



Nietzsche's Best 8 Books

F. Nietzsche (Editor: Bill Chapko)

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Title Page

NIETZSCHE'S BEST 8 BOOKS

An Ebook to Search the Spirit of Friedrich Nietzsche

Edited by Bill Chapko

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Editor Notes

EDITOR NOTES

Nietzsche Love of Fate Series

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All eight digital books in the "Nietzsche Love of Fate Series" are unabridged.

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Note on the Translations

Based on translations published from 1899 to 1919, these eight books have been somewhat modified (especially Zarathustra). Words no longer commonly used, such as *fain*, *hitherto*, *thee*, *wouldst*, *therefrom*, *nigh*, *ye* and *forsooth*, have been replaced with their modern English equivalents.

The eight books are:

The Gay Science Modified digital version based on the translation by Thomas Common published in 1910.

Ecce Homo Modified digital version based on the translation by Anthony M. Ludovici published in 1911.

Zarathustra Extensively Modified digital version based on the translation by Thomas Common published in 1909.

The Dawn Modified digital version based on the translation by J. M. Kennedy published in 1911.

Twilight of the Idols . Modified digital version based on the translation by Thomas Common published in 1899.

The Antichrist Modified digital version based on the translation by H.L. Mencken published in 1919.

Beyond Good and Evil . . Modified digital version based on the translation by Helen Zimmern published in 1909.

Genealogy of Morals ... Modified digital version based on the translation by Horace B. Samuel published in 1910.

Ebook Cover Photos

The bottom photo on the ebook cover shows Nietzsche joking with his friends, Miss Lou Salomè (left) and Paul Ree (center). The taking and arrangement of the photo were at Nietzsche's suggestion. The top photo was taken at age 31.

Note On The Selection Of Books

The Nietzsche Love of Fate Series contains the full texts of Nietzsche's eight best and most mature works. The books written before *The Dawn* (1880) are not as mature as those written later. *The Case of Wagner* (1888) and *Nietzsche Contro Wagner* (1888) are too narrow in scope.

The famous book, *The Will to Power* (1901) is a collection of tentative notes edited, arranged and published by Nietzsche's sister after his death. Its value is surrounded by a great deal of controversy among scholars. The eminent Nietzsche scholarazzino Montinari went so far as to call it a "forgery". As Walter Kaufmann said in his introduction to the book, Nietzsche could have included these notes in his published works but he chose not to and therefore it is possible he was not fully satisfied with them. For these reasons the book is not included among his "best 8".

Eternal Recurrence

To the Reader,

In his autobiography Nietzsche said that *Zarathustra* was by far his most inspired and most important book, and that the "basic conception of this work" was the idea of "eternal recurrence". This idea is intimately involved with what he calls "love of fate", "that one wants nothing to be different, not forward, not backward, not in all eternity."

The idea of eternal recurrence, so strange and yet so simple, needs to be

considered more than it has been. I have taken the liberty of including my essay on eternal recurrence in the appendices of this ebook. You may read it here: Appendix C: Eternal Recurrence: The World Loves You So Much It Repeats You Forever. (Or else as a web page at www.eternal-recurrence.com)

Bill Chapko

Editor Profile

Born in 1947, Bill Chapko grew up in suburban New Jersey. At New York University he studied Existential Philosophy under Professor William Barrett, author of the book "Irrational Man: A Study in Existential Philosophy". He graduated with a BA in Philosophy in 1969. He has read, enjoyed and studied Nietzsche all his life.

Since 1981 he, together with his American wife Eva and their four children, have lived happily in southern Italy.

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Introduction to Nietzsche's Life and Writings

INTRODUCTION TO NIETZSCHE'S LIFE AND WRITINGS

by Bill Chapko

University philosophers, especially from America and England, have always been bewildered and irritated by Nietzsche. He doesn't fit anywhere. His influence has been outside university culture - among artists, dancers, poets, writers, novelists, psychologists, playwrights. Some of the most famous who publicly acknowledged being strongly influenced by Nietzsche were Picasso, Isadora Duncan, Martha Graham, William Butler Yeats, Rainer Rilke, Allen Ginsberg, Khalil Gibran, Martin Buber, H.L. Mencken, Emma Goldman, Jacques Derrida, Michel Foucault, Thomas Mann, Hermann Hesse, Jack London, Franz Kafka, Jean-Paul Sartre, Albert Camus, Sigmund Freud, Carl Jung, Karl Jaspers, Alfred Adler, Fritz Perls, Eugene O'Neill and George Bernard Shaw.

There is a large amount of scholarly literature attempting to "explain" and systematize Nietzsche and his thought. Professors comb through the events of his rather ordinary life to find reasons or a pattern to his radical ideas. Books and articles about his writings strain to fit him neatly into some framework of western philosophy. I am assuming that Nietzsche gave birth to something radically new, outside of western philosophy - that he was defending a new type of philosopher yearning to explore outside "systems of thought".

"I mistrust all systematizers and I avoid them. The will to a system is a lack of integrity."

Twilight of the Idols, (part 2, sec 26)

Explore Nietzsche yourself. He mostly wrote directly and clearly, without scholarly jargon. See if he brings out the artist or psychologist or dancer in you.

Summary of Nietzsche's Life

Other than a lifelong painful debilitating illness and his temporary friendship with the famous composer Richard Wagner, Nietzsche's life

was rather ordinary. His family was not rich, so he had to work for a living as a philology professor. He hated the drudgery of teaching and scholarship and his spirit led him to write books that were almost universally unpopular among his peers. At first they viciously criticized his ideas and style and then completely ignored him. He nevertheless maintained good relations with his university employers and after ten years was released from work for reasons of health with a pension of 2/3 his salary. He wandered and wrote for the rest of his lucid life. His friendship with Wagner soured for various reasons. He loved a fascinating girl, Lou Salome, who was younger than him and wanted to remain free. He was close to his sister until she poisoned his friendship with Lou and later married an anti-Semite rabble-rouser. His loyal helper Peter Gast during these years unfortunately was not the missing friend he needed to stimulate his thought and spirit. In his last lucid year, he finally sensed fame approaching through the enthusiastic recognition and praise of the influential Danish writer Georg Brandes. Nietzsche wrote an autobiography in anticipation and while finishing it he went insane for reasons that are not clear.

For more details of his life go to: Appendix A: Timeline Biography

Nietzsche's Writings

Aphoristic Writing

Most of Nietzsche's books after 1876 contain only aphorisms, varying in length from one short sentence to several paragraphs, each dealing with one subject, idea or observation. Aphorisms following each other are sometimes related, sometimes not. Each aphorism can stand by itself. This is especially true of *Human All Too Human*, *The Dawn*, *The Gay Science* and *Zarathustra* but even *Beyond Good and Evil*, *Twilight of the Idols* and *The Antichrist* follow this form to a great extent. These aphorisms return unsystematically to the many subjects and themes seen throughout his books. Each book does not have a single theme and you could see them all as one big bag of uncategorized aphorisms. Even the two later books that concentrate on a single theme, the *Genealogy of Morals* and *Ecce Homo* are punctuated throughout with striking aphorisms. The pre-Socratic philosophers also used disjointed aphorisms to describe the universe. Aristotle was the first to describe the world in a systematic way and this became the norm for philosophers ever since. It is Nietzsche's return to the uncategorized aphorism that is so unique, disturbing and powerful.

Thoughts about "Understanding" Nietzsche

If "understanding" is used in its popular sense then I don't "understand" Nietzsche. I don't strain to put him into simpler, more logical, more everyday ideas. I don't relate him to more "understandable" philosophies. If a sentence or aphorism doesn't make "sense" to me, I just let it pass by, hoping without high expectations that my subconscious will sort it out. But, except for parts of Zarathustra, Nietzsche almost always writes very clearly, using simple words. Nietzsche created something basically new, not just "new ideas", but a new way of "dancing" in life. He was what I would call a "life experimenter".

I hardly ever read books about Nietzsche's philosophy. Not only are they usually boring, but you learn about the authors of those books, not Nietzsche.

Part of Nietzsche's genius was a very simple method: He took the most widely believed, most important "truths" of his day, turned them upside-down, shook them a little, and watched with delight all the fascinating insights that flowed out.

His Best 8 Books

1. I consider Nietzsche's best book to be *The Gay Science* (1881). At the time of writing it, he was finally free of university culture and his spirits were high. Besides being enjoyable, reading this book is a type of "spiritual dance training".
2. His autobiography, *Ecce Homo* (1888), is next. We find out here what a "lazy" overman-type he was: "I am the opposite of a heroic nature. To 'will' something, to 'strive' after something, to have an 'aim' or a 'desire' in my mind - I know none of these things from experience." At the height of his maturity, the book is full of wit, brilliant insight and practical wisdom. Walter Kaufmann wrote in the introduction to the book, "Who would not rather have Shakespeare on Shakespeare, including the poet's own reflections on his plays and poems, than the exegeses and conjectures of thousands of critics and professors?"
3. *Zarathustra* (1882-85) completes what I consider Nietzsche's best three books by far. Nietzsche thought this book stood high above all his others. Of its 4 parts the first 2 parts are the most readable and best. Part 3

starts to fly a little too high for me and in the symbolism of Part 4 I get lost and even bored. Thomas Common's mistaken use of biblical language in translating this book typifies what many readers miss: they can't fully see that Zarathustra is somewhat of a comic figure, a parody on prophets. He is one of the "wise among men who find joy once again in his folly" [Prologue (1)]. He doesn't want "followers" and "believers". Parting from those who have been following him around, he says, "all believers; therefore all faith is worth so little... . Now I bid you lose me and find yourselves; and only when you have all denied me will I come back to you."

4. *The Dawn* (1880) which came before *The Gay Science* is similar to that book but not quite as mature and high spirited.

5-6. *The Twilight of the Idols* (1888) and *The Antichrist* (1888) were written in the high-spirited whirlwind of his last year when he sensed approaching fame.

7-8. In *Beyond Good and Evil* (1886) and *Genealogy of Morals* (1887) Nietzsche changed his style to one more similar to the books of university culture. That's why modern professors like these two books more than his others. From his autobiography: "... Thenceforth [after Zarathustra] all my writings are fish hooks ... If nothing was caught, I am not to blame. There were no fish ... " Today, 123 years later, there still are no fish out there in university culture. Yet professors claim to be the best ones to "explain" Nietzsche to the rest of us.

To read what Nietzsche himself said about each of his books go to: Appendix B: Nietzsche's Comments on his Books

Nietzsche's Best 8 Books

The Gay Science

THE GAY SCIENCE

by Friedrich Nietzsche

Translated by Thomas Common (1910)

Reformatted and modified by Bill Chapko

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BOOK 2

BOOK 3

BOOK 4

BOOK 5 Individual Aphorisms:

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BOOK ONE

Gay Science

1

The Teachers of the Object of Existence. - Whether I look with a good or an evil eye upon men, I find them always at one problem, each and all of them : to do that which conduces to the conservation of the human species. And certainly not out of any sentiment of love for this species, but simply because nothing in them is older, stronger, more inexorable and more unconquerable than that instinct,- because it is precisely the essence of our race and herd. Although we are accustomed readily enough, with our usual short-sightedness, to separate our neighbours precisely into useful and hurtful, into good and evil men, yet when we make a general calculation, and reflect longer on the whole question, we become distrustful of this defining and separating, and finally leave it alone. Even the most hurtful man is still perhaps, in respect to the conservation of the race, the most useful of all; for he conserves in himself, or by his effect on others, impulses without which mankind might long ago have languished or decayed. Hatred, delight in mischief, rapacity and

ambition, and whatever else is called evil-belong to the marvellous economy of the conservation of the race; to be sure a costly, lavish, and on the whole very foolish economy:-which has, however, until now preserved our race, as is demonstrated to us. I no longer know, my dear fellow-man and neighbour, if you canst at all live to the disadvantage of the race, and therefore, "unreasonably" and "badly"; that which could have injured the race has perhaps died out many millenniums ago, and now belongs to the things which are no longer possible even to God. Indulge your best or your worst desires, and above all, go to wreck!-in either case you are still probably the furtherer and benefactor of mankind in some way or other, and in that respect you may have your panegyrists-and similarly your mockers! But you will never find him who would be quite qualified to mock at you, the individual, at your best, who could bring home to your conscience its limitless, buzzing and croaking wretchedness so as to be in accord with truth! To laugh at oneself as one would have to laugh in order to laugh out of the veriest truth,-to do this, the best have not until now had enough of the sense of truth, and the most endowed have had far too little genius! There is perhaps still a future even for laughter! When the maxim, "The race is all, the individual is nothing,"-has incorporated itself in humanity, and when access stands open to everyone at all times to this ultimate emancipation and irresponsibility.-Perhaps then laughter will have united with wisdom, perhaps then there will be only "joyful wisdom." Meanwhile, however, it is quite otherwise, meanwhile the comedy of existence has not yet "become conscious" of itself, meanwhile it is still the period of tragedy, the period of morals and religions. What does the ever new appearing of founders of morals and religions, of instigators of struggles for moral valuations, of teachers of remorse of conscience and religious war, imply? What do these heroes on this stage imply? For they have until now been the heroes of it, and all else, though solely visible for the time being, and too close to one, has served only as preparation for these heroes, whether as machinery and coulisse, or in the rôle of confidants and valets. (The poets, for example, have always been the valets of some morality or other.)-It is obvious of itself that these tragedians also work in the interest of the race, though they may believe that they work in the interest of God, and as emissaries of God. They also further the life of the species, in that they further the belief in life. "It is worthwhile to live" - each of them calls out,-"there is something of importance in this life; life has something behind it and under it; take care!" That impulse, which rules equally in the noblest and the ignoblest, the impulse to the

conservation of the species, breaks forth from time to time as reason and passion of spirit; it has then a brilliant train of motives about it, and tries with all its power to make us forget that fundamentally it is just impulse, instinct, folly and baselessness. Life should be loved, for ... ! Man should benefit himself and his neighbour, for ... ! And whatever all these shoulds and fors imply, and may imply in future! In order that that which necessarily and always happens of itself and without design, may henceforth appear to be done by design, and may appeal to men as reason and ultimate command,-for that purpose the ethi-culturist comes forward as the teacher of design in existence ; for that purpose he devises a second and different existence, and by means of this new mechanism he lifts the old common existence off its old common hinges. No! he does not at all want us to laugh at existence, nor even at ourselves -nor at himself; to him an individual is always an individual, something first and last and immense, to him there are no species, no sums, no noughts. However foolish and fanatical his inventions and valuations may be, however much he may misunderstand the course of nature and deny its conditions-and all systems of ethics until now have been foolish and anti-natural to such a degree that mankind would have been ruined by anyone of them had it got the upper hand,-at any rate, every time that "the hero" came upon the stage something new was attained: the frightful counterpart of laughter, the profound convulsion of many individuals at the thought, " Yes, it is worthwhile to live! yes, I am worthy to live!"-life, and you, and I, and all of us together became for a while interesting to ourselves once more.-It is not to be denied that until now laughter and reason and nature have in the long run got the upper hand of all the great teachers of design: in the end the short tragedy always passed over once more into the eternal comedy of existence; and the " waves of innumerable laughter"-to use the expression of Aeschylus-must also in the end beat over the greatest of these tragedies. But with all this corrective laughter, human nature has on the whole been changed by the ever new appearance of those teachers of the design of existence,-human nature has now an additional requirement, the very requirement of the ever new appearance of such teachers and doctrines of " design." Man has gradually become a visionary animal, who has to fulfil one more condition of existence than the other animals : man must from time to time believe that he knows why he exists; his species cannot flourish without periodically confiding in life! Without the belief in reason in life! And always from time to time will the human race decree anew that "there is something which really may not be laughed at." And the most

clairvoyant philanthropist will add that" not only laughing and joyful wisdom, but also the tragic with all its sublime irrationality, counts among the means and necessities for the conservation of the race!"-And consequently! Consequently ! Consequently! Do you understand me, oh my brothers? Do you understand this new law of ebb and flow? We also shall have our time !

Gay Science

2

The Intellectual Conscience.-I have always the same experience over again, and always make a new effort against it; for although it is evident to me I do not want to believe it: in the greater number of men the intellectual conscience is lacking; indeed, it would often seem to me that in demanding such a thing, one is as solitary in the largest cities as in the desert. Everyone looks at you with strange eyes, and continues to make use of his scales, calling this good and that bad ; and no one blushes for shame when you remark that these weights are not the full amount,-there is also no indignation against you ; perhaps they laugh at your doubt. I mean to say that the greater number of people do not find it contemptible to believe this or that, and live according to it, without having been previously aware of the ultimate and surest reasons for and against it, and without even giving themselves any trouble about such reasons afterwards,-the most gifted men and the noblest women still belong to this " greater number." But what is kind-heartedness, refinement and genius to me, if he who has these virtues harbours indolent sentiments in belief and judgment, if the longing for certainty does not rule in him, as his innermost desire and profoundest need-as that which separates higher from lower men! In certain pious people I have found a hatred of reason, and have been favourably disposed to them for it: their bad intellectual conscience at least still betrayed itself, in this manner! But to stand in the midst of this *rerum concordia discors* and all the marvellous uncertainty and ambiguity of existence, and not to question, not to tremble with desire and delight in questioning, not even to hate the questioner-perhaps even to make merry over him to the extent of weariness- that is what I regard as contemptible, and it is this sentiment which I first of all search for in every one:-some folly or other always persuades me anew that every man has this sentiment, as man. This is my special kind of

unrighteousness.

Gay Science

3

Noble and Ignoble.-To ignoble natures all noble, magnanimous sentiments appear inexpedient, and on that account first and foremost, as incredible: they blink with their eyes when they hear of such matters, and seem inclined to say, "there will, no doubt, be some advantage from that, one cannot see through all walls;"-they are jealous of the noble person, as if he sought advantage by back-stair methods. When they are all too plainly convinced of the absence of selfish intentions and emoluments, the noble person is regarded by them as a kind of fool: they despise him in his gladness, and laugh at the lustre of his eye. "How can a person rejoice at being at a disadvantage, how can a person with open eyes want to meet with disadvantage! It must be a disease of the reason with which the noble affection is associated";-so they think, and they look depreciatingly thereon; just as they depreciate the joy which the lunatic derives from his fixed idea. The ignoble nature is distinguished by the fact that it keeps its advantage steadily in view, and that this thought of the end and advantage is even stronger than its strongest impulse: not to be tempted to inexpedient activities by its impulses-that is its wisdom and inspiration. In comparison with the ignoble nature the higher nature is more irrational: - for the noble, magnanimous, and self-sacrificing person succumbs in fact to his impulses, and in his best moments his reason lapses altogether. An animal, which at the risk of life protects its young, or in the pairing season follows the female where it meets with death, does not think of the risk and the death; its reason pauses likewise, because its delight in its young, or in the female, and the fear of being deprived of this delight, dominate it exclusively; it becomes stupider than at other times, like the noble and magnanimous person. He possesses feelings of pleasure and pain of such intensity that the intellect must either be silent before them, or yield itself to their service: his heart then goes into his head, and one henceforth speaks of "passions." (Here and there to be sure, the antithesis to this, and as it were the "reverse of passion," presents itself; for example in Fontenelle, to whom someone once laid the hand on the heart with the words, "What you have there, my dearest friend, is brain also.") It is the unreason, or

perverse reason of passion, which the ignoble man despises in the noble individual, especially when it concentrates upon objects whose value appears to him to be altogether fantastic and arbitrary. He is offended at him who succumbs to the passion of the belly, but he understands the allurements which here plays the tyrant; but he does not understand, for example, how a person out of love of knowledge can stake his health and honour on the game. The taste of the higher nature devotes itself to exceptional matters, to things which usually do not affect people, and seem to have no sweetness; the higher nature has a singular standard of value. Yet it is mostly of the belief that it has not a singular standard of value in its idiosyncrasies of taste; it rather sets up its values and non-values as the generally valid values and non-values, and thus becomes incomprehensible and impracticable. It is very rarely that a higher nature has so much reason over and above as to understand and deal with everyday men as such; for the most part it believes in its passion as if it were the concealed passion of every one, and precisely in this belief it is full of ardour and eloquence. If then such exceptional men do not perceive themselves as exceptions, how can they ever understand the ignoble natures and estimate average men fairly! Thus it is that they also speak of the folly, inexpediency and fantasy of mankind, full of astonishment at the madness of the world, and that it will not recognise the "one thing needful for it."-This is the eternal unrighteousness of noble natures.

Gay Science

4

That which Preserves the Species.-The strongest and most evil spirits have until now advanced mankind the most: they always rekindled the sleeping passions-all orderly arranged society lulls the passions to sleep; they always reawakened the sense of comparison, of contradiction, of delight in the new, the adventurous, the untried; they compelled men to set opinion against opinion, ideal plan against ideal plan. By means of arms, by upsetting boundary-stones, by violations of piety most of all: but also by new religions and morals! The same kind of "wickedness" is in every teacher and preacher of the new-which makes a conqueror infamous, although it expresses itself more refined, and does not immediately set the muscles in motion (and just on that account does not make so infamous!). The new, however, is under all circumstances the evil, as that

which wants to conquer, which tries to upset the old boundary-stones and the old piety; only the old is the good! The good men of every age are those who go to the roots of the old thoughts and bear fruit with them, the agriculturists of the spirit. But every soil becomes finally exhausted, and the ploughshare of evil must always come once more.- There is at present a fundamentally erroneous theory of morals which is much celebrated, especially in England: according to it the judgments "good" and "evil" are the accumulation of the experiences of that which is "expedient" and "inexpedient"; according to this theory, that which is called good is conservative of the species, what is called evil, however, is detrimental to it. But in reality the evil impulses are just in as high a degree expedient, indispensable, and conservative of the species as the good :-only, their function is different.

