. That is exactly what distinguishes the human being from the animal, and the higher animals from the lower ones. The world becomes ever fuller for the one who grows up to the height of humanity. More and more hooks of interest are cast out toward him. The number of his stimuli keeps growing, and so does the number of his kinds of pleasure and displeasure. The higher person becomes at once happier and more unhappy. Yet a delusion remains his constant companion. He thinks he has been placed before the great spectacle and concert of life as a spectator and listener. He calls his nature a *contemplative* one, and overlooks the fact that he is himself the real poet and continuing poet of life. Admittedly, he is very different from the *actor* of this drama, the so-called active person. But he is even more different from a mere observer and festival guest in front of the stage. As the poet he surely possesses the *vis contemplativa* and the look back at his work, but also and first of all the *vis creativa*, which the active person lacks, whatever appearance and common belief may say. We, the thinking-feeling ones, are the ones who truly and constantly *make* something that is not yet there: the whole ever-growing world of valuations, colors, accents, perspectives, ladders of rank, affirmations and negations. This poetry we have invented is constantly learned by the so-called practical people (our actors, as I said), practiced, and translated into flesh and reality, even into everyday life. What has *value* in the present world does not have it in itself, by its nature. Nature is always without value. Rather, value was once given to it, presented to it, and *we* were the ones who gave and presented! We first created the world that *concerns human beings*! But precisely this knowledge is what we lack. When we catch hold of it for a moment, we have forgotten it again the next. We misjudge our best strength, and we contemplatives value ourselves a degree too low. We are *neither as proud nor as happy* as we could be.

302 *The Danger of the Most Fortunate.* — To have fine senses and a fine taste; to be accustomed to the choicest and best of the mind as to the right and nearest food; to enjoy a strong, bold, reckless soul; to go through life with a calm eye

and a steady step, always ready for the extreme, as for a festival, and full of longing for undiscovered worlds and seas, human beings and gods; to listen to every cheerful music as if brave men, soldiers and sailors, were making themselves a short rest and pleasure there; and in the deepest enjoyment of the moment to be overcome by tears and by the whole purple melancholy of the fortunate: who would not want all this to be *his* possession, his condition! It was the *happiness of Homer!* The condition of him who invented for the Greeks their gods, or rather invented *his own* gods for himself! But let us not deceive ourselves: with this happiness of Homer's in the soul, one is also the creature most capable of suffering under the sun! And only at this price does one buy the most precious shell that the waves of existence have so far washed up onto the shore. As its owner, one becomes ever more refined in pain, and in the end too refined. A little ill humor and disgust was enough, in the end, to make life unbearable to Homer. He had not been able to solve a silly little riddle that young fishermen set him! Yes, the little riddles are the danger of the most fortunate!

- 303 *Two Fortunate Ones.* — Truly, this man, in spite of his youth, understands the *improvisation of life*, and astonishes even the sharpest observer. It seems that he never makes a false move, although he keeps playing the most daring game. One is reminded of those improvising masters of the art of tones, to whom even the listener would like to ascribe a *divine infallibility* of hand, although here and there they make a mistake, as every mortal does. But they are practiced and inventive, and always ready in the moment to fit the most accidental tone, wherever a flick of the finger or a whim drives it, at once into the thematic structure, and to breathe a beautiful meaning and a soul into chance. Here is a quite different sort of person. At bottom, everything he wants and plans goes wrong. What he has once set his heart on has brought him several times to the edge of the abyss, and to the very brink of ruin. And if he has escaped, it was certainly not “with a black eye” alone. Do you think he is unhappy about it? He has long since decided not to take his own wishes and plans so seriously. “If this does not succeed,” he tells himself, “then perhaps that will; and on the

whole I do not know whether I am not more indebted to my failures than to any success. Was I made to be stubborn and to carry the horns of the bull? What makes life valuable and fruitful for *me* lies somewhere else. My pride, and equally my misery, lie somewhere else. I know more about life because I have so often been about to lose it. And for exactly that reason I have more of life than all of you!”

304 *In Doing, We Let Go.* — At bottom I dislike all those moralities that say: “Do not do this! Renounce! Overcome yourself!” I am well disposed, on the other hand, toward those moralities that urge me to do something and do it again, from morning to evening, and to dream of it at night, and to think of nothing but doing it *well*, as well as is possible for *me* alone! Whoever lives so sees one thing after another fall away from him that does not belong to such a life. Without hatred or reluctance he sees this today and that tomorrow take leave of him, like yellowed leaves that any stronger breeze carries off the tree. Or he does not even see that it is leaving, so sternly does his eye look toward its goal, and forward in general, not to the side, backward, or down. What we do should determine what we leave undone. In doing, we let go: that is how I like it, that is *my* placitum. But I do not want to strive with open eyes for my own impoverishment. I do not like all the negative virtues, virtues whose very essence is denying and refusing oneself.

305 *Self-Mastery.* — Those teachers of morality who first and foremost command people to get themselves under control bring a peculiar sickness upon them: a constant irritability toward all natural stirrings and inclinations, and a kind of itching. Whatever may push, pull, lure or drive him from within or from without, it always seems to this irritable person that his self-mastery is now in danger. He may no longer entrust himself to any instinct or any free stroke of the wing. Instead he stands constantly with a warding gesture, armed against himself, with a sharp and suspicious eye, the eternal guard of the castle he has made of himself. Yes, he can be *great* in this! But how insufferable he has become to others, and how hard to himself, how impoverished and cut off from the most

beautiful accidents of the soul! Even from all further *instruction!* For one must be able to lose oneself for a time if one wants to learn something from the things that we are not ourselves.

306 *Stoics and Epicureans.* — The Epicurean chooses for himself the situation, the people and even the events that suit his extremely irritable intellectual makeup. He gives up the rest, which means most of it, because it would be too strong and heavy a diet for him. The Stoic, on the other hand, trains himself to swallow stones and worms, glass splinters and scorpions, and to be without disgust. In the end his stomach is supposed to become indifferent to everything that the chance of existence pours into it. He recalls that Arab sect of the Aissaoua, which one gets to know in Algiers. And like those insensitive people, he too likes an invited audience for the display of his insensitivity, which the Epicurean is glad to do without. The Epicurean has his “garden”! For people whose fate improvises with them, for those who live in violent times and depend on sudden and changeable people, Stoicism may be very advisable. But whoever can see, at least somewhat, that fate allows him to spin *a long thread*, does well to arrange his life in the Epicurean way. All people of intellectual work have done so until now! For them it would be the loss of all losses to give up their fine irritability and be given in exchange a stoic hard skin, bristling with hedgehog spines.

307 *In Favor of Criticism.* — Now something appears to you as an error that you once loved as a truth or a probability. You push it away from you, and you imagine that your reason has won a victory in it. But perhaps that error was as necessary to you back then, when you were still another person (you are always another person), as all your present “truths” are now, like a skin that concealed and veiled much that you were not yet allowed to see. Your new life has killed that opinion for you, not your reason. *You no longer need it*, and now it collapses in on itself, and out of it crawls unreason, like a worm, into the light. When we practice criticism, it is nothing arbitrary or impersonal. It is, at least very often, a proof that living, driving forces are at work in us, which are shed-

ding a bark. We deny and we must deny, because something in us wants to live and affirm itself, something we perhaps do not yet know, do not yet see! This is in favor of criticism.

308 *The History of Each Day.* — What does the history of each day make of you? Look at the habits of which it consists: are they the product of countless little cowardices and laziness, or the product of your courage and inventive reason? These two cases are so different that it is possible people would give you the same praise, and that in fact you would bring them the same benefit. But praise and benefit and respectability may be enough for someone who only wants to have a good conscience. They are not enough for you, you kidney-tester, who have a *knowledge of conscience!*

309 *From the Seventh Solitude.* — One day the wanderer slammed a door behind him, stopped, and wept. Then he said: "This inclination and urge toward the true, the real, the unadorned, the conscientious! How I resent it! Why does this gloomy and passionate driver follow me of all people? I would like to rest, but it will not allow it. How many things tempt me to linger! There are gardens of Armida everywhere for me, and therefore always new tearings-away and new bitternesses of the heart! I must lift my foot farther, this tired, wounded foot. And because I must, I often have a fierce backward look at the most beautiful thing, which could not keep me, *because* it could not keep me!"

310 *Will and Wave.* — How greedily this wave comes on, as if something were to be reached! How it creeps with frightening haste into the innermost corners of the rocky clefts! It seems to want to get ahead of someone. It seems that something is hidden there that has worth, high worth. And now it comes back, a little more slowly, still quite white with excitement. Is it disappointed? Has it found what it was looking for? Is it pretending to be disappointed? But already another wave is coming, even greedier and wilder than the first, and its soul too seems full of secrets and the lust of treasure hunting. So the waves live, so we live, we who will! More I will not say. — So? You distrust me? You are angry with me, you beautiful monsters? Are you afraid that I will betray your secret

entirely? Well! Only be angry with me. Raise your green dangerous bodies as high as you can, make a wall between me and the sun, just as you are doing now! Truly, nothing of the world is left but green twilight and green lightning. Carry on as you like, you overbold ones, roar with delight and malice! Or dive back down, pour your emeralds down into the deepest depth, and throw your endless white shaggy mane of foam and spray over them. Everything is all right with me, for everything suits you so well, and I am so well disposed toward you in everything. How could I betray *you*! For — listen well! — I know you and your secret, I know your kind! You and I, we are indeed of one kind! You and I, we have indeed one secret!

311 *Broken Light.* — One is not always brave, and when one grows tired, one of us will also sometimes lament in this way. “It is so hard to hurt people. Oh, that it is necessary! What good is it for us to live hidden, if we do not want to keep to ourselves what gives offense? Would it not be wiser to live in the crowd and make up to the individual for what is to be sinned against all, and must be? To be foolish with the fool, vain with the vain, enthusiastic with the enthusiast? Would it not be fair, given such an exaggerated degree of difference overall? When I hear of other people’s malice toward me, is my first feeling not one of satisfaction? That is right! — I seem to be saying to them, — I agree with you so little, and I have so much truth on my side. Go ahead and have a good day at my expense as often as you can! Here are my faults and mistakes, here is my delusion, my bad taste, my confusion, my tears, my vanity, my owl-like seclusion, my contradictions! Here you have something to laugh at! So laugh and be glad! I am not angry at the law and the nature of things, which want faults and mistakes to bring joy!” Of course, there was once a “more beautiful” time, when one could feel so *indispensable* with any reasonably new thought as to step out into the street with it and call out to everyone: “Look! The kingdom of heaven has come near!” I would not miss myself if I were gone. All of us are dispensable! But, as I said, that is not how we think when we are brave. We do not think of it at all.

- 312 *My Dog.* — I have given my pain a name and call it “dog.” It is as faithful, as pushy and shameless, as entertaining, as clever as any other dog. I can bark at it and vent my bad moods on it, as others do with their dogs, servants and wives.
- 313 *No Martyr Pictures.* — I want to do as Raphael did and paint no more pictures of martyrdom. There are enough sublime things that one need not look for sublimity where it lives in sisterhood with cruelty. And my ambition would find no satisfaction in it besides, if I made myself a sublime torturer.
- 314 *New Household Animals.* — I want to have my lion and my eagle around me, so that I always have signs and omens of how great or how small my strength is. Must I look down at them today and be afraid of them? And will the hour come again when they look up at me in fear?
- 315 *The Last Little Hour.* — Storms are my danger. Will I have my storm, in which I perish, as Oliver Cromwell perished in his storm? Or will I go out like a light that is not blown out by any wind, but that grew tired and sated of itself: a burnt-out light? Or finally: will I blow myself out in order not to burn out?
- 316 *Prophetic People.* — You have no feeling for the fact that prophetic people are very suffering people. You only think they have been given a beautiful “gift,” and you would like to have it yourselves. But I want to express it by a comparison. How much do animals suffer from atmospheric and cloud electricity! We see that some species of them have a prophetic ability regarding the weather. Monkeys, for example, as one can observe well even in Europe, and not only in menageries, namely on Gibraltar. But we do not think about the fact that their *pains* are the prophets for them! When a strong positive electricity suddenly turns into negative electricity, under the influence of an approaching cloud that is still far from visible, and a change of weather is in preparation, these animals behave as if an enemy were approaching, and they set themselves for defense or flight. Mostly they hide away. They do not understand the bad weather as weather, but as an enemy whose hand they already *feel*!

317 *A Look Back.* — We rarely become aware of the true pathos of each period of life while we are still standing in it. We always think it is the only possible and reasonable condition for us now, and entirely *ethos*, not *pathos*, to use the Greek terms and keep them apart. A few tones of music brought back to my memory today a winter, a house, and a most solitary life, and at the same time the feeling I lived in back then. I thought I could go on living like that forever. But now I understand that it was entirely pathos and passion, a thing comparable to this painfully brave and comfort-certain music. One may not have such things for years, or even for eternities. For this planet, one would become too “superterrestrial.”

318 *Wisdom in Pain.* — There is as much wisdom in pain as in pleasure. Like pleasure, it belongs to the species-preserving forces of the first rank. If it were not so, it would long since have perished. That it hurts is no argument against it. That is its nature. In pain I hear the command of the ship’s captain: “Take in the sails!” The bold sailor “human being” must have practiced setting the sails in a thousand ways. Otherwise it would soon be all over with him, and the ocean would swallow him down too quickly. We must also know how to live with reduced energy. As soon as pain gives its safety signal, it is time to reduce it. Some great danger, a storm, is approaching, and it is wise for us to “puff ourselves up” as little as possible. It is true that some people, when great pain approaches, hear the opposite command. They never look prouder, more warlike and happier than when the storm is coming up. Pain itself gives them their greatest moments! These are the heroic people, the great *bringers of pain* to humanity. They are the few or rare ones who need the very same defense that pain itself needs. And truly, one should not deny it to them! They are species-preserving and species-advancing forces of the first rank, if only because they resist comfort, and do not hide their disgust for this kind of happiness.

319 *As Interpreters of Our Experiences.* — A certain kind of honesty has been foreign to all founders of religions and their kind. They never made a matter of conscience for knowledge out of their experiences. “What have I actually experienced? What was going on in me and around me back then? Was my reason

bright enough? Was my will turned against all the deceptions of the senses, and brave in its resistance to the fantastic?" None of them asked this, and all the dear religious people still do not ask it now. They have rather a thirst for things that are *against reason*, and they do not want to make it too hard on themselves to satisfy it. So they experience "miracles" and "rebirths," and they hear the voices of little angels! But we others, we thirsty for reason, want to look at our experiences as strictly as at a scientific experiment, hour by hour, day by day!

We ourselves want to be our experiments and our test animals.

320 *On Meeting Again.* — A: "Do I still understand you completely? You are searching? Where, in the world that is real now, is your corner and your star? Where can you lie down in the sun, so that you too receive a surplus of well-being, and your existence is justified? Let everyone do that for himself," you seem to say to me, "and let us knock out of our heads the talk in generalities, the concern for others and for society!" — B: "I want more. I am not a seeker. I want to create my own sun for myself."

321 *New Caution.* — Let us no longer think so much about punishment, blame and improvement! We will rarely change an individual. And if we should succeed, perhaps something has also succeeded without our noticing: we have been changed through him! Let us rather see to it that our own influence on *all that is to come* outweighs and outdoes his influence! Let us not wrestle in direct combat! And that is all blaming, punishing and wanting to improve. Rather, let us raise ourselves all the higher! Let us give our model ever brighter colors! Let us darken the others by our light! No! We do not want to become darker ourselves for his sake, like all the punishers and the discontented! Let us rather step aside! Let us look away!

322 *Parable.* — Those thinkers in whom all the stars move in circular orbits are not the deepest. Whoever looks into himself as into an enormous world-space, and carries Milky Ways within himself, also knows how irregular all Milky Ways are. They lead right into the chaos and labyrinth of existence.

- 323 *Fortune in Fate.* — Fate pays us the greatest honor when it has us fight for some time on the side of our opponents. By this we are *predestined* to a great victory.
- 324 *In Media Vita.* — No! Life has not disappointed me! From year to year I find it, rather, truer, more desirable and more mysterious. From that day on, when the great liberator came over me, the thought that life may be an experiment of the knower, and not a duty, not a fate, not a deception! And knowledge itself: for others it may be something else, for example a resting couch or the way to one, or an amusement, or an idleness. For me it is a world of dangers and victories, in which even the heroic feelings have their dancing and playing grounds. “Life as a means of knowledge!” With this principle in the heart, one can live not only bravely, but even cheerfully, and laugh cheerfully! And who would really know how to laugh and live well, if he did not first know well how to deal with war and victory?
- 325 *What Belongs to Greatness.* — Who will achieve anything great if he does not feel in himself the strength and the will to inflict great pain? Being able to suffer is the least of it. Weak women and even slaves often attain mastery in that. But not to perish from inner distress and insecurity when you inflict great suffering and hear the cry of that suffering: that is great, that belongs to greatness.
- 326 *The Physicians of the Soul and Pain.* — All preachers of morality, and all theologians too, share a common bad habit: they all try to persuade people that they are in very bad shape, and that a harsh, final, radical cure is needed. And because people as a whole have lent their ears too eagerly to these teachings, and held them out for whole centuries, something of this superstition, that things are going very badly for them, has finally passed over into them. Now they are only too ready to sigh, to find nothing more in life, and to make sad faces together, as if it were really very hard *to endure*. In truth they are wildly sure of their life and in love with it, and full of unspeakable tricks and refinements for breaking what is unpleasant and drawing the thorn out of pain and misfortune. It seems to me that pain and misfortune are always talked about with *exaggeration*, as if exaggerating were a matter of good manners here. On the other hand

people deliberately keep silent about the countless means of relief against pain: such as stupefaction, or the feverish haste of thoughts, or a calm position, or good and bad memories, intentions, hopes, and many kinds of pride and sympathy, which nearly work like anesthetics. And at the highest degrees of pain, faintings come on by themselves. We understand very well how to drip sweetness onto our bitternesses, especially the bitternesses of the soul. We have aids in our bravery and sublimity, and in the nobler delirium of submission and resignation. A loss is hardly a loss for an hour. Somehow a gift from heaven has also fallen to us along with it, a new strength, for example, or at least a new occasion for strength! What the teachers of morality have fantasized about the inner “misery” of evil people! And what they have lied to us about, concerning the misfortune of passionate people! Lying is indeed the right word here. They knew very well about the overflowing happiness of this kind of person, but they kept silent about it, because it refuted their theory, according to which all happiness only arises with the destruction of passion and the silence of the will! And finally, as for the prescription of all these physicians of the soul and their recommendation of a harsh radical cure, one may ask: is our life really painful and troublesome enough to make it worthwhile to exchange it for a stoic way of life and a petrification against it? We are *not in bad enough shape* to have to feel bad in a stoic way!

³²⁷ *Taking Things Seriously.* — For the great majority, the intellect is a clumsy, gloomy, creaking machine, hard to set running. They call it “*taking the matter seriously*” when they want to work with this machine and think well. Oh, how tiresome good thinking must be for them! The lovely beast, man, always loses his good humor, it seems, when he thinks well. He becomes “serious”! And “where there is laughter and cheerfulness, thinking is worth nothing”: that is the prejudice of this serious beast against all “joyful science.” Well, then! Let us show that it is a prejudice!

³²⁸ *Doing Harm to Stupidity.* — Certainly the belief, preached so stubbornly and so convincingly, that selfishness is reprehensible as a whole, has done harm to selfishness (*in favor*, as I will repeat a hundred times, *of the herd instincts!*). In

particular it took away its good conscience, and taught it to look for the real source of all misfortune within itself. "Your selfishness is the disaster of your life": that was the sermon for thousands of years. As I said, it harmed selfishness and took away a great deal of its spirit, its cheerfulness, its inventiveness and its beauty. It dulled, uglified and poisoned selfishness! Classical antiquity, on the other hand, taught another main source of misfortune. From Socrates on, the thinkers never tired of preaching: "Your thoughtlessness and stupidity, your living on by the rule, your subordination to your neighbor's opinion is the reason why you so rarely achieve happiness. We thinkers, as thinkers, are the happiest." Let us not decide here whether this sermon against stupidity had better reasons on its side than that sermon against selfishness. What is certain is that it took away from stupidity its good conscience. These philosophers *did harm to stupidity*.

329 *Leisure and Idleness.* — There is an Indian-like wildness in the way the Americans pursue gold, a wildness peculiar to Indian blood. Their breathless haste at work, the real vice of the New World, has already begun, through contagion, to make old Europe wild, and to spread a very strange lack of spirit over it. People are now ashamed of rest. Long reflection almost gives them a bad conscience. They think with the clock in their hand, even while they eat lunch, with their eye on the stock-market paper. They live like someone who might constantly "miss out" on something. "Better to do something than nothing": this principle too is a cord for strangling all culture and all higher taste. And just as obviously all forms perish in this haste of working people, so the feeling for form itself perishes, and the ear and eye for the melody of movements. The proof of this lies in the *dumsy clarity* now demanded everywhere, in all those situations where a person wants to be honest with people: in dealings with friends, women, relatives, children, teachers, students, leaders and princes. There is no longer time or strength for ceremonies, for courtesy with detours, for all the wit of conversation, and in general for all *otium*. For life in the hunt for profit constantly forces one to spend one's mind until it is exhausted, in constant pretending, outwitting or getting ahead of others. The true virtue

now is to do something in less time than another person. And so there are only rare hours of *permitted* honesty. In these hours one is tired and does not want merely to “let oneself go,” but to stretch out long and broad and clumsy. In keeping with this inclination, people now write their letters, whose style and spirit will always be the real “sign of the times.” If there is still any pleasure in society and in the arts, it is a pleasure of the kind that worn-out slaves put together for themselves. Oh, this contentment with “joy” among our educated and uneducated people! Oh, this growing suspicion of all joy! Work gets more and more of all good conscience on its side. The inclination toward joy already calls itself “need for recreation,” and it is starting to be ashamed of itself. “One owes it to one’s health,” people say when they are caught on an outing. Indeed, it could soon come to the point where one could not indulge an inclination toward the *vita contemplativa* (that is, walking about with thoughts and friends) without self-contempt and a bad conscience. Now! Formerly it was the other way around: work had the bad conscience. A person of good birth *hid* his work when need forced him to work. The slave worked under the pressure of the feeling that he was doing something contemptible. The “doing” itself was something contemptible. “Nobility and honor belong only to *otium* and *bellum*”: that was the voice of the ancient prejudice!

330 *Applause.* — The thinker does not need applause and handclapping, provided he is sure of his own handclapping. But this he cannot do without. Are there people who could do without this, and without every kind of applause at all? I doubt it. Even about the wisest, Tacitus, who is no slanderer of the wise, says: *quando etiam sapientibus gloriae cupido novissima exuitur*, which means in his case: never.

331 *Better Deaf Than Stunned.* — Formerly people wanted to make themselves a *reputation*. That is no longer enough now that the market has grown so large. It must be a *clamor*. The consequence is that even good throats have to shout themselves hoarse, and the best wares are offered by hoarse voices. Without hawking and hoarseness there is no longer any genius now. This is certainly an

evil age for the thinker. He must learn to find his stillness between two noises, and to pretend to be deaf until he is. As long as he has not yet learned this, he is of course in danger of perishing from impatience and headaches.

332 *The Evil Hour.* — Every philosopher has probably had an evil hour when he thought: “What does it matter if people do not believe even my bad arguments!” And then some gleeful little bird flew past him and chirped: “What does it matter to you? What does it matter to you?”

333 *What It Means to Know.* — *Non ridere, non lugere, neque detestari, sed intelligere!* says Spinoza, as simply and sublimely as is his way. But what is this *intelligere* at bottom, other than the form in which those three become palpable to us at once? A result of the different and conflicting drives to laugh, to lament, and to curse? Before any knowing is possible, each of these drives must first have put forward its one-sided view of the thing or event. Afterward a struggle arose among these one-sidednesses, and out of it sometimes a middle, a calm, a granting of rights on all three sides, a kind of justice and contract. For by justice and contract all these drives can assert themselves in existence and be proved right with one another. We, to whom only the last reconciliation scenes and final settlements of this long process come into consciousness, therefore think that *intelligere* is something conciliatory, just, good, something essentially opposed to the drives. But it is only a *certain relation of the drives to one another*. For the longest times people regarded conscious thinking as thinking in general. Only now does the truth begin to dawn on us, that by far the largest part of our mental activity runs unconsciously and unfelt. I mean, however, that these drives fighting here understand very well how to make themselves felt by one another and to hurt one another. That tremendous sudden exhaustion, with which all thinkers are visited, may have its origin here. It is the exhaustion on the battlefield. Yes, perhaps there is much hidden heroism in our inner battle, but certainly nothing divine, eternally at rest in itself, as Spinoza thought. *Conscious* thinking, and especially that of the philosopher, is the weakest kind

of thinking and therefore also the relatively mildest and calmest. And so it is precisely the philosopher who can most easily be misled about the nature of knowing.

334 *One Must Learn to Love.* — It is the same with music. First one must learn to *bear* a figure and a melody at all, to pick it out, to distinguish it, to isolate and bound it as a life of its own. Then it takes effort and good will to *endure* it, despite its strangeness, to practice patience toward its look and expression, and mildheartedness toward its oddness. At last comes a moment when we are *used* to it, when we expect it, when we sense that we would miss it if it were missing. And now it keeps working its compulsion and its spell on us, and it does not stop until we have become its humble and delighted lovers, who want nothing better in the world than it, and again it. But it is not only with music that this happens. In exactly the same way we have *learned to love* all the things we now love. In the end we are always rewarded for our good will, our patience, our fairness and our gentleness toward what is foreign, because the foreign slowly drops its veil and shows itself as a new, unspeakable beauty. It is its *thanks* for our hospitality. Even whoever loves himself will have learned it by this path. There is no other path. Love too must be learned.

335 *Long Live Physics!* — How many people understand how to observe! And among the few who do understand it, how many observe themselves? “Everyone is farthest from himself”: all the kidney-testers know this, to their discomfort. And the saying “know yourself!” is, when spoken by a god to human beings, almost a malice. That self-observation stands so desperately, nothing testifies more than the way the nature of a moral action is talked about by *almost everyone*: this quick, willing, convinced, talkative manner, with its look, its smile, its obliging eagerness! One seems to want to say to you: “But my dear fellow, that is exactly my business! You have turned your question to the one who may answer: by chance I am in nothing so wise as in this. So: when a person judges ‘*that is right*,’ and concludes ‘*therefore it must happen!*’ and now does what he has recognized and named as right and necessary in this way, then the nature of his action is moral!” But my friend, you are talking to me about

three actions instead of one. Your judging, for example, “that is right,” is also an action. Could it not already be judged in a moral or an immoral way? *Why* do you hold this, and exactly this, to be right? “Because my conscience tells me so. Conscience never speaks immorally; it is what first determines what is to be moral!” But why do you listen to the language of your conscience? And to what extent do you have a right to regard such a judgment as true and infallible? Is there no longer any conscience for this *belief*? Do you know nothing of an intellectual conscience? A conscience behind your “conscience”? Your judgment “that is right” has a prehistory in your drives, inclinations, aversions, experiences and non-experiences. You have to ask “how did it come about?” and afterward, “what actually drives me to give it a hearing?” You can give its command a hearing like a brave soldier who hears his officer’s order. Or like a woman who loves the one who commands. Or like a flatterer and coward who is afraid of the one commanding. Or like a fool who follows because he has nothing to say against it. In short, you can listen to your conscience in a hundred ways. But that you hear this or that judgment as the language of conscience, that you feel something as right, may have its cause in the fact that you have never thought about yourself, and blindly accepted what has been called *right* for you since childhood. Or in the fact that bread and honor have so far come to you through what you call your duty. It counts as “right” for you because it seems to you your “condition of existence.” (That you have a *right* to exist, though, seems to you indisputable!) The firmness of your moral judgment could still be proof of precisely personal wretchedness, of impersonality. Your “moral strength” could have its source in your obstinacy, or in your inability to see new ideals! And, in short: if you had thought more finely, observed better and learned more, you would under all circumstances no longer call this “duty” of yours and this “conscience” by those names. The insight into *how moral judgments have ever come about at all* would make these pathetic words distasteful to you, just as other pathetic words, such as “sin,” “salvation of the soul,” “redemption,” have already become distasteful to you. And now do not talk to me about the categorical imperative, my friend! That word tickles my ear, and I have to laugh, in spite of your so serious presence. I think of old

Kant, who, as punishment for having *smuggled in* “the thing in itself” (also a very ridiculous matter!), was ambushed by the categorical imperative. With it in his heart he strayed back to “God,” “soul,” “freedom” and “immortality,” like a fox that strays back into its cage. And it was his strength and cleverness that had broken open this cage! What? You admire the categorical imperative in yourself? This “firmness” of your so-called moral judgment? This “unconditionality” of the feeling “all must judge this way, as I do”? Admire instead your *selfishness* in it! And the blindness, pettiness and modesty of your selfishness! For it is selfishness to feel *one’s own* judgment as a universal law. And a blind, petty and modest selfishness, in turn, because it shows that you have not yet discovered yourself, that you have not yet created for yourself an ideal of your own, most personal. For such an ideal could never be another’s, much less everyone’s! Whoever still judges “in this case everyone would have to act this way” has not yet gone five steps in self-knowledge. Otherwise he would know that there are no and can be no equal actions. Every action that has been done was done in a completely unique and unrepeatable way, and it will be the same with every future action. All the rules of action refer only to the coarse outside, even the innermost and finest rules of all moralities so far. With them one can attain an appearance of equality, but *only an appearance*. Every action, whether looked at ahead or behind, is and remains an impenetrable thing. Our opinions about “good,” “noble,” “great” can never be *proved* by our actions, because every action is unknowable. Surely our opinions, valuations and tables of goods belong among the most powerful levers in the machinery of our actions, but for each single case the law of their mechanics cannot be demonstrated. So let us *limit ourselves* to purifying our opinions and valuations, and to *creating new tables of goods of our own*. But let us no longer brood over the “moral worth of our actions”! Yes, my friends! As regards all the moral chatter of some about others, disgust is in order! Moral sitting in judgment should go against our taste! Let us leave this chatter and this bad taste to those who have nothing else to do but drag the past a little further through time, and who are never the present themselves: that is, to the many, the very many! But we want to become those we are: the new, the unique, the incomparable, the self-legislating, the

self-creating! And for that we must become the best learners and discoverers of all the lawful and necessary things in the world. We must be *physicists*, in order to be able to be *creators* in that sense. Until now all valuations and ideals have been built on *ignorance* of physics, or in *contradiction* with it. And so: long live physics! And even higher, that which forces us toward it: our honesty!

336 *The Stinginess of Nature.* — Why has nature been so stingy toward human beings that it did not let them shine, one more, another less, according to the fullness of their inner light? Why do great people not have as beautiful a visibility in their rising and setting as the sun does? How much less ambiguous all life among people would be!

337 *The Future "Humanity."* — When I look at the present from the eyes of a distant age, I find nothing more remarkable in the present human being than his peculiar virtue and illness, called "the historical sense." It is a beginning of something entirely new and strange in history. If this seed were given a few centuries and more, something wonderful might in the end grow out of it, with an equally wonderful fragrance, for whose sake our old earth would be more pleasant to live on than it has been. We people of the present are just beginning to form the chain of a future, very powerful feeling, link by link. We hardly know what we are doing. It almost seems to us that this is not a new feeling at all, but the decline of all the old feelings. The historical sense is still something so poor and cold, and many are struck by it as by a frost, and made even poorer and colder by it. To others it appears as the sign of advancing old age, and our planet seems to them a melancholy invalid who writes down the history of its youth in order to forget its present. Indeed, this is one color of this new feeling. Whoever knows how to feel the history of human beings as a *history of his own* feels, in an enormous generalization, all that grief of the sick person who thinks of health, of the old man who thinks of his dream of youth, of the lover who is robbed of his beloved, of the martyr whose ideal perishes, of the hero on the evening of a battle that decided nothing and yet brought him wounds and the loss of a friend. But to bear this enormous sum of grief of all kinds, to be able to bear it, and still to be the hero who at the break of a second day of battle

greet the dawn and his own happiness; to be the human being of a horizon of thousands of years ahead and behind; to be the heir of all the nobility of all past spirit, and the obligated heir; to be the most noble of all old nobles and at the same time the first-born of a new nobility, the like of which no age has yet seen or dreamed of; to take all this upon one's soul, the oldest and the newest, the losses, hopes, conquests and victories of humanity, and finally to have all this in *one* soul and to press it into *one* feeling: that would have to produce a happiness that human beings have not yet known. The happiness of a god, full of power and love, full of tears and full of laughter! A happiness that, like the sun in the evening, keeps giving away its inexhaustible wealth, pouring it into the sea, and, like the sun, feels richest only when even the poorest fisherman is still rowing with a golden oar! This divine feeling would then be called — humanity!

- 338 *The Will to Suffering and the Compassionate.* — Is it good for you yourselves to be compassionate people above all? And is it good for those who suffer if you are? But let us leave the first question unanswered for a moment. What we suffer from most deeply and most personally is almost incomprehensible and inaccessible to all others. In this we are hidden from our neighbor, even if he eats out of the same pot with us. But wherever we are *noticed* as sufferers, our suffering is interpreted in a flat way. It belongs to the nature of compassionate feeling that it strips the foreign suffering of what is really personal. Our “benefactors” are, more than our enemies, the belittlers of our worth and our will. In most of the kindnesses shown to unfortunate people there is something outrageous in the intellectual carelessness with which the compassionate person plays with fate. He knows nothing of the whole inner sequence and entanglement of what *for me* or *for you* is called misfortune. He does not consider the whole economy of my soul and its balancing through “misfortune,” the breaking open of new springs and needs, the healing of old wounds, the casting off of whole pasts. None of all that which can be connected with misfortune troubles the dear compassionate person. He wants to *help*, and he does not think that there is a personal necessity in misfortune, that terror, deprivation, impoverishment, midnights, adventures, risks and mistakes are as necessary to me and to you as

their opposites. Indeed, to put it mystically, the path to one's own heaven always leads through the voluptuousness of one's own hell. No, of this he knows nothing. The "religion of compassion" (or "the heart") commands him to help, and one believes one has helped best when one has helped fastest! If you adherents of this religion had the same attitude toward yourselves that you have toward your fellow human beings, if you did not want to let your own suffering lie on you for even an hour, and if you were always guarding yourselves in advance from all sorts of misfortune from afar, if you felt suffering and displeasure in general as evil, hateful, deserving of destruction, a blemish on existence, then you would have, along with your religion of compassion, yet another religion in your heart. And this one is perhaps the mother of the first: the *religion of comfort*. Ah, how little you know of the *happiness* of human beings, you comfortable and kind-hearted ones! For happiness and misfortune are two siblings and twins, who grow up together, or, as with you, stay small together! But now back to the first question. How is it even possible to stay on *one's own* path! Some outcry is constantly calling us from the side. Our eye seldom sees anything where it does not become necessary at once to drop our own affair and rush over. I know: there are a hundred decent and praiseworthy ways of losing myself from *my path*, and truly, very "moral" ways! Indeed, the view of the present moral preachers of compassion goes so far as to hold that this very thing, and this alone, is moral: to lose oneself in this way from one's own path and to rush to the aid of one's neighbor. I know just as surely: I need only give myself up to the sight of real need, and I am lost too! And if a suffering friend said to me, "Look, I will die soon; promise me that you will die with me," I would promise it, just as the sight of that little mountain people fighting for its freedom would bring me to offer them my hand and my life. To choose bad examples for good reasons, once. Yes, there is a secret temptation even in all this compassion-arousing and help-calling. Our "own path" is simply too hard and too demanding, and too far from the love and gratitude of others. We do not run away from it unwillingly at all, from it and from our most personal conscience, and we take refuge under the conscience of others, and inside the lovely temple of the "religion of compassion." As soon as a war breaks out, the

most noble people of a nation are always filled with a delight, though kept secret, and they throw themselves with ecstasy toward the new danger of *death*. For in sacrifice for the fatherland they finally believe they have the permission they have long sought: the permission to *evade their goal*. For them war is a detour to suicide, but a detour with a good conscience. And so, to pass over some things in silence, I will not keep silent about my own morality, which says to me: live in hiding, so that you can live with yourself! Live *in ignorance* of what your age considers most important! Put between yourself and today at least the skin of three centuries! And let the outcry of today, the noise of wars and revolutions, be a mumbling to you! You too will want to help, but only those whose need you fully *understand*, because they have the same suffering and the same hope as you: your friends. And only in the way you help yourself: I want to make them braver, more enduring, simpler, more cheerful! I want to teach them what so few understand now, and the preachers of compassion least of all: *sympathetic joy*!