Gay Science

5

Unconditional Duties.-All men who feel that they need the strongest words and intonations, the most eloquent gestures and attitudes, in order to operate at all-revolutionary politicians, socialists, preachers of repentance with or without Christianity, with all of whom there must be no mere half-success, -all these speak of "duties," and indeed, always of duties, which have the character of being unconditional-without such they would have no right to their excessive pathos: they know that right well! They grasp, therefore, at philosophies of morality which preach some kind of categorical imperative, or they assimilate a good lump of religion, as, for example, Mazzini did. Because they want to be trusted unconditionally, it is first of all necessary for them to trust themselves unconditionally, on the basis of some ultimate, undebate-able command, sublime in itself, as the ministers and instruments of which, they would gladly feel and announce themselves. Here we have the most natural, and for the most part, very influential opponents of moral enlightenment and scepticism : but they are rare. On the other hand, there is always a very numerous class of those opponents wherever interest teaches subjection, while reputation and honour seem to forbid it. He who feels himself dishonoured at the thought of being the instrument of a prince, or of a party and sect, or even of wealthy power (for example, as the descendant of a proud, ancient family), but wishes just to be this instrument, or must

be so before himself and before the public - such a person has need of pathetic principles which can at all times be appealed to :-principles of an unconditional ought, to which a person can subject himself without shame, and can show himself subjected. All more refined servility holds fast to the categorical imperative, and is the mortal enemy of those who want to take away the unconditional character of duty: propriety demands this from them, and not only propriety.

Gay Science

6

Loss of Dignity.-Meditation has lost all its dignity of form; the ceremonial and solemn bearing of the meditative person have been made a mockery, and one would no longer endure a wise man of the old style. We think too hastily and on the way and while walking and in the midst of business of all kinds, even when we think on the most serious matters; we require little preparation, even little quiet:-it is as if each of us carried about an unceasingly revolving machine in his head, which still works, even under the most unfavourable circumstances. Formerly it was perceived in a person that on some occasion he wanted to think-it was perhaps the exception !-that he now wanted to become wiser and collected his mind on a thought: he put on a long face for it, as for a prayer, and arrested his step-nay, stood still for hours on the street when the thought " came"-on one or on two legs. It was thus " worthy of the affair "!

Gay Science

7

Something for the Laborious.-He who at present wants to make moral questions a subject of study has an immense field of labour before him. All kinds of passions must be thought about singly, and followed singly throughout periods, peoples, great and insignificant individuals ; all their rationality, all their valuations and elucidations of things, ought to come to light! Until now all that has given colour to existence has lacked a history: where would one find a history of love, of avarice, of envy, of conscience, of piety, of cruelty ? Even a comparative history of law, as

also of punishment, has until now been completely lacking. Have the different divisions of the day, the consequences of a regular appointment of the times for labour, feast, and repose, ever been made the object of investigation ? Do we know the moral effects of the alimentary substances ? Is there a philosophy of nutrition ? (The ever-recurring outcry for and against vegetarianism proves that as yet there is no such philosophy!) Have the experiences with regard to communal living, for example, in monasteries, been collected ? Has the dialectic of marriage and friendship been set forth? The customs of the learned, of trades-people, of artists, and of mechanics-have they already found their thinkers ? There is so much to think of thereon ! All that up till now has been considered as the "conditions of existence," of human beings, and all reason, passion and superstition in this consideration-have they been investigated to the end ? The observation alone of the different degrees of development which the human impulses have attained, and could yet attain, according to the different moral climates, would furnish too much work for the most laborious; whole generations, and regular co-operating generations of the learned, would be needed in order to exhaust the points of view and the material here furnished. The same is true of the determining of the reasons for the differences of the moral climates ("on what account does this sun of a fundamental moral judgment and standard of highest value shine here-and that sun there ? "). And there is again a new labour which points out the erroneousness of all these reasons, and determines the entire essence of the moral judgments until now made. Supposing all these labours to be accomplished, the most critical of all questions would then come into the foreground : whether science is in a position to furnish goals for human action, after it has proved that it can take them away and annihilate them-and then would be the time for a process of experimenting, in which every kind of heroism could satisfy itself, an experimenting for centuries, which would put into the shade all the great labours and sacrifices of previous history. Science has not until now built its Cyclopic structures; for that also the time will come.

Gay Science

8

Unconscious Virtues.-All qualities in a man of which he is conscious-and especially when he presumes that they are visible and evident to his

environment also-are subject to quite other laws of development than those qualities which are unknown to him, or imperfectly known, which by their subtlety can also conceal themselves from the subtlest observer, and hide as it were behind nothing,-as in the case of the delicate sculptures on the scales of reptiles (it would be an error to suppose them an adornment or a defence-for one sees them only with the microscope ; consequently, with an eye artificially strengthened to an extent of vision which similar animals, to which they might perhaps have meant adornment or defence, do not possess!). Our visible moral qualities, and especially our moral qualities believed to be visible, follow their own course,-and our invisible qualities of similar name, which in relation to others neither serve for adornment nor defence, also follow their own course: quite a different course probably, and with lines and refinements, and sculptures, which might perhaps give pleasure to a God with a divine microscope. We have, for example, our diligence, our ambition, our acuteness: all the world knows about them,-and besides, we have probably once more our diligence, our ambition, our acuteness ; but for these-our reptile scales-the microscope has not yet been invented !-And here the adherents of instinctive morality will say, " Bravo! He at least regards unconscious virtues as possible-that suffices us!"-Oh, you unexacting creatures !

Gay Science

9

Our Eruptions. - Numberless things which humanity acquired in its earlier stages, but so weakly and embryonically that it could not be noticed that they were acquired, are thrust suddenly into light long afterwards, perhaps after the lapse of centuries: they have in the interval become strong and mature. In some ages this or that talent, this or that virtue seems to be entirely lacking, as it is in some men; but let us wait only for the grandchildren and grandchildren's children, if we have time to wait,-they bring the interior of their grandfathers into the sun, that interior of which the grandfathers themselves were unconscious. The son, indeed, is often the betrayer of his father; the latter understands himself better since he has got his son. We have all hidden gardens and plantations in us; and by another simile, we are all growing volcanoes, which will have their hours of eruption:-how near or how distant this is,

nobody of course knows, not even the good God.

Gay Science

10

A Species of Atavism.-I like best to think of the rare men of an age as suddenly emerging after-shoots of past cultures, and of their persistent strength : like the atavism of a people and its civilisation :-there is thus still something in them to think of! They now seem strange, rare, and extraordinary : and he who feels these forces in himself has to foster them in face of a different, opposing world; he has to defend them, honour them, and rear them to maturity: and he either becomes a great man thereby, or a deranged and eccentric person, if he does not altogether break down betimes. Formerly these rare qualities were usual, and were consequently regarded as common: they did not distinguish people. Perhaps they were demanded and presupposed; it was impossible to become great with them, for indeed there was also no danger of becoming insane and solitary with them.- It is principally in the old-established families and castes of a people that such after-effects of old impulses present themselves, while there is no probability of such atavism where races, habits, and valuations change too rapidly. For the tempo of the evolutionary forces in peoples implies just as much as in music; for our case an andante of evolution is absolutely necessary, as the tempo of a passionate and slow spirit:-and the spirit of conserving families is certainly of that sort.

Gay Science

11

Consciousness. - Consciousness is the last and latest development of the organic, and consequently also the most unfinished and least powerful of these developments. Innumerable mistakes originate out of consciousness, which," in spite of fate," as Homer says, cause an animal or a man to break down earlier than might be necessary. If the conserving bond of the instincts were not very much more powerful, it would not generally serve as a regulator: by perverse judging and dreaming with open eyes,

by superficiality and credulity, in short, just by consciousness, mankind would necessarily have broken down: or rather, without the former there would long ago have been nothing more of the latter! Before a function is fully formed and matured, it is a danger to the organism: all the better if it be then thoroughly tyrannised over! Consciousness is thus thoroughly tyrannised over - and not least by the pride in it! It is thought that here is the quintessence of man ; that which is enduring, eternal, ultimate, and most original in him! Consciousness is regarded as a fixed, given magnitude! Its growth and intermittences are denied! It is accepted as the "unity of the organism"!-This ludicrous overvaluation and misconception of consciousness has as its result the great utility that a too rapid maturing of it has thereby been hindered. Because men believed that they already possessed consciousness, they gave themselves very little trouble to acquire it-and even now it is not otherwise! It is still an entirely new problem just dawning on the human eye, and hardly yet plainly recognisable : to embody knowledge in ourselves and make it instinctive,-a problem which is only seen by those who have grasped the fact that until now our errors alone have been embodied in us, and that all our consciousness is relative to errors !

Gay Science

12

The Goal of Science.-What ? The ultimate goal of science is to create the most pleasure possible to man, and the least possible pain ? But what if pleasure and pain should be so closely connected that he who wants the greatest possible amount of the one must also have the greatest possible amount of the other,-that he who wants to experience the "heavenly high jubilation," * must also be ready to be "sorrowful unto death"?* And it is so, perhaps! The Stoics at least believed it was so, and they were consistent when they wished to have the least possible pleasure, in order to have the least possible pain from life. (When one uses the expression: "The virtuous man is the happiest," it is as much the sign-board of the school for the masses, as a casuistic subtlety for the subtle.) At present also you have still the choice: either the least possible pain, in short painlessness-and after all, socialists and politicians of all parties could not honourably promise more to their people,-or the greatest possible amount of pain, as the price of the growth of a fullness of refined

delights and enjoyments rarely tasted until now! If you decide for the former, if you therefore want to depress and minimise man's capacity for pain, well, you must also depress and minimise his capacity for enjoyment. In fact, one can further the one as well as the other goal by science! Perhaps science is as yet best known by its capacity for depriving man of enjoyment, and making him colder, more statuesque, and more Stoical. But it might also turn out to be the great-pain-bringer!-And then, perhaps, its counteracting force would be discovered simultaneously, its immense capacity for making new sidereal worlds of enjoyment beam forth!

Gay Science

13

The Theory of the Sense of Power.-We exercise our power over others by doing them good or by doing them ill-that is all we care for! Doing ill to those on whom we have to make our power felt; for pain is a far more sensitive means for that purpose than pleasure:-pain always asks concerning the cause, while pleasure is inclined to keep within itself and not look backward. Doing good and being kind to those who are in any way already dependent on us (that is, who are accustomed to think of us as their *raison d'etre*); we want to increase their power, because we thus increase our own; or we want to show them the advantage there is in being in our power,-they thus become more contented with their position, and more hostile to the enemies of our power and readier to contend with them. If we make sacrifices in doing good or in doing ill, it does not alter the ultimate value of our actions; even if we stake our life in the cause, as martyrs for the sake of our church, it is a sacrifice to our longing for power, or for the purpose of conserving our sense of power. He who under these circumstances feels that he "is in possession of truth," how many possessions does he not let go, in order to preserve this feeling! What does he not throw overboard, in order to keep himself "up,"-that is to say, above the others who lack the "truth"! Certainly the condition we are in when we do ill is seldom so pleasant, so purely pleasant, as that in which we practise kindness,-it is an indication that we still lack power, or it betrays ill-humour at this defect in us ; it brings with it new dangers and uncertainties as to the power we already possess, and clouds our horizon by the prospect of revenge, scorn, punishment and failure. Perhaps

only those most susceptible to the sense of power, and eager for it, will prefer to impress the seal of power on the resisting individual,-those to whom the sight of the already subjugated person as the object of benevolence is a burden and a tedium. It is a question how a person is accustomed to season his life; it is a matter of taste whether a person would rather have the slow or the sudden, the safe or the dangerous and daring increase of power,-he seeks this or that seasoning always according to his temperament. An easy booty is something contemptible to proud natures ; they have an agreeable sensation only at the sight of men of unbroken spirit who could be enemies to them, and similarly, also, at the sight of all not easily accessible possession; they are often hard toward the sufferer, for he is not worthy of their effort or their pride,-but they show themselves so much the more courteous towards their equals, with whom strife and struggle would in any case be full of honour, if at any time an occasion for it should present itself. It is under the agreeable feelings of this perspective that the members of the knightly caste have habituated themselves to exquisite courtesy toward one another.-Pity is the most pleasant feeling in those who have not much pride, and have no prospect of great conquests: the easy booty-and that is what every sufferer is-is for them an enchanting thing. Pity is said to be the virtue of the gay lady.

Gay Science

14

What is called Love.-The lust of property, and love: what different associations each of these ideas evoke!-and yet it might be the same impulse twice named: on the one occasion disparaged from the standpoint of those already possessing (in whom the impulse has attained something of repose,-who are now apprehensive for the safety of their "possession"); on the other occasion viewed from the standpoint of the unsatisfied and thirsty, and therefore glorified as "good." Our love of our neighbour,-is it not a striving after new property ? And similarly our love of knowledge, of truth; and in general all the striving after novelties? We gradually become satiated with the old and securely possessed, and again stretch out our hands; even the finest landscape in which we live for three months is no longer certain of our love, and any kind of more distant coast excites our covetousness: the possession for the most

part becomes smaller through possessing. Our pleasure in ourselves seeks to maintain itself by always transforming something new into ourselves,-that is just possessing. To become satiated with a possession, that is to become satiated with ourselves. (One can also suffer from excess,-even the desire to cast away, to share out, may assume the honourable name of "love.") When we see anyone suffering, we willingly utilise the opportunity then afforded to take possession of him ; the beneficent and sympathetic man, for example, does this ; he also calls the desire for new possession awakened in him, by the name of " love," and has enjoyment in it, as in a new acquisition suggesting itself to him. The love of the sexes, however, betrays itself most plainly as the striving after possession: the lover wants the unconditioned, sole possession of the person longed for by him ; he wants just as absolute power over her soul as over her body; he wants to be loved solely, and to dwell and rule in the other soul as what is highest and most to be desired. When one considers that this means precisely to exclude all the world from a precious possession, a happiness, and an enjoyment; when one considers that the lover has in view the impoverishment and privation of all other rivals, and would like to become the dragon of his golden hoard, as the most inconsiderate and selfish of all " conquerors " and exploiters; when one considers finally that to the lover himself, the whole world besides appears indifferent, colourless, and worthless, and that he is ready to make every sacrifice, disturb every arrangement, and put every other interest behind his own,-one is verily surprised that this ferocious lust of property and injustice of sexual love should have been glorified and deified to such an extent at all times ; yea, that out of this love the conception of love as the antithesis of egoism should have been derived, when it is perhaps precisely the most unqualified expression of egoism. Here, evidently, the non-possessors and desirers have determined the usage of language,-there were, of course, always too many of them. Those who have been favoured with much possession and satiety, have, to be sure, dropped a word now and then about the " raging demon," as, for instance, the most lovable and most beloved of all the Athenians-Sophocles; but Eros always laughed at such revilers, - they were always his greatest favourites.-There is, of course, here and there on this terrestrial sphere a kind of sequel to love, in which that envious longing of two persons for one another has yielded to a new desire and covetousness, to a common, higher thirst for a superior ideal standing above them : but who knows this love? Who has experienced it? Its right name is friendship.

Gay Science

15

Out of the Distance.-This mountain makes the whole district which it dominates charming in every way, and full of significance. After we have said this to ourselves for the hundredth time, we are so irrationally and so gratefully disposed towards it, as the giver of this charm, that we fancy it must itself be the most charming thing in the district - and so we climb it, and are undeceived. All of a sudden, both it and the landscape around us and under us, are as it were disenchanted ; we had forgotten that many a greatness, like many a goodness, wants only to be seen at a certain distance, and entirely from below, not from above,-it is thus only that it operates. Perhaps you know men in your neighbourhood who can only look at themselves from a certain distance to find themselves at all endurable, or attractive and enlivening; they are to be dissuaded from self-knowledge.

Gay Science

16

Across the Plank.-One must be able to dissimulate in intercourse with persons who are ashamed of their feelings ; they take a sudden aversion to anyone who surprises them in a state of tenderness, or of enthusiastic and high-running feeling, as if he had seen their secrets; If one wants to be kind to them in such moments one should make them laugh, or say some kind of cold, playful wickedness :-their feeling thereby congeals, and they are again self-possessed. But I give the moral before the story.- We were once on a time so near one another in the course of our lives, that nothing more seemed to hinder our friendship and fraternity, and there was merely a small plank between us. While you were just about to step on it, I asked you: " Do you want to come across the plank to me ? " But then you did not want to come any longer ; and when I again entreated, you were silent. Since then mountains and torrents, and whatever separates and alienates, have interposed between us, and even if we wanted to come to one another, we could no longer do so! When,

however, you now remember that small plank, you have no longer words,-but merely sobs and amazement.

Gay Science

17

Motivation of Poverty.-We cannot, to be sure, by any artifice make a rich and richly-flowing virtue out of a poor one, but we can gracefully enough reinterpret its poverty into necessity, so that its aspect no longer gives pain to us, and we cease making reproachful faces at fate on account of it. It is thus that the wise gardener does who puts the tiny streamlet of his garden into the arms of a fountain-nymph, and thus motivates the poverty:- and who would not like him need the nymphs !

Gay Science

18

Ancient Pride.-The ancient savour of nobility is lacking in us, because the ancient slave is lacking in our sentiment. A Greek of noble descent found such immense intermediate stages, and such a distance between his elevation and that ultimate baseness, that he could hardly even see the slave plainly: even Plato no longer saw him entirely. It is otherwise with us, accustomed as we are to the doctrine of the equality of men, although not to the equality itself. A being who has not the free disposal of himself and has not got leisure, -that is not regarded by us as anything contemptible ; there is perhaps too much of this kind of slavishness in each of us, in accordance with 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 many more slaves than people supposed - that is to say, that everyone was a slave who was not a philosopher. His pride was puffed up when he considered that even the mightiest of the earth were thus to be looked upon as slaves. This pride is also unfamiliar to us, and impossible; the word " slave" has not its full force for us even as a metaphor.

Gay Science

19

Evil.-Test the life of the best and most productive men and nations, and ask yourselves whether a tree which is to grow proudly heavenward can dispense with bad weather and tempests : whether disfavour and opposition from without, whether every kind of hatred, jealousy, stubbornness, distrust, severity, greed, and violence do not belong to the favouring circumstances without which a great growth even in virtue is hardly possible ? The poison by which the weaker nature is destroyed is strengthening to the strong individual-and he does not call it poison.

Gay Science

20

Dignity of Folly.-Several millenniums further on in the path of the last century!-and in everything that man does the highest prudence will be exhibited: but just thereby prudence will have lost all its dignity. It will then, sure enough, be necessary to be prudent, but it will also be so usual and common, that a more fastidious taste will feel this necessity as vulgarity. And just as a tyranny of truth and science would be in a position to raise the value of falsehood, a tyranny of prudence could force into prominence a new species of nobleness. To be noble-that might then mean, perhaps, to be capable of follies.

Gay Science

21

To the Teachers of Unselfishness.-The virtues of a man are called good, not in respect to the results they have for himself, but in respect to the results which we expect from that for ourselves and for society:-we have all along had very little unselfishness, very little " non-egoism " in our praise of the virtues ! For otherwise it could not but have been seen that the virtues (such as diligence, obedience, chastity, piety, justice) are mostly injurious to their possessors, as impulses which rule in them too

vehemently and ardently, and do not want to be kept in co-ordination with the other impulses by the reason. If you have a virtue, an actual, perfect virtue (and not merely a kind of impulse towards virtue!)-you are its victim ! But your neighbour praises your virtue precisely on that account! One praises the diligent man though he injures his sight, or the originality and freshness of his spirit, by his diligence; the youth is honoured and regretted who has "worn himself out by work," because one passes the judgment that " for society as a whole the loss of the best individual is only a small sacrifice! A pity that this sacrifice should be necessary ! A much greater pity, it is true, if the individual should think differently, and regard his preservation and development as more important than his work in the service of society!" And so one regrets this youth, not on his own account, but because a devoted instrument, regardless of self-a so-called "good man," has been lost to society by his death. Perhaps one further considers the question, whether it would not have been more advantageous for the interests of society if he had laboured with less disregard of himself, and had preserved himself longer,-indeed, one readily admits an advantage from that, but one esteems the other advantage, namely, that a sacrifice has been made, and that the disposition of the sacrificial animal has once more been obviously endorsed-as higher and more enduring. It is accordingly, on the one part, the instrumental character in the virtues which is praised when the virtues are praised, and on the other part, the blind, ruling impulse in every virtue, which refuses to let itself be kept within bounds by the general advantage to the individual; in short, what is praised is the unreason in the virtues, in consequence of which the individual allows himself to be transformed into a function of the whole. The praise of the virtues is the praise of something which is privately injurious to the individual; it is praise of impulses which deprive man of his noblest self-love, and the power to take the best care of himself. To be sure, for the teaching and embodying of virtuous habits a series of effects of virtue are displayed, which make it appear that virtue and private advantage are closely related,-and there is in fact such a relationship! Blindly furious diligence, for example, the typical virtue of an instrument, is represented as the way to riches and honour, and as the most beneficial antidote to tedium and passion : but people are silent concerning its danger, its greatest dangerousness. Education proceeds in this manner throughout: it endeavours, by a series of enticements and advantages, to determine the individual to a certain mode of thinking and acting, which, when it has become habit, impulse and passion, rules in him and over him, in opposition to his ultimate advantage, but " for

the general good." How often do I see that blindly furious diligence does indeed create riches and honours, but at the same time deprives the organs of the refinement by virtue of which alone an enjoyment of riches and honours is possible; so that really the main expedient for combating tedium and passion, simultaneously blunts the senses and makes the spirit refractory towards new stimuli! (The busiest of all ages- our age- does not know how to make anything out of its great diligence and wealth, except always more and more wealth, and more and more diligence; there is even more genius needed for laying out wealth than for acquiring it!-Well, we shall have our " grandchildren " !) If the education succeeds, every virtue of the individual is a public utility, and a private disadvantage in respect to the highest private end,-probably some psycho-aesthetic stunting, or even premature dissolution. One should consider successively from the same standpoint the virtues of obedience, chastity, piety, and justice. The praise of the unselfish, self-sacrificing, virtuous person-he, consequently, who does not expend his whole energy and reason for his own conservation, development, elevation, furtherance and augmentation of power, but lives as regards himself unassumingly and thoughtlessly, perhaps even indifferently or ironically,-this praise has in any case not originated out of the spirit of unselfishness ! The " neighbour " praises unselfishness because he profits by it! If the neighbour were " unselfishly" disposed himself, he would reject that destruction of power, that injury for his advantage, he would thwart such inclinations in their origin, and above all he would manifest his unselfishness just by not giving it a good name! The fundamental contradiction in that morality which at present stands in high honour is here indicated: the motives to such a morality are in antithesis to its principle ! That with which this morality wishes to prove itself, refutes it out of its criterion of what is moral! The maxim, " You shall renounce yourself and offer yourself as a sacrifice," in order not to be inconsistent with its own morality, could only be decreed by a being who himself renounced his own advantage thereby, and who perhaps in the required self-sacrifice of individuals brought about his own dissolution. As soon, however, as the neighbour (or society) recommended altruism on account of its utility, the precisely antithetical proposition, " You shall seek your advantage even at the expense of everybody else," was brought into use: accordingly, " you shall," and " you shall not," are preached in one breath!