- 339 *Vita femina*. — To see the last beauties of a work: all knowledge and all good will are not enough for that. It takes the rarest lucky chances, so that the veil of clouds from these peaks may one day soften for us, and the sun may glow on them. Not only must we stand in just the right place to see it. Our own soul must have drawn the veil away from its heights, and must need an outer expression and likeness, as if to have a hold and to stay master of itself. And all of this comes together so rarely at the same time that I am inclined to believe the highest heights of all good things, whether work, deed, person or nature, have until now been something hidden and veiled for most people, and even for the best. But what reveals itself to us reveals itself *only once*! The Greeks indeed prayed: “Twice and three times all that is beautiful!” Ah, they had good reason to call on the gods, for godless reality gives us the beautiful not at all, or only once! I mean to say that the world is overfull of beautiful things, and yet poor, very poor, in beautiful moments and revelations of these things. But perhaps this is

the strongest magic of life: over it lies a veil of beautiful possibilities shot through with gold, promising, resisting, bashful, mocking, pitying, seductive. Yes, life is a woman!

340 *The Dying Socrates.* — I admire the courage and wisdom of Socrates in everything he did and said, and in everything he did not say. This mocking and amorous monster and rat-catcher of Athens, who made the most reckless young men tremble and sob, was not only the wisest chatterer there has ever been: he was just as great in silence. I wish he had been silent at the last moment of life too. Perhaps he would then belong to an even higher order of spirits. Whether it was death, or the poison, or piety, or malice, something loosened his tongue at that moment, and he said: “Oh Crito, we owe a cock to Asclepius.” For whoever has ears, this ridiculous and terrible “last word” means: “Oh Crito, *life is a sickness!*” Is it possible! A man like him, who lived cheerfully and in front of everyone’s eyes like a soldier, was a pessimist! He had only put on a good face toward life, and all his life had hidden his final judgment, his innermost feeling! Socrates, Socrates suffered *from life!* And he took his revenge for it, with that veiled, dreadful, pious and blasphemous word! Did a Socrates also have to take revenge? Was a grain of magnanimity too little in his overrich virtue? Ah, friends! We must overcome the Greeks too!

341 *The Greatest Weight.* — What if, one day or night, a demon crept after you into your loneliest loneliness and said to you: “This life, as you now live it and have lived it, you will have to live once more, and countless times more. And there will be nothing new in it. Every pain and every joy, every thought and sigh, and all the unspeakably small and great things of your life must return to you, and all in the same sequence and order. And likewise this spider and this moonlight between the trees, and likewise this moment and I myself. The eternal hourglass of existence is turned over again and again, and you with it, dust of dust!” Would you not throw yourself down and grind your teeth and curse the demon who spoke this way? Or have you once experienced a tremendous moment in which you would answer him: “You are a god, and I never heard anything more divine!” If that thought gained power over you, it would trans-

form you as you are, and perhaps crush you. The question asked of everything and everyone, “Do you want this once more, and countless times more?” would lie on your actions as the greatest weight! Or how well disposed would you have to become toward yourself and toward life, to *long for nothing more* than this last eternal confirmation and sealing?

342 *Incipit tragoedia.* — When Zarathustra was thirty years old, he left his homeland and the lake Urmi and went into the mountains. There he enjoyed his spirit and his solitude, and for ten years he did not grow tired of them. But at last his heart changed. One morning he rose with the dawn, stepped before the sun and spoke to it thus: “You great star! What would your happiness be if you did not have those for whom you shine! For ten years you have climbed up here to my cave. You would have grown weary of your light and of this path, without me, my eagle and my serpent. But we waited for you every morning, took your overflow from you, and blessed you for it. Look! I am weary of my wisdom, like the bee that has gathered too much honey. I need hands that reach out. I want to give and to distribute, until the wise among human beings are once again glad of their folly, and the poor are once again glad of their wealth. For that I must go down into the depths, as you do in the evening when you go behind the sea and still bring light to the underworld, you overrich star! I must, like you, *go under*, as human beings call it, toward those to whom I want to go down. So bless me, then, you calm eye, which can look without envy even at a happiness that is too great! Bless the cup that wants to overflow, so that the water flows out of it golden and carries the reflection of your delight everywhere! Look! This cup wants to be empty again, and Zarathustra wants to become a human being again.” Thus began the going-under of Zarathustra.

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Book V



We Fearless Ones.

Carcass, you tremble? You would tremble far more if you knew where I am taking you.

Turenne.

343 *What Our Cheerfulness Is About.* — The greatest recent event, that “God is dead,” that faith in the Christian God has become unbelievable, is already beginning to cast its first shadows over Europe. At least for the few whose eyes, whose *suspicion*, are strong and fine enough for this spectacle, some sun seems to have gone down, some old profound trust has been turned into doubt. For them our old world must seem to grow more evening-like every day, more mistrustful, stranger, “older.” On the whole, however, one may say that the event itself is far too great, too distant, too far outside the grasp of most people, for even its news to be said to have *arrived*. Much less do many people yet know *what* has actually happened here, and everything that must now collapse, since it was built on this faith, leaned against it, and grew into it: for example, our whole European morality. This long abundance and sequence of breaking down, destruction, ruin and overturning that is now ahead: who today guesses enough of it to be the teacher and forerunner of this enormous logic of terror, the prophet of a darkening and an eclipse of the sun, the like of which has probably never been on earth?... Even we, born riddle-solvers, who wait as it

were on the mountains, placed between today and tomorrow and stretched into the contradiction between today and tomorrow, we firstborn and premature children of the coming century, for whom the shadows that must soon wrap Europe *should* already have come into view: why is it that even we, without any real participation in this darkening, and above all without any care or fear for ourselves, look toward its approach? Perhaps we are still too much under the *immediate consequences* of this event. And these immediate consequences, its consequences for us, are, contrary to what one might perhaps expect, by no means sad and darkening. They are rather like a new kind of light, hard to describe: happiness, relief, cheerfulness, encouragement, dawn... Indeed, we philosophers and “free spirits” feel, at the news that “the old god is dead,” as if lit up by a new dawn. Our hearts overflow with gratitude, astonishment, foreboding and expectation. At last the horizon seems free to us again, even if it is not bright. At last our ships may set out again, may set out in the face of any danger. Every venture of the knower is allowed again. The sea, *our* sea, lies open again before us, perhaps there has never yet been such an “open sea.” —

344 *In What Respects We Too Are Still Pious.* — In science, convictions have no rights of citizenship, and people say this with good reason. Only when they agree to descend to the modesty of a hypothesis, a provisional standpoint for experiment, a regulative fiction, may they be admitted, and even granted a certain value within the realm of knowledge. Even so, with the restriction that they remain under police supervision, under the police of mistrust. — But does this not mean, looked at more closely: only when a conviction *stops* being a conviction may it gain admission to science? Would the discipline of the scientific spirit not begin by permitting itself no more convictions?... It probably stands that way. The only question left is whether, in order for this discipline to begin, there must not already be a conviction, and indeed one so commanding and unconditional that it sacrifices all other convictions to itself. One sees that science too rests on a faith, and that there is no science “without presuppositions” at all. The question whether *truth* is necessary must not only be answered yes

already beforehand, but answered yes to such a degree that the proposition, the faith, the conviction expressed in it reads: "Nothing is more necessary than truth, and in relation to it everything else has only a second-rank value." — This unconditional will to truth: what is it? Is it the will *not to let oneself be deceived*? Is it the will *not to deceive*? For the will to truth could be interpreted in this last way as well: provided that under the generalization "I will not deceive" one also includes the particular case "I will not deceive myself." But why not deceive? But why not let oneself be deceived? — Note that the reasons for the first lie on an entirely different ground from the reasons for the second: one does not want to be deceived, on the assumption that being deceived is harmful, dangerous, fateful. In this sense science would be a long prudence, a caution, a usefulness, against which one may fairly object: really? Is wanting not to let oneself be deceived less harmful, less dangerous, less fateful? What do you know in advance about the character of existence, so that you can decide whether the greater advantage lies with the unconditionally mistrustful or the unconditionally trusting? And if both should be necessary, much trust and much mistrust, where then would science take its unconditional faith, the conviction it rests on, that truth is more important than any other thing, even than every other conviction? This very conviction could not have arisen if truth and untruth had both continually proved useful, as is the case. So — the faith in science, which is undeniably there, *cannot* have originated in such a calculation of usefulness. It must have arisen rather *despite* the constant proof that the will to truth, the "truth at any price," is useless and dangerous. "At any price": oh, we understand this well enough, once we have first offered one faith after another on this altar and butchered it! Consequently, "will to truth" does not mean "I will not let myself be deceived," but, there is no choice, "I will not deceive, not even myself." — *and with this we are on the ground of morality*. For you need only ask yourself thoroughly: "Why do you not want to deceive?" Especially if it looks, and it does look so, as if life were built on appearance, I mean on error, fraud, pretense, dazzling, self-dazzling. And if, on the other hand, the great forms of life have actually always sided with the most unscrupulous *polytropoi*. Such a resolve might, read generously, be a Quixoterie, a small enthusiastic

madness. But it might also be something worse: an anti-life, destructive principle.... “Will to truth”: that could be a hidden will to death. — In this way the question why science? leads back to the moral problem: *what is morality for at all*, if life, nature and history are “immoral”? There is no doubt that the truthful person, in that daring and final sense which the faith in science presupposes, *affirms thereby another world* than that of life, nature and history. And insofar as he affirms this “other world,” must he not, by that very act, *deny* its counterpart, this world, our world?... But one will have understood what I am getting at: that it is still a *metaphysical faith* on which our faith in science rests. That even we knowers of today, we godless ones and anti-metaphysicians, still take *our* fire from the blaze lit by a faith thousands of years old, the Christian faith, which was also Plato’s faith, that God is truth, that truth is divine.... But what if this is becoming more and more unbelievable, if nothing proves itself divine any more except error, blindness and lying, if God himself proves to be our longest lie?

345 *Morality as a Problem.* — The lack of a personality takes its revenge everywhere. A weakened, thin, extinguished personality that denies and disowns itself is no longer good for anything worthwhile, and least of all for philosophy. “Selflessness” has no value in heaven or on earth. The great problems all demand *great love*, and only strong, round, secure minds are capable of this, minds that sit firmly on themselves. It makes the most important difference whether a thinker stands personally toward his problems, so that in them he has his fate, his distress, and also his best happiness, or whether he stands “impersonally,” meaning that he knows how to touch and grasp them only with the feelers of cold, curious thought. In the second case nothing comes of it. That much can be promised, for the great problems, even if they can be grasped at all, cannot be *held* by frogs and weaklings. That has been their taste since eternity. It is a taste, by the way, that they share with all the worthy little women. — How is it, then, that I have not yet met anyone, even in books, who stood in this position as a person toward morality, who knew morality as a problem, and this problem as *his own* personal distress, torment, delight, pas-

sion? It is evident that until now morality has not been a problem at all. It has rather been the very thing on which people agreed, after all their mistrust, division and contradiction: the sacred place of peace where thinkers rest even from themselves, breathe freely and come back to life. I see no one who has dared a *critique* of moral value judgments. I miss even the attempts of scientific curiosity, of the spoiled, tempting imagination of psychologists and historians, which easily anticipates a problem and snatches it in passing, without really knowing what has been snatched. I have hardly found a few sparse beginnings toward an *origin story* of these feelings and valuations (which is something different from a critique of them, and once more something different from the history of ethical systems). In one case I have done everything to encourage an inclination and talent for this kind of history. In vain, it seems to me today. These historians of morality (particularly the English) are not much use. They usually stand, without suspecting it, still innocently under the command of a particular morality, and without knowing it they serve as shield-bearers and retinue for it. Take, for example, that old popular superstition of Christian Europe, still repeated so trustingly, that the mark of a moral action lies in the selfless, the self-denying, the self-sacrificing, or in sympathy and compassion. Their usual mistake in their assumptions is that they claim some consensus of peoples, at least of the tame peoples, about certain propositions of morality, and from this infer their unconditional obligation, also for you and me. Or else, conversely, once it has dawned on them that the moral valuations of different peoples are *necessarily* different, they draw the conclusion that *all* morality is not binding. Both of these are equally big childishness. The mistake of the finer among them is that they uncover and criticize the perhaps foolish opinions of a people about its morality, or of human beings about all human morality, namely their origin, religious sanction, the superstition of free will and such things. And by this they believe they have criticized morality itself. But the value of a precept “you shall” is still thoroughly different from, and independent of, opinions of this kind about it, and of the weeds of error with which it may be overgrown. Just as surely, the value of a medicine for a sick person is still completely independent of whether the sick person thinks about medicine scientifically or like an

old woman. A morality might even have grown out of an error. Even with this insight the problem of its value would not yet have been touched. — So no one has yet examined the *value* of that most famous of all medicines, called morality. The first thing that this requires is to *call it into question*. Well then! This is exactly what our work is.

346 *Our Question Mark.* — But do you not understand this? Truly, people will have trouble understanding us. We search for words, and perhaps also for ears. Who are we, after all? If we simply called ourselves godless, or unbelievers, or even immoralists, using older expressions, we would not believe ourselves described by it at all. We are all three together, and at too late a stage for it to be understood, for you to understand, gentlemen of curiosity, what it feels like to be us. No! No longer with the bitterness and passion of the one who has broken loose, who must still make for himself out of his unbelief a faith, a goal, a martyrdom of his own! We have hardened and cooled in the insight that the world does not go on divinely at all. Not even reasonably, mercifully or justly, by human measure. We know that the world we live in is ungodly, immoral, “inhuman.” For too long we have interpreted it falsely and lyingly, according to the wish and will of our reverence, that is, according to a *need*. For the human being is a reverencing animal! But he is also a mistrustful one. And that the world is *not* worth what we have believed is probably the most certain thing that our mistrust has at last gotten hold of. So much mistrust, so much philosophy. We take care not to say that the world is *less* worth it. Today it even seems laughable to us when a human being wants to claim the right to invent values that were meant to *outdo* the value of the real world. Precisely that is what we have come back from, as from a wanton aberration of human vanity and unreason that was for a long time not recognized as such. It found its last expression in modern pessimism, an older and stronger one in the teaching of the Buddha. But Christianity contains it too, though more doubtfully and ambiguously, and therefore no less seductively. The whole attitude of “human being *against* world,” the human being as a principle that negates the world, the human being as the measure of things, as the judge of the world, who finally puts exis-

tence itself on his scales and finds it too light: the monstrous absurdity of this attitude has become conscious to us as such, and it has grown distasteful. We laugh already when we find “human being and world” set side by side, separated by the sublime presumption of the little word “and”! But how? Have we not, with this laughing, only taken one step further in contempt for the human being? And so also in pessimism, in contempt for existence as *we* can know it? Have we not thereby fallen into the suspicion of an opposition, an opposition of the world in which we have so far been at home with our reverences, for whose sake we perhaps *endured* living, and of another world, *which we ourselves are*: an implacable, thorough, lowest suspicion about ourselves, which takes ever more and more hold of us Europeans, and could easily place the coming generations before the terrible either-or: “either abolish your reverences or — *yourselves!*” The latter would be nihilism. But would not the former also be nihilism? *This* is our question mark.