L'Ordre du Jour pour le Roi.-The day commences : let us begin to arrange for this day the business and fetes of our most gracious lord, who at present is still pleased to repose. His Majesty has bad weather to-day: we shall be careful not to call it bad; we shall not speak of the weather,- but we shall go through to-day's business somewhat more ceremoniously and make the fetes somewhat more festive than would otherwise be necessary. His Majesty may perhaps even be sick: we shall give the last good news of the evening at breakfast, the arrival of M. Montaigne, who knows how to joke so pleasantly about his sickness,-he suffers from stone. We shall receive several persons (persons!- what would that old inflated frog, who will be 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 anybody; a sufficient reason for telling about the poet who wrote over his door, " He who enters here will do me an honour; he who does not-a favour."-That is, indeed, saying a discourteous thing in a courteous manner! And perhaps this poet is quite justified on his part in being discourteous ; they say that his rhymes are better than the rhymester. Well, let him still make many of them, and withdraw himself as much as possible from the world: and that is doubtless the significance of his well-bred rudeness! A prince, on the other hand, is always of more value than his " verse," even when-but what are we about ? We gossip, and the whole court believes that we have already been at work and racked our brains : there is no light to be seen earlier than that which burns in our window.-Hark ! Was that not the bell ? The devil! The day and the dance commence, and we do not know our rounds! We must then improvise,-all the world improvises its day. Today, let us for once do like all the world!-And therewith vanished my wonderful morning dream, probably owing to the violent strokes of the tower-clock, which just then announced the fifth hour with all the importance which is peculiar to it. It seems to me that on this occasion the God of dreams wanted to make merry over my habits,- it is my habit to commence the day by arranging it properly, to make it endurable for myself, and it is possible that I may often have done this too formally, and too much like a prince.

The Characteristics of Corruption.-Let us observe the following characteristics in that condition of society from time to time necessary, which is designated by the word "corruption." Immediately upon the appearance of corruption anywhere, a motley superstition gets the upper hand, and the until now universal belief of a people becomes colourless and impotent in comparison with it; for superstition is freethinking of the second rank,-he who gives himself over to it selects certain forms and formulae which appeal to him, and permits himself a right of choice. The superstitious man is always much more of a "person," in comparison with the religious man, and a superstitious society will be one in which there are many individuals, and a delight in individuality. Seen from this standpoint superstition always appears as a progress in comparison with belief, and as a sign that the intellect becomes more independent and claims to have its rights. Those who reverence the old religion and the religious disposition then complain of corruption,- they have until now also determined the usage of language, and have given a bad reputation to superstition, even among the freest spirits. Let us learn that it is a symptom of enlightenment.-Secondly, a society in which corruption takes a hold is blamed for effeminacy: for the appreciation of war, and the delight in war, perceptibly diminish in such a society, and the conveniences of life are now just as eagerly sought after as were military and gymnastic honours formerly. But one is accustomed to overlook the fact that the old national energy and national passion, which acquired a magnificent splendour in war and in the tourney, has now transferred itself into innumerable private passions, and has merely become less visible; indeed in periods of "corruption" the quantity and quality of the expended energy of a people is probably greater than ever, and the individual spends it lavishly, to such an extent as could not be done formerly-he was not then rich enough to do so! And thus it is precisely in times of "effeminacy" that tragedy runs at large in and out of doors, it is then that ardent love and ardent hatred are born, and the flame of knowledge flashes heavenward in full blaze.-Thirdly, as if in amends for the reproach of superstition and effeminacy, it is customary to say of such periods of corruption that they are milder, and that cruelty has then greatly diminished in comparison with the older, more credulous, and stronger period. But to this praise I am just as little able to assent as to that reproach: I only grant so much-namely, that cruelty now becomes more refined, and

its older forms are henceforth counter to the taste ; but the wounding and torturing by word and look reaches its highest development in times of corruption,-it is now only that wickedness is created, and the delight in wickedness. The men of the period of corruption are witty and calumnious; they know that there are yet other ways of murdering than by the dagger and the ambush-they know also that all that is well said is believed in.-Fourthly, it is when " morals decay " that those beings who one calls tyrants first make their appearance; they are the forerunners of the individual, and as it were early matured firstlings. Yet a little while, and this fruit of fruits hangs ripe and yellow on the tree of a people,-and only for the sake of such fruit did this tree exist! When the decay has reached' its worst, and likewise the conflict of all sorts of tyrants, there always arises the Caesar, the final tyrant, who puts an end to the exhausted struggle for sovereignty, by making the exhaustedness work for him. In his time the individual is usually most mature, and consequently the "culture" is highest and most fruitful, but not on his account nor through him : although the men of highest culture love to flatter their Caesar by pretending that they are his creation. The truth, however, is that they need quietness externally, because they have disquietude and labour internally. In these times bribery and treason are at their height: for the love of the ego, then first discovered, is much more powerful than the love of the old, used-up, hackneyed "fatherland"; and the need to be secure in one way or other against the frightful fluctuations of fortune, opens even the nobler hands, as soon as a richer and more powerful person shows himself ready to put gold into them. There is then, so little certainty with regard to the future; people live only for the day : a psychological condition which enables every deceiver to play an easy game,-people of course only let themselves be misled and bribed " for the present," and reserve for themselves futurity and virtue. The individuals, as is well known, the men who only live for themselves, provide for the moment more than do their opposites, the gregarious men, because they consider themselves just as incalculable as the future; and similarly they attach themselves willingly to despots, because they believe themselves capable of activities and expedients, which can neither reckon on being understood by the multitude, nor on rendering favour with them,- but the tyrant or the Caesar understands the rights of the individual even in his excesses, and has an interest in speaking on behalf of a bolder private morality, and even in giving his hand to it. For he thinks of himself, and wishes people to think of him what Napoleon once uttered in his classical style-" I have the right to answer by an eternal ' thus I am' to

everything about which complaint is brought against me. I am apart from all the world, I accept conditions from nobody. I wish people also to submit to my fancies, and to take it quite as a simple matter, if I should indulge in this or that diversion." Thus spoke Napoleon once to his wife, when she had reasons for calling in question the fidelity of her husband.-The times of corruption are the seasons when the apples fall from the tree: I mean the individuals, the seed-bearers of the future, the pioneers of spiritual colonisation, and of a new construction of national and social unions. Corruption is only an abusive term for the harvest time of a people.

Gay Science

24

Different Dissatisfactions.-The feeble and as it were feminine dissatisfied people, have ingenuity for beautifying and deepening life; the strong dissatisfied people-the masculine persons among them, to continue the metaphor-have ingenuity for improving and safeguarding life. The former show their weakness and feminine character by willingly letting themselves be temporarily deceived, and perhaps even by putting up with a little ecstasy and enthusiasm on a time, but on the whole they are never to be satisfied, and suffer from the incurability of their dissatisfaction ; moreover they are the patrons of all those who manage to concoct opiate and narcotic comforts, and on that account are averse to those who value the physician higher than the priest,-they thereby encourage the continuance of actual distress! If there had not been a surplus of dissatisfied persons of this kind in Europe since the time of the Middle Ages, the remarkable capacity of Europeans for constant transformation would perhaps not have originated at all; for the claims of the strong dissatisfied persons are too gross, and really too modest to resist being finally quieted down. China is an instance of a country in which dissatisfaction on a grand scale and the capacity for transformation have died out for many centuries ; and the Socialists and state-idolaters of Europe could easily bring things to Chinese conditions and to a Chinese "happiness," with their measures for the amelioration and security of life, provided that they could first of all root out the sicklier, tenderer, more feminine dissatisfaction and Romanticism which are still very abundant among us. Europe is an invalid who owes her best thanks to her

incurability and the eternal transformations of her sufferings ; these constant new situations, these equally constant new dangers, pains, and make-shifts, have at last generated an intellectual sensitiveness which is almost equal to genius, and is in any case the mother of all genius.

Gay Science

25

Not Pre-ordained to Knowledge.-There is a blind humility not at all rare, and when a person is afflicted with it, he is once for all disqualified for being a disciple of knowledge. It is this in fact: the moment a man of this kind perceives anything striking, he turns as it were on his heel, and says to himself: "You have deceived yourself! Where have your wits been! This cannot be the truth!"-and then, instead of looking at it and listening to it with more attention, he runs out of the way of the striking object as if intimidated, and seeks to get it out of his head as quickly as possible. For his fundamental rule runs thus : " I want to see nothing that contradicts the usual opinion concerning things ! Am / created for the purpose of discovering new truths ? There are already too many of the old ones."

Gay Science

26

What is Living!-Living-that is to continually eliminate from ourselves what is about to die; Living-that is to be cruel and inexorable towards all that becomes weak and old in ourselves, and not only in ourselves. Living-that means, therefore, to be without piety toward the dying, the wretched and the old ? To be continually a murderer ?-And yet old Moses said : " You shall not kill!"

Gay Science

27

The Self-Renouncer. - What does the self-renouncer do? He strives after a

higher world, he wants to fly longer and further and higher than all men of affirmation-he throws away many things that would impede his flight, and several things among them that are not valueless, that are not unpleasant to him : he sacrifices them to his desire for elevation. Now this sacrificing, this casting away, is the very thing which becomes visible in him: on that account one calls him a self-renouncer, and as such he stands before us, enveloped in his cowl, and as the soul of a hair-shirt. With this effect, however, which he makes upon us he is well content: he wants to keep concealed from us his desire, his pride, his intention of flying above us.-Yes! He is wiser than we thought, and so courteous towards us- this affirmer! For that is what he is, like us, even in his self-renunciation.

Gay Science

28

Injuring with one's best Qualities.-Our strong points sometimes drive us so far forward that we cannot any longer endure our weaknesses, and we perish by them: we also perhaps see this result beforehand, but nevertheless do not want it to be otherwise. We then become hard towards that which would gladly be spared in us, and our pitiless-ness is also our greatness. Such an experience, which must in the end cost us our life, is a symbol of the collective effect of great men upon others and upon their epoch:-it is just with their best abilities, with that which only they can do, that they destroy much that is weak, uncertain, evolving, and willing, and are thereby injurious. Indeed, the case may happen in which, taken on the whole, they only do injury, because their best is accepted and drunk up as it were solely by those who lose their understanding and their egoism by it, as by too strong a beverage; they become so intoxicated that they go breaking their limbs on all the wrong roads where their drunkenness drives them.

Gay Science

29

Adventitious Liars. - When people began to combat the unity of Aristotle

in France, and consequently also to defend it, there was once more to be seen that which has been seen so often, but seen so unwillingly:-people imposed false reasons on themselves on account of which those laws ought to exist, merely for the sake of not acknowledging to themselves that they had accustomed themselves to the authority of those laws, and did not want any longer to have things otherwise. And people do so in every prevailing morality and religion, and have always done so: the reasons and intentions behind the habit, are only added surreptitiously when people begin to combat the habit, and ask for reasons and intentions. It is here that the great dishonesty of the conservatives of all times hides : -they are adventitious liars.

Gay Science

30

The Comedy of Celebrated Men.-Celebrated men who need their fame, as, for instance, all politicians, no longer select their associates and friends without fore-thought: from the one they want a portion of the splendour and reflection of his virtues; from the other they want the fear-inspiring power of certain dubious qualities in him, of which everybody is aware; from another they steal his reputation for idleness and basking in the sun, because it is advantageous for their own ends to be regarded temporarily as heedless and lazy:-it conceals the fact that they lie in ambush; they now use the visionaries, now the experts, now the brooders, now the pedants in their neighbourhood, as their actual selves for the time; but very soon they do not need them any longer! And thus while their environment and outside die off continually, everything seems to crowd into this environment, and wants to become a " character" of it; they are like great cities in this respect. Their repute is continually in process of mutation, like their character, for their changing methods require this change, and they show and exhibit sometimes this and sometimes that actual or fictitious quality on the stage; their friends and associates, as we have said, belong to these stage properties. On the other hand, that which they aim at must remain so much the more steadfast, and burnished and resplendent in the distance,-and this also sometimes needs its comedy and its stage-play.

Commerce and Nobility. - Buying and selling is now regarded as something ordinary, like the art of reading and writing; everyone is now trained to it even when he is not a tradesman exercising himself daily in the art; precisely as formerly in the period of uncivilised humanity, everyone was a hunter and exercised himself day by day in the art of hunting. Hunting was then something common : but just as this finally became a privilege of the powerful and noble, and thereby lost the character of the commonplace and the ordinary- by ceasing to be necessary and by becoming an affair of fancy and luxury,-so it might become the same someday with buying and selling. Conditions of society are imaginable in which there will be no selling and buying, and in which the necessity for this art will become quite lost; perhaps it may then happen that individuals who are less subjected to the law of the prevailing condition of things will indulge in buying and selling as a luxury of sentiment. ' It is then only that commerce would acquire nobility, and the noble would then perhaps occupy themselves just as readily with commerce as they have done until now with war and politics: while on the other hand the valuation of politics might then have entirely altered. Already even politics ceases to be the business of a gentleman ; and it is possible that one day it may be found to be so vulgar as to be brought, like all party literature and daily literature, under the rubric : " Prostitution of the intellect."

Undesirable Disciples.-What shall I do with these two youths! called out a philosopher dejectedly, who " corrupted " youths, as Socrates had once corrupted them,-they are unwelcome disciples to me. One of them cannot say " Nay," and the other says " Half and half" to everything. Provided they grasped my doctrine, the former would suffer too much, for my mode of thinking requires a martial soul, willingness to cause pain, delight in denying, and a hard skin,-he would succumb by open wounds and internal injuries. And the other will choose the mediocre in

everything he represents, and thus make a mediocrity of the whole,-I should like my enemy to have such a disciple.

Gay Science

33

Outside the Lecture-room.-" In order to prove that man after all belongs to the good-natured animals, I would remind you how credulous he has been for so long a time. It is now only, quite late, and after an immense self-conquest, that he has become a distrustful animal,-yes! man is now more wicked than ever."-I do not understand this ; why should man now be more distrustful and more wicked ?-" Because now he has science,-because he needs to have it!"-

Gay Science

34

Historia abscondita.-Every great man has a power which operates backward; all history is again placed on the scales on his account, and a thousand secrets of the past crawl out of their lurking-places-into his sunlight. There is absolutely no knowing what history may be some day. The past is still perhaps undiscovered in its essence! There is yet so much reinterpreting ability needed!

Gay Science

35

Heresy and Witchcraft.-To think otherwise than is customary-that is by no means so much the activity of a better intellect, as the activity of strong, wicked inclinations,-severing, isolating, refractory, mischief-loving, malicious inclinations. Heresy is the counterpart of witchcraft, and is certainly just as little a merely harmless affair, or a thing worthy of honour in itself. Heretics and sorcerers are two kinds of bad men; they have it in common that they also feel themselves wicked; their unconquerable

delight is to attack and injure whatever rules,-whether it be men or opinions. The Reformation, a kind of duplication of the spirit of the Middle Ages at a time when it had no longer a good conscience, produced both of these kinds of people in the greatest profusion.

Gay Science

36

Last Words.-It will be recollected that the Emperor Augustus, that terrible man, who had himself as much in his own power and could be silent as well as any wise Socrates, became indiscreet about himself in his last words; for the first time he let his mask fall, when he gave to understand that he had carried a mask and played a comedy,-he had played the father of his country and wisdom on the throne well, even to the point of illusion ! *Plaudite amici, comoedia finita est!*- The thought of the dying Nero: *qualis artifex pereo !* was also the thought of the dying Augustus: histrionic conceit! histrionic loquacity ! And the very counterpart to the dying Socrates!-But Tiberius died silently,! that most tortured of all self-torturers,-he was genuine and not a stage-player! What may have passed through his head in the end ! Perhaps this : " Life - that is a long death. I am a fool, who shortened the lives of so many! Was / created for the purpose of being a benefactor ? I should have given them eternal life: and then I could have seen them dying eternally. I had such good eyes for that: *qualis spectator pereo!*" When he seemed once more to regain his powers after a long death-struggle, it was considered advisable to smother him with pillows,-he died a double death.

Gay Science

37

Owing to three Errors.-Science has been furthered during recent centuries, partly because it was hoped that God's goodness and wisdom would be best understood therewith and thereby-the principal motive in the soul of great Englishmen (like Newton); partly because the absolute utility of knowledge was believed in, and especially the most intimate connection of morality, knowledge, and happiness-the principal motive in

the soul of great Frenchmen (like Voltaire); and partly because it was thought that in science there was something unselfish, harmless, self-sufficient, lovable, and truly innocent to be had, in which the evil human impulses did not at all participate-the principal motive in the soul of Spinoza, who felt himself divine, as a knowing being:-it is consequently owing to three errors that science has been furthered.

Gay Science

38

Explosive People.-When one considers how ready are the forces of young men for discharge, one does not wonder at seeing them decide so uncritically and with so little selection for this or that cause: that which attracts them is the sight of eagerness for a cause, as it were the sight of the burning match-not the cause itself. The more ingenious seducers on that account operate by holding out the prospect of an explosion to such persons, and do not urge their cause by means of reasons; these powder-barrels are not won over by means of reasons!

Gay Science

39

Altered Taste.-The alteration of the general taste is more important than the alteration of opinions ; opinions, with all their proving, refuting, and intellectual masquerade, are merely symptoms of altered taste, and are certainly not what they are still so often claimed to be, the causes of the altered taste. How does the general taste alter? By the fact of individuals, the powerful and influential persons, expressing and tyrannically enforcing without any feeling of shame, their *hoc est ridiculum, hoc est absurdum*; the decisions, therefore, of their taste and their disrelish :-they thereby lay a constraint upon many people, out of which there gradually grows a habituation for still more, and finally a necessity for all. The fact, however, that these individuals feel and "taste" differently, has usually its origin in a peculiarity of their mode of life, nourishment, or digestion, perhaps in a surplus or deficiency of the inorganic salts in their blood and brain, in short in their physis; they have, however, the courage to

avow their physical constitution, and to lend an ear even to the most delicate tones of its requirements : their aesthetic and moral judgments are those " most delicate tones " of their physis.

Gay Science

40

The Lack of a noble Presence.-Soldiers and their leaders have always a much higher mode of comportment toward one another than workmen and their employers. At present at least, all militarily established civilisation still stands high above all so-called industrial civilisation; the latter, in its present form, is in general the meanest mode of existence that has ever been. It is simply the law of necessity that operates here: people want to live, and have to sell themselves; but they despise him who exploits their necessity and purchases the workman. It is curious that the subjection to powerful, fear-inspiring, and even dreadful individuals, to tyrants and leaders of armies, is not at all felt so painfully as the subjection to such undistinguished and uninteresting persons as the captains of industry; in the employer the workman usually sees merely a crafty, blood-sucking dog of a man, speculating on every necessity, whose name, form, character, and reputation are altogether indifferent to him. It is probable that the manufacturers and great magnates of commerce have until now lacked too much all those forms and attributes of a superior race, which alone make persons interesting; if they had had the nobility of the nobly-born in their looks and bearing, there would perhaps have been no socialism in the masses of the people. For these are really ready for slavery of every kind, provided that the superior class above them constantly shows itself legitimately superior, and born to command-by its noble presence! The commonest man feels that nobility is not to be improvised, and that it is his part to honour it as the fruit of protracted race-culture,-but the absence of superior presence, and the notorious vulgarity of manufacturers with red, fat hands, brings up the thought to him that it is only chance and fortune that has here elevated the one above the other; well then - so he reasons with himself-let us in our turn tempt chance and fortune! Let us in our turn throw the dice !-and socialism commences.

Against Remorse. - The thinker sees in his own actions attempts and questionings to obtain information about something or other; success and failure are answers to him first and foremost. To vex himself, however, because something does not succeed, or to feel remorse at all- he leaves that to those who act because they are commanded to do so, and expect to get a beating when their gracious master is not satisfied with the result.

Work and Ennui.-In respect to seeking work for the sake of the pay, almost all men are alike at present in civilised countries; to all of them work is a means, and not itself the end ; on which account they are not very select in the choice of the work, provided it yields an abundant profit. But still there are rarer men who would rather perish than work without delight in their labour: the fastidious people, difficult to satisfy, whose object is not served by an abundant profit, unless the work itself be the reward of all rewards. Artists and contemplative men of all kinds belong to this rare species of human beings; and also the idlers who spend their life in hunting and travelling, or in love-affairs and adventures. They all seek toil and trouble in so far as these are associated with pleasure, and they want the severest and hardest labour, if it be necessary. In other respects, however, they have a resolute indolence, even should impoverishment, dishonour, and danger to health and life be associated therewith. They are not so much afraid of ennui as of labour without pleasure; indeed they require much ennui, if their work is to succeed with them. For the thinker and for all inventive spirits ennui is the unpleasant " calm" of the soul which precedes the happy voyage and the dancing breezes; he must endure it, he must await the effect it has on him :-it is precisely this which lesser natures cannot at all experience! It is common to scare away ennui in every way, just as it is common to labour without pleasure. It perhaps distinguishes the Asians above the Europeans, that they are capable of a longer and pro-founder repose ;

even their narcotics operate slowly and require patience, in contrast to the obnoxious suddenness of the European poison, alcohol.

Gay Science

43

What the Laws Betray.-One makes a great mistake when one studies the penal laws of a people, as if they were an expression of its character ; the laws do not betray what a people is, but what appears to them foreign, strange, monstrous, and outlandish. The laws concern themselves with the exceptions to the morality of custom; and the severest punishments fall on acts which conform to the customs of the neighbouring peoples. Thus among the Wahabites, there are only two mortal sins: having another God than the Wahabite God, and- smoking (it is designated by them as "the disgraceful kind of drinking"). " And how is it with regard to murder and adultery ? "-asked the Englishman with astonishment on learning these things. " Well,, God is gracious and pitiful!" answered the old chief.-Thus among the ancient Romans there was the idea that a woman could only sin mortally in two ways : by adultery on the one hand, and-by wine-drinking on the other. Old Cato pretended that kissing among relatives had only been made a custom in order to keep women in control on this point; a kiss meant: did her breath smell of wine ? Wives had actually been punished by death who were surprised taking wine: and certainly not merely because women under the influence of wine sometimes unlearn altogether the art of saying No; the Romans were afraid above all things of the orgiastic and Dionysian spirit with which the women of Southern Europe at that time (when wine was still new in Europe) were sometimes visited, as by a monstrous foreignness which subverted the basis of Roman sentiments; it seemed to them treason against Rome, as the embodiment of foreignness.

Gay Science

44

The Believed Motive.-However important it may be to know the motives according to which mankind has really acted until now, perhaps the

belief in this or that motive, and therefore that which mankind has assumed and imagined to be the actual mainspring of its activity until now, is something still more essential for the thinker to know. For the internal happiness and misery of men have always come to them through their belief in this or that motive,-not however, through that which was actually the motive! All about the latter has an interest of secondary rank.

Gay Science

45

Epicurus.-Yes, I am proud of perceiving the character of Epicurus differently from anyone else perhaps, and of enjoying the happiness of the afternoon of antiquity in all that I hear and read of him:-I see his eye gazing out on a broad whitish sea, over the shore-rocks on which the sunshine rests, while great and small creatures play in its light, secure and calm like this light and that eye itself. Such happiness could only have been devised by a chronic sufferer, the happiness of an eye before which the sea of existence has become calm, and which can no longer tire of gazing at the surface and at the variegated, tender, tremulous skin of this sea. Never previously was there such a moderation of voluptuousness.

Gay Science

46

Our Astonishment.-There is a profound and fundamental satisfaction in the fact that science ascertains things that hold their ground, and again furnish the basis for new researches:-it could certainly be otherwise. Indeed, we are so much convinced of all the uncertainty and caprice of our judgments, and of the everlasting change of all human laws and conceptions, that we are really astonished how persistently the results of science hold their ground! In earlier times people knew nothing of this changeability of all human things; the custom of morality maintained the belief that the whole inner life of man was bound to iron necessity by eternal fetters:-perhaps people then felt a similar voluptuousness of astonishment when they listened to tales and fairy stories. The wonderful

did so much good to those men, who might well get tired sometimes of the regular and the eternal. To leave the ground for once! To soar! To stray ! To be mad !:-that belonged to the paradise and the revelry of earlier times; while our felicity is like that of the shipwrecked man who has gone ashore, and places himself with both feet on the old, firm ground-in astonishment that it does not rock.

Gay Science

47

The Suppression of the Passions.-When one continually prohibits the expression of the passions as something to be left to the "vulgar," to coarser, bourgeois, and peasant natures-that is, when one does not want to suppress the passions themselves, but only their language and demeanour, one nevertheless realises therewith just what one does not want: the suppression of the passions themselves, or at least their weakening and alteration,-as the court of Louis XIV. (to cite the most instructive instance), and all that was dependent on it, experienced. The generation that followed, trained in suppressing their expression, no longer possessed the passions themselves, but had a pleasant, superficial, playful disposition in their place,- a generation which was so permeated with the incapacity to be ill-mannered, that even an injury was not taken and retaliated, except with courteous words. Perhaps our own time furnishes the most remarkable counterpart to this period: I see everywhere (in life, in the theatre, and not least in all that is written) satisfaction at all the coarser outbursts and gestures of passion ; a certain convention of passionateness is now desired,- only not the passion itself! Nevertheless it will thereby be at last reached, and our posterity will have a genuine savagery, and not merely a formal savagery and unmannerliness.

Gay Science

48

Knowledge of Distress.-Perhaps there is nothing by which men and periods are so much separated from one another, as by the different degrees of knowledge of distress which they possess ; distress of the soul as well

as of the body. With respect to the latter, owing to lack of sufficient self-experience, we men of the present day (in spite of our deficiencies and infirmities), are perhaps all of us blunderers and visionaries in comparison with the men of the age of fear - the longest of all ages,-when the individual had to protect himself against violence, and for that purpose had to be a man of violence himself. At that time a man went through a long schooling of corporeal tortures and privations, and found even in a certain kind of cruelty toward himself, in a voluntary use of pain, a necessary means for his preservation ; at that time a person trained his environment to the endurance of pain; at that time a person willingly inflicted pain, and saw the most frightful things of this kind happen to others, without having any other feeling than for his own security. As regards the distress of the soul, however, I now look at every man with respect to whether he knows it by experience or by description ; whether he still regards it as necessary to simulate this knowledge, perhaps as an indication of more refined culture; or whether, at the bottom of his heart, he does not at all believe in great sorrows of soul, and at the naming of them calls to mind a similar experience as at the naming of great corporeal sufferings, such as toothaches, and stomach-aches. It is thus, however, that it seems to be with most people at present. Owing to the universal inexperience of both kinds of pain, and the comparative rarity of the spectacle of a sufferer, an important consequence results: people now hate pain far more than earlier man did, and calumniate it worse than ever; indeed people nowadays can hardly endure the thought of pain, and make out of it an affair of conscience and a reproach to collective existence. The appearance of pessimistic philosophies is not at all the sign of great and dreadful miseries; for these interrogative marks regarding the worth of life appear in periods when the refinement and alleviation of existence already deem the unavoidable gnat-stings of the soul and body as altogether too bloody and wicked; and in the poverty of actual experiences of pain, would now like to make painful general ideas appear as suffering of the worst kind.-There might indeed be a remedy for pessimistic philosophies and the excessive sensibility which seems to me the real " distress of the present":-but perhaps this remedy already sounds too cruel, and would itself be reckoned among the symptoms owing to which people at present conclude that" existence is something evil." Well! the remedy for "the distress" is distress.

Magnanimity and allied Qualities.-These paradoxical phenomena, such as the sudden coldness in the demeanour of good-natured men, the humour of the melancholy, and above all magnanimity, as a sudden renunciation of revenge or of the gratification of envy-appear in men in whom there is a powerful inner impulsiveness, in men of sudden satiety and sudden disgust. Their satisfactions are so rapid and violent that satiety, aversion, and flight into the antithetical taste, immediately follow upon them: in this contrast the convulsion of feeling liberates itself, in one person by sudden coldness, in another by laughter, and in a third by tears and self-sacrifice. The magnanimous person appears to me-at least that kind of magnanimous person who has always made most impression-as a man with the strongest thirst for vengeance, to whom a gratification presents itself close at hand, and who already drinks it off in imagination so copiously, thoroughly, and to the last drop, that an excessive, rapid disgust follows this rapid licentiousness;-he now elevates himself "above himself," as one says, and forgives his enemy, yea, blesses and honours him. With this violence done to himself, however, with this mockery of his impulse to revenge, even still so powerful, he merely yields to the new impulse, the disgust which has become powerful, and does this just as impatiently and licentiously, as a short time previously he forestalled, and as it were exhausted, the joy of revenge with his fantasy. In magnanimity there is the same amount of egoism as in revenge, but a different quality of egoism.

Gay Science

The Argument of Isolation.-The reproach of conscience, even in the most conscientious, is weak against the feeling: "This and that are contrary to the good morals of your society." A cold glance or a wry mouth on the part of those among whom and for whom one has been educated, is still feared even by the strongest. What is really feared there? Isolation! as the argument which demolishes even the best arguments for a person or cause!-It is thus that the gregarious instinct speaks in us.

Gay Science

51

Sense for Truth.-Commend me to all scepticism where I am permitted to answer: " Let us put it to the test!" But I don't wish to hear anything more of things and questions which do not admit of being tested. That is the limit of my " sense for truth " : for bravery has there lost its right.

Gay Science

52

What others Know of us.-That which we know of ourselves and have in our memory is not so decisive for the happiness of our life as is generally believed. One day it flashes upon our mind what others know of us (or think they know)-^and then we acknowledge that it is the more powerful. We get on with our bad conscience more easily than with our bad reputation.

Gay Science

53

Where Goodness Begins.-Where bad eyesight can no longer see the evil impulse as such, on account of its refinement,-there man sets up the kingdom of goodness ; and the feeling of having now gone over into the kingdom of goodness brings all those impulses (such as the feelings of security, of comfortableness, of benevolence) into simultaneous activity, which were threatened and confined by the evil impulses. Consequently, the duller the eye so much the further does goodness extend ! Hence the eternal cheerfulness of the populace and of children ! Hence the gloominess and grief (allied to the bad conscience) of great thinkers.

Gay Science

The Consciousness of Appearance.-How wonderfully and newly, and at the same time how awfully and ironically, do I feel myself situated with respect to collective existence, with my knowledge ! I have discovered for myself that the old humanity and animality, yea, the collective primeval age, and the past of all sentient being, continues to meditate, love, hate, and reason in me,-I have suddenly awoke in the midst of this dream, but merely to the consciousness that I just dream, and that I must dream on in order not to perish; just as the sleep-walker must dream on in order not to tumble down. What is it that is now " appearance " to me! Verily, not the antithesis of any kind of essence,-what knowledge can I assert of any kind of essence whatsoever, except merely the predicates of its appearance! Verily not a dead mask which one could put upon an unknown X, and which to be sure one could also remove! Appearance is for me the operating and living thing itself; which goes so far in its self-mockery as to make me feel that here there is appearance, and Will o' the Wisp, and spirit-dance, and nothing more,-that among all these dreamers, I also, the "thinker," dance my dance, that the thinker is a means of prolonging further the terrestrial dance, and in so far is one of the masters of ceremony of existence, and that the sublime consistency and connectedness of all branches of knowledge is perhaps, and will perhaps, be the best means for maintaining the universality of the dreaming, the complete, mutual understandability of all those dreamers, and thereby the duration of the dream.

Gay Science

The Ultimate Nobility of Character.-What then makes a person " noble "? Certainly not that he makes sacrifices ; even the frantic libertine makes sacrifices. Certainly not that he generally follows his passions; there are contemptible passions. Certainly not that he does something for others, and without selfishness; perhaps the effect of selfishness is precisely at its greatest in the noblest persons.-But that the passion which seizes the noble man is a peculiarity, without his knowing that it is so: the use of a rare and singular measuring-rod, almost a frenzy: the feeling of heat in things which feel cold to all other persons : a divining of values

for which scales have not yet been invented : a sacrificing on altars which are consecrated to an unknown God: a bravery without the desire for honour: a self-sufficiency which has superabundance, and imparts to men and things. Until now, therefore, it has been the rare in man, and the unconsciousness of this rareness, that has made men noble. Here, however, let us consider that everything ordinary, immediate, and indispensable, in short, what has been most preservative of the species, and generally the rule in mankind until now, has been judged unreasonable and calumniated in its entirety by this standard, in favour of the exceptions. To become the advocate of the rule-that may perhaps be the ultimate form and refinement in which nobility of character will reveal itself on earth.

Gay Science

56

The Desire for Suffering.-When I think of the desire to do something, how it continually tickles and stimulates millions of young Europeans, who cannot endure themselves and all their ennui,- I conceive that there must be a desire in them to suffer something, in order to derive from their suffering a worthy motive for acting, for doing something. Distress is necessary! Hence the cry of the politicians, hence the many false, trumped-up, exaggerated " states of distress " of all possible kinds, and the blind readiness to believe in them This young world desires that there should arrive or appear from the outside-not happiness-but misfortune; and their imagination is already busy beforehand to form a monster out of it, so that they may afterwards be able to fight with a monster. If these distress-seekers felt the power to benefit themselves, to do something for themselves from internal sources, they would also understand how to create a distress of their own, specially their own, from internal sources. Their inventions might then be more refined, and their gratifications might sound like good music: while at present they fill the world with their cries of distress, and consequently too often with the feeling of distress in the first place! They do not know what to make of themselves-and so they paint the misfortune of others on the wall; they always need others! And always again other others!-Pardon me, my friends, I have ventured to paint my happiness on the wall.

BOOK TWO

Gay Science

57

To the Realists.-Ye sober beings, who feel yourselves armed against passion and fantasy, and would gladly make a pride and an ornament out of your emptiness, you call yourselves realists, and give to understand that the world is actually constituted as it appears to you ; before you alone reality stands unveiled, and you yourselves would perhaps be the best part of it,-oh, you dear images of Sais! But are not you also in your unveiled condition still extremely passionate and dusky beings compared with the fish, and still all too like an enamoured artist ? *-and what is " reality " to an enamoured artist! You still carry about with you the valuations of things which had their origin in the passions and infatuations of earlier centuries! There is still a secret and ineffaceable drunkenness embodied in your sobriety! Your love of " reality," for example-oh, that is an old, primitive " love " ! In every feeling, in every sense-impression, there is a portion of this old love: and similarly also some kind of fantasy, prejudice, irrationality, ignorance, fear, and whatever else has become mingled and woven into it. There is that mountain! There is that cloud ! What is " real" in them ? Remove the phantasm and the whole human element from that, you sober ones! Yes, if you could do that! If you could forget your origin, your past, your preparatory schooling,-your whole history as man and beast! There is no " reality " for us-nor for you either, you sober ones,-we are far from being so alien to one another as you suppose; and perhaps our good-will to get beyond drunkenness is just as respectable as your belief that you are altogether incapable of drunkenness.

Gay Science

58

Only as Creators !-It has caused me the greatest trouble, and forever causes me the greatest trouble, to perceive that unspeakably more depends upon what things are called, than on what they are. The reputation, the name and appearance, the importance, the usual measure and

weight of things - each being in origin most frequently an error and arbitrariness thrown over the things like a garment, and quite alien to their essence and even to their exterior-have gradually, by the belief therein and its continuous growth from generation to generation, grown as it were on-and-into things and become their very body; the appearance at the very beginning becomes almost always the essence in the end, and operates as the essence! What a fool he would be who would think it enough to refer here to this origin and this nebulous veil of illusion, in order to annihilate that which virtually passes for the world-namely, so-called " reality " ! It is only as creators that we can annihilate!-But let us not forget this: it suffices to create new names and valuations and probabilities, in order in the long run to create new " things."

Gay Science

59

We Artists !-When we love a woman we have readily a hatred against nature, on recollecting all the disagreeable natural functions to which every woman is subject; we prefer not to think of them at all, but if once our soul touches on these things it twitches impatiently, and glances, as we have said, contemptuously at nature :- we are hurt; nature seems to encroach upon our possessions, and with the profanest hands. We then shut our ears against all physiology, and we decree in secret that "we will hear nothing of the fact that man is something else than soul and form ! " " The man under the skin " is an abomination and monstrosity, a blasphemy of God and of love to all lovers.-Well, just as the lover still feels with respect to nature and natural functions, so did every worshipper of God and his " holy omnipotence " feel formerly: in all that was said of nature by astronomers, geologists, physiologists, and physicians, he saw an encroachment on his most precious possession, and consequently an attack, - and moreover also an impertinence of the assailant! The " law of nature" sounded to him as blasphemy against God ; in truth he would too willingly have seen the whole of mechanics traced back to moral acts of volition and arbitrariness:-but because nobody could render him this service, he concealed nature and mechanism from himself as best he could, and lived in a dream. Oh, those men of former times understood how to dream, and did not need first to go to sleep!-

and we men of the present day also still understand it too well, with all our good-will for wakefulness and daylight! It suffices to love, to hate, to desire, and in general to feel,-immediately the spirit and the power of the dream come over us, and we ascend, with open eyes and indifferent to all danger, the most dangerous paths, to the roofs and towers of fantasy, and without any giddiness, as persons born for climbing-we the night-walkers by day! We artists! We concealers of naturalness ! We moon-struck and God-struck ones ! We death-silent, untiring wanderers on heights which we do not see as heights, but as our plains, as our places of safety !

Gay Science

60

Women and their Effect in the Distance.-Have I still ears? Am I only ear, and nothing else besides? Here I stand in the midst of the surging of the breakers, whose white flames fork up to my feet;-from all sides there is howling, threatening, crying, and screaming at me, while in the lowest depths the old earth-shaker sings his aria hollow like a roaring bull; he beats such an earth-' shaker's measure thereto, that even the hearts of these weathered rock-monsters tremble at the sound. Then, suddenly, as if born out of nothingness, there appears before the portal of this hellish labyrinth, only a few fathoms distant,-a great sailing-ship gliding silently along like a ghost. Oh, this ghostly beauty! With what enchantment it seizes me! What? Has all the repose and silence in the world embarked here? Does my happiness itself sit in this quiet place, my happier ego, my second immortalised self? Still not dead, but also no longer living ? As a ghost-like,

"calm, gazing, gliding, sweeping, neutral being ? Similar to the ship, which, with its white sails, like an immense butterfly, passes over the dark sea! Yes! Passing over existence! That is it! That

would be it!——It seems that the noise here has

made me a visionary ? All great noise causes one to place happiness in the calm and the distance. When a man is in the midst of his hubbub, in the midst of the breakers of his plots and plans, he there sees perhaps calm, enchanting beings glide past him, for whose happiness and retirement he longs-they are women. He almost thinks that there with the women dwells his better self; that in these calm places even the loudest

breakers become still as death, and life itself a dream of life. But still! but still! my noble enthusiast, there is also in the most beautiful sailing-ship so much noise and bustling, and alas, so much petty, pitiable bustling! The enchantment and the most powerful effect of women is, to use the language of philosophers, an effect at a distance, an actio in distans; there belongs thereto, however, primarily and above all, -distance !

Gay Science

61

In Honour of Friendship.-That the sentiment of friendship was regarded by antiquity as the highest sentiment, higher even than the most vaunted pride of the self-sufficient and wise, yea, as it were its sole and still holier brotherhood, is very well expressed by the story of the Macedonian king who made the present of a talent to a cynical Athenian philosopher from whom he received it back again. "What?" said the king, "has he then no friend?" He therewith meant to say, "I honour this pride of the wise and independent man, but I should have honoured his humanity still higher, if the friend in him had gained the victory over his pride. The philosopher has lowered himself in my estimation, for he showed that he did not know one of the two highest sentiments-and in fact the higher of them!"

Gay Science

62

Love.-Love pardons even the passion of the beloved.

Gay Science

63

Woman in Music.-How does it happen that warm and rainy winds bring the musical mood and the inventive delight in melody with them? Are they not the same winds that fill the churches and give women amorous thoughts?

Gay Science

64

Sceptics.-I fear that women who have grown old are more sceptical in the secret recesses of their hearts than any of the men; they believe in the superficiality of existence as in its essence, and all virtue and profundity is to them only the disguising of this "truth," the very desirable disguising of a pudendum,-an affair, therefore, of decency and modesty, and nothing more!

Gay Science

65

Devotedness.-There are noble women with a certain poverty of spirit, who, in order to express their profoundest devotedness, have no other alternative but to offer their virtue and modesty: it is the highest thing they have. And this present is often accepted without putting the recipient under such deep obligation as the giver supposed, -a very melancholy story!

Gay Science

66

The Strength of the Weak.-Women are all skilful in exaggerating their weaknesses, indeed they are inventive in weaknesses, so as to seem quite fragile ornaments to which even a grain of dust does harm; their existence is meant to bring home to man's mind his coarseness, and to appeal to his conscience. They thus defend themselves against the strong and all "rights of might."

Gay Science

Self-dissembling.-She loves him now and has since been looking forth with as quiet confidence as a cow; but alas! It was precisely his delight that she seemed so fitful and absolutely incomprehensible! He had rather too much steady weather in himself already! Would she not do well to feign her old character? to feign indifference? Does not-love itself advise her to do so? Vivat comadia!

Gay Science

Will and Willingness.-Someone brought a youth to a wise man, and said, "See, this is one who is being corrupted by women!" The wise man shook his head and smiled. "It is men," he called out, "who corrupt women; and everything that women lack should be atoned for and improved in men,-for man creates for himself the ideal of woman, and woman moulds herself according to this ideal."-"You are too tender-hearted towards women," said one of the bystanders, "you do not know them!" The wise man answered: "Man's attribute is will, woman's attribute is willingness,- such is the law of the sexes, verily! a hard law for woman! All human beings are innocent of their existence, women, however, are doubly innocent; who could have enough of salve and gentleness for them!"-"What about salve! What about gentleness!" called out another person in the crowd, "we must educate women better!"-"We must educate men better," said the wise man, and made a sign to the youth to follow him.-The youth, however, did not follow him.

Gay Science

Capacity for Revenge.-That a person cannot and consequently will not defend himself, does not yet cast disgrace upon him in our eyes; but we despise the person who has neither the ability nor the good-will for revenge - whether it be a man or a woman. Would a woman be able to captivate us (or, as people say, to "fetter" us) whom we did not credit with

knowing how to employ the dagger (any kind of dagger) skilfully against us under certain circumstances? Or against herself; which in a certain case might be the severest revenge (the Chinese revenge).

Gay Science

70

The Mistresses of the Masters.- -A powerful contralto voice, as we occasionally hear it in the theatre, raises suddenly for us the curtain on possibilities in which we usually do not believe; all at once we are convinced that somewhere in the world there may be women with high, heroic, royal souls, capable and prepared for magnificent remonstrances, resolutions, and self-sacrifices, capable and prepared for domination over men, because in them the best in man, superior to sex, has become a corporeal ideal. To be sure, it is not the intention of the theatre that such voices should give such a conception of women; they are usually intended to represent the ideal male lover, for example, a Romeo; but, to judge by my experience, the theatre regularly miscalculates here, and the musician also, who expects such effects from such a voice. People do not believe in these lovers; these voices still contain a tinge of the motherly and housewifely character, and most of all when love is in their tone.