³⁴⁷ *The Believers and Their Need for Belief.* — How much a person needs to believe in order to thrive, how much that is “fixed,” that he will not have shaken, because he holds to it, is a measure of his strength (or, to put it more plainly, of his weakness). Christianity, it seems to me, is still needed by most people in old Europe even today, and that is why it still finds belief. For that is how human beings are. A proposition of faith could have been refuted a thousand times over. If he needed it, he would still hold it to be “true” again and again, in accordance with that famous “proof of power” of which the Bible speaks. Some still need metaphysics. But also that headlong *longing for certainty*, which today discharges itself among broad masses in scientific-positivist form, the longing to want something firm *absolutely*, while, because of the heat of this longing, people take the justification of security more lightly and leniently: this too is still the longing for a hold, a support, in short, that *instinct of weakness* which does not create religions, metaphysics or convictions of every kind, but does *preserve* them. Indeed, around all these positivist systems hangs the smoke of a certain pessimistic gloom, something of weariness, fatalism, disappointment, fear of new disappointment, or else displayed indignation, bad temper, anarchism of

outrage, and whatever other symptoms or masks there are of the feeling of weakness. Even the violence with which our cleverest contemporaries lose themselves in cramped corners and narrow places, for example in patriotism (this is what I call what the French call *chauvinisme* and the Germans call “German”), or in aesthetic confessions of faith in the manner of the Parisian *naturalisme* (which pulls out and lays bare only that part of nature which causes disgust and astonishment at once, and which people now like to call *la vérité vraie*), or in nihilism of the Petersburg pattern (that is, in *faith in unbelief*, to the point of martyrdom for it), shows first of all the *need* for belief, for a hold, a backbone, a support. Belief is always most desired, most urgently needed, where will is lacking. For will, as the affect of command, is the decisive mark of sovereignty and strength. That means that the less someone knows how to command, the more urgently he longs for someone who commands, who commands strictly: for a god, a prince, an estate, a physician, a confessor, a dogma, a party conscience. From this it might perhaps be inferred that the two world religions, Buddhism and Christianity, had their origin, and especially their sudden spread, in an enormous *sickness of the will*. And that is in fact how it was. Both religions found a longing for a “you shall,” piled up into the absurd by a sickness of the will and reaching the point of despair. Both religions were teachers of fanaticism in times of the slackening of will, and by this they offered countless people a hold, a new possibility of willing, a pleasure in willing. Fanaticism is in fact the only “strength of will” to which even the weak and uncertain can be brought, as a kind of hypnotizing of the whole sensory-intellectual system in favor of the excessive feeding (hypertrophy) of a single point of view and feeling, which then dominates. The Christian calls it his *faith*. Where a human being comes to the fundamental conviction that he *must* be commanded, he becomes “believing.” Conversely, one could imagine a delight and power of self-determination, a *freedom* of the will, in which a mind bids farewell to every faith, to every wish for certainty, practiced as it is in holding itself on light ropes and possibilities, and dancing even above abysses. Such a mind would be the *free spirit par excellence*.

348 *On the Origin of Scholars.* — In Europe the scholar grows out of every kind of estate and social condition, like a plant that needs no specific soil. Therefore, essentially and involuntarily, he belongs to the bearers of the democratic idea. But this origin betrays itself. If you have trained your eye a little to recognize, in a learned book or a scientific treatise, the intellectual *idiosyncrasy* of the scholar (every scholar has one), and to catch it in the act, you will almost always see behind it the “prehistory” of the scholar, his family, particularly their professions and crafts. Where the feeling is expressed, “that is now proved, I am finished with it,” it is usually the ancestor in the scholar’s blood and instincts who approves the “finished work” from his point of view. Belief in proof is only a symptom of what was regarded from of old, in a working lineage, as “good work.” An example: the sons of registrars and clerks of every kind, whose main task was always to order a varied material, to sort it into drawers, and in general to schematize, show, if they become scholars, a predilection for considering a problem almost solved once they have schematized it. There are philosophers who are at bottom only schematic minds. For them the formal side of their father’s craft has become the content. The talent for classifications and tables of categories reveals something. You do not get off scot-free for being your parents’ child. The son of a lawyer will also have to be a lawyer as a researcher. First of all he wants to be right with his case, and perhaps secondarily, to be correct. The sons of Protestant clergymen and schoolteachers can be recognized by the naive certainty with which, as scholars, they take their matter as already proved as soon as it has been put forward with courage and warmth. They are thoroughly used to people *believing* them. That was part of the “craft” of their fathers! A Jew, on the other hand, given the business sphere and the past of his people, is least used to just this: being believed. Look at Jewish scholars: they all set great store by logic, that is, by *forcing* agreement through reasons. They know that they must win through it, even where there is racial and class aversion against them, and where people are reluctant to believe them. For nothing is more democratic than logic. It recognizes no personal prestige, and it takes crooked noses for straight ones. (Incidentally, Europe owes the Jews no little thanks for logic, and for *cleaner* habits of the head. The Germans, first of all, as

a deplorably unreasonable race, still need to have their head washed first of all. Wherever Jews have come into influence they have taught people to distinguish more finely, to infer more sharply, and to write more brightly and cleanly. Their task has always been to bring a people “to reason.”)

349 *Once More on the Origin of Scholars.* — Wanting to preserve oneself is the expression of a state of need, a restriction of the true basic drive of life, which aims at *extension of power*, and which often enough, in that will, puts self-preservation at risk and sacrifices it. It is symptomatic that some philosophers, like the consumptive Spinoza for example, saw the decisive thing in the so-called drive of self-preservation. They had to see it, because they were people in a state of need. That our modern natural sciences have become so entangled with the Spinozist dogma (most recently and most crudely in Darwinism, with its incomprehensibly one-sided doctrine of the “struggle for existence”) is probably due to the origin of most natural scientists. In this respect they belong to “the people.” Their ancestors were poor and humble folk, who knew the difficulty of getting by all too well at close range. There is something like the stifling air of English overpopulation around all English Darwinism, a smell of the small folk, of need and narrowness. But as natural scientists, one should get out of one’s human corner. And in nature the rule is not need but abundance, waste, even to the point of absurdity. The struggle for existence is only an *exception*, a temporary restriction of the will to live. The great and the small struggle everywhere turns on superiority, on growth and spreading, on power, in accordance with the will to power, which is simply the will of life.

350 *In Honor of the Homines Religiosi.* — The struggle against the church is certainly, among other things (for it means many things), also the struggle of the coarser, more cheerful, more familiar, more superficial natures against the rule of the heavier, deeper, more contemplative people, that is, the more evil and suspicious people, who brooded over the value of existence, and over their own value too, with a long suspicion. The common instinct of the people, its sensual cheerfulness, its “good heart,” rebelled against them. The whole Roman church rests on a southern suspicion about the nature of human beings, which

is always misunderstood from the North. In this suspicion the European South inherited the legacy of the deep Orient, of ancient, mysterious Asia and its contemplation. Even Protestantism is a popular uprising in favor of the honest, the simple-hearted, the superficial. (The North was always kinder and shallower than the South.) But only the French Revolution finally and solemnly placed the scepter in the hand of the “good human being.” (The sheep, the donkey, the goose, and everything that is incurably flat and a screamer, and ripe for the madhouse of the “modern ideas.”)

351 *In Honor of the Priestly Natures.* — I think that what the people understand by wisdom (and who today is not “people?”), that clever, cowlike calm of mind, piety and village-parson gentleness, which lies in the meadow and *watches* life seriously and while chewing its cud, is exactly what philosophers have always felt farthest from themselves. Probably because they were not “people” enough, not village parsons enough. And they will perhaps be the last to learn to believe that the people could understand something of what lies farthest from it: the *great passion* of the knower, who constantly lives, and must live, in the thundercloud of the highest problems and the heaviest responsibilities (so not at all as a spectator, standing outside, indifferent, safe, objective...). When the people make an ideal of “the wise,” they revere a quite different kind of human being, and they are right a thousand times over to pay homage, with the best words and honors, to precisely this kind of human being: the gentle, earnestly simple and chaste priestly natures, and what is related to them. To these goes the praise in the people’s reverence for wisdom. And to whom would the people have more reason to show gratitude than to these men, who belong to it and come out of it, but who, like the consecrated, the chosen, *sacrificed* to its welfare (they themselves believe they are sacrificed to God), and before whom it can unburden its heart with impunity, rid itself of its secrets, its cares, and worse? (For the person who “confides” frees himself from himself, and whoever has “confessed” forgets.) Here a great necessity rules. For the spiritual filth too, there is need of drainage ditches and clean purifying waters. There is need of swift streams of love, and of strong, humble, pure hearts, who prepare them-

selves and sacrifice themselves for such a service of non-public hygiene. For it is a sacrifice, and a priest is and remains a human sacrifice... The people feel such sacrificed, quieted, serious people of “faith” as *wise*, that is, as people who have come to know, as “certain” ones compared with their own uncertainty. Who would want to take from them the word and this reverence? — But, as is only fair, among philosophers a priest still counts as “people” and *not* as one who knows, above all because they themselves do not believe in “those who know,” and in this belief and superstition they already smell “the people.” *Modesty* was what invented the word “philosopher” in Greece, and left to the actors of the spirit the magnificent arrogance of calling oneself wise. It was the modesty of such monsters of pride and self-rule as Pythagoras and Plato.

352 *How Far Morality Is Hardly Dispensable.* — Naked human beings are generally a shameful sight. I am speaking of us Europeans (and not even of the European women!). Suppose the most cheerful dinner party were suddenly revealed and stripped by the treachery of a magician. I believe not only the good cheer would be gone, but the strongest appetite would be discouraged. It seems we Europeans cannot do without that masquerade called clothing at all. But does the disguise of “moral human beings,” their concealment under moral formulas and ideas of decency, the whole benevolent hiding of our actions under the concepts of duty, virtue, public spirit, honorableness and self-denial, not have its equally good reasons? I do not mean by this that human malice and baseness, in short the bad wild beast in us, should be masked. My thought is the opposite: that precisely as *tame animals* we are a shameful sight, and need the moral disguise. The inner human being in Europe is by no means bad enough to be able to “show himself” with it (to be *beautiful* with it). The European dresses himself *in morality* because he has become a sick, sickly, crippled animal that has good reasons for being “tame,” because he is almost a monstrosity, something half, weak, clumsy... It is not the terribleness of the beast of prey that needs a moral disguise, but the herd animal with its deep mediocrity, fear

and boredom with itself. *Morality dresses up the European*, let us admit it! In the direction of the more distinguished, the more significant, the more impressive, into the “divine” —

353 *On the Origin of Religions.* — The real invention of the founders of religions is, first, to establish a certain kind of life and everyday routine of custom, which works as a *disciplina voluntatis* and at the same time removes boredom. And second, to give this very life an *interpretation*, by virtue of which it seems to shine with the highest value, so that it now becomes a good for which one fights and, under some circumstances, gives one’s life. In truth, of these two inventions the second is the more essential. The first, the way of life, was usually already there, but alongside other ways of life, and without consciousness of what value was inherent in it. The significance and originality of the founder of a religion usually comes to light in his *seeing* it, his *choosing* it, his being the first to *guess* what it is for and how it can be interpreted. Jesus (or Paul), for example, found the life of the little people in the Roman province already there: a modest, virtuous, oppressed life. He interpreted it, he put into it the highest meaning and value, and with that the courage to despise every other way of life, the quiet fanaticism of the Moravian brethren, the secret underground self-confidence that grows and grows and at last is ready to “conquer the world” (that is, Rome and the higher estates in the whole empire). Buddha, likewise, found such people, scattered through all the estates and social levels of his people, who out of laziness are good and kind (above all inoffensive), and who, also out of laziness, live abstemiously, almost without needs. He understood how such a kind of human being must inevitably roll, with the whole *vis inertiae*, into a faith that promises to *prevent* the return of earthly toil (that is, of work and of action in general). This “understanding” was his genius. For a founder of religion, psychological infallibility is needed, in knowing a certain average kind of souls that have not yet recognized themselves as belonging together. He is the one who brings them together. The founding of a religion therefore always becomes a long festival of recognition.

354 *On the "Genius of the Species."* — The problem of consciousness (more precisely, of becoming conscious) only presents itself to us once we begin to grasp how far we could do without it. And physiology and the history of animals now set us at this beginning of understanding. (It has taken two centuries for them to catch up with the suspicion *Leibniz* flew ahead with.) We could think, feel, will, remember, we could even "act" in every sense of the word, and yet all of this would not need to "come into consciousness," as one says in figures of speech. Whole life would be possible without its seeing itself, as it were, in a mirror. Indeed, even now the far greater part of our life still unfolds without this reflection, including our thinking, feeling and willing life, however offensive this may sound to an older philosopher. *Why* consciousness at all, if it is in the main *superfluous*? — Now, if one is willing to hear my answer to this question, and my perhaps extravagant conjecture, it seems to me that the refinement and strength of consciousness always stand in relation to the *capacity for communication* of a human being (or an animal), and that the capacity for communication in turn stands in relation to the *need for communication*. I do not mean the latter in the sense that the individual person who is a master at communicating and making his needs understood must also be the one most dependent on others for his needs. But it seems to me to be so in regard to whole races and chains of generations. Where need and distress have long forced people to communicate, to understand one another quickly and finely, there at last is a surplus of this power and art of communication, a kind of wealth that has gradually piled up and now waits for an heir who spends it lavishly. (So-called artists are these heirs, and so are the orators, preachers and writers: all people who always come at the end of a long chain, "late-born" each time, in the best sense of the word, and, as I said, *spendthrifts* by nature.) Supposing this observation is correct, I may go on to the conjecture that *consciousness has developed only under the pressure of the need for communication*. From the start it was needed and useful only between human beings, especially between those who give orders and those who obey, and it has developed only in proportion to the degree of this usefulness. Consciousness is really only a network of connections between one human being and another, and only as such has it had to develop. The solitary,

predatory human being would not have needed it. That our actions, thoughts, feelings and movements come into consciousness, at least some of them, is the result of a terrible, long-lasting “must” that rules over human beings. As the most endangered animal, he *needed* help and protection. He needed his own kind, he had to be able to express his distress and make himself understood. And for all this he first needed “consciousness”: that is, he had to know for himself what he lacked, to “know” how he felt, to “know” what he was thinking. For once more: the human being, like every living creature, thinks constantly, but does not know it. The thinking that becomes conscious is only the smallest part of it, let us say the most superficial and worst part. For only this conscious thinking happens *in words, that is, in signs of communication*, and that reveals the origin of consciousness itself. In short, the development of language and the development of consciousness (*not* of reason, but only of reason’s becoming conscious of itself) go hand in hand. Add to this that not only language serves as a bridge between one human being and another, but also the look, the pressure, the gesture. Our becoming conscious of our sense impressions, the power to hold them fixed and, as it were, set them outside ourselves, has grown in proportion to the pressure to convey them to *others* by signs. The human being who invents signs is at the same time the human being who becomes ever more sharply conscious of himself. Only as a social animal did human beings learn to become conscious of themselves. They are still doing it, and they do it more and more. My idea, as one can see, is this: that consciousness does not really belong to the individual existence of a human being, but to what is in him a community and herd nature. It follows that it is developed finely only in relation to the usefulness for the community and the herd. So each of us, however good his will to understand himself as individually as possible, “to know himself,” will still only bring to consciousness precisely what is not individual in him: his “average.” Our thinking itself is constantly *outvoted* and translated back into the herd perspective by the character of consciousness, by the “genius of the species” that rules in it. Our actions are basically all personal in an incomparable way, unique, boundlessly individual. There is no doubt about that. But as soon as we translate them into consciousness, *they no*

longer seem to be so. This is the real phenomenism and perspectivism as I understand it. The nature of *animal consciousness* means that the world we can become conscious of is only a surface world and a world of signs: a generalized world, a world made common. Whatever becomes conscious thereby becomes flat, thin, relatively stupid, general, a sign, a herd mark. With all becoming conscious there is connected a great and thorough corruption, falsification, superficialization and generalization. In the end, growing consciousness is a danger. And whoever lives among the most conscious Europeans knows that it is even a sickness. It is not, as you may guess, the opposition of subject and object that concerns me here. I leave that distinction to the epistemologists, who have gotten caught in the snares of grammar (the folk metaphysics). It is even less the opposition of “thing in itself” and appearance, for we “know” far too little to be allowed even to *separate* them in that way. We simply have no organ for knowing, for “truth.” We “know” (or believe, or imagine) just as much as may be *useful* to the human herd, to the species. And even what is called “usefulness” here is in the end only a belief, an imagining, and perhaps exactly that most fateful stupidity by which we will one day perish.

- 355 *The Origin of Our Concept of “Knowledge.”* — I take this explanation from the street. I heard someone from the people say, “He has recognized me”: and I asked myself, what does the people actually mean by knowledge? What does it want when it wants “knowledge”? Nothing more than this: something foreign is to be traced back to something *familiar*. And we philosophers, have we understood anything more by knowledge? The familiar, that is: what we are used to, so that we no longer wonder at it, our everyday life, some rule we are caught in, everything and anything in which we know ourselves to be at home. Now, is our need for knowledge not exactly this need for the familiar? The will to uncover, among all that is foreign, unusual, questionable, something that no longer disturbs us? Should it not be the *instinct of fear* that makes us want to know? Should the exultation of the knower not be exactly the exultation of a regained feeling of security?... This philosopher believed he had “known” the world when he had traced it back to the “idea.” Oh, was it not for that reason,

because the “idea” was so familiar to him, so habitual? Because he was so much less afraid of the “idea”? — Oh, this contentment of the knowers! Just look at their principles and their solutions to the riddle of the world! When they find in things, under things, or behind things something that is unfortunately very familiar to us, for example our multiplication table, or our logic, or our willing and desiring, how happy they are at once! For “what is familiar is known”: in this they all agree. Even the most cautious among them think that at least the familiar is *easier to know* than the foreign. It is methodically necessary, for example, to start from the “inner world,” from the “facts of consciousness,” because that is the world *we know better*! Error of errors! What is familiar is what we are used to, and what we are used to is hardest to “know,” that is, to see as a problem, that is, to see as strange, as distant, as “outside us”... The great certainty of the natural sciences, compared with psychology and the critique of the elements of consciousness (what one might almost call the *unnatural* sciences), rests precisely on their taking the *foreign* as object. Whereas it is almost something self-contradictory and senseless to want to take the non-foreign as object at all...