Gay Science

71

On Female Chastity.-There is something quite astonishing and extraordinary in the education of women of the higher class ; indeed, there is perhaps nothing more paradoxical. All the world is agreed to educate them with as much ignorance as possible in eroticism, and to inspire their soul with a profound shame of such things, and the extremest impatience and horror at the suggestion of them. It is really here only that all the "honour" of woman is at stake ; what would one not forgive them in other respects! But here they are intended to remain ignorant to the very backbone :-they are intended to have neither eyes, ears, words, nor thoughts for this, their " wickedness " ; indeed knowledge here is already evil. And then! To be hurled as with an awful thunderbolt into reality

and knowledge with marriage-and indeed by him whom they most love and esteem: to have to encounter love and shame in contradiction, yea, to have to feel rapture, abandonment, duty, sympathy, and fright at the unexpected proximity of God and animal, and whatever else besides! all at once!-There, in fact, a psychic entanglement has been effected which is quite unequalled ! Even the sympathetic curiosity of the wisest discerners of men does not suffice to divine how this or that woman gets along with the solution of this enigma and the enigma of this solution; what dreadful, far-reaching suspicions must awaken thereby in the poor unhinged soul; and indeed, how the ultimate philosophy and scepticism of the woman casts anchor at this point!-Afterwards the same profound silence as before : and often even a silence to herself, a shutting of her eyes to herself.-Young wives on that account make great efforts to appear superficial and thoughtless ; the most ingenious of them simulate a kind of impudence.-Wives easily feel their husbands as a question-mark to their honour, and their children as an apology or atonement,-they require children, and wish for them in quite another spirit than a husband wishes for them.-In short, one cannot be gentle enough towards women !

Gay Science

72

Mothers.-Animals think differently from men with respect to females; with them the female is regarded as the productive being. There is no paternal love among them, but there is such a thing as love of the children of a beloved, and habituation to them. In the young, the females find gratification for their lust of dominion; the young are a property, an occupation, something quite comprehensible to them, with which they can chatter: all this conjointly is maternal love,- it is to be compared to the love of the artist for his work. Pregnancy has made the females gentler, more expectant, more timid, more submissively inclined ; and similarly intellectual pregnancy engenders the character of the contemplative, who are allied to women in character:-they are the masculine mothers.-Among animals the masculine sex is regarded as the beautiful sex.

Gay Science

Saintly Cruelty.-A man holding a newly born child in his hands came to a saint. "What should I do with this child," he asked, "it is wretched, deformed, and has not even enough of life to die." "Kill it," cried the saint with a dreadful voice, "kill it, and then hold it in your arms for three days and three nights to brand it on your memory:-thus wilt you never again beget a child when it is not the time for you to beget."-When the man had heard this he went away disappointed; and many found fault with the saint because he had advised cruelty; for he had advised to kill the child. "But is it not more cruel to let it live?" asked the saint.

Gay Science

The Unsuccessful.-Those poor women always fail of success who become agitated and uncertain, and talk too much in presence of him whom they love; for men are most successfully seduced by a certain subtle and phlegmatic tenderness.

Gay Science

The Third Sex.-"A small man is a paradox, but still a man,-but a small woman seems to me to be of another sex in comparison with well-grown ones"-said an old dancing-master. A small woman is never beautiful-said old Aristotle.

Gay Science

The greatest Danger.-Had there not at all times been a larger number of men who regarded the cultivation of their mind-their "rationality"- as their pride, their obligation, their virtue, and were injured or shamed by

all play of fancy and extravagance of thinking-as lovers of "sound common sense":-mankind would long ago have perished! Incipient insanity has hovered, and hovers continually over mankind as its greatest danger: it is precisely the breaking out of inclination in feeling, seeing, and hearing; the enjoyment of the unruliness of the mind ; the delight in human unreason. It is not truth and certainty that is the antithesis of the world of the insane, but the universality and all-obligatoriness of a belief, in short, non-voluntariness in forming opinions. And the greatest labour of human beings until now has been to agree with one another regarding a number of things, and to impose upon themselves a law of agreement-indifferent whether these things are true or false. This is the discipline of the mind which has preserved mankind;-but the counter-impulses are still so powerful that one can really speak of the future of mankind with little confidence. The ideas of things still continually shift and move, and will perhaps alter more than ever in the future; it is continually the most select spirits themselves who strive against universal obligatoriness-the investigators of truth above all! The accepted belief, as the belief of all the world, continually engenders a disgust and a new longing in the more ingenious minds; and already the slow tempo which it demands for all intellectual processes (the imitation of the tortoise, which is here recognised as the rule) makes the artists and poets runaways:-it is in these impatient spirits that a downright delight in delirium breaks out, because delirium has such a joyful tempo I Virtuous intellects, therefore, are needed-ah ! I want to use the least ambiguous word,-virtuous stupidity is needed, imperturbable conductors of the slow spirits are needed, in order that the faithful of the great collective belief may remain with one another and dance their dance further: it is a necessity of the first importance that here enjoins and demands. We others are the exceptions and the danger,-we eternally need protection !-Well, there can actually be something said in favour of the exceptions provided that they never want to become the rule.

Gay Science

77

The Animal with good Conscience.-It is not unknown to me that there is vulgarity in everything that pleases Southern Europe-whether it be Italian opera (for example, Rossini's and Bellini's), or the Spanish adventure-

romance (most readily accessible to us in the French garb of Gil Bias)-but it does not offend me, any more than the vulgarity which one encounters in a walk through Pompeii, or even in the reading of every ancient book : what is the reason of this ? Is it because shame is lacking here, and because the vulgar always comes forward just as sure and certain of itself as anything noble, lovely, and passionate in the same kind of music or romance ? " The animal has its rights like man, so let it run about freely; and you, my dear fellow-man, are still this animal, in spite of all!" - that seems to me the moral of the case, and the peculiarity of southern humanity. Bad taste has its rights like good taste, and even a prerogative over the latter when it is the great requisite, the sure satisfaction, and as it were a universal language, an immediately intelligible mask and attitude; the excellent, select taste on the other hand has always something of a seeking, tentative character, not fully certain that it understands,-it is never, and has never been popular! The masque is and remains popular! So let all this masquerade run along in the melodies and cadences, in the leaps and merriment of the rhythm of these operas! Quite the ancient life! What does one understand of it, if one does not understand the delight in the masque, the good conscience of all masquerade! Here is the bath and the refreshment of the ancient spirit: - and perhaps this bath was still more necessary for the rare and sublime natures of the ancient world than for the vulgar.-On the other hand, a vulgar turn in northern works, for example in German music, offends me unutterably. There is shame in it, the artist has lowered himself in his own sight, and could not even avoid blushing: we are ashamed with him, and are so hurt because we surmise that he believed he had to lower himself on our account.

Gay Science

78

What we should be Grateful for.-It is only the artists, and especially the theatrical artists, who have furnished men with eyes and ears to hear and see with some pleasure what everyone is in himself, what he experiences and aims at: it is only they who have taught us how to estimate the hero that is concealed in each of these common-place men, and the art of looking at ourselves from a distance as heroes, and as 'it were simplified and transfigured,-the art of " putting ourselves on the stage" before ourselves. It is thus only that we get beyond some of the paltry details in ourselves !

Without that art we should be nothing but foreground, and would live absolutely under the spell of the perspective which makes the closest and the commonest seem immensely large and like reality in itself.-Perhaps there is merit of a similar kind in the religion which commanded us to look at the sinfulness of every individual man with a magnifying-glass, and made a great, immortal criminal of the sinner; in that it put eternal perspectives around man, it taught him to see himself from a distance, and as something past, something entire.

Gay Science

79

The Charm of Imperfection.-I see here a poet, who, like so many men, exercises a higher charm by his imperfections than by all that is rounded off and takes perfect shape under his hands,-indeed, he derives his advantage and reputation far more from his actual limitations than from his abundant powers. His work never expresses altogether what he would really like to express, what he would like to have seen: he appears to have had the foretaste of a vision and never the vision itself:-but an extraordinary longing for this vision has remained in his soul; and from this he derives his equally extraordinary eloquence of longing and craving. With this he raises those who listen to him above his work and above all "works," and gives them wings to rise higher than hearers have ever risen before, thus making them poets and seers themselves; they then show an admiration for the originator of their happiness, as if he had led them immediately to the vision of his holiest and ultimate verities, as if he had reached his goal, and had actually seen and communicated his vision. It is to the advantage of his reputation that he has not really arrived at his goal.

Gay Science

80

Art and Nature.-The Greeks (or at least the Athenians) liked to hear good talking: indeed they had an eager inclination for it, which distinguished them more than anything else from non-Greeks. And so they required

good talking even from passion on the stage, and submitted to the unnaturalness of dramatic verse with delight: -in nature, in truth, passion is so sparing of words! so dumb and confused! Or if it finds words, so embarrassed and irrational and a shame to itself! We have now, all of us, thanks to the Greeks, accustomed ourselves to this unnaturalness on the stage, as we endure that other unnaturalness, the singing passion, and willingly endure it, thanks to the Italians.-It has become a necessity to us, which we cannot satisfy out of the resources of actuality, to hear men talk well and in full detail in the most trying situations : it enraptures us at present when the tragic hero still finds words, reasons, eloquent gestures, and on the whole a bright spirituality, where life approaches the abysses, and where the actual man mostly loses his head, and certainly his fine language. This kind of deviation from nature is perhaps the most agreeable repast for man's pride: he loves art generally on account of it, as the expression of high, heroic unnaturalness and convention. One rightly objects to the dramatic poet when he does not transform everything into reason and speech, but always retains a remnant of silence:-just as one is dissatisfied with an operatic musician who cannot find a melody for the highest emotion, but only an emotional, "natural" stammering and crying. Here nature has to be contradicted! Here the common charm of illusion has to give place to a higher charm! The Greeks go far, far in this direction -frightfully far! As they constructed the stage as narrow as possible and dispensed with all the effect of deep backgrounds, as they made pantomime and easy motion impossible to the actor, and transformed him into a solemn, stiff, masked bogey, so they have also deprived passion itself of its deep background, and have dictated to it a law of fine talk; indeed, they have really done everything to counteract the elementary effect of representations that inspire pity and terror: they did not want pity and terror,-with due deference, with the highest deference to Aristotle! but he certainly did not hit the nail, to say nothing of the head of the nail, when he spoke about the final aim of Greek tragedy! Let us but look at the Grecian tragic poets with respect to what most excited their diligence, their inventiveness, and their emulation,-certainly it was not the intention of subjugating the spectators by emotion! The Athenian went to the theatre to hear fine talking! And fine talking was arrived at by Sophocles!- pardon me this heresy!-It is very different with serious opera: all its masters make it their business to prevent their personages being understood. " An occasional word picked up may come to the assistance of the inattentive listener; but on the whole the situation must be self-explanatory,- the talking is of no

account!"-so they all think, and so they have all made fun of the words. Perhaps they have only lacked courage to express fully their extreme contempt for words: a little additional insolence in Rossini, and he would have allowed la-la-la-la to be sung throughout-and it might have been the rational course! The personages of the opera are not meant to be believed "in their words," but in their tones! That is the difference, that is the fine unnaturalness on account of which people go to the opera ! Even the recita-tivo secco is not really intended to be heard as words and text: this kind of half-music is meant rather in the first place to give the musical ear a little repose (the repose from melody, as from the sublimest, and on that account the most straining enjoyment of this art),-but very soon something different results, namely, an increasing impatience, an increasing resistance, a new longing for entire music, for melody.-How is it with the art of Richard Wagner as seen from this standpoint ? Is it perhaps the same ? Perhaps otherwise ? It would often seem to me as if one needed to have learned by heart both the words and the music of his creations before the performances; for without that-so it seemed to me-one may hear neither the words, nor even the music.

Gay Science

81

Grecian Taste.-" What is beautiful in it ?"- asked a certain geometrician, after a performance of the Iphigenia-" there is nothing proved in it! " Could the Greeks have been so far from this taste ? In Sophocles at least "everything is proved."

Gay Science

82

Esprit Un-Grecian.-The Greeks were exceedingly logical and plain in all their thinking; they did not get tired of it, at least during their long flourishing period, as is so often the case with the French ; who too willingly made a little excursion into the opposite, and in fact endure the spirit of logic only when it betrays its sociable courtesy, its sociable self-renunciation, by a multitude of such little excursions into its opposite. Logic

appears to them as necessary as bread and water, but also like these as a kind of prison-fare, as soon as it is to be taken pure and by itself. In good society one must never want to be in the right absolutely and solely, as all pure logic requires; hence, the little dose of irrationality in all French esprit.-The social sense of the Greeks was far less developed than that of the French in the present and the past; hence, so little esprit in their cleverest men, hence, so little wit, even in their wags, hence-alas! But people will not readily believe these tenets of mine, and how much of the kind I have still on my soul!-Est res magna tacere -says Martial, like all garrulous people.

Gay Science

83

Translations.-One can estimate the amount of the historical sense which an age possesses by the way in which it makes translations and seeks to embody in itself past periods and literatures. The French of Corneille, and even the French of the Revolution, appropriated Roman antiquity in a manner for which we would no longer have the courage-owing to our superior historical sense. And Roman antiquity itself: how violently, and at the same time how naively, did it lay its hand on everything excellent and elevated belonging to the older Grecian antiquity! How they translated these writings into the Roman present! How they wiped away intentionally and unconcernedly the wing-dust of the butterfly moment! It is thus that Horace now and then translated Alcaeus or Archilochus, it is thus that Propertius translated Callimachus and Philetas (poets of equal rank with Theocritus, if we be allowed to judge): of what consequence was it to them that the actual creator experienced this and that, and had inscribed the indication thereof in his poem!- as poets they were averse to the antiquarian, inquisitive spirit which precedes the historical sense; as poets they did not respect those essentially personal traits and names, nor anything peculiar to city, coast, or century, such as its costume and mask, but at once put the present and the Roman in its place. They seem to us to ask: "Should we not make the old new for ourselves, and adjust ourselves to it? Should we not be allowed to inspire this dead body with our soul? for it is dead indeed: how loathsome is everything dead!"- They did not know the pleasure of the historical sense; the past and the alien was painful to them, and as Romans it was an incitement to a

Roman conquest. In fact, they conquered when they translated,-not only in that they omitted the historical: they added also allusions to the present; above all, they struck out the name of the poet and put their own in its place -not with the feeling of theft, but with the very best conscience of the imperium Romanum.

Gay Science

84

The Origin of Poetry.-The lovers of the fantastic in man, who at the same time represent the doctrine of instinctive morality, draw this conclusion: "Granted that utility has been honoured at all times as the highest divinity, where then in all the world has poetry come from ?-this rhythmising of speech which thwarts rather than furthers plainness of communication, and which, nevertheless, has sprung up everywhere on the earth, and still springs up, as a mockery of all useful purpose! The wildly beautiful irrationality of poetry refutes you, you utilitarians! The wish to get rid of utility in some way-that is precisely what has elevated man, that is what has inspired him to morality and art!" Well, I must here speak for once to please the utilitarians,-they are so seldom in the right that it is pitiful! In the old times which called poetry into being, people had still utility in view with respect to it, and a very important utility- at the time when rhythm was introduced into speech, that force which arranges all the particles of the sentence anew, commands the choosing of the words, recolours the thought, and makes it more obscure, more foreign, and more distant: to be sure a superstitious utility! It was intended that a human entreaty should be more profoundly impressed upon the Gods by virtue of rhythm, after it had been observed that men could remember a verse better than an unmetrical speech. It was likewise thought that people could make themselves audible at greater distances by the rhythmical beat; the rhythmical prayer seemed to come nearer to the ear of the Gods. Above all, however, people wanted to have the advantage of the elementary conquest which man experiences in himself when he hears music: rhythm is a constraint ; it produces an unconquerable desire to yield, to join in ; not only the step of the foot, but also the soul itself follows the measure,- probably the soul of the Gods also, as people thought! They attempted, therefore, to constrain the Gods by rhythm, and to exercise a power over them; they threw poetry around the Gods

like a magic noose. There was a still more wonderful idea, and it has perhaps operated most powerfully of all in the originating of poetry. Among the Pythagoreans it made its appearance as a philosophical doctrine and as an artifice of teaching : but long before there were philosophers music was acknowledged to possess the power of unburdening the emotions, of purifying the soul, of soothing the ferocia animi-and this was owing to the rhythmical element in music. When the proper tension and harmony of the soul were lost a person had to dance to the measure of the singer,-that was the recipe of this medical art. By means of it Terpander quieted a tumult, Empedocles calmed a maniac, Damon purged a love-sick youth; by means of it even the maddened, revengeful Gods were treated for the purpose of a cure. This was effected by driving the frenzy and wantonness of their emotions to the highest pitch, by making the furious mad, and the revengeful intoxicated with vengeance:-all the orgiastic cults seek to discharge the ferocia of a deity all at once, and thus make an orgy, so that the deity may feel freer and quieter afterwards, and leave man in peace. Melos, according to its root, signifies a soothing agency, not because the song is gentle itself, but because its after-effect is gentle.-And not only in the religious song, but also in the secular song of the most ancient times, the prerequisite is that the rhythm should exercise a magical influence ; for example, in drawing water, or in rowing: the song is for the enchanting of the spirits supposed to be active thereby ; it makes them obliging, involuntary, and the instruments of man. And as often as a person acts he has occasion to sing, every action is dependent on the assistance of spirits : magic song and incantation appear to be the original form of poetry. When verse also came to be used in oracles-the Greeks said that the hexameter was invented at Delphi,-the rhythm was here also intended to exercise a compulsory influence. To make a prophecy-that means originally (according to what seems to me the probable derivation of the Greek word) to determine something; people thought they could determine the future by winning Apollo over to their side: he who, according to the most ancient idea, is far more than a foreseeing deity. According as the formula is pronounced with literal and rhythmical correctness, it determines the future: the formula, however, is the invention of Apollo, who as the God of rhythm, can also determine the goddesses of fate.-Looked at and investigated as a whole, was there ever anything more serviceable to the ancient superstitious species of human being than rhythm? People could do everything with it: they could make labour go on magically; they could compel a God to appear, to be near at hand, and listen to them ; they could arrange the

future for themselves according to their will; they could unburden their own souls of any kind of excess (of anxiety, of mania, of sympathy, of revenge), and not only their own souls, but the souls of the most evil spirits,-without verse a person was nothing, by means of verse a person became almost a God. Such a fundamental feeling no longer allows itself to be fully eradicated,-and even now, after millenniums of long labour in combating such superstition, the very wisest of us occasionally becomes the fool of rhythm, be it only that one perceives a thought to be truer when it has a metrical form and approaches with a divine hopping. Is it not a very funny thing that the most serious philosophers, however anxious they are in other respects for strict certainty, still appeal to poetical sayings in order to give their thoughts force and credibility? -and yet it is more dangerous to a truth when the poet assents to it than when he contradicts it! For, as Homer says, "Minstrels speak much falsehood!"

Gay Science

85

The Good and the Beautiful.-Artists glorify continually-they do nothing else,-and indeed they glorify all those conditions and things that have a reputation, so that man may feel himself good or great, or intoxicated, or merry, or pleased and wise by it. Those select things and conditions whose value for human happiness is regarded as secure and determined, are the objects of artists: they are ever lying in wait to discover such things, to transfer them into the domain of art. I mean to say that they are not themselves the valuers of happiness and of the happy ones, but they always press close to these valuers with the greatest curiosity and longing, in order immediately to use their valuations advantageously. As besides their impatience, they have also the big lungs of heralds and the feet of runners, they are generally always among the first to glorify the new excellence, and often seem to be the first who have called it good and valued it as good. This, however, as we have said, is an error; they are only faster and louder than the actual valuers:- And who then are these? -They are the rich and the leisurely.

Gay Science

The Theatre.-This day has given me once more strong and elevated sentiments, and if I could have music and art in the evening, I know well what music and art I should not like to have; namely, none of that which would gladly intoxicate its hearers and excite them to a crisis of strong and high feeling,-those men with commonplace souls, who in the evening are not like victors on triumphal cars, but like tired mules to whom life has rather too often applied the whip. What would those men at all know of "higher moods," unless there were expedients for causing ecstasy and idealistic strokes of the whip!-and thus they have their inspirers as they have their wines. But what is their drink and their drunkenness to me! Does the inspired one need wine? He rather looks with a kind of disgust at the agency and the agent which are here intended to produce an effect without sufficient reason,-an imitation of the high tide of the soul! What? One gives the mole wings and proud fancies-before going to sleep, before he creeps into his hole? One sends him into the theatre and puts great magnifying-glasses to his blind and tired eyes? Men, whose life is not "action" but business, sit in front of the stage and look at strange beings to whom life is more than business? "This is proper," you say, "this is entertaining, this is what culture wants!"-Well then! culture is too often lacking in me, for this sight is too often disgusting to me. He who has enough of tragedy and comedy in himself surely prefers to remain away from the theatre; or, as an exception, the whole procedure-theatre and public and poet included-becomes for him a truly tragic and comic play, so that the performed piece counts for little in comparison. He who is something like Faust and Manfred, what does it matter to him about the Faustus and Manfreds of the theatre!-while it certainly gives him something to think about that such figures are brought into the theatre at all. The strongest thoughts and passions before those who are not capable of thought and passion-but of intoxication only! And those as a means to this end! And theatre and music the hashish-smoking and betel-chewing of Europeans! Oh, who will narrate to us the whole history of narcotics!-It is almost the history of "culture," the so-called higher culture!

The Conceit of Artists.—I think artists often do not know what they can do best, because they are too conceited, and have set their minds on something loftier than those little plants appear to be, which can grow up to perfection on their soil, fresh, rare, and beautiful. The final value of their own garden and vineyard is superciliously underestimated by them, and their love and their insight are not of the same quality. Here is a musician, who, more than anyone else, has the genius for discovering the tones peculiar to suffering, oppressed, tortured souls, and who can endow even dumb animals with speech. No one equals him in the colours of the late autumn, in the indescribably touching happiness of a last, a final, and all too short enjoyment; he knows a chord for those secret and weird midnights of the soul when cause and effect seem out of joint, and when every instant something may originate "out of nothing." He draws his resources best of all out of the lower depths of human happiness, and so to speak, out of its drained goblet, where the bitterest and most nauseous drops have ultimately, for good or for ill, commingled with the sweetest. He knows the weary shuffling along of the soul which can no longer leap or fly, yea, not even walk; he has the shy glance of concealed pain, of understanding without comfort, of leave-taking without avowal; yea, as the Orpheus of all secret misery, he is greater than anyone; and in fact much has been added to art by him which was until now inexpressible and not even thought worthy of art, and which was only to be scared away, by words, and not grasped—many small and quite microscopic features of the soul: yes, he is the master of miniature. But he does not wish to be so! His character is more in love with large walls and daring frescoes! He fails to see that his spirit has a different taste and inclination, and prefers to sit quietly in the corners of ruined houses:—concealed in this way, concealed even from himself, he there paints his proper masterpieces, all of which are very short, often only one bar in length,—there only does he become quite good, great, and perfect, perhaps there only.—But he does not know it! He is too conceited to know it.