- 356 *How Things Will Become More “Artistic” in Europe.* — Concern for life still forces almost all European men today, in our transitional period, where so much has ceased to force us, into a certain *role*, their so-called profession. A few keep the freedom, an apparent freedom, to choose this role for themselves. For most it is chosen. The result is strange enough. At a more advanced age almost all Europeans confuse themselves with their role. They themselves are the victims of their “good acting.” They themselves have forgotten how much chance, whim and arbitrariness ruled over them back when their “profession” was decided, and how many other roles they might *have* played, for it is now too late! Looked at more deeply, the role has really *become* character, and art has become nature. There were ages in which people believed, with stiff confidence, even with piety, in their predestination for just this business and just this livelihood, and absolutely refused to acknowledge chance in it, or the role, or the arbitrary. With the help of this belief, estates, guilds and hereditary trade privi-

leges managed to erect those monstrous towers of society that distinguish the Middle Ages. Of these at least one thing deserves praise: they lasted (and lasting is a value of the first rank on earth!). But there are opposite ages, the properly democratic ones, where this belief is more and more unlearned, and a certain bold belief and point of view of the opposite comes to the fore: that Athenian belief first noticed in the age of Pericles, and the American belief of today, which more and more wants to become the European belief too. Here each individual is convinced that he can do almost anything, that he is almost *equal to any role*. Here everyone tries things with himself, improvises, tries again, tries with delight. Here all nature ceases and becomes art... The Greeks, once they had entered this *faith in roles*, a faith in artists if you like, went through, as is well known, a strange transformation, step by step, one not in every respect to be imitated. *They really became actors*. As actors they enchanted, they overcame the whole world, and in the end even the “world-conqueress” herself (for the *Graeculus histrion* conquered Rome, and *not*, as the innocent are fond of saying, Greek culture...). But what I fear, what can already be grasped with the hands today, if one is inclined to grasp for it, is that we modern human beings are already quite far along the same road. And every time a human being begins to discover how far he plays a role, and how far he *can be* an actor, he *becomes* an actor... With that, a new flora and fauna of human beings rises up, which cannot grow in firmer, more restricted ages, or is left “below,” under the spell and suspicion of dishonor. With that rise, every time, the most interesting and wildest periods of history, in which the “actors,” *all kinds* of actors, are the true masters. Precisely by this, another kind of human being is more and more disadvantaged and finally made impossible, above all the great “builders.” Now the building power is growing lame. The courage to make plans far into the distance is discouraged. The organizing geniuses begin to be lacking. Who would dare now to undertake works whose completion would have to be *reckoned* in millennia? The basic faith is dying out on which someone could reckon this way, promise, anticipate the future in his plan, and sacrifice himself to his plan: the faith that the human being has value and meaning only insofar as he is a *stone in a great building*, for which he must first of all be firm, must be

“stone.”... Above all, not an actor! In short, and — ah, it will still be kept quiet long enough! — what can no longer be built from now on, and cannot be built any more, is — a society in the old sense of the word. For this building everything is lacking, above all the material. *We are all no longer material for a society.* That is a truth whose time has come! It seems to me of no importance that, for the time being, the most short-sighted, perhaps the most honest, and certainly the noisiest kind of human being alive today, our gentlemen socialists, believes, hopes, dreams, and above all shouts and writes something roughly the opposite. One already reads their word for the future, “free society,” on all the tables and walls. Free society? Yes! Yes! But you know, gentlemen, what it is built out of? Out of wooden iron! Out of the famous wooden iron! And not even out of wood...

357 *On the Old Question, “What Is German?”* — Let us reckon up the real achievements of philosophical thought that we owe to German minds. Can they, in any permissible sense, still be credited to the whole race? May we say that they are at the same time the work of the “German soul,” at least its symptom, in the same sense in which we are accustomed to take Plato’s ideomania, his almost religious madness of forms, as an event and testimony of the “Greek soul”? Or would the opposite be true? Would these achievements be just as individual, just as much an *exception* to the spirit of the race, as Goethe’s paganism was, which he held with a good conscience? Or as Bismarck’s Machiavellianism is among Germans, with a good conscience, his so-called “realpolitik”? Did our philosophers perhaps even contradict the *need* of the “German soul”? In short, were the German philosophers really — philosophical *Germans*? I will recall three cases. First, *Leibniz’s* incomparable insight, by which he was right not only against Descartes but against everything that had been philosophized up to his time: that consciousness is only an accident of representation, *not* its necessary and essential attribute, so that what we call consciousness makes up only one state of our spiritual and psychic world (perhaps a sick state), and is by no means that world itself. Is there anything German about this thought, whose depth has still not been exhausted today? Is there any reason to suppose that a

Latin would hardly have stumbled on this reversal of appearance? For it is a reversal. Second, let us recall *Kant's* enormous question mark, which he put beside the concept of "causality." Not that, like Hume, he doubted its right altogether. He rather began cautiously to mark off the realm inside which this concept has any meaning at all. (Even now people have not finished this work of marking the boundary.) Third, let us take the astonishing grasp of *Hegel*, who, going through all the logical habits and pampered assumptions, dared to teach that the concepts of species develop *out of one another*. With this proposition the minds of Europe were prepared for the last great scientific movement, Darwinism. For without Hegel, no Darwin. Is there anything German about this Hegelian innovation, which first brought the decisive concept of "development" into science? — Yes, beyond all doubt. In all three cases we feel something of ourselves "uncovered," guessed at, and we are grateful for it and surprised at once. Each of these three propositions is a thoughtful piece of German self-knowledge, self-experience, self-understanding. "Our inner world is much richer, more extensive, more hidden," so we feel with Leibniz. As Germans we doubt with Kant the final validity of scientific knowledge, and of everything at all that *can be known* causally. What is knowable seems to us, simply as such, of *lesser* value. We Germans are Hegelians even if there had never been a Hegel, in that (unlike all Latins) we instinctively attach a deeper meaning and richer value to becoming and development than to what "is." We hardly believe in the right of the concept "being." And likewise, in that we are not inclined to concede that our human logic is logic in itself, the only kind of logic. We would rather persuade ourselves that it is only a special case, and perhaps one of the strangest and stupidest. A fourth question would be whether *Schopenhauer*, with his pessimism, that is, with the problem of the *value of existence*, must have been precisely a German. I do not think so. The event for which this problem was to be expected with certainty, so that an astronomer of the soul could have calculated day and hour for it, namely the decline of belief in the Christian God and the victory of scientific atheism, is a common European event, in which all races are to share the merit and the honor. Conversely, it is precisely the Germans, those Germans among whom

Schopenhauer lived at the same time, who must be credited with having *delayed* this victory of atheism longest and most dangerously. Hegel in particular was its delayer par excellence, in keeping with the grandiose attempt he made to persuade us, at the very last, of the divinity of existence, with the help of our sixth sense, the “historical sense.” Schopenhauer was the *first* avowed and unbending atheist we Germans have had, as a philosopher. His enmity toward Hegel had its background here. The ungodliness of existence counted for him as something given, graspable, not open to discussion. He lost his philosophical composure every time, and fell into indignation, when he saw anyone hesitate here and make detours. In this point lies his whole uprightness. The unconditional honest atheism is precisely the *presupposition* of his way of posing the problem. It is a victory of European conscience, finally and hard won, the most consequential act of a two-thousand-year discipline toward truth, which at the end forbids itself the *lie* of belief in God.... One sees what has really won out over the Christian God: Christian morality itself, the ever more strictly taken concept of truthfulness, the confessor’s subtlety of the Christian conscience, translated and sublimated into scientific conscience, into intellectual cleanliness at any price. To look at nature as if it were proof of the goodness and care of a god. To interpret history in honor of a divine reason, as constant testimony to a moral order of the world and to moral final purposes. To explain one’s own experiences as pious people have explained them for long enough, as if everything were providence, every event a hint, everything thought out and arranged for the salvation of the soul. That is now *over*. It goes against the conscience, it counts as indecent, dishonest, as lying, effeminacy, weakness, cowardice to every finer conscience. With this strictness, if with anything, we are indeed *good* Europeans, and heirs of Europe’s longest and bravest self-overcoming. In rejecting the Christian interpretation in this way, and condemning its “meaning” like counterfeit coinage, the *Schopenhauerian* question comes to us at once, in a terrible form: *does existence have any meaning at all?* That question will take a few centuries before it is even fully heard, in all its depth. What Schopenhauer himself answered to this question was, if you will forgive me, something hasty and youthful. It was only a settlement, a standing

and getting stuck in the very Christian-ascetic perspectives of morality, from which the belief had been canceled along with belief in God.... But he *posed the question*, as a good European, as I said, and *not* as a German. — Or might the Germans, at least in the way they took hold of Schopenhauer's question, have proved their inner belonging and kinship, their preparation, their *need* for his problem? That after Schopenhauer, in Germany too (late enough, by the way!), people thought and wrote about the problem he had set up, is certainly not enough to decide in favor of this closer belonging. One could even argue against it the peculiar *dumsiness* of this post-Schopenhauerian pessimism. The Germans clearly did not behave as if they were in their element. I am by no means alluding to Eduard von Hartmann here. On the contrary, my old suspicion is still not lifted, that he is much too *clever* for us. I mean that, as a sly rogue from the very start, he may have made fun not only of German pessimism, but may in the end even “bequeath” it to the Germans, as a testament. He would show how far they could be made fools of, even in the age of the founding of the Empire. But I ask: should we perhaps count old buzzing top Bahnsen to the credit of the Germans, the man who spun his whole life, with delight, around his real-dialectical misery and his “personal bad luck”? Would that be anything especially German? (I recommend his writings, which I myself used as an antipessimistic diet, particularly for the sake of their *elegantiae psychologicae*, with which, it seems to me, even the most constipated body and mind can be reached.) Or should we count such dilettantes and old maids as the sugary apostle of virginity, Mainländer, among the real Germans? In the end he too will have been a Jew (all Jews turn sugary when they moralize). Neither Bahnsen, nor Mainländer, nor much less Eduard von Hartmann provides a reliable handle for the question whether the pessimism of Schopenhauer, his horrified glance into a world made godless, stupid, blind, mad and questionable, his *honest* horror... was not only an exceptional case among Germans, but a *German* event. Everything else that stands in the foreground, our brave politics, our cheerful patriotism, which quite resolutely regards all things from a little philosophical principle (“Germany, Germany above all”), and so *sub specie speciei*, that is, from the point of view of the

German species, bears very clear witness to the opposite. No! The Germans of today are *not* pessimists! And Schopenhauer was a pessimist, I repeat, as a good European, and *not* as a German. —

358 *The Peasants' Revolt of the Spirit.* — We Europeans stand before an enormous world of ruins, where some things still rise high, where much stands rotten and uncanny, and most of it already lies on the ground, picturesquely enough. Where have there ever been more beautiful ruins? And overgrown with great and small weeds. The church is this city of ruin. We see the religious society of Christianity shaken down to its lowest foundations. Belief in God has been overturned, and belief in the Christian-ascetic ideal is just fighting its last battle. A work built as long and as thoroughly as Christianity (it was the last Roman building!) could not, of course, be destroyed all at once. Every kind of earthquake had to shake it, and every kind of spirit that bores into it, digs, gnaws, moistens it, had to help. But what is strangest is this: those who have taken the most trouble to hold on to Christianity, to preserve it, have become precisely its best destroyers, namely the Germans. It seems the Germans do not understand the nature of a church. Are they not spiritual enough? Not mistrustful enough? The building of the church rests, in any case, on a southern freedom and open-mindedness of the spirit, and likewise on a southern suspicion toward nature, human beings and the mind. It rests on a quite different knowledge of human beings, and experience of human beings, than the North has had. The Lutheran Reformation, in its whole breadth, was the indignation of simplicity against something “many-layered,” to put it cautiously. It was a coarse, honest misunderstanding, for which much can be forgiven. People did not understand the expression of a *victorious* church, and saw only corruption. They misunderstood the noble skepticism, that *luxury* of skepticism and tolerance which every victorious, self-assured power permits itself. Today one sees well enough how Luther, in all the cardinal questions of power, was fatefully brief, superficial and imprudent, above all as a man from the people, to whom all inheritance from a ruling caste, all instinct for power, was lacking. So his work, his will to restore that Roman work, without his wanting or knowing it,

became only the beginning of a work of destruction. He unravelled, he tore apart, with honest indignation, where the old spider had woven most carefully and longest. He handed the holy books over to everyone. So they finally came into the hands of the philologists, that is, of the destroyers of every faith that rests on books. He destroyed the concept of “church” by throwing away belief in the inspiration of councils. For only on the presupposition that the inspiring spirit which founded the church still lives in it, still builds, still goes on building its house, does the concept “church” keep its force. He gave the priest back sexual intercourse with a woman. But three quarters of the reverence the people, and above all the peasant woman, is capable of rests on the belief that an exceptional human being will also be exceptional in other respects. Here precisely the popular belief in something superhuman in a human being, in the miracle, in the redeeming god in a human being, had its finest and most dangerous advocate. After giving the priest the woman, Luther had to *take* the priest’s confession, and this was psychologically right. But with it, in truth, the Christian priest himself was abolished, whose deepest usefulness has always been to be a holy ear, a discreet well, a grave for secrets. “Everyone his own priest”: behind such formulas, and their peasant cunning, Luther hid an abysmal hatred of the “higher human being,” and of the rule of the “higher human being” as the church had conceived it. He smashed an ideal that he could not reach, while he seemed to fight against and abhor the degeneration of this ideal. In fact he, the impossible monk, rejected the *rule* of the *homines religiosi*. So within the church order he did precisely what he fought so intolerantly in the civil order: a “peasants’ revolt.” — What grew out of his Reformation afterward, good and bad, and can be roughly reckoned up today, who would be naive enough to simply praise or blame Luther for these consequences? He is innocent of everything. He did not know what he was doing. The flattening of the European spirit, especially in the North, its *making kinder*, if one prefers to hear it said in a moral word, took a strong step forward with the Lutheran Reformation. There is no doubt about that. And likewise through it grew the mobility and restlessness of the spirit, its thirst for independence, its belief in a right to freedom, its “naturalness.” If one wants to grant the Reformation this value in the

latter respect, for having prepared and favored what we now revere as “modern science,” one must of course add that it is also partly guilty for the degeneration of the modern scholar, for his lack of reverence, shame and depth, for all the naive candor and honest-fellow manners in matters of knowledge. In short, for that *plebeianism of the spirit* which is peculiar to the last two centuries, and from which even the pessimism so far has by no means freed us. The “modern ideas” too still belong to this peasants’ revolt of the North against the colder, more ambiguous, more mistrustful spirit of the South, which built its greatest monument in the Christian church. Finally, let us not forget what a church is, in contrast to every “state.” A church is above all a structure of rule that secures the highest rank for the *more spiritual* human beings, and that *believes* so much in the power of spirituality that it forbids itself all cruder means of force. With this alone the church is, under all circumstances, a *more distinguished* institution than the state. —

359 *Revenge on the Spirit, and Other Backgrounds of Morality.* — Morality: where do you think it has its most dangerous and insidious advocates?... There is a failed human being who does not have enough spirit to enjoy himself, and just enough education to know that. Bored, weary, a self-despiser. Through some inherited wealth he has unfortunately been cheated even of the last consolation, “the blessing of work,” the self-forgetfulness of the “daily labor.” Such a person, who is basically ashamed of his existence (perhaps he harbors a few small vices for it), and who on the other hand cannot help spoiling himself more and more through books, to which he has no right, or through more spiritual company than he can digest, and making himself vain and touchy. Such a thoroughly poisoned person (for spirit becomes poison, education becomes poison, property becomes poison, solitude becomes poison for those who have turned out this way) finally falls into a habitual state of revenge, of the will to revenge.... *What* do you think he needs, absolutely needs, in order to create for himself, in his own eyes, the look of superiority over more spiritual people, and to create for himself, at least in his imagination, the pleasure of *revenge carried out*? Always *morality*, you can bet on that. Always the great moral words,

always the boom-boom of justice, wisdom, holiness, virtue. Always the stoicism of gesture (how well stoicism hides what one *does not* have!). Always the cloak of clever silence, of affability, of gentleness, and whatever the idealists' cloaks are called, under which the incurable self-despisers walk around, and the incurably vain as well. Do not misunderstand me: from such born *enemies of the spirit*, that rare piece of humanity sometimes arises which the people revere under the name of the holy or the wise. From such people come those monsters of morality who make noise and make history. Saint Augustine belongs among them. The fear of the spirit, the revenge on the spirit: oh, how often have these powerful vices already become the root of virtues! Yes, of virtue! And, between us, is not even that claim of philosophers to wisdom, which has now and then been made on earth, the wildest and most immodest of all claims, always *above all a hiding place* until now, in India as in Greece? Sometimes perhaps from the point of view of education, which sanctifies so many lies, as tender consideration for beings in the making, growing ones, for disciples who often have to be defended against themselves through faith in the person (through an error)... In the more frequent cases, though, it is a hiding place of the philosopher, behind which he saves himself out of weariness, age, cooling, hardening. As a feeling of the approaching end, as the wisdom of that instinct animals have before death: they step aside, become quiet, choose solitude, creep into caves, become *wise*.... How? Is wisdom a hiding place of the philosopher from — the spirit?

- 360 *Two Kinds of Cause, Mistaken for One Another.* — This seems to me one of my most essential steps and advances: I learned to distinguish the cause of an action from the cause of this or that particular action, of acting in this direction, toward this goal. The first kind of cause is a quantity of accumulated force, which waits to be used up somehow, for something. The second kind, by contrast, is something quite insignificant measured against that force, mostly a small accident, according to which that quantity now “discharges” itself in one definite way: the match in relation to the powder keg. Among these small accidents and matches I count all so-called “purposes,” and even the still more so-called “callings in life.” They are relatively arbitrary, capricious, almost indiffer-

ent compared with the enormous quantity of force which, as I said, presses to be used up somehow. People commonly see it differently. They are used to seeing the *driving* force precisely in the goal (purposes, callings and so on), in keeping with an ancient error. But the goal is only the *directing* force. Here the helmsman has been mistaken for the steam. And not even always the helmsman, the directing force.... Is the “goal,” the “purpose,” often enough not only a whitewashing pretext, a later self-deception of vanity, which does not want to hear that the ship follows the current it happened to get into? That it “wants” to go there *because it must* go there? That it has a direction indeed, but altogether — no helmsman? — We still need a critique of the concept “purpose.”