Gay Science

Earnestness for the Truth.-Earnest for the truth ! What different things men understand by these words! Just the same opinions, and modes of demonstration and testing which a thinker regards as a frivolity in himself, to which he has succumbed with shame at one time or other,-just the same opinions may give to an artist, who comes in contact with them and accepts them temporarily, the consciousness that the profoundest earnestness for the truth has now taken hold of him, and that it is worthy of admiration that, although an artist, he at the same time exhibits the most ardent desire for the antithesis of the apparent. It is thus possible that a person may, just by his pathos of earnestness, betray how superficially and sparingly his intellect has until now operated in the domain of knowledge.-And is not everything that we consider important our betrayer ? It shows where our motives lie, and where our motives are altogether lacking.

Gay Science

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Now and Formerly.-Of what consequence is all our art in artistic products, if that higher art, the art of the festival, be lost by us? Formerly all artistic products were exhibited on the great festive-path of humanity, as tokens of remembrance, and monuments of high and happy moments. One now seeks to allure the exhausted and sickly from the great suffering-path of humanity for a wanton moment by means of works of art; one furnishes them with a little ecstasy and insanity.

Gay Science

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Lights and Shades.-Books and writings are different with different thinkers. One writer has collected together in his book all the rays of light which he could quickly plunder and carry home from an illuminating experience; while another gives only the shadows, and the grey and black replicas of that which on the previous day had towered up in his soul.

Gay Science

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Precaution.-Alfieri, as is well known, told a great many falsehoods when he narrated the history of his life to his astonished contemporaries. He told falsehoods owing to the despotism toward himself which he exhibited, for example, in the way in which he created his own language, and tyrannised himself into a poet:-he finally found a rigid form of sublimity into which he forced his life and his memory; he must have suffered much in the process.-I would also give no credit to a history of Plato's life written by himself, as little as to Rousseau's, or to the *Vita nuova* of Dante.

Gay Science

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Prose and Poetry.-Let it be observed that the great masters of prose have almost always been poets as well, whether openly, or only in secret and for the " closet" ; and in truth one only writes good prose in view of poetry ! For prose is an uninterrupted, polite warfare with poetry; all its charm consists in the fact that poetry is constantly avoided and contradicted ; every abstraction wants to have a gibe at poetry, and wishes to be uttered with a mocking voice; all dryness and coolness is meant to bring the amiable goddess into an amiable despair; there are often approximations and reconciliations for the moment, and then a sudden recoil and a burst of laughter ; the curtain is often drawn up and dazzling light let in just while the goddess is enjoying her twilights and dull colours; the word is often taken out of her mouth and chanted to a melody while she holds her fine hands before her delicate little ears:-and so there are a thousand enjoyments of the warfare, the defeats included, of which the unpoetic, the so - called prose - men know nothing at all: -! they consequently write and speak only bad prose! Warfare is the father of all good things, it is also the father of good prose!-There have been four very singular and truly poetical men in this century who have arrived at mastership in prose, for which otherwise this century is not suited, owing to lack of poetry, as we have indicated. Not to take Goethe into

account, for he is reasonably claimed by the century that produced him, I look only on Giacomo Leopardi, Prosper Merimé, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Walter Savage Landor the author of *Imaginary Conversations*., as worthy to be called masters of prose.

Gay Science

93

But why, then, do you Write ?-A: I do not belong to those who think with the wet pen in hand ; and still less to those who yield themselves entirely to their passions before the open ink-bottle, sitting on their chair and staring at the paper. I am always vexed and abashed by writing ; writing is a necessity for me,-even to speak of it in a simile is disagreeable. B: But why, then, do you write ? A : Well, my dear Sir, to tell you in confidence, I have until now found no other means of getting rid of my thoughts. B : And why do you wish to get rid of them ? A : Why I wish ? Do I really wish! I must.-B : Enough ! Enough !

Gay Science

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Growth after Death.-Those few daring words about moral matters which Fontenelle threw into his immortal *Dialogues of the Dead*, were regarded by his age as paradoxes and amusements of a not unscrupulous wit; even the highest judges of taste and intellect saw nothing more in them,- indeed, Fontenelle himself perhaps saw nothing more. Then something incredible takes place: these thoughts become truths! Science proves them ! The game becomes serious! And we read those dialogues with a feeling different from that with which Voltaire and Helvetius read them, and we involuntarily raise their originator into another and much higher class of intellects than they did.- Rightly ? Wrongly ?

Gay Science

95

Chamfort.'-That such a judge of men and of the multitude as Chamfort should side with the multitude, instead of standing apart in philosophical resignation and defence-I am at a loss to explain this, except as follows:-There was an instinct in him stronger than his wisdom, and it had never been gratified: the hatred against all noblesse of blood ; perhaps his mother's old and only too explicable hatred, which was consecrated in him by love of her,-an instinct of revenge from his boyhood, which waited for the hour to avenge his mother. But then the course of his life, his genius, and alas ! most of all, perhaps, the paternal blood in his veins, had seduced him to rank and consider himself equal to the noblesse - for many, many years! In the end, however, he could not endure the sight of himself, the " old man " under the old regime, any longer; he got into a violent, penitential passion, and in this state he put on the raiment of the populace as his special kind of hair-shirt! His bad conscience was the neglect of revenge.-If Chamfort had then been a little more of the philosopher, the Revolution would not have had its tragic wit and its sharpest sting; it would have been regarded as a much more stupid affair, and would have had no such seductive influence on men's minds. But Chamfort's hatred and revenge educated an entire generation; and the most illustrious men passed through his school. Let us but consider that Mirabeau looked up to Chamfort as to his higher and older self, from whom he expected (and endured) impulses, warnings, and condemnations,-Mirabeau, who as a man belongs to an entirely different order of greatness, as the very foremost among the statesman-geniuses of yesterday and to-day.-Strange, that in spite of such a friend and advocate-we possess Mirabeau's letters to Chamfort - this wittiest of all moralists has remained unfamiliar to the French, quite the same as Stendhal, who has perhaps had the most penetrating eyes and ears of any Frenchman of this century. Is it because the latter had really too much of the German and the Englishman in his nature for the Parisians to endure him?-while Chamfort, a man with ample knowledge of the profundities and secret motives of the soul, gloomy, suffering, ardent-a thinker who found laughter necessary as the remedy of life, and who almost gave himself up as lost every day that he had not laughed,- seems much more like an Italian, and related by blood to Dante and Leopardi, than like a Frenchman. One knows Chamfort's last words: "Ah! mon ami" he said to Sieyes, "j'e nien vais enfin de ce monde, oil il faut que le cesur se brise ou se bronze-." These were certainly not the words of a dying Frenchman.

Two Orators.-Of these two orators the one arrives at a full understanding of his case only when he yields himself to emotion ; it is only this that pumps sufficient blood and heat into his brain to compel his high intellectuality to reveal itself. The other attempts, indeed, now and then to do the same: to state his case sonorously, vehemently, and spiritedly with the aid of emotion, -but usually with bad success. He then very soon speaks obscurely and confusedly; he exaggerates, makes omissions, and excites suspicion of the justice of his case: indeed, he himself feels this suspicion, and the sudden changes into the coldest and most repulsive tones (which raise a doubt in the hearer as to his passionateness being genuine) are thereby explicable. With him emotion always drowns the spirit; perhaps because it is stronger than in the former. But he is at the height of his power when he resists the impetuous storm of his feeling, and as it were scorns it; it is then only that his spirit emerges fully from its concealment, a spirit logical, mocking and playful, but nevertheless awe-inspiring.

The Loquacity of Authors.-There is a loquacity of anger-frequent in Luther, also in Schopenhauer. A loquacity which comes from too great a store of conceptual formulae, as in Kant. A loquacity which comes from delight in ever new modifications of the same idea: one finds it in Montaigne. A loquacity of malicious natures: whoever reads writings of our period will recollect two authors in this connection. A loquacity which comes from delight in fine words and forms of speech: by no means rare in Goethe's prose. A loquacity which comes from pure satisfaction in noise and confusion of feelings: for example in Carlyle.

In Honour of Shakespeare. - The best thing I could say in honour of Shakespeare, the man, is that he believed in Brutus, and cast not a shadow of suspicion on the kind of virtue which Brutus represents! It is to him that Shakespeare consecrated his best tragedy-it is at present still called by a wrong name,-to him, and to the most terrible essence of lofty morality. Independence of soul! -that is the question at issue! No sacrifice can be too great there: one must be able to sacrifice to it even one's dearest friend, although he be the grandest of men, the ornament of the world, the genius without peer,-if one really loves freedom as the freedom of great souls, and if this freedom be threatened by him :-it is thus that Shakespeare must have felt! The elevation in which he places Caesar is the most exquisite honour he could confer upon Brutus; it is thus only that he lifts into vastness the inner problem of his hero, and similarly the strength of soul which could cut this knot!- And was it actually political freedom that impelled the poet to sympathy with Brutus,-and made him the accomplice of Brutus ? Or was political freedom merely a symbol for something inexpressible ? Do we perhaps stand before some sombre event or adventure of the poet's own soul, which has remained unknown, and of which he only cared to speak symbolically? What is all Hamlet-melancholy in comparison with the melancholy of Brutus!- and perhaps Shakespeare also knew this, as he knew the other, by experience! Perhaps he also had his dark hour and his bad angel, just as Brutus had them!-But whatever similarities and secret relationships of that kind there may have been, Shakespeare cast himself on the ground and felt unworthy and alien in presence of the aspect and virtue of Brutus:-he has inscribed the testimony thereof in the tragedy itself. He has twice brought in a poet in it, and twice heaped upon him such an impatient and extreme contempt, that it sounds like a cry,-like the cry of self-contempt. Brutus, even Brutus loses patience when the poet appears, self-important, pathetic and obtrusive, as poets usually are,-persons who seem to abound in the possibilities of greatness, even moral greatness, and nevertheless rarely attain even to ordinary uprightness in the philosophy of practice and of life. " He may know the times, but I know his temper,-away with the jiggling fool!"-shouts Brutus. We may translate this back into the soul of the poet that composed it.

The Followers of Schopenhauer.-What one sees at the contact of civilized peoples with barbarians, -namely, that the lower civilization regularly accepts in the first place the vices, weaknesses, and excesses of the higher; then, from that point onward, feels the influence of a charm ; and finally, by means of the appropriated vices and weaknesses, also allows something of the valuable influence of the higher culture to leaven it:- one can also see this close at hand and without journeys to barbarian peoples, to be sure, somewhat refined and spiritualised, and not so readily palpable. What are the German followers of Schopenhauer still accustomed to receive first of all from their master ? -those who, when placed beside his superior culture, must deem themselves sufficiently barbarous to be first of all barbarously fascinated and seduced by him. Is it his hard matter-of-fact sense, his inclination to clearness and rationality, which often makes him appear so English, and so unlike Germans? Or the strength of his intellectual conscience, which endured a life-long contradiction of "being" and "willing," and compelled him to contradict himself constantly even in his writings on almost every point ? Or his purity in matters relating to the Church and the Christian God ?- for here he was pure as no German philosopher had been until now, so that he lived and died " as a Voltairian." Or his immortal doctrines of the intellectuality of intuition, the apriority of the law of causality, the instrumental nature of the intellect, and the non-freedom of the will ? No, nothing of this enchants, nor is felt as enchanting; but Schopenhauer's mystical embarrassments and shufflings in those passages where the matter-of-fact thinker allowed himself to be seduced and corrupted by the vain impulse to be the unraveller of the world's riddle : his undemonstrable doctrine of one will (" all causes are merely occasional causes of the phenomenon of the will at such a time and at such a place," "the will to live, whole and undivided, is present in every being, even in the smallest, as perfectly as in the sum of all that was, is, and will be"); his denial of the individual ("all lions are really only one lion," " plurality of individuals is an appearance," as also development is only an appearance: he calls the opinion of Lamarck " an ingenious, absurd error"); his fantasy about genius (" in aesthetic contemplation the individual is no longer an individual, but a pure, will-less, painless, timeless subject of knowledge," " the subject, in that it entirely merges in the contemplated object, has become this object

itself"); his nonsense about sympathy, and about the outburst of the principium individuationis thus rendered possible, as the source of all morality; including also such assertions as, "dying is really the design of existence," "the possibility should not be absolutely denied that a magical effect could proceed from a person already dead " :-these, and similar extravagances and vices of the philosopher, are always first accepted and made articles of faith; for vices and extravagances are always easiest to imitate, and do not require a long preliminary practice. But let us speak of the most celebrated of the living Schopenhauerians, Richard Wagner. - It has happened to him as it has already happened to many an artist: he made a mistake in the interpretation of the characters he created, and misunderstood the unexpressed philosophy of the art peculiarly his own. Richard Wagner allowed himself to be misled by Hegel's influence till the middle of his life; and he did the same again when later on he read Schopenhauer's doctrine between the lines of his characters, and began to express himself with such terms as "will," "genius," and "sympathy." Nevertheless it will remain true that nothing is more counter to Schopenhauer's spirit than the essentially Wagnerian element in Wagner's heroes: I mean the innocence of the supremest selfishness, the belief in strong passion as the good in itself, in a word, the Siegfried trait in the countenances of his heroes. " All that still smacks more of Spinoza than of me,"-Schopenhauer would probably have said. Whatever good reasons, therefore, Wagner might have had to be on the outlook for other philosophers than Schopenhauer, the enchantment to which he succumbed in respect to this thinker, not only made him blind towards all other philosophers, but even towards science itself; his entire art is more and more inclined to become the counterpart and complement of the Schopenhauerian philosophy, and it always renounces more emphatically the higher ambition to become the counterpart and complement of human knowledge and science. And not only is he allured thereto by the whole mystic pomp of this philosophy (which would also have allured a Cagliostro), the peculiar airs and emotions of the philosopher have all along been seducing him as well! For example, Wagner's indignation about the corruption of the German language is Schopenhauerian ; and if one should commend his imitation in this respect, it is nevertheless not to be denied that Wagner's style itself suffers in no small degree from all the tumours and turgidities, the sight of which made Schopenhauer so furious; and that, in respect to the German-writing Wagnerians, Wagneromania is beginning to be as dangerous as only some kinds of Hegelomania have been. From Schopenhauer comes

Wagner's hatred of the Jews, to whom he cannot do justice even in their greatest exploit: are not the Jews the inventors of Christianity! The attempt of Wagner to construe Christianity as a seed blown away from Buddhism, and his endeavour to initiate a Buddhistic era in Europe, under a temporary approximation to Catholic-Christian formulas and sentiments, are both Schopenhauerian. Wagner's preaching in favour of pity in dealing with animals is Schopenhauerian; Schopenhauer's predecessor here, as is well known, was Voltaire, who already perhaps, like his successors, knew how to disguise his hatred of certain men and things as pity towards animals. At least Wagner's hatred of science, which manifests itself in his preaching, has certainly not been inspired by the spirit of charitableness and kindness-nor by the spirit at all, as is sufficiently obvious.-Finally, it is of little importance what the philosophy of an artist is, provided it is only a supplementary philosophy, and does not do any injury to his art itself. We cannot be sufficiently on our guard against taking a dislike to an artist on account of an occasional, perhaps very unfortunate and presumptuous masquerade; let us not forget that the dear artists are all of them something of actors-and must be so; it would, be difficult for them to hold out in the long run without stage-playing. Let us be loyal to Wagner in that which is true and original in him,-and especially in this point, that we, his disciples, remain loyal to ourselves in that which is true and original in us. Let us allow him his intellectual humours and spasms, let us in fairness rather consider what strange nutriments and necessities an art like his is entitled to, in order to be able to live and grow ! It is of no account that he is often wrong as a thinker ; justice and patience are not his affair. It is sufficient that his life is right in his own eyes, and maintains its right,-the life which calls to each of us : " Be a man, and do not follow me-but yourself! Yourself!" Our life, also ought to maintain its right in our own eyes! We also are to grow and blossom out of ourselves, free and fearless, in innocent selfishness! And so, on the contemplation of such a man, these thoughts still ring in my ears to-day, as formerly: "That passion is better than stoicism or hypocrisy; that straightforwardness, even in evil, is better than losing oneself in trying to observe traditional morality; that the free man is just as able to be good as evil, but that the unemancipated man is a disgrace to nature, and has no share in heavenly or earthly bliss ; finally, that all who wish to be free must become so through themselves, and that freedom falls to nobody's lot as a gift from Heaven." {Richard Wagner in Bayreuth, Vol. I. of this Translation, pp. 199-200).

Learning to do Homage.-One must learn the art of homage, as well as the art of contempt. Whoever goes in new paths and has led many persons therein, discovers with astonishment how awkward and incompetent all of them are in the expression of their gratitude, and indeed how rarely gratitude is able even to express itself. It is always as if something comes into people's throats when their gratitude wants to speak, so that it only hems and haws, and becomes silent again. The way in which a thinker succeeds in tracing the effect of his thoughts, and their transforming and convulsing power, is almost a comedy : it sometimes seems as if those who have been operated upon felt profoundly injured thereby, and could only assert their independence, which they suspect to be threatened, by all kinds of improprieties. It needs whole generations in order merely to devise a courteous convention of gratefulness; it is only very late that the period arrives when something of spirit and genius enters into gratitude. Then there is usually someone who is the great receiver of thanks, not only for the good he himself has done, but mostly for that which has been gradually accumulated by his predecessors, as a treasure of what is highest and best.

Voltaire.-Wherever there has been a court, it has furnished the standard of good-speaking, and with this also the standard of style for writers. The court language, however, is the language of the courtier who has no profession, and who even in conversations on scientific subjects avoids all convenient, technical expressions, because they smack of the profession; on that account the technical expression, and everything that betrays the specialist, is a blemish of style in countries which have a court culture. At present, when all courts have become caricatures of past and present times, one is astonished to find even Voltaire unspeakably reserved and scrupulous on this point (for example, in his judgments concerning such stylists as Fontenelle and Montesquieu),-we are now, all of

us, emancipated from court taste, while Voltaire was its perfecter !

Gay Science

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A Word for Philologists.-It is thought that there are books so valuable and royal that whole generations of scholars are well employed when through their efforts these books are kept genuine and intelligible,-to confirm this belief again and again is the purpose of philology. It presupposes that the rare men are not lacking (though they may not be visible), who actually know how to use such valuable books :-those men perhaps who write such books themselves, or could write them. I mean to say that philology presupposes a noble belief,- that for the benefit of some few who are always " to come," and are not there, a very great amount of painful, and even dirty labour has to be done beforehand : it is all labour in usum Delphinorum.

Gay Science

103

German Music.-German music, more than any other, has now become European music; because the changes which Europe experienced through the Revolution have therein alone found expression : it is only German music that knows how to express the agitation of popular masses, the tremendous artificial uproar, which does not even need to be very noisy,-while Italian opera, for example, knows only the choruses of domestics or soldiers, but not " the people." There is the additional fact that in all German music a profound bourgeois jealousy of the noblesse can be traced, especially a jealousy of esprit and elegance, as the expressions of a courtly, chivalrous, ancient, and self-confident society. It is not music like that of Goethe's musician at the gate, which was pleasing also "in the hall," and to the king as well; it is not here said: " The knights looked on with martial air; with bashful eyes the ladies." Even the Graces are not allowed in German music without a touch of remorse; it is only with Pleasantness, the country sister of the Graces that the German begins to feel morally at ease-and from this point up to his enthusiastic,

learned, and often gruff "sublimity" (the Beethoven-like sublimity), he feels more and more so. If we want to imagine the man of this music,-well, let us just imagine Beethoven as he appeared beside Goethe, say, at their meeting at Teplitz : as semi-barbarism beside culture, as the masses beside the nobility, as the good-natured man beside the good and more than "good" man, as the visionary beside the artist, as the man needing comfort beside the comforted, as the man given to exaggeration and distrust beside the man of reason, as the crank and self-tormenter, as the foolishly enraptured, blessedly unfortunate, sincerely immoderate man, as the pretentious and awkward man,-and altogether as the "untamed man": it was thus that Goethe conceived and characterised him, Goethe, the exceptional German, for whom a music of equal rank has not yet been found! - Finally, let us consider whether the present continually extending contempt of melody and the stunting of the sense for melody among Germans should not be understood as a democratic impropriety and an after-effect of the Revolution? For melody has such an obvious delight in conformity to law, and such an aversion to everything evolving, unformed and arbitrary, that it sounds like a note out of the ancient European regime, and as a seduction and guidance back to it.

Gay Science

104

The Tone of the German Language.-We know whence the German originated which for several centuries has been the universal literary language of Germany. The Germans, with their reverence for everything that came from the court, intentionally took the chancery style as their pattern in all that they had to write, especially in their letters, records, wills, . To write in the chancery style, that was to write in court and government style,-that was regarded as something select, compared with the language of the city in which a person lived. People gradually drew this inference, and spoke also as they wrote,-they thus became still more select in the forms of their words, in the choice of their terms and modes of expression, and finally also in their tones : they affected a court tone when they spoke, and the affectation at last became natural. Perhaps nothing quite similar has ever happened elsewhere:-the predominance of the literary style over the talk, and the formality and affectation of an entire people becoming the basis of a common and no longer dialectical

language. I believe that the sound of the German language in the Middle Ages, and especially after the Middle Ages, was extremely rustic and vulgar; it has ennobled itself somewhat during the last centuries, principally because it was found necessary to imitate so many French, Italian, and Spanish sounds, and particularly on the part of the German (and Austrian) nobility, who could not at all content themselves with their mother-tongue. But notwithstanding this practice, German must have sounded intolerably vulgar to Montaigne, and even to Racine: even at present, in the mouths of travellers among the Italian populace, it still sounds very coarse, sylvan, and hoarse, as if it had originated in smoky rooms and outlandish districts.- Now I notice that at present a similar striving after selectness of tone is spreading among the former admirers of the chancery style, and that the Germans are beginning to accommodate themselves to a peculiar "witchery of sound," which might in the long run become an actual danger to the German language,-for one may seek in vain for more execrable sounds in Europe. Something mocking, cold, indifferent and careless in the voice: that is what at present sounds "noble" to the Germans - and I hear the approval of this nobleness in the voices of young officials, teachers, women, and trades-people; indeed, even the little girls already imitate this German of the officers. For the officer, and in fact the Prussian officer is the inventor of these tones : this same officer, who as soldier and professional man possesses that admirable tact for modesty which the Germans as a whole might well imitate (German professors and musicians included !). But as soon as he speaks and moves he is the most immodest and inelegant figure in old Europe - no doubt unconsciously to himself! And unconsciously also to the good Germans, who gaze at him as the man of the foremost and most select society, and willingly let him "give them his tone." And indeed he gives it to them!-in the first place it is the sergeant-majors and non-commissioned officers that imitate his tone and coarsen it. One should note the roars of command, with which the German cities are absolutely surrounded at present, when there is drilling at all the gates: what presumption, furious imperiousness, and mocking coldness speaks in this uproar! Could the Germans actually be a musical people?-It is certain that the Germans martialise themselves at present in the tone of their language : it is probable that, being exercised to speak martially, they will finally write martially also. For habituation to definite tones extends deeply into the character:-people soon have the words and modes of expression, and finally also the thoughts which just suit these tones! Perhaps they already write in the officers' style; perhaps I only read too little of what is

at present written in Germany to know this. But one thing I know all the surer: the German public declarations which also reach places abroad, are not inspired by German music, but just by that new tone of tasteless arrogance. Almost in every speech of the foremost German statesman, and even when he makes himself heard through his imperial mouth-piece, there is an accent which the ear of a foreigner repudiates with aversion: but the Germans endure it,-they endure themselves.

Gay Science

105

The Germans as Artists.-When once a German actually experiences passion (and not only, as is usual, the mere inclination to it), he then behaves just as he must do in passion, and does not think further of his behaviour. The truth is, however, that he then behaves very awkwardly and uglily, and as if destitute of rhythm and melody; so that onlookers are pained or moved thereby, but nothing more-unless he elevate himself to the sublimity and enrapturedness of which certain passions are capable. Then even the German becomes beautiful. The consciousness of the height at which beauty begins to shed its charm even over Germans, forces German artists to the height and the super-height, and to the extravagances of passion: they have an actual, profound longing, therefore, to get beyond, or at least to look beyond the ugliness and awkwardness - into a better, easier, more southern, more sunny world. And thus their convulsions are often merely indications that they would like to dance: these poor bears in whom hidden nymphs and satyrs, and sometimes still higher divinities, carry on their game!

Gay Science

106

Music as Advocate.-"I have a longing for a master of the musical art," said an innovator to his disciple, " that he may learn from me my ideas and speak them more widely in his language: I shall thus be better able to reach men's ears and hearts. For by means of tones one can seduce men to every error and every truth: who could refute a tone ? "- You

would, therefore, like to be regarded as irrefutable?" said his disciple. The innovator answered: "I should like the germ to become a tree. In order that a doctrine may become a tree, it must be believed in for a considerable period; in order that it may be believed in it must be regarded as irrefutable. Storms and doubts and worms and wickedness are necessary to the tree, that it may manifest its species and the strength of its germ; let it perish if it is not strong enough! But a germ is always merely annihilated,-not refuted!"-When he had said this, his disciple called out impetuously: "But I believe in your cause, and regard it as so strong that I will say everything against it, everything that I still have in my heart."-The innovator laughed to himself and threatened the disciple with his finger. "This kind of discipleship," said he then, "is the best, but it is dangerous, and not every kind of doctrine can stand it."

Gay Science

107

Our Ultimate Gratitude to Art.-If we had not approved of the Arts and invented this sort of cult of the untrue, the insight into the general untruth and falsity of things now given us by science- an insight into delusion and error as conditions of intelligent and sentient existence-would be quite unendurable. Honesty would have disgust and suicide in its train. Now, however, our honesty has a counterpoise which helps us to escape such consequences; namely, Art, as the good-will to illusion. We do not always restrain our eyes from rounding off and perfecting in imagination: and then it is no longer the eternal imperfection that we carry over the river of Becoming-for we think we carry a goddess, and are proud and artless in rendering this service. As an aesthetic phenomenon existence is still endurable to us; and by Art, eye and hand and above all the good conscience are given to us, to be able to make such a phenomenon out of ourselves. We must rest from ourselves occasionally by contemplating and looking down upon ourselves, and by laughing or weeping over ourselves from an artistic remoteness: we must discover the hero, and likewise the fool, that is hidden in our passion for knowledge; we must now and then be joyful in our folly, that we may continue to be joyful in our wisdom! And just because we are heavy and serious men in our ultimate depth, and are rather weights than men, there is nothing that does us so much good as the fool's cap and bells: we need

them in presence of ourselves-we need all arrogant, soaring, dancing, mocking, childish and blessed Art, in order not to lose the free dominion over things which our ideal demands of us. It would be backsliding for us, with our susceptible integrity, to lapse entirely into morality, and actually become virtuous monsters and scarecrows, on account of the over-strict requirements which we here lay down for ourselves. We ought also to be able to stand above morality, and not only stand with the painful stiffness of one who every moment fears to slip and fall, but we should also be able to soar and play above it! How could we dispense with Art for that purpose, how could we dispense with the fool? -And as long as you are still ashamed of yourselves in any way, you still do not belong to us!

BOOK THREE

Gay Science

108

New Struggles.-After Buddha was dead people showed his shadow for centuries afterwards in a cave,-an immense frightful shadow. God is dead : but as the human race is constituted, there will perhaps be caves for millenniums yet, in which people will show his shadow.-And we-we have still to overcome his shadow !

Gay Science

109

Let us beware.-Let us beware against thinking that the world is a living being. Where could it extend itself? What could it nourish itself with? How could it grow and increase? We know tolerably well what the organic is ; and we are to reinterpret the emphatically derivative, tardy, rare and accidental, which we only perceive on the crust of the earth, into the essential, universal and eternal, as those do who call the universe an organism ? That disgusts me. Let us now beware against believing

that the universe is a machine ; it is assuredly not constructed with a view to one end ; we invest it with far too high an honour with the word " machine." Let us beware against supposing that anything so methodical as the cyclic motions of our neighbouring stars obtains generally and throughout the universe; indeed a glance at the Milky Way induces doubt as to whether there are not many cruder and more contradictory motions there, and even stars with continuous, rectilinearly gravitating orbits, and the like. The astral arrangement in which we live is an exception; this arrangement, and the relatively long durability which is determined by it, has again made possible the exception of exceptions, the formation of organic life. The general character of the world, on the other hand, is to all eternity chaos; not by the absence of necessity, but in the sense of the absence of order, structure, form, beauty, wisdom, and whatever else our aesthetic humanities are called. Judged by our reason, the unlucky casts are far oftenest the rule, the exceptions are not the secret purpose; and the whole musical box repeats eternally its air, which can never be called a melody, -and finally the very expression, " unlucky cast" is already an anthropomorphising which involves blame. But how could we presume to blame or praise the universe! Let us beware against ascribing to it heartlessness and unreason, or their opposites ; it is neither perfect, nor beautiful, nor noble; nor does it seek to be anything of the kind, it does not at all attempt to imitate man ! It is altogether unaffected by our aesthetic and moral judgments! Neither has it any self-preservative instinct, nor instinct at all; it also knows no law. Let us beware against 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. When you know that there is no design, you know also that there is no chance: for it is only where there is a world of design that the word " chance " has a meaning. Let us beware against saying that death is contrary to life. The living being is only a species of dead being, and a very rare species. - Let us beware against thinking that the world eternally creates the new. There are no eternally enduring substances; matter is just another such error as the God of the Eleatics. But when shall we be at an end with our foresight and precaution ! When will all these shadows of God cease to obscure us ? When shall we have nature entirely undeified! When shall we be permitted to naturalise ourselves by means of the pure, newly discovered, newly redeemed nature ?

Origin of Knowledge.-Throughout immense stretches of time the intellect produced nothing but errors ; some of them proved to be useful and preservative of the species: he who fell in with them, or inherited them, waged the battle for himself and his offspring with better success. Those erroneous articles of faith which were successively transmitted by inheritance, and have finally become almost the property and stock of the human species, are, for example, the following :-that there are enduring things, that there are equal things, that there are things, substances, and bodies, that a thing is what it appears, that our will is free, that what is good for me is also good absolutely. It was only very late that the deniers and doubters of such propositions came forward,- it was only very late that truth made its appearance as the most impotent form of knowledge. It seemed as if it were impossible to get along with truth, our organism was adapted for the very opposite; all its higher functions, the perceptions of the senses, and in general every kind of sensation, co-operated with those primeval embodied, fundamental errors. Moreover, those propositions became the very standards of knowledge according to which the " true" and the " false" were determined- throughout the whole domain of pure logic. The strength of conceptions does not, therefore, depend on their degree of truth, but on their antiquity, their embodiment, their character as conditions of life. Where life and knowledge seemed to conflict, there has never been serious contention; denial and doubt have there been regarded as madness. The exceptional thinkers like the Eleatics, who, in spite of this, advanced and maintained the antitheses of the natural errors, believed that it was possible also to live these counterparts: it was they who devised the sage as the man of immutability, impersonality and universality of intuition, as one and all at the same time, with a special faculty for that reverse kind of knowledge; they were of the belief that their knowledge was at the same time the principle of life. To be able to affirm all this, however, they had to deceive themselves concerning their own condition: they had to attribute to themselves impersonality and unchanging permanence, they had to mistake the nature of the philosophic individual, deny the force of the impulses in cognition, and conceive of reason generally as an entirely free and self-originating activity; they kept their eyes shut to the fact that they also had reached their doctrines in contradiction to valid methods, or through their longing for repose or for exclusive possession or for domination.

The subtler development of sincerity and of scepticism finally made these men impossible; their life also, and their judgments, turned out to be dependent on the primeval impulses and fundamental errors of all sentient being.-The subtler sincerity and scepticism arose wherever two antithetical maxims appeared to be applicable to life, because both of them were compatible with the fundamental errors ; where, therefore, there could be contention concerning a higher or lower degree of utility for life ; and likewise where new maxims proved to be, not necessarily useful, but at least not injurious, as expressions of an intellectual impulse to play a game that was like all games innocent and happy. The human brain was gradually filled with such judgments and convictions; and in this tangled skein there arose ferment, strife and lust for power. Not only utility and delight, but every kind of impulse took part in the struggle for " truths " : the intellectual struggle became a business, an attraction, a calling, a duty, an honour-: cognizing and striving for the true finally arranged themselves as needs among other needs. From that moment, not only belief and conviction, but also examination, denial, distrust and contradiction became forces; all "evil "instincts were subordinated to knowledge, were placed in its service, and acquired the prestige of the permitted, the honoured, the useful, and finally the appearance and innocence of the good. Knowledge, thus became a portion of life itself, and as life it became a continually growing power: until finally the cognitions and those primeval, fundamental errors clashed with each other, both as life, both as power, both in the same man. The thinker is now the being in whom the impulse to truth and those life-preserving errors wage their first conflict, now that the impulse to truth has also proved itself to be a life-preserving power. In comparison with the importance of this conflict everything else is indifferent; the final question concerning the conditions of life is here raised, and the first attempt is here made to answer it by experiment. How far is truth susceptible of embodiment?-that is the question, that is the experiment.

in.

Gay Science

111

Origin of the Logical.-Where has logic originated in men's heads? Undoubtedly out of the illogical, the domain of which must originally

have been immense. But numberless beings who reasoned otherwise than we do at present, perished ; albeit that they may have come nearer to truth than we! Whoever, for example, could not discern the " like" often enough with regard to food, and with regard to animals dangerous to him, whoever, therefore, deduced too slowly, or was too circumspect in his deductions, had smaller probability of survival than he who in all similar cases immediately divined the equality. The preponderating is; inclination, however, to deal with the similar as the equal-an illogical inclination, for there is nothing equal in itself-first created the whole basis of logic. It was just so (in order that the conception of substance should originate, this being indispensable to logic, although in the strictest sense nothing actual corresponds to it) that for a long period the changing process in things had to be overlooked, and remain unperceived ; the beings not seeing correctly had an advantage over those who saw everything " in flux." In itself every high degree of circumspection in conclusions, every sceptical inclination, is a great danger to life. No living being might have been preserved unless the contrary inclination-to affirm rather than suspend judgment, to mistake and fabricate rather than wait, to assent rather than deny, to decide rather than be in the right-had been cultivated with extraordinary assiduity.-The course of logical thought and reasoning in our modern brain corresponds to a process and struggle of impulses, which singly and in themselves are all very illogical and unjust ; we experience usually only the result of the struggle, so rapidly and secretly does this primitive mechanism now operate in us.

Gay Science

112

Cause and Effect.-We say it is " explanation " ; but it is only in " description" that we are in advance of the older stages of knowledge and science. We describe better,-we explain just as little as our predecessors. We have discovered a manifold succession where the naive man and investigator of older cultures saw only two things, " cause " and " effect," as it was said ; we have perfected the conception of becoming, but have not got a knowledge of what is above and behind the conception. The series of " causes " stands before us much more complete in every case; we conclude that this and that must first precede in order that that other may follow-but we have not grasped anything thereby. The peculiarity, for

example, in every chemical process seems a " miracle," the same as before, just like all locomotion; nobody has " explained " impulse. How could we ever explain! We operate only with things which do not exist, with lines, surfaces, bodies, atoms, divisible times, divisible spaces-how can explanation ever be possible when we first make everything a conception, our conception! It is sufficient to regard science as the exactest humanising of things that is possible; we always learn to describe ourselves more accurately by describing things and their successions. Cause and effect: there is probably never any such duality; in fact there is a continuum before us, from which we isolate a few portions ;- just as we always observe a motion as isolated points, and therefore do not properly see it, but infer it. The abruptness with which many effects take place leads us into error; it is however only an abruptness for us. There is an infinite multitude of processes in that abrupt moment which escape us. An intellect which could see cause and effect as a continuum, which could see the flux of events not according to our mode of perception, as things arbitrarily separated and broken-would throw aside the conception of cause and effect, and would deny all conditionality.

Gay Science

113

The Theory of Poisons.-So many things have to be united in order that scientific thinking may arise, and all the necessary powers must have been devised, exercised, and fostered singly! In their isolation, however, they have very often had quite a different effect than at present, when they are confined within the limits of scientific thinking and kept mutually in check :-they have operated as poisons ; for example, the doubting impulse, the denying impulse, the waiting impulse, the collecting impulse, the disintegrating impulse. Many hecatombs of men were sacrificed ere these impulses learned to understand their juxtaposition and regard themselves as functions of one organising force in one man ! And how far are we still from the point at which the artistic powers and the practical wisdom of life shall co-operate with scientific thinking, so that a higher organic system may be formed, in relation to which the scholar, the physician, the artist, and the lawgiver, as we know them at present, will seem sorry antiquities!

Gay Science

114

The Extent of the Moral.-We construct a new picture, which we see immediately with the aid of all the old experiences which we have had, always according to the degree of our honesty and justice. The only experiences are moral experiences, even in the domain of sense-perception.

Gay Science

115

The Four Errors.-Man has been reared by his errors: firstly, he saw himself always imperfect; secondly, he attributed to himself imaginary qualities ; thirdly, he felt himself in a false position in relation to the animals and nature ; fourthly, he always devised new tables of values, and accepted them for a time as eternal and unconditioned, so that at one time this, and at another time that human impulse or state stood first, and was ennobled in consequence. When one has deducted the effect of these four errors, one has also deducted humanity, humaneness, and " human dignity."

Gay Science

116

Herd-Instinct. - Wherever we meet with a morality we find a valuation and order of rank of the human impulses and activities. These valuations and orders of rank are always the expression of the needs of a community or herd: that which is in the first place to its advantage- and in the second place and third place-is also the authoritative standard for the worth of every individual. By morality the individual is taught to become a function of the herd, and to ascribe to himself value only as a function. As the conditions for the maintenance of one community have been very different from those of another community, there have been very different moralities; and in respect to the future essential

transformations of herds and communities, states and societies, one can prophesy that there will still be very divergent moralities. Morality is the herd-instinct in the individual.

Gay Science

117

The Herd's Sting of Conscience.-In the longest and remotest ages of the human race there was quite a different sting of conscience from that of the present day. At present one only feels responsible for what one intends and for what one does, and we have our pride in ourselves. All our professors of jurisprudence^ start with this sentiment of individual independence and pleasure, as if the source of right had taken its rise here from the beginning. But throughout the longest period in the life of mankind there was nothing more terrible to a person than to feel himself independent. To be alone, to feel independent, neither to obey nor to rule, to represent an individual-that was no pleasure to a person then, but a punishment; he was condemned "to be an individual." Freedom of thought was regarded as discomfort personified. While we feel law and regulation as constraint and loss, people formerly regarded egoism as a painful thing, and a veritable evil. For a person to be himself, to value himself according to his own measure and weight-that was then quite distasteful. The inclination to such a thing would have been regarded as madness; for all miseries and terrors were associated with being alone. At that time the "free will" had bad conscience in close proximity to it; and the less independently a person acted, the more the herd-instinct, and not his personal character, expressed itself in his conduct, so much the more moral did he esteem himself. All that did injury to the herd, whether the individual had intended it or not, then caused him a sting of conscience-and his neighbour likewise, indeed the whole herd !-It is in this respect that we have most changed our mode of thinking.

Gay Science

118

Benevolence.-Is it virtuous when a cell transforms itself into the function

of a stronger cell ? It must do so. And is it wicked when the stronger one assimilates the other ? It must do so likewise: it is necessary, for it has to have abundant indemnity and seeks to regenerate itself. One has therefore to distinguish the instinct of appropriation and the instinct of submission in benevolence, according as the stronger or the weaker feels benevolent. Gladness and covetousness are united in the stronger person, who wants to transform something to his function: gladness and desire-to-be-coveted in the weaker person, who would like to become a function.-The former case is essentially pity, a pleasant excitation of the instinct of appropriation at the sight of the weak: it is to be remembered, however, that " strong " and " weak " are relative conceptions.

Gay Science

119

No Altruism I-I see in many men an excessive impulse and delight in wanting to be a function; they strive after it, and have the keenest scent for all those positions in which precisely they themselves can be functions. Among such persons are those women who transform themselves into just that function of a man that is but weakly developed in him, and then become his purse, or his politics, or his social intercourse. Such beings maintain themselves best when they insert themselves in an alien organism; if they do not succeed they become vexed, irritated, and eat themselves up.

Gay Science

120

Health of the Soul.-The favourite medico-moral formula (whose originator was Ariston of Chios), " Virtue is the health of the soul," would, for all practical purposes, have to be altered to this: " Your virtue is the health of your soul." For there is no such thing as health in itself, and all attempts to define a thing in that way have lamentably failed. It is necessary to know your aim, your horizon, your powers, your impulses, your errors, and especially the ideals and fantasies of your soul, in order to determine what health implies even for your body. There are

consequently innumerable kinds of physical health; and the more one again permits the unique and unparalleled to raise its head, the more one unlearns the dogma of the " Equality of men," so much the more also must the conception of a normal health, together with a normal diet and a normal course of disease, be abrogated by our physicians. And then only would it be time to turn our thoughts to the health and disease of the soul, and make the special virtue of everyone consist in its health; but, to be sure, what appeared as health in one person might appear as the contrary of health in another. In the end the great question might still remain open:-Whether we could do without sickness for the development of our virtue, and whether our thirst for knowledge and self-knowledge would not especially need the sickly soul as well as the sound one; in short, whether the mere will to health is not a prejudice, a cowardice, and perhaps an instance of the subtlest barbarism and unprogressiveness ?

Gay Science

121

Life no Argument.-We have arranged for ourselves a world in which we can live-by the postulating of bodies, lines, surfaces, causes and effects, motion and rest, form and content: without these articles of faith no one could manage to live at present! But for all that they are still unproved. Life is no argument; error might be among the conditions of life.

Gay Science

122

The Element of Moral Scepticism in Christianity. -Christianity also has made a great contribution to enlightenment, and has taught moral scepticism -in a very impressive and effective manner, accusing and embittering, but with untiring patience and subtlety; it annihilated in every individual the belief in his virtues : it made the great virtuous ones, of whom antiquity had no lack, vanish for ever from the earth, those popular men, who, in the belief in their perfection, walked about with the dignity of a hero of the bull-fight. When, trained in this Christian school of

scepticism, we now read the moral books of the ancients, for example those of Seneca and Epictetus, we feel a pleasurable superiority, and are full of secret insight and penetration,-it seems to us as if a child talked before an old man, or a pretty, gushing girl before La Rochefoucauld:-we know better what virtue is! After all, however, we have applied the same scepticism to all religious states and processes, such as sin, repentance, grace, sanctification, , and have allowed the worm to burrow so well, that we have now the same feeling of subtle superiority and insight even in reading all Christian books:-we know also the religious feelings better ! And it is time to know them well and describe them well, for the pious ones of the old belief die out also; let us save their likeness and type, at least for the sake of knowledge.

Gay Science

123

Knowledge more than a Means.-Also without this passion-I refer to the passion for knowledge -science would be furthered : science has until now increased and grown up without it. The good faith in science, the prejudice in its favour, by which States are at present dominated (it was even the Church formerly), rests fundamentally on the fact that the absolute inclination and impulse has so rarely revealed itself in it, and that science is regarded not as a passion, but as a condition and an " ethos." Indeed, amour-plaisir of knowledge (curiosity) often enough suffices, amour-vanite" suffices, and habituation to it, with the afterthought of obtaining honour and bread; it even suffices for many that they do not know what to do with a surplus of leisure, except to continue reading, collecting, arranging, observing and narrating; their "scientific impulse" is their ennui. Pope Leo X. once (in the brief to Beroaldus) sang the praise of science; he designated it as the finest ornament and the greatest pride of our life, a noble employment in happiness and in misfortune; " without it," he says finally, " all human undertakings would be without a firm basis,-even with it they are still sufficiently mutable and insecure!" But this rather sceptical Pope, like all other ecclesiastical panegyrists of science, suppressed his ultimate judgment concerning it. If one may deduce from his words what is remarkable enough for such a lover of art, that he places science above art, it is after all, however, only from politeness that he omits to speak of that which he places high above all science:

the "revealed truth," and the "eternal salvation of the soul,"-what are ornament, pride, entertainment and security of life to him, in comparison thereto? "Science is something of secondary rank, nothing ultimate or unconditioned, no object of passion"-this judgment was kept back in Leo's soul: the truly Christian judgment concerning science! In antiquity its dignity and appreciation were lessened by the fact that, even among its most eager disciples, the striving after virtue stood foremost, and that people thought they had given the highest praise to knowledge when they celebrated it as the best means to virtue. It is something new in history that knowledge claims to be more than a means.