361 *On the Problem of the Actor.* — The problem of the actor has disturbed me longest. I was unsure (and sometimes am still) whether we will not first get at the dangerous concept “artist,” a concept that has so far been treated with unforgivable good nature, from this direction. Falseness with a good conscience. The pleasure in pretense, breaking out as power, pushing aside, flooding over, sometimes extinguishing the so-called “character.” The inner longing to go into a role and mask, into an *appearance*. A surplus of adaptive abilities of every kind, which no longer know how to satisfy themselves in the service of the nearest and narrowest use. Is all of this perhaps not only the actor in himself?... Such an instinct will most easily have developed in families of the lower people, who had to get through life under changing pressure and compulsion, in deep dependence. They had to stretch themselves supply to their blanket, adjust themselves anew to new circumstances, keep giving and presenting themselves differently. Gradually they became capable of hanging the cloak according to *every* wind, and so, becoming almost a cloak, they became masters of that incorporated and ingrained art of the eternal game of hiding, which in animals is called mimicry. Until at last this whole capacity, stored up from generation to generation, becomes domineering, unreasonable, unruly, learns as instinct to command other instincts, and produces the actor, the “artist” (first of all the buffoon, the teller of lies, the Hanswurst, the fool, the clown, also the classical servant, Gil Blas. For in such types one has the prehistory of the artist,

and often enough even of the “genius”). Under similar pressure, a similar kind of person also grows up under higher social conditions. Only then the actor’s instinct is usually held in check by some other instinct, for example in the “diplomat.” I would in fact believe that a good diplomat, in every age, would still be free to become a good stage actor as well, provided that he were really “free.” As for the *Jews*, that people of the art of adaptation par excellence, one might, following this line of thought, see in them from the start something like a world-historical arrangement for breeding actors, an actual hotbed of actors. And in fact the question is quite overdue: which good actor today is *not* a Jew? The Jew, too, as the born literary man, the real ruler of the European press, exercises his power on the strength of his acting ability. For the literary man is essentially an actor. He plays the “expert,” the “specialist.” Finally, *women*: think about the whole history of women. Must they not first and foremost be actresses? Listen to the doctors who have hypnotized women. Finally, love them, and let yourself be “hypnotized” by them! What always comes out of it? That they “give themselves,” even when they are — giving themselves... Woman is so artistic....

362 *Our Belief in a Masculinization of Europe.* — One owes it to Napoleon (and not at all to the French Revolution, which aimed at “brotherhood” from people to people and a general flowery exchange of hearts) that a few warlike centuries may now follow one another, which have no equal in history. In short, we have entered the *classical age of war*, of learned and at the same time popular war, on the largest scale (of means, talents and discipline), which all coming millennia will look back on with envy and reverence as a piece of perfection. For the national movement, out of which this war glory grows, is only the counter-shock against Napoleon, and would not exist without him. To him one may someday credit the fact that the *man* in Europe has become master again over the merchant and the philistine, and perhaps even over “woman,” who has been pampered by Christianity and the enthusiastic spirit of the eighteenth century, and even more by the “modern ideas.” Napoleon, who saw in the modern ideas, and quite directly in civilization, something like a personal

enemy, proved himself, through this enmity, one of the greatest continuators of the Renaissance. He brought back a whole piece of antique being, perhaps the decisive piece, the piece of granite. And who knows whether this piece of antique being will not also, in the end, become master again over the national movement, and have to make itself, in an affirmative sense, the heir and continuator of Napoleon, who, as is known, wanted *one* Europe, and this as the *mistress of the earth*. —

363 *How Every Age Has Its Prejudice About Love.* — With all the concession I am willing to make to the monogamous prejudice, I will never allow anyone to speak of *equal* rights in love for man and woman. There are none. The reason is that man and woman each understand something different by love. And it belongs among the conditions of love for both sexes that one sex does *not* presuppose in the other the same feeling, the same concept of “love.” What the woman understands by love is clear enough: complete surrender (not merely devotion) with soul and body, without any consideration or reservation. Indeed, she feels shame and horror at the thought of a surrender that is hedged in and tied to conditions. In this absence of conditions, her love is precisely a *faith*. The woman has no other. The man, when he loves a woman, *wants* precisely this love from her, and so for his own part he is himself the furthest from the presupposition of woman’s love. But suppose there were men who in turn did not find the wish for complete surrender foreign to them: well, then these are precisely *not* men. A man who loves like a woman becomes a slave by it. But a woman who loves like a woman becomes by it a *more perfect* woman.... The passion of the woman, in its unconditional renunciation of her own rights, presupposes precisely that on the other side there is *not* an equal pathos, an equal will to renounce. For if both renounced themselves out of love, something would come of it, but what I do not know, perhaps an empty space? The woman wants to be taken, accepted as a possession, to dissolve into the concept “possession,” to be “possessed.” So she wants someone who *takes*, who does not give himself and give himself away, but who on the contrary is supposed to be made richer in “himself” through the increase in strength, happiness and

faith that the woman gives him by giving herself. The woman gives herself away, the man takes more. I think no social contracts, not even the best will toward justice, can get past this natural opposition. However desirable it may be, one should not keep the harsh, terrible, puzzling, immoral side of this antagonism constantly before one's eyes. For love, thought out whole, great and full, is nature, and as nature it is eternally something "immoral." — *Fidelity* is accordingly included in the woman's love; it follows from its definition. In the man it *can* easily arise in the wake of his love, perhaps as gratitude or as an idiosyncrasy of taste and so-called elective affinity. But it does not belong in the essence of his love, and so little that one might almost say, with some right, that in the man there is a natural conflict between love and fidelity. Love is in fact a wanting-to-have, and *not* a renouncing and giving away. But wanting-to-have always ends with the *having*.... In fact it is the subtler and more suspicious thirst for possession in the man, one that rarely and late admits to "having," that keeps his love alive. In this way it is even possible that his love still grows after surrender. He does not readily admit that a woman has nothing more to "give" to him.

364 *The Hermit Speaks.* — The art of getting along with people rests essentially on the skill (which presupposes long practice) of accepting and eating a meal whose kitchen one does not trust. Supposing one comes to the table with a wolf's hunger, everything goes easily ("the worst company can be *felt*," as Mephistopheles says). But one does not have this wolf's hunger when one needs it! Ah, how hard fellow human beings are to digest! First principle: as with a misfortune, put in your courage, take hold bravely, admire yourself for it, take your disgust between your teeth, stuff your nausea down. Second principle: "improve" your fellow human being, for example by praise, so that he begins to sweat out his happiness over himself. Or take hold of a corner of his good or "interesting" qualities and pull at it until you have the whole virtue out, and can tuck the human being into its folds. Third principle: self-hypnotizing. Fix your social object like a glass button, until you stop feeling pleasure

or displeasure in it, and fall asleep unnoticed, stiffen, acquire a bearing. A household remedy from marriage and friendship, richly tested, praised as indispensable, but not yet formulated scientifically. Its popular name is — patience.

365 *The Hermit Speaks Once More.* — We too deal with “people.” We too modestly put on the dress in which we are known, respected and sought, and in that way we enter society, that is, among masked people who do not want to be called that. We too do as all clever masks do, and courteously put a chair outside the door for any curiosity that does not concern our “dress.” But there are also other kinds of tricks for “dealing” with people, among people. For example, appearing as a ghost, which is very advisable if you want to be rid of them soon and make them afraid. Test: they reach for us and cannot grasp us. That frightens them. Or: we come through a closed door. Or: when all the lights have been put out. Or: after we have already died. This last is the trick of the *posthumous* people par excellence. (“What do you think, anyway?” one of them once said impatiently, “would we have any desire to endure this strangeness, this coldness, this silence of the grave around us, all this underground, hidden, mute, undiscovered loneliness that we call life and that could just as well be called death, if we did not know what becomes of us? And that only after death do we come to our life and become alive, ah! very alive! We posthumous people!”)

366 *Facing a Learned Book.* — We do not belong to those who come to thoughts only between books, at the prompting of books. Our habit is to think outdoors, walking, leaping, climbing, dancing, preferably on lonely mountains or close by the sea, where even the paths become thoughtful. Our first questions of value about a book, a person or music are: “Can he walk? Better still, can he dance?...” We rarely read, and so we do not read any worse. Oh how quickly we guess how someone came to his thoughts: sitting, in front of the inkwell, with his belly squeezed, his head bent over the paper! Oh how quickly we are finished with his book, too! A cramped inner organ betrays itself, you can bet on that, just as room air, a room ceiling, and room narrowness betray themselves. These were my feelings when I just closed an honest learned book, grateful, very grateful, but also relieved. There is almost always something oppressive,

oppressed, in a scholar's book. The "specialist" appears somewhere. His zeal, his seriousness, his indignation, his overestimation of the corner he sits in and spins in, his hump: every specialist has his hump. A scholarly book always reflects a crookedly drawn soul, too. Every trade draws crooked. Look up your old friends, the ones you were young with, once they have taken possession of their science. Oh, however the reverse may have happened! Oh, how they are now occupied and possessed by it, forever! Grown into their corner, crushed beyond recognition, unfree, thrown off balance, thin and angular everywhere, round only in one place: one is moved, and silent, when one finds them again like this. Every trade, even if it has a golden floor, also has a leaden ceiling above it, which presses on the soul until it is strangely and crookedly pressed. Nothing can be done about this. Do not believe for a moment that it is possible to get around this deformation by any artifice of education. Every kind of mastery costs dearly on earth, where perhaps everything costs too much. You become a master of your trade at the price of also becoming the sacrifice of your trade. But you want it differently: "cheaper," above all more comfortable. Is that not so, gentlemen, my contemporaries? Very well! But then you immediately get something else, namely, instead of the craftsman and master, the literary man, the nimble "much-turned" man of letters, who lacks the hump, of course, except for the bow he makes before you as the shop assistant of the spirit and "bearer" of culture. The man of letters, who is actually nothing, but represents almost everything. Who plays the expert and "stands in" for him. Who, with the greatest modesty, takes it upon himself to get himself paid, honored and celebrated in the expert's place. — No, my learned friends! I bless you even for your hump! And for the fact that, like me, you despise the men of letters and the parasites of culture! And that you do not know how to trade in spirit! And that you hold opinions that cannot be expressed in money! And that you represent nothing you are not! That your one will is to become masters of your craft, in reverence for every kind of mastery and capability, and with the most uncompromising rejection of everything apparent, half-genuine, dolled-up, virtuoso-like, demagogic, theatrical in *litteris et artibus*: everything that cannot show itself to you as unconditionally *upright* in discipline and preparation.

(Even genius does not help over such a lack, however well it knows how to disguise it. One understands this once one has observed closely our most gifted painters and musicians, who almost all, almost without exception, know how to acquire artificially and afterward, through cunning inventiveness of manners, makeshifts, and even principles, the *appearance* of that uprightness, that solidity of training and culture, though without deceiving themselves by it, without permanently silencing their own bad conscience. For you know this, don't you? All great modern artists suffer from a bad conscience....)

367 *How to Distinguish Works of Art, First.* — Everything that is thought, composed, painted, set to music, even built and shaped, belongs either to monological art or to art before witnesses. Among the latter must also be counted that apparently monological art which contains faith in God, the whole lyric of prayer. For to a pious person there is still no solitude. We invented that, we godless ones. I know of no deeper difference in the whole optics of an artist than this: whether he looks at his developing work from the eye of a witness (at “himself,” so to speak), or whether he has “forgotten the world,” which is the essence of all monological art. It rests on *forgetting*. It is the music of forgetting.

368 *The Cynic Speaks.* — My objections to Wagner's music are physiological objections. Why first disguise them in aesthetic formulas? My “fact” is that I no longer breathe easily once this music begins to work on me. At once my *foot* turns against it and revolts. It has a need for beat, dance, march, and it demands from music first of all the delights that lie in *good* walking, striding, leaping, dancing. But does my stomach not protest as well? My heart? My blood circulation? My bowels? Do I not, without noticing, become hoarse? And so I ask myself: what does my whole body actually want from music at all? I believe its *relief*: as if all animal functions were to be accelerated by light, bold, carefree, self-assured rhythms, as if the brazen, leaden life were to be gilded with golden, good, tender harmonies. My melancholy wants to rest in the hiding places and abysses of *perfection*. For that I need music. What is the drama to me! What are the convulsions of its moral ecstasies, in which the “people” find their satisfaction! What is all the gesture-hocus-pocus of the actor!... One can guess that I

am essentially antitheatrical in temperament, but Wagner was, conversely, essentially a man of the theater and an actor, the most inspired mimomaniac there has ever been, even as a musician!... And, by the way: if Wagner's theory was "the drama is the purpose, music is always only its means," his *practice*, on the other hand, was from beginning to end: "the attitude is the purpose, the drama, and music too, is always only *its* means." Music as a means of clarifying, intensifying and internalizing the dramatic gesture and the actor's sensuous presence. And the Wagnerian drama only an occasion for many dramatic attitudes! Alongside all his other instincts, he had the commanding instincts of a great actor, in everything and in every part, and, as I said, as a musician too. I once made this clear to an honest Wagnerian, with some effort. And I had reason to add: "Do be a little more honest with yourself. We are not in the theater! In the theater one is honest only as a mass. As an individual one lies, one lies to oneself. When you go to the theater, you leave yourself at home. You give up the right of your own tongue and choice, your own taste, even your own courage, the courage you have and practice between your own four walls against God and man. Nobody brings the finest senses of his art into the theater, not even the artist who works for the theater. There one is folk, audience, herd, woman, Pharisee, voting cattle, democrat, neighbor, fellow human being. There even the most personal conscience yields to the leveling charm of the 'greatest number.' There stupidity works as lust and contagion. There the 'neighbor' rules, and there one *becomes* a neighbor..." (I forgot to report what my enlightened Wagnerian answered my physiological objections: "So you are simply not healthy enough for our music?")

369 *Our Side-by-Side.* — Must we not admit, we artists, that there is an uncanny diversity in us, that our taste and, on the other hand, our creative power stand apart in a strange way, stand apart and keep their own growth, I mean quite different degrees and tempi of old, young, ripe, mellow, rotten? So that, for example, a musician could create, all his life, things that *contradict* what his spoiled listener's ear and listener's heart value, relish and prefer. He need not even know about this contradiction! As a nearly embarrassingly regular experience

shows, one can easily grow beyond the taste of one's power, even without this power being paralyzed or prevented from bringing forth. But the reverse can also happen, and this is exactly what I want to draw the attention of artists to. A constantly creating person, a "mother" of a human being in the great sense of the word, one who knows and hears nothing but the pregnancies and childbeds of his spirit, who has no time left to consider and compare himself and his work, who no longer has the will to exercise his taste, and simply forgets it, that is, lets it stand, lie or fall: perhaps such a person finally produces works *which he has long since ceased to be able to judge*, so that he says foolish things about them and himself. He says them and thinks them. This seems to me almost the normal relation in fruitful artists. No one knows a child worse than its parents. And to take an enormous example, it holds even for the whole world of Greek poets and artists: they never "knew" what they were doing....

370 *What Is Romanticism?* — Perhaps you remember, at least my friends do, that at first I set out toward this modern world with some thick errors and overestimations, and certainly as one who *hoped*. I understood, I wonder on what personal experiences, the philosophical pessimism of the nineteenth century as if it were a symptom of higher strength of thought, of more daring bravery, of a more victorious *fullness* of life, than the eighteenth century had, the age of Hume, Kant, Condillac and the sensualists. So the tragic insight appeared to me as the real *luxury* of our culture, its most precious, most distinguished, most dangerous kind of wastefulness, but still, on the basis of its superabundance, *permitted* luxury. In the same way I interpreted German music to suit myself, as the expression of a Dionysian power of the German soul. In it I believed I heard the earthquake with which an ancient, long-accumulated primal force at last makes room for itself, no matter whether everything else that is called culture starts to tremble with it. You see, at that time I misjudged both philosophical pessimism and German music, and misjudged what makes up their real character: their *romanticism*. What is romanticism? Every art, every philosophy may be regarded as a remedy and aid in the service of a growing, struggling life. They always presuppose suffering and sufferers. But there are

two kinds of sufferers: first, those who suffer from the *overfullness of life*, who want a Dionysian art, and likewise a tragic view and insight into life. And second, those who suffer from the *impoverishment of life*, who seek rest, quiet, a smooth sea, redemption from themselves through art and knowledge, or else intoxication, cramp, numbness, madness. All romanticism in arts and in knowledge answers to the double need of the *latter*. Schopenhauer and Richard Wagner answered to it, and so did (and does) Schopenhauer and Richard Wagner, to name the most famous and most explicit romantics, whom I *misunderstood* at that time. But not, by the way, to their disadvantage, as one may fairly grant me. The richest in fullness of life, the Dionysian god and human being, can allow himself not only the sight of the terrible and questionable, but even the terrible deed, and every luxury of destruction, decomposition, negation. In him evil, senseless and ugly things appear as permitted, as the result of a surplus of procreative, fertilizing powers, which can make a lush fruit-land out of any desert. Conversely, the most suffering and life-poor person would most need gentleness, peacefulness, kindness, in thinking and acting, if possible a god who would be a god for the sick, a “savior.” And the same goes for logic, for the conceptual comprehensibility of existence, for logic soothes and gives confidence. In short, he needs a certain warm, fear-warding narrowness and enclosure in optimistic horizons. In this way I gradually learned to understand Epicurus, the opposite of a Dionysian pessimist, and also the “Christian,” who is in truth only a kind of Epicurean, and, like him, essentially a romantic. And my eye grew sharper and sharper for that most difficult and treacherous form of *inference* in which the most mistakes are made: the inference from the work to its author, from the deed to its doer, from the ideal to the one who *needs* it, from every way of thinking and valuing to the *need* that commands behind it. In regard to all aesthetic values I now use this main distinction. I ask, in every single case, “Has hunger or abundance become creative here?” At first another distinction may seem more recommended, and it is much more obvious: whether the longing for hardening, for making eternal, for *being* is the cause of creating, or whether the longing for destruction, for change, for novelty, for the future, for *becoming* is. But both kinds of longing

turn out, looked at more deeply, to be ambiguous, and interpretable precisely by that previously placed scheme, which I think is rightly preferred. The longing for *destruction*, for change, for becoming, can be the expression of an overfull, future-pregnant power (my term for that, as is known, is the word “Dionysian”). But it can also be the hatred of the failed, the deprived, the badly off, who destroys and *must* destroy, because the existing order, indeed all existence, all being itself, outrages and provokes him. To understand this feeling, one only has to look at our anarchists from close up. The will to *eternalize* also needs a double interpretation. It may come from gratitude and love. An art of this origin will always be an art of apotheosis, dithyrambic perhaps with Rubens, blissfully mocking with Hafiz, bright and kind with Goethe, spreading a Homeric light and halo of glory over all things. But it may also be the tyrannical will of someone who suffers heavily, who fights, who is tortured. Such a person wants to stamp even the most personal, most singular, narrowest thing, the very idiosyncrasy of his suffering, as a binding law and compulsion. He takes a kind of revenge on all things by pressing and branding *his* image, the image of *his* torture, onto them. The latter is *romantic pessimism* in its most expressive form, whether as Schopenhauer’s philosophy of will or as Wagner’s music: romantic pessimism, the last *great* event in the fate of our culture. (That there could be quite another pessimism, a *classical* one, this idea and vision belongs to me, as inseparable from me, as my *proprium* and *ipsissimum*. Only my ear resists the word “classical,” it has become far too worn out, too round and unrecognizable. I call that pessimism of the future, for it is coming! I see it coming! — the *Dionysian* pessimism.)

- 371 *We Unintelligible Ones.* — Have we ever complained about being misunderstood, mistaken, confused, slandered, misheard and not heard? That is our lot, and will be for a long time yet. Let us say, to be modest, until 1901. It is also our distinction. We would not hold ourselves in sufficient honor if we wished it otherwise. We are mistaken for others, because we ourselves are growing. We keep changing. We shed old bark. We molt again with every spring. We keep growing younger, more future-oriented, higher, stronger. We drive our roots

ever more powerfully into the depths, into evil, while at the same time we embrace the sky ever more lovingly and more broadly, and suck its light with all our branches and leaves ever more thirstily into ourselves. We grow like trees (it is hard to understand, like all life!), not in one place, but everywhere, not in one direction, but upward and outward as well as inward and downward. Our strength drives at once into trunk, branches and roots. It is no longer open to us to do anything singly, or even to *be* anything singly. So it is our lot, as I said. We grow upward. And even if it were our fate (for we live ever closer to the lightning!), well then, we honor it no less. It remains what we do not share, do not want to communicate: the fate of height, *our* fate....

372 *Why We Are Not Idealists.* — Once the philosophers were afraid of the senses. Have we perhaps unlearned this fear too much? We are today all sensualists, we present and future ones in philosophy, not in theory, but in practice, in practicality. Those earlier ones, by contrast, thought that through the senses they would be lured out of *their* world, the cold realm of “ideas,” onto a dangerous, sunnier island, where, as they feared, their philosopher’s virtues would melt away like snow in the sun. “Wax in the ears” was almost a condition of philosophizing at that time. A true philosopher no longer heard life, insofar as life is music. He *denied* the music of life. It is an old philosophers’ superstition that all music is siren music. Now we might be inclined to judge exactly the reverse (which in itself could still be just as false): namely that the *ideas* are worse seducers than the senses, with all their cold, anemic appearance, and not even despite this appearance. They always lived on the “blood” of the philosopher. They always drained his senses, and, if we are to believe us, his “heart” too. Those old philosophers were heartless. Philosophizing was always a kind of vampirism. Do you not feel something deeply enigmatic and uncanny in such figures, even in Spinoza’s? Do you not see the spectacle that plays out here, the constant *growing pale*, the ever more idealistically interpreted de-sensualization? Do you not sense, in the background, some long-hidden bloodsucker, who begins with the senses and at last leaves behind only bones and rattling, leaves them behind? I mean categories, formulas, *words*. (For, forgive me, what

was left over from Spinoza, the *amor intellectualis dei*, is a rattling, nothing more! What is love, what is god, when they lack every drop of blood?...) In sum: all philosophical idealism has so far been something like sickness, except where, as in the case of Plato, it was the caution of an overrich and dangerous health, the fear of *overpowering* senses, the cleverness of a clever Socratic. Perhaps we moderns are simply not healthy enough to *need* Plato's idealism? And we do not fear the senses, because...

373 “*Science*” as *Prejudice*. — It follows from the laws of rank that scholars, insofar as they belong to the intellectual middle class, are not allowed to catch sight of the real *great* problems and question marks at all. Moreover, their courage and their vision do not reach that far. Above all, their need, which makes them researchers, their inner anticipation and wish that things should be *so and so*, their fear and hope, come too soon to rest, to satisfaction. Take, for example, the pedantic Englishman Herbert Spencer, who gets himself worked up in his own way, and who draws a hopeful line, a horizon-line of desirability: that final reconciliation of “egoism and altruism” which he fables about. That almost makes people like us sick. A humanity with such Spencerian perspectives as its final perspectives would seem worthy of contempt and destruction! But already the fact that something must be felt by him as the highest hope, which to others counts, and may count, only as a repellent possibility, is a question mark that Spencer could not have foreseen... The same goes for that belief with which so many materialist natural scientists now content themselves, the belief in a world that should have its equivalent and measure in human thinking and human concepts of value, a “world of truth” that could finally be mastered with the help of our square little human reason. What? Do we really want to reduce existence in this way to an exercise for calculating servants and a stay-at-home occupation for mathematicians? Above all, one should not want to strip it of its *many-sided* character. Good taste demands this, gentlemen, the taste of reverence for everything that goes beyond your horizon! That only a world-interpretation should be right in which *you* can be right, in which scientific research and work can go on in *your* sense (you mean, in fact, *mechanistic*?):

one that allows only counting, calculating, weighing, seeing and grasping and nothing more, is a clumsiness and naivety, provided it is not a sickness of the mind, or idiocy. Would it not, conversely, be quite probable that exactly the most superficial and most external part of existence, its most apparent part, its skin and sensuous appearance, could be grasped first, perhaps even grasped alone? A “scientific” world-interpretation, as you understand it, could therefore still be one of the *stupidest*, that is, the poorest in meaning, of all possible world-interpretations. This I say to the gentlemen mechanists, whose ears and conscience I want to reach, who nowadays like to pass themselves off as philosophers and quite believe that mechanics is the doctrine of the first and last laws on which all existence must be built like a foundation. But a world that was essentially mechanical would be an essentially *meaningless* world! Suppose one measured the *value* of a piece of music by how much of it could be counted, calculated, reduced to formulas. How absurd such a “scientific” assessment of music would be! What would one have grasped, understood, recognized of it! Nothing, absolutely nothing of what is really “music” in it!...

374 *Our New “Infinite.”* — How far the perspectival character of existence reaches, or whether it has any other character at all, whether an existence without interpretation, without “sense,” does not simply become “nonsense,” and whether, on the other hand, all existence is not essentially an *interpreting* existence: none of this can be settled, however diligent and conscientiously painstaking the analysis and self-examination of the intellect may be. For in this analysis the human intellect cannot help seeing itself under its perspectival forms, and seeing *only* in them. We cannot look around our own corner. It is a hopeless curiosity to want to know what other kinds of intellect and perspective there *could* be. For example, whether some beings can experience time running backward, or alternately forward and backward (which would give another direction of life and another concept of cause and effect). But I think that today we are at least far from the ridiculous immodesty of decreeing, from our own corner, that one may have perspectives only from this corner. Rather, the world has once again become “infinite” for us, insofar as we cannot reject the possibil-

ity that it contains *infinite* interpretations. Once again the great shudder seizes us. But who would feel like deifying this monstrous unknown world again, in the old way, right away? Or worshipping the unknown from now on as “the Unknown One”? Ah, too many *ungodly* possibilities of interpretation are counted into this unknown, too much devilry, stupidity and folly of interpretation, including our own human, all-too-human interpretation, which we do know....

375 *Why We Seem to Be Epicureans.* — We modern people are cautious about final convictions. Our mistrust lies in wait for the enchantments and conscience-tricks that lie in every strong faith, every unconditional yes and no. How is this explained? Perhaps one may see in it, for a good part, the wariness of “the child who was burned,” of the disappointed idealist. But for another and better part, also the gleeful curiosity of a former corner-stander who was driven to despair by his corner, and who now revels and rhapsodizes in the opposite of the corner, in the unbounded, in “freedom as such.” Out of this a nearly Epicurean inclination to knowledge develops, one that does not want to let go of the question-mark character of things without a fight. Likewise a dislike of the great moral words and gestures, a taste that rejects all the clumsy, square oppositions, and is proud of its practice in reservations. For *that* is what makes up our pride: this light tightening of the reins while our drive toward certainty charges forward, this self-control of the rider on his wildest rides. For still, we have wild fiery animals under us, and when we hesitate, it is least of all the danger that makes us hesitate....

376 *Our Slow Times.* — This is how all artists and people of “works” feel, the motherly kind of human being. They always believe that at each stage of their life, which a work each time cuts off, they are already at the goal itself. They would always accept death patiently, with the feeling: “We are ripe for it.” This is not an expression of weariness, but rather of a certain autumnal sunniness and mildness, which the finished work itself, the ripening of a work, leaves in its

maker every time. The tempo of life then slows and becomes thick and honey-flowing, to the point of long fermatas, to the point of believing in the long fermata....

377 *We Homeless Ones.* — Among the Europeans of today there is no shortage of people who have a right to call themselves homeless, in a distinguished and honorable sense. To them in particular, my secret wisdom and *gaya scienza* are expressly commended! For their lot is hard, their hope uncertain. It is a trick to invent a consolation for them, but what good is that! We children of the future, how *could* we feel at home in this today? We are unfavorable to all ideals on which someone might still feel at home, even in this fragile, broken transitional age. As for its “realities,” we do not believe they have *duration*. The ice that still bears today has already become very thin. The thaw wind is blowing. We ourselves, we homeless ones, are something that breaks open the ice and other all-too-thin “realities.”... We do not “conserve” anything, nor do we want to return to any past. We are not “liberal” at all. We do not work for “progress.” We do not need first to stop our ears against the future sirens of the market. What they sing, “equal rights,” “free society,” “no more masters and no more slaves,” does not attract us! We simply do not think it desirable that the kingdom of justice and harmony should be founded on earth. (For under all circumstances it would be the kingdom of the deepest mediocrity and Chineseness.) We take pleasure in all those who, like us, love danger, war and adventure, who do not let themselves be reconciled, captured, smoothed over and castrated. We count ourselves among the conquerors. We think about the necessity of new orders, including a new slavery. For to every strengthening and elevation of the type “human being” there belongs also a new kind of enslavement. Is it not so? With all this, must we be ill at home in an age that loves to claim honor for being called the most humane, mildest and most just age the sun has yet seen? It is bad enough that we have uglier secret thoughts behind these beautiful words! That in them we see only the expression, even the masquerade, of deep weakening, weariness, age, declining strength! What is it to us what finery a sick man dresses his weakness up in? Let him display it as his *virtue*. There is no doubt

that weakness makes people mild, oh so mild, so just, so harmless, so “human”! The “religion of compassion” that they would like to talk us into: oh, we know well enough the hysterical little men and women who have exactly this religion today as their veil and decoration! We are not humanitarians. We would never dare to speak of our “love for humanity.” We are not actors enough for that. Or not Saint-Simonian enough, not French enough. You must be afflicted with a *Gallic* excess of erotic irritability and loving impatience to approach even humanity honestly with your lust. Humanity! Was there ever a more hideous old woman among all old women? (Unless it is “truth”: a question for philosophers.) No, we do not love humanity. On the other hand, we are also far from being “German” enough, in the sense in which the word “German” is current today, to speak for nationalism and racial hatred, or to take pleasure in the national heart-rash and blood poisoning, which is why people in Europe are now fencing themselves off from one another, as with quarantines. We are too unprejudiced for that, too malicious, too spoiled, also too well informed, too “well traveled.” We much prefer to live on mountains, apart, “untimely,” in past or coming centuries, simply to spare ourselves the silent fury to which we would be condemned as eyewitnesses of a politics that makes the German spirit barren by making it vain, and that is *small* politics besides. Does it not need to plant its own creation between two deadly hatreds, so that it does not fall apart at once? Must it not want the perpetuation of Europe’s petty statehood?... We homeless ones are by race and descent too many-sided and mixed, as “modern people,” and consequently little tempted to join in that false self-admiration of race and debauchery, which today displays itself in Germany as the sign of a German attitude, and which seems doubly false and indecent in the people of “historical sense.” We are, in one word (and let it be our word of honor!), *good Europeans*, the heirs of Europe, the rich, overloaded, but also overrichly obligated heirs of thousands of years of the European spirit. As such we have also grown out of Christianity, and turned away from it. And precisely because we have grown *out of* it, because our ancestors were Christians of the ruthless uprightness of Christianity, who willingly sacrificed goods and blood, rank and fatherland to their faith. We do the same. For what? For our unbelief? For every

kind of unbelief? No, you know better than that, my friends! The hidden yes in you is stronger than all the noes and maybes that your age makes you sick with. And if you have to go out on the sea, you emigrants, then a faith too must compel you!

378 *“And Become Bright Again.”* — We generous and rich ones of the spirit, who stand like open wells beside the road and do not mind if anyone draws from us, we unfortunately do not know how to defend ourselves where we would like to. We cannot prevent ourselves from being *clouded* and made dark. The time we live in, its “most temporal” side, its dirty birds drop their filth, the boys throw their junk, and exhausted wanderers who rest beside us throw their little and great misery into us. But we will do what we have always done. We take what is thrown into us, down into our depths, for we are deep, we do not forget, and we *become bright again...*

379 *The Fool’s Interlude.* — The author of this book is no misanthrope. Hatred of human beings costs too much today. To hate as people once hated *the* human being, Timonian, as a whole, without deduction, from full heart, out of the whole love of hatred, one would have to give up despising. And how much fine joy, how much patience, how much kindness do we owe precisely to our despising! Besides, in this we are the “chosen of God.” Fine despising is our taste and privilege, our art, perhaps our virtue, we most modern of the moderns!... Hatred, on the other hand, puts people on the same level, facing each other. In hatred there is honor, and finally: in hatred there is *fear*, a large, good portion of fear. But we fearless ones, we more spiritual people of this age, know our advantage well enough to live without fear, precisely as the more spiritual ones, in relation to this time. People will hardly behead us, imprison us or banish us. They will not even forbid and burn our books. This age loves the spirit. It loves us and needs us, even if we had to make it understand that in contempt we are artists. That every contact with people gives us a slight shudder. That with all our mildness, patience, friendliness and politeness, we cannot persuade our nose to give up its prejudice against the nearness of a human being. That we

love nature, the less human it is. And art, *when* it is the artist's flight from the human being, or the artist's mockery of the human being, or the artist's mockery of himself...

380 *"The Wanderer" Speaks.* — To catch sight of our European morality from a distance, to measure it against other moralities, earlier or coming ones, one must do as a wanderer does who wants to know how high the towers of a city are: he *leaves* the city. "Thoughts on moral prejudices," if they are not to be prejudices about prejudices, presuppose a position *outside* morality, some beyond good and evil to which one must climb, scramble or fly. And in the case at hand, at least a beyond *our* good and evil, a freedom from everything "European," understood as a sum of commanding value judgments that have passed into our flesh and blood. That one wants to go out there, up there, is perhaps a small madness, a peculiar unreasonable "you must." For we who know also have our idiosyncrasies of "unfree will." The question is whether one can really go up there. This may depend on many conditions. Mainly it is the question of how light or how heavy we are, the problem of our "specific gravity." One must be *very light* to drive one's will to knowledge so far, and so to speak beyond one's time, to make eyes for oneself that can survey millennia, and moreover to have clear sky in those eyes! One must have loosened oneself from much that presses, hampers, holds down and weighs heavy on us Europeans of today. The human being of such a beyond, who wants to catch sight of even the supreme standards of value of his time, must first "overcome" this time within himself. That is the test of his strength. And consequently he must overcome not only his time, but also his previous aversion and contradiction *against* this time, his suffering *from* this time, his untimeliness, his *romanticism*...

381 *On the Question of Comprehensibility.* — When one writes, one wants not only to be understood, but just as surely *not* to be understood. It is no objection at all to a book that somebody finds it incomprehensible. Perhaps this was exactly what its writer intended. He *did not want* to be understood by just "anybody." Every nobler mind and taste, when it wants to communicate, also chooses its

listeners. In choosing them it also draws its barriers against “the others” at the same time. All the finer laws of style have their origin here. They keep at a distance, they create distance, they forbid “entrance,” understanding, as I said, while they open the ears of those who are related to us in hearing. And, to say it between ourselves, and in my case: I do not want to let myself be prevented, either by my ignorance or by the liveliness of my temperament, from being understandable to *you*, my friends. Not by the liveliness, however much it forces me to get to a matter quickly, just to get to it at all. For I treat deep problems as one treats a cold bath: quickly in, quickly out. That one does not get down into the depth, not deep enough, by doing this is the superstition of the water-shy, the enemies of cold water. They speak without experience. Oh! Great cold works quickly! And, by the way: does a matter really remain not understood and not recognized simply because it is touched on only in passing, looked at, flashed at? Must one absolutely first sit firmly on it? Brood on it like an egg? *Diu noctuque incubando*, as Newton said of himself? At least there are truths of a special shyness and ticklishness, which one can get hold of only suddenly. One must surprise them, or let them be. Finally, my brevity has another value too. Within questions like the ones that occupy me, I have to say many things briefly, so that they are heard even more briefly. As an immoralist one has to take care not to corrupt innocence. I mean donkeys and old maids of both sexes, who have nothing in life except their innocence. Even more: my writings should inspire them, elevate them, encourage them to virtue. I know of nothing on earth more amusing than to see inspired old donkeys, and maidens who are stirred by the sweet feelings of virtue. “That is what I have seen,” thus spoke Zarathustra. So much regarding brevity. It is worse with my ignorance, which I do not hide from myself. There are hours when I am ashamed of it. Of course there are also hours when I am ashamed of this shame. Perhaps all of us philosophers are badly off today in regard to knowledge. Science is growing, and the most learned among us are close to discovering that they know too little. But it would still be worse if it were otherwise, if we knew too much. Our task is and remains first of all not to confuse ourselves with others. We are something other than scholars, although it cannot be avoided that, among

other things, we are scholarly too. We have different needs, a different growth, a different digestion. We need more, and we also need less. For how much a mind needs to nourish itself there is no formula. But if its taste is directed toward independence, toward quick coming and going, toward wandering, toward adventures perhaps, for which only the quickest are fit, then it prefers to live freely on thin fare than unfree and stuffed. Not fat, but the greatest suppleness and strength is what a good dancer wants from his food. And I do not know what the mind of a philosopher could wish to be more than a good dancer. For dance is his ideal, and also his art, and finally his only piety, his “divine service”...

382 *The Great Health.* — We new ones, the nameless, the badly understood, we premature births of a future not yet proven, need for a new purpose also a new means, namely a new health, a stronger, shrewder, tougher, bolder, merrier health than any that has existed before. Whoever has a soul thirsting for this, who has lived through the whole range of values and desirabilities so far and sailed around all the coasts of this ideal “Mediterranean,” who wants to know from the adventures of his own most personal experience how it feels to be a conqueror and discoverer of the ideal, or likewise an artist, a saint, a lawgiver, a sage, a scholar, a pious person, a soothsayer, a divinely off-center figure of the old style: such a person needs first of all one thing, *the great health*. A health that one not only has, but also keeps acquiring and must keep acquiring, because one keeps giving it up, and must give it up!... And now, after we have long been on the way like this, we Argonauts of the ideal, perhaps more courageous than is wise, and often enough shipwrecked and damaged, but, as I said, healthier than we would be allowed to be, dangerously healthy, always healthy again, it seems to us that, as a reward for this, we have a land still undiscovered before us. Its borders have not yet been glimpsed by anyone, a beyond of all the lands and corners of the ideal so far. A world so overrich in the beautiful, the strange, the questionable, the terrible and the divine that our curiosity as well as our lust for possession has gone beside itself. Ah, now nothing can satisfy us any more! How could we be content with the *present* human being, after such

prospects, and with such a hunger in conscience and knowledge? It is bad enough, but it is unavoidable that we look upon his most worthy goals and hopes only with a seriousness poorly kept up, and perhaps no longer even look on at all. Another ideal runs ahead of us, a strange, tempting, dangerous ideal, to which we would not want to persuade anyone, because we do not so easily grant anyone the *right to it*. It is the ideal of a spirit that plays, naively, that is, unwillingly and out of overflowing fullness and power, with everything that has so far been called holy, good, untouchable, divine. For which the highest thing, by which the people reasonably measure its values, would already mean as much as danger, decline, degradation, or at least recreation, blindness, temporary self-forgetting. The ideal of a human-superhuman well-being and goodwill, which will often enough appear *inhuman*, for example when it sets itself beside all the earthly seriousness so far, beside every kind of solemnity in gesture, word, sound, look, morality and task, like their most bodily and involuntary parody. And with which, in spite of all this, perhaps *the great seriousness* only begins, the real question mark is only set, the fate of the soul turns, the hand moves, the tragedy *begins*...

383 *Epilogue.* — But as I slowly, very slowly, paint this somber question mark at the end, and am still willing to call to my readers' memory the virtues of the proper reader (oh, what forgotten and unknown virtues!), it happens that around me the most malicious, most lively, most goblin-like laughter breaks out. The spirits of my book itself fall upon me, pull me by the ears, and call me to order. "We cannot stand it any longer," they call out to me. "Away, away with this raven-black music! Is it not bright morning all around us? And a green soft ground and lawn, the kingdom of the dance? Was there ever a better hour for being merry? Who will sing us a song, a morning song, so sunny, so light, so winged, that it does *not* drive off the crickets, but rather invites the crickets to sing along and dance? And even a simple rustic bagpipe would be preferable to those mysterious tones, those croakings, grave-voices and marmot whistles with which you have regaled us so far in your wilderness, my hermit and music of the

future! No! Not such tones! Let us strike up more pleasant ones, more joyful ones!” Do you like it this way, my impatient friends? Very well! Who would not gladly oblige you?

My bagpipe is already waiting, and so is my throat. It may sound a little rough, take it as it is! We are in the mountains, after all. But what you are going to hear is at least new. And if you do not understand it, if you misunderstand the *singer*, what does it matter! That is simply “the singer’s curse.” All the more clearly can you hear his music and tune, and all the better then can you dance to his pipe. Do you want that?...

* * *

Songs of Prince Free-as-a-Bird



Appendix:
Songs of Prince Free-as-a-Bird.

- ¹ To Goethe.
The everlasting
Is but your image, friend!
A god who snares us
Is a poet's cunning trick...
The wheel of the world, that rolls,
Brushes goal against goal:
What the sullen call distress,
The fool hails as a game...
The world's imperious game
Stirs being and seeming together:—
And the eternal jester
Stirs us in with it!...
- ² The Poet's Calling.

Not long ago, to cool my head,
I sat beneath the shady trees,
And heard a ticking, softly ticking,
Dainty, as if keeping time.
I scowled and pulled a face or two,—
Till in the end I yielded,
And even I, like any poet,
Ticked away in step with it.
As I went forging out my verses,
Each syllable went hop-la-ing,
And all at once I had to laugh,
Laugh on for a quarter hour.
You, a poet? You, a poet?
Has your head gone so far astray?
—“Indeed, sir, you’re a poet,”
Says the woodpecker, with a shrug.
Who is it I am waiting for, here in the thicket?
Whom am I lying in wait for, bandit that I am?
A saying? A picture? In a flash
My rhyme has hopped onto its back.
Whatever flits and skips, the poet
Snaps up and fits into a line.
—“Indeed, sir, you’re a poet,”
Says the woodpecker, with a shrug.
Rhymes, I think, are arrows, then:
See how the lizard-creatures twitch,
Shudder and leap, once the shaft
Has pierced their finest parts!
Alas, you perish of it, poor wretches,
Or reel about as if you’d drunk!
—“Indeed, sir, you’re a poet,”
Says the woodpecker, with a shrug.

Crooked little maxims, in a hurry,
Tipsy little words, how they throng!
Until, line after line, you all
Dangle from the ticking chain.
And is there some cruel rabble
That delights in this? Are poets wretched?
—“Indeed, sir, you’re a poet,”
Says the woodpecker, with a shrug.
Are you jeering, bird? Would you make a joke?
If my head is in such a state,
What would become of my heart?
Beware, beware my rage!—
Yet the poet weaves his rhymes
Even in his rage, some way or other.
—“Indeed, sir, you’re a poet,”
Says the woodpecker, with a shrug.

³ In the South.

So here I dangle from a crooked bough
And rock my weariness to sleep.
A bird has bid me as its guest:
It is a bird’s nest where I rest.
Where am I? Oh, far! Oh, far!
The white sea lies there, lulled to sleep,
And on it stands a sail of purple.
Crag, fig trees, tower, and harbor,
An idyll all about, the bleating of flocks,—
Innocence of the South, receive me!

A step at a time, a mere crawl, is no life:
Leg after leg, the German way, weighs heavy.
I bade the wind to lift me up,
I learned to hover with the birds,—
And southward flew I over the sea.
Reason! A wearisome trade!
It drives us to the goal far too soon!
In flight I learned what had been mocking me,—
And already courage, blood and sap
Stir me to new life, new play...
To think alone is what the wise do,
But to sing alone would be foolish!
So hear a song in your honor,
And sit around me, quiet, in a ring,
You naughty little birds!
So young, so false, so restless,
You seem made for nothing but love
And every pleasant pastime, do you not?
In the North—I own it with a shudder—
I loved an old woman, past all bearing:
“Truth” was the name of that old crone...

4 The Pious Beppa.
While my figure still is pretty,
It pays to be devout.
Everyone knows God loves women,
The pretty ones especially.
He will surely, gladly pardon
The poor little monk
For wanting, like many a little monk,
To be with me as much as he can.

No gray church father, this!
No, young still, and often flushed,
Often, though the morning after's rough,
Full of jealousy and grief.
I do not love the old men,
And he does not love the old.
How strangely and how wisely
God has ordered it!
The church knows how to live:
It looks into the heart and face.
It is forever ready to forgive me—
Yes, who would not forgive me!
One whispers with a little mouth,
One curtsies and goes out,
And with the newest little sin
One wipes away the old.
Praise God on earth,
Who loves the pretty girls,
And gladly pardons himself
Such troubles of the heart.
While my figure still is pretty,
It pays to be devout:
As a tottering old crone,
The devil may have me for his bride!

5 The Mysterious Boat.

Last night, when all the world was sleeping,
When the wind barely stole through the lanes
With uncertain sighs,
My pillow gave me no repose,
Nor poppy, nor whatever else
Lulls one deep: a clear conscience.

At last I drove the sleep
Out of my head and ran down to the shore.
It was moonlit and mild. I came upon
A man and a boat on the warm sand,
Both drowsy, shepherd and sheep:—
Drowsily the boat slid off from land.
An hour, perhaps two,
Or was it a year?—then all at once
Sense and thought went under
Into one unending sameness,
And an abyss without a bound
Opened: and then it was done!
—Morning came: on the black depths
A boat rests, and rests...
What happened? someone called, and soon
A hundred cried: What was it? Blood?—
Nothing happened! We slept, slept,
All of us—ah, so sweetly! so sweetly!

6 Declaration of Love

(in the course of which, however, the poet tumbled into a pit—).

O wonder! Is he flying still?
He mounts, and yet his wings are still?
What lifts him up and bears him so?
What now are aim, and pull, and rein?
Like a star, like eternity,
He dwells in heights that life unweaves,
Pitying even envy:—
And high flies whoever sees him float!

O bird Albatross!
Toward the heights an endless urge impels me.
I thought of you: and then there flowed
From me tear upon tear,—yes, I love you!

7 Song
of a Theocritean goatherd.
Here I lie, sick in my belly,—
The bedbugs feast on me.
And over there still lamps and noise!
I hear them: they are dancing...
She was to steal to me
At this very hour.
I wait, like a dog,—
No token comes.
The cross, when she swore it?
How could she lie?
—Or does she run after everyone,
As my goats do?
Where did her silken gown come from?—
Ah, my haughty one?
Does many another billy goat
Haunt this grove, too?
—How sour and venomous
Waiting for love makes a man!
So in the sultry night
A toadstool sprouts in the garden.
Love gnaws at me
Like seven ailments at once,—
I can scarcely swallow a bite.
Farewell, you onions!

The moon has already gone down in the sea,
The stars are all worn out,
Gray dawn comes creeping up,—
I would gladly die.

8 “To These Uncertain Souls.”

Toward these uncertain souls
I am grimly hostile.
Their honoring is all a torment,
Their praise is self-disgust and shame.
Because I will not pull upon *their* rope
Through time,
Their poisonously sweet and hopeless envy
Greets me in their glances.
I wish they’d curse me heartily
And thumb their noses at me!
The helpless searching of these eyes
Shall lose its way with me forever.

9 Fool in Despair.

Ah! What I scrawled on table and wall
With a fool’s heart and a fool’s hand:
Was that meant to grace table and wall for me?...
But you say: “Fools’ hands daub,—
And table and wall must be scoured
Until the last trace has gone!”
Very well! I’ll lend a hand:
I’ve learned to wield the sponge and broom,
As critic, as water-carrier.
But once the work is done,
I’d gladly see you, you overwise ones,
With your wisdom, on table and wall, scrawl...

10 Rimus remedium.

Or: How Sick Poets Comfort Themselves.

From your mouth,

You drooling witch, Time,

Hour upon hour drips slowly.

In vain all my disgust cries out:

“A curse, a curse upon the maw

Of eternity!”

The world is cast in bronze:

A glowing bull,—it hears no cry.

With flying daggers, pain writes

Into my bones:

“The world has no heart,

And it would be a fool’s errand to be angry at it for that!”

Pour out the poppies,

Pour, fever! Poison in my brain!

Too long you’ve felt my hand and brow.

What do you ask? What? “For what reward?”

—Ha! A curse upon the wench

And her contempt!

No! Come back!

It is cold outside, I hear the rain—

Should I greet you more tenderly?

—Take it! Here is gold: how the coin gleams!—

Shall I call you “happiness”?

Shall I bless you, fever?—

The door bursts open!

The rain sprays toward my bed!

The wind snuffs out the light,—ruin upon ruin!

—Whoever had not a hundred rhymes just now,

I wager, I wager,

Would be lost outright!

11 “My Happiness!”

I see the doves of San Marco once more:
The square is hushed, the morning rests on it.
In the gentle coolness I idly loose my songs
Into the blue, like flocks of doves,—
And call them back again,
To hang one more rhyme among their feathers
—my happiness! my happiness!
O quiet roof of heaven, light blue, silken,
How you hover, shielding, over the bright building
That I—what am I saying?—love, fear, envy...
I’d gladly drink my soul dry for it!
Would I ever give it back?—
No, hush about it, you wondrous feast for the eyes!
—my happiness! my happiness!
O stern tower, with what lion’s stride
You rose up here, victorious, effortlessly!
You ring out over the square in a deep tone:
Are you, in French, its accent aigu?
If I stayed behind, as you do,
I’d know what silken bonds hold me...
—my happiness! my happiness!
Away, away, music! First let the shadows darken
And swell until the brown and gentle night!
It is too early in the day for music yet; the gold ornaments
Do not glitter in their rosy splendor.
Much day is still left,
Much day for poems, for stealing off, for murmuring alone
—my happiness! my happiness!

12 To New Seas.

There—that is where I mean to go; and henceforth I trust
Myself, and my grip.
The sea lies open, and into the blue
My Genoese ship drives on.
Everything shines fresher, ever fresher,
Noon sleeps on space and time:—
Only your eye, immense,
Gazes at me, infinity!

13 Sils-Maria.

Here I sat, waiting, waiting—for nothing,
Beyond good and evil, savoring now the light,
Now the shadow, all of it mere play,
All lake, all noon, all time with no aim.
Then, all at once, my friend! One became two—
—And Zarathustra strode past me...

14 To the Mistral.

A Dance Song.
Mistral, wind, you cloud-hunter,
Murderer of gloom, sweeper of the sky,
Roarer, how I love you!
Are we not, the pair of us,
The first-fruits of one womb,
Foreordained to one lot forever?
Here on smooth rocky paths
I run and dance to meet you,
Dancing as you whistle and sing,
You who, with neither ship nor oar,
As freedom's freest brother,
Leap across the wild seas.

Scarce awake, I heard your summons,
Rushed to the rocky steps,
Down to the yellow wall above the sea.
Hail! There you came, already bright
As diamond rapids of a river,
Triumphant from the mountains.
On heaven's level threshing floors
I saw your horses gallop,
I saw the chariot that bears you,
I saw your own hand flash
When it brings the whip down
On the horses' backs, like lightning,—
I saw you leap down from the chariot
To swing yourself down faster.
I saw you, shortened like an arrow,
Plunge straight down into the depths,—
Like a golden ray that falls
Through the roses of the first dawns.
Now dance on a thousand backs,
Backs of waves, the waves' deceits!
Hail to whoever makes new dances!
Let us dance in a thousand ways.
Let our art be called "free,"
Our science "gay"!
Let us pluck from every flower
One blossom for our fame,
And two leaves more for the wreath!
Let us dance like troubadours
Between the saints and the whores,
Between God and the world, a dance!

Whoever cannot dance with the winds,
Whoever must wrap himself in bandages,
Trussed up, a crippled old man,
Whoever resembles the hypocrite geese,
The honor-clods, the virtue-geese,
Out of our paradise with him!
Let us whirl the dust of the streets
Into the noses of all the sick,
Let us frighten off the sick brood!
Let us free the whole coast
From the breath of withered chests
And from eyes that have no courage!
Let us chase the sky-darkeners,
World-blackeners, cloud-shovers,
Let us brighten the kingdom of heaven!
Let us roar... O spirit of all free
Spirits, with you, the two of us,
My happiness roars like a storm. —
—And that the memory of such happiness
May last forever, take its bequest,
Take this wreath up with you!
Hurl it higher, farther, further,
Storm up the ladder of heaven,
Hang it—on the stars!