Gay Science

124

In the Horizon of the Infinite.-We have left the land and have gone aboard ship! We have broken down the bridge behind us,-nay, more, the land behind us! Well, little ship! look out! Beside you is the ocean; it is true it does not always roar, and sometimes it spreads out like silk and gold and a gentle reverie. But times will come when you wilt feel that it is infinite, and that there is nothing more frightful than infinity. Oh, the poor bird that felt itself free, and now strikes against the walls of this cage! Alas, if homesickness for the land should attack you, as if there had been more freedom there,-and there is no "land" any longer!

Gay Science

125

The Madman. — Have you ever heard of the madman who on a bright morning lighted a lantern and ran to the market - place calling out unceasingly: "I seek God! I seek God!" — As there were many people standing about who did not believe in God, he caused a great deal of amusement. Why! Is he lost? said one. Has he strayed away like a child? said another. Or does he keep himself hidden? Is he afraid of us? Has he taken a sea-voyage? Has he emigrated?—the people cried out laughing, all in a hubbub. The insane man jumped into their midst and transfixed them with his glances. "Where is God gone?" he called out. "I

mean to tell you! We have killed him, — you and I! We are all his murderers! But how have we done it? How were we able to drink up the sea? Who gave us the sponge to wipe away the whole horizon? What did we do when we loosened this earth from its sun? Whither does it now move? Whither do we move? Away from all suns? Do we not dash on unceasingly? Backwards, sideways, forwards, in all directions? Is there still an above and below? Do we not stray, as through infinite nothingness? Does not empty space breathe upon us? Has it not become colder? Does not night come on continually, darker and darker? Shall we not have to light lanterns in the morning? Do we not hear the noise of the grave-diggers who are burying God? Do we not smell the divine putrefaction? — for even Gods putrefy! God is dead! God remains dead! And we have killed him! How shall we console ourselves, the most murderous of all murderers? The holiest and the mightiest that the world has hitherto possessed, has bled to death under our knives, — who will wipe the blood from us? With what water could we clean ourselves? What festivals, what sacred games shall we have to devise? Is not the magnitude of this deed too great for us? Shall we not ourselves have to become Gods, merely to seem worthy of it? There never was a greater event, — and on account of it, all who are born after us belong to a higher history than any history before this!" — Here the madman was silent and looked again at his listeners; they also were silent and looked at him in surprise. At last he threw his lantern on the ground, so that it broke in pieces and was extinguished. "I come too early," he then said, "I am not yet at the right time. This prodigious event is still on its way, and is travelling, — it has not yet reached men's ears. Lightning and thunder need time, the light of the stars needs time, deeds need time, even after they are done, to be seen and heard. This deed is as yet further from them than the furthest star, — and yet they have done it!"

- It is further stated that the madman made his way into different churches on the same day, and there intoned his *Requiem aeternam* dec When led out and called to account, he always gave the reply: "What are these churches now, if they are not the tombs and monuments of God? "-

Gay Science

Mystical Explanations.-Mystical explanations are regarded as profound ; the truth is that they do not even go the length of being superficial.

Gay Science

127

After-Effect of the most Ancient Religiousness.- The thoughtless man thinks that the Will is the only thing that operates, that willing is something simple, manifestly given, underived, and comprehensible in itself. He is convinced that when he does anything, for example, when he delivers a blow, it is he who strikes, and he has struck because he willed to strike. He does not notice anything of a problem therein, but the feeling of willing suffices to him, not only for the acceptance of cause and effect, but also for the belief that he understands their relationship. Of the mechanism of the occurrence, and of the manifold subtle operations that must be performed in order that the blow may result, and likewise of the incapacity of the Will in itself to effect even the smallest part of those operations-he knows nothing. The Will is to him a magically operating force; the belief in the Will as the cause of effects is the belief in magically operating forces. In fact, whenever he saw anything happen, man originally believed in a Will as cause, and in personally willing beings operating in the background,-the conception of mechanism was very remote from him. Because, however, man for immense periods of time believed only in persons (and not in matter, forces, things,), the belief in cause and effect has become a fundamental belief with him, which he applies everywhere when anything happens,-and even still uses instinctively as a piece of atavism of remotest origin. The propositions, " No effect without a cause," and " Every effect again implies a cause," appear as generalisations of several less general propositions: -"Where there is operation there has been willing" " Operating is only possible on willing beings." "There is never a pure, resultless experience of activity, but every experience involves stimulation of the Will" (to activity, defence, revenge or retaliation). But in the primitive period of the human race, the latter and the former propositions were identical, the first were not generalisations of the second, but the second were explanations of the first.-Schopenhauer, with his assumption that all that exists is something volitional, has set a primitive mythology on the throne; he seems never to have attempted an analysis of the Will, because he believed like

everybody in the simplicity and immediateness of all volition:-while volition is in fact such a cleverly practised mechanical process that it almost escapes the observing eye. I set the following propositions against those of Schopenhauer:-Firstly, in order that Will may arise, an idea of pleasure and pain is necessary. Secondly, that a vigorous excitation may be felt as pleasure or pain, is the affair of the interpreting intellect, which, to be sure, operates thereby for the most part unconsciously to us, and one and the same excitation may be interpreted as pleasure or pain. Thirdly, it is only in an intellectual being that there is pleasure, displeasure and Will; the immense majority of organisms have nothing of the kind.

Gay Science

128

The Value of Prayer.-Prayer has been devised for such men as have never any thoughts of their own, and to whom an elevation of the soul is unknown, or passes unnoticed; what shall these people do in holy places and in all important situations in life which require repose and some kind of dignity ? In order at least that they may not disturb, the wisdom of all the founders of religions, the small as well as the great, has commended to them the formula of prayer, as a long mechanical labour of the lips, united with an effort of the memory, and with a uniform, prescribed attitude of hands and feet-and eyes! They may then, like the Tibetans, chew the cud of their " om matie padme hum" innumerable times, or, as in Benares, count the name of the God Ram-Ram-Ram (etc., with or without grace) on their fingers ; or honour Vishnu with his thousand names of invocation, Allah with his ninety-nine; or they may make use of the prayer-wheels and the rosary: the main thing is that they are settled down for a time at this work, and present a tolerable appearance; their mode of prayer is devised for the advantage of the pious who have thought and elevation of their own. But even these have their weary hours when a series of venerable words and sounds, and a mechanical, pious ritual does them good. But supposing that these rare men-in every religion the religious man is an exception-know how to help themselves, the poor in spirit do not know, and to forbid them the prayer-babbling would mean to take their religion from them, a fact which Protestantism brings more and more to light. All that religion wants with such persons is that they should keep still with their eyes, hands, legs, and all their

organs : they thereby become temporarily beautified and-more human-looking!

Gay Science

129

The Conditions for God.-1' God himself cannot subsist without wise men," said Luther, and with good reason ; but " God can still less subsist without unwise men,"-good Luther did not say that!

Gay Science

130

A Dangerous Resolution.-The Christian resolution to find the world ugly and bad, has made the world ugly and bad.

Gay Science

131

Christianity and Suicide.-Christianity made use of the excessive longing for suicide at the time of its origin as a lever for its power: it left only two forms of suicide, invested them with the highest dignity and the highest hopes, and forbade all others with dreadful threats. But martyrdom and the slow self-annihilation of the ascetic were permitted.

Gay Science

132

Against Christianity.-It is now no longer our reason, but our taste that decides against Christianity.

Gay Science

133

Axioms.-An unavoidable hypothesis on which mankind must always fall back again, is in the long run more powerful than the most firmly believed belief in something untrue (like the Christian belief). In the long run: that means a hundred thousand years hence.

Gay Science

134

Pessimists as Victims.-When a profound dislike of existence gets the upper hand, the after-effect of a great error in diet of which a people has been long guilty comes to light. The spread of Buddhism {not its origin} is thus to a considerable extent dependent on the excessive and almost exclusive rice-fare of the Indians, and on the universal enervation that results from that. Perhaps the modern, European discontentedness is to be looked upon as caused by the fact that the world of our forefathers, the whole Middle Ages, was given to drink, owing to the influence of German tastes in Europe : the Middle Ages, that means the alcoholic poisoning of Europe.-The German dislike of life (including the influence of the cellar-air and stove-poison in German dwellings), is essentially a cold-weather complaint.

Gay Science

135

Origin of Sin.-Sin, as it is at present felt wherever Christianity prevails or has prevailed, is a Jewish feeling and a Jewish invention; and in respect to this background of all Christian morality, Christianity has in fact aimed at "Judaising" the whole world. To what an extent this has succeeded in Europe is traced most accurately in our remarkable alienness to Greek antiquity-a world without the feeling of sin-in our sentiments even at present; in spite of all the good will to approximation and assimilation, which whole generations and many distinguished individuals

have not failed to display. "Only when you repent is God gracious to you"-that would arouse the laughter or the wrath of a Greek : he would say, "Slaves may have such sentiments." Here a mighty being, an almighty being, and yet a revengeful being, is presupposed ; his power is so great that no injury whatever can be done to him, except in the point of honour. Every sin is an infringement of respect, a crimen lębsch majestatis divines-and nothing more ! Contrition, degradation, rolling-in-the-dust,-these are the first and last conditions on which his favour depends: the restoration, therefore, of his divine honour! If injury be caused otherwise by sin, if a profound, spreading evil be propagated by it, an evil which, like a disease, attacks and strangles one man after another-that does not trouble this honour-craving Oriental in heaven ; sin is an offence against him, not against mankind!-to him on whom he has bestowed his favour he bestows also this indifference to the natural consequences of sin. God and mankind are here thought of as separated, as so antithetical that sin against the latter cannot be at all possible,-all deeds are to be looked upon solely with respect to their supernatural consequences, and not with respect to their natural results: it is thus that the Jewish feeling, to which all that is natural seems unworthy in itself, would have things. The Greeks, on the other hand, were more familiar with the thought that transgression also may have dignity,-even theft, as in the case of Prometheus, even the slaughtering of cattle as the expression of frantic jealousy, as in the case of Ajax; in their need to attribute dignity to transgression and embody it therein, they invented tragedy,-an art and a delight, which in its profoundest essence has remained alien to the Jew, in spite of all his poetic endowment and taste for the sublime.

Gay Science

136

The Chosen People.-The Jews, who regard themselves as the chosen people among the nations, and that too because they are the moral genius among the nations (in virtue of their capacity for despising the human in themselves more than any other people)-the Jews have a pleasure in their divine monarch and saint similar to that which the French nobility had in Louis XIV. This nobility had allowed its power and autocracy to be taken from it, and had become contemptible: in order not to feel this, in order to be able to forget it, an unequalled royal magnificence, royal

authority and plenitude of power was needed, to which there was access only for the nobility. As in accordance with this privilege they raised themselves to the elevation of the court, and from that elevation saw everything under them,-saw everything contemptible,-they got beyond all uneasiness of conscience. They thus elevated intentionally the tower of the royal power more and more into the clouds, and set the final coping-stone of their own power thereon.

Gay Science

137

Spoken in Parable.-A Jesus Christ was only possible in a Jewish landscape-I mean in one over which the gloomy and sublime thunder-cloud of the angry Jehovah hung continually. Here only was the rare, sudden flashing of a single sunbeam through the dreadful, universal and continuous nocturnal-day regarded as a miracle of "love," as a beam of the most unmerited " grace." Here only could Christ dream of his rainbow and celestial ladder on which God descended to man; everywhere else the clear weather and the sun were considered the rule and the commonplace.

Gay Science

138

The Error of Christ.-The founder of Christianity thought there was nothing from which men suffered so much as from their sins :-it was his error, the error of him who felt himself without sin, to whom experience was lacking in this respect! It was thus that his soul filled with that marvellous, fantastic pity which had reference to a trouble that even among his own people, the inventors of sin, was rarely a great trouble! But Christians understood subsequently how to do justice to their master, and how to sanctify his error into a " truth."

Gay Science

Colour of the Passions.-Natures such as the apostle Paul, have an evil eye for the passions; they learn to know only the filthy, the distorting, and the heart-breaking in them,-their ideal aim, therefore, is the annihilation of the passions ; in the divine they see complete purification from passion. The Greeks, quite otherwise than Paul and the Jews, directed their ideal, aim precisely to the passions, and loved, elevated, embellished and deified them : in passion they evidently not only felt themselves happier, but also purer and diviner than otherwise.-And now the Christians ? Have they wished to become Jews in this respect? Have they perhaps become Jews ?

Gay Science

Too Jewish.-If God had wanted to become an object of love, he would first of all have had to forgo judging and justice:-a judge, and even a gracious judge, is no object of love. The founder of Christianity showed too little of the finer feelings in this respect-being a Jew.

Gay Science

Too Oriental.-What? A God who loves men, provided that they believe in him, and who hurls frightful glances and threats at him who does not believe in this love! What ? A conditioned love as the feeling of an almighty God! A love which has not even become master of the sentiment of honour and of the irritable desire for vengeance ! How Oriental is all that! " If I love you, what does it concern you ? " * is already a sufficient criticism of the whole of Christianity.

Gay Science

Frankincense.-Buddha says : " Do not flatter your benefactor !" Let one repeat this saying in a Christian church:-it immediately purifies the air of all Christianity.

Gay Science

143

The Greatest Advantage of Polytheism. - For the individual to set up his own ideal and derive from it his laws, his pleasures and his rights - that has perhaps been until now regarded as the most monstrous of all human aberrations, and as idolatry in itself; in fact, the few who have ventured to do this have always needed to apologise to themselves, usually in this way: " Not I! not I! but a God, through me!" It was in the marvellous art and capacity for creating Gods - in polytheism - that this impulse was permitted to discharge itself, it was here that it became purified, perfected, and ennobled ; for it was originally a commonplace and unimportant impulse, akin to stubbornness, disobedience and envy. To be hostile to this impulse towards the individual ideal, - that was formerly the law of every morality. There was then only one norm, "the man" - and every people believed that it had this one and ultimate norm. But above himself, and outside of himself, in a distant over-world, a person could see a multitude of norms: the one God was not the denial or blasphemy of the other Gods! It was here that individuals were first permitted, it was here that the right of individuals was first respected. The inventing of Gods, heroes, and supermen of all kinds, as well as co-ordinate men and undermen-dwarfs, fairies, centaurs, satyrs, demons, devils - was the inestimable preliminary to the justification of the selfishness and sovereignty of the individual: the freedom which was granted to one God in respect to other Gods, was at last given to the individual himself in respect to laws, customs and neighbours. Monotheism, on the contrary, the rigid consequence of the doctrine of one normal human being - consequently the belief in a normal God, beside whom there are only false, spurious Gods - has perhaps been the greatest danger of mankind in the past: man was then threatened by that premature state of inertia, which, so far as we can see, most of the other species of animals reached long ago, as creatures who all believed in one normal animal and ideal in their species, and definitely translated their morality of custom into flesh

and blood. In polytheism man's free-thinking and many-sided thinking had a prototype set up: the power to create for himself new and individual eyes, always newer and more individualised: so that it is for man alone, of all the animals, that there are no eternal horizons and perspectives.

Gay Science

144

Religious Wars.-The greatest advance of the masses until now has been religious war, for it proves that the masses have begun to deal reverently with conceptions of things. Religious wars only result, when human reason generally has been refined by the subtle disputes of sects ; so that even the populace becomes punctilious and regards trifles as important, actually thinking it possible that the " eternal salvation of the soul" may depend upon minute distinctions of concepts.

Gay Science

145

Danger of Vegetarians. - The immense prevalence of rice-eating impels to the use of opium and narcotics, in like manner as the immense prevalence of potato - eating impels to the use of brandy:-it also impels, however, in its more subtle after-effects to modes of thought and feeling which operate narcotically. This is in accord with the fact that those who promote narcotic modes of thought and feeling, like those Indian teachers, praise a purely vegetable diet, and would like to make it a law for the masses: they want thereby to call forth and augment the need which they are in a position to satisfy.

Gay Science

146

German Hopes. - Do not let us forget that the names of peoples are

generally names of reproach. The Tartars, for example, according to their name, are " the dogs"; they were so christened by the Chinese. " Deutschen" (Germans) means originally " heathen " : it is thus that the Goths after their conversion named the great mass of their unbaptized fellow-tribes, according to the indication in their translation of the Septuagint, in which the heathen are designated by the word which in Greek signifies " the nations." (See Ulfilas.)-It might still be possible for the Germans to make an honourable name ultimately out of their old name of reproach, by becoming the first- non-Christian nation of Europe ; for which purpose Schopenhauer, to their honour, regarded them as highly qualified. The work of Luther would thus be consummated,-he who taught them to be anti-Roman, and to say: " Here / stand ! / cannot do otherwise!"-

Gay Science

147

Question and Answer.-What do savage tribes at present accept first of all from Europeans? Brandy and Christianity, the European narcotics.- And by what means are they most quickly ruined ?-By the European narcotics.

Gay Science

148

Where Reformations Originate.-At the time of the great corruption of the church it was least of all corrupt in Germany: it was on that account that the Reformation originated here, as a sign that even the beginnings of corruption were felt to be unendurable. For, comparatively speaking, no people was ever more Christian than the Germans at the time of Luther ; their Christian culture was just about to burst into bloom with a hundred-fold splendour,-one night only was still lacking; but that night brought the storm which put an end to all.

Gay Science

The Failure of Reformations.-It testifies to the higher culture of the Greeks, even in rather early ages, that attempts to establish new Grecian religions frequently failed; it testifies that quite early there must have been a multitude of dissimilar individuals in Greece, whose dissimilar troubles were not cured by a single recipe of faith and hope. Pythagoras and Plato, perhaps also Empedocles, and already much earlier the Orphic enthusiasts, aimed at founding new religions; and the two first-named were so endowed with the qualifications for founding religions, that one cannot be sufficiently astonished at their failure : they just reached the point of founding sects. Every time that the Reformation of an entire people fails and only sects raise their heads, one may conclude that the people already contains many types, and has begun to free itself from the gross herding instincts and the morality of custom,-a momentous state of suspense, which one is accustomed to disparage as decay of morals and corruption, while it announces the maturing of the egg and the early rupture of the shell. That Luther's Reformation succeeded in the north, is a sign that the north had remained backward in comparison with the south of Europe, and still had requirements tolerably uniform in colour and kind ; and there would have been no Christianising of Europe at all, if the culture of the old world of the south had not been gradually barbarized by an excessive admixture of the blood of German barbarians, and thus lost its ascendancy. The more universally and unconditionally an individual, or the thought of an individual, can operate, so much more homogeneous and so much lower must be the mass that is there operated upon; while counter-strivings betray internal counter-requirements, which also want to gratify and realise themselves. Reversely, one may always conclude with regard to an actual elevation of culture, when powerful and ambitious natures only produce a limited and sectarian effect: this is true also for the separate arts, and for the provinces of knowledge. Where there is ruling there are masses: where there are masses there is need of slavery. Where there is slavery the individuals are but few, and have the instincts and conscience of the herd opposed to them.

Gay Science

Criticism of Saints.-Must one then, in order to have a virtue, be desirous of having it precisely in its most brutal form ?-as the Christian saints desired and needed ;-those who only endured life with the thought that at the sight of their virtue self-contempt might seize every man. A virtue with such an effect I call brutal.

Gay Science

151

The Origin of Religion. - The metaphysical requirement is not the origin of religions, as Schopenhauer claims, but only a later sprout from them. Under the dominance of religious thoughts we have accustomed ourselves to the idea of " another (back, under, or upper) world," and feel an uncomfortable void and privation through the annihilation of the religious illusion;-and then "another world" grows out of this feeling once more, but now it is only a metaphysical world, and no longer a religious one. That however which in general led to the assumption of " another world " in primitive times, was not an impulse or requirement, but an error in the interpretation of certain natural phenomena, a difficulty of the intellect.

Gay Science

152

The greatest Change.-The lustre and the hues of all things have changed! We no longer quite understand how earlier men conceived of the most familiar and frequent things,-for example, of the day, and the awakening in the morning: owing to their belief in dreams the waking state seemed to them differently illuminated. And similarly of the whole of life, with its reflection of death and its significance: our " death " is an entirely different death. All events were of a different lustre, for a God shone forth in them ; and similarly of all resolutions and peeps into the distant future: for people had oracles, and secret hints, and believed in prognostication. " Truth " was conceived in quite a different manner, for the insane could formerly be regarded as its mouthpiece-a thing which makes us

shudder, or laugh. Injustice made a different impression on the feelings: for people were afraid of divine retribution, and not only of legal punishment and disgrace. What joy was there in an age when men believed in the devil and tempter! What passion was there when people saw demons lurking close at hand ! What philosophy was there when doubt was regarded as sinfulness of the most dangerous kind, and in fact as an outrage on eternal love, as distrust of everything good, high, pure, and compassionate!-We have coloured things anew, we paint them over continually,-but what have we been able to do until now in comparison with the splendid colouring of that old master!-I mean ancient humanity.

Gay Science

153

Homo poeta.-" I myself who have made this tragedy of tragedies altogether independently, in so far as it is completed ; I who have first entwined the perplexities of morality about existence, and have tightened them so that only a God could unravel them - so Horace demands ! - I have already in the fourth act killed all the Gods- for the sake of morality! What is now to be done about the fifth act ? Where shall I get the tragic denouement! Must I now think about a comic denouement?"

Gay Science

154

Differences in the Dangerousness of Life.-You don't know at all what you experience; you run through life as if intoxicated, and now and then fall down a stair. Thanks however to your intoxication you still do not break your limbs: your muscles are too languid and your head too confused to find the stones of the staircase as hard as we others do! For us life is a greater danger: we are made of glass-alas, if we should strike against anything! And all is lost if we should fall/

Gay Science

155

What we Lack.-We love the grandeur of Nature, and have discovered it; that is because human grandeur is lacking in our minds. It was the reverse with the Greeks : their feeling towards Nature was quite different from ours.

Gay Science

156

The most Influential Person.-The fact that a person resists the whole spirit of his age, stops it at the door and calls it to account, must exert an influence! It is indifferent whether he wishes to exert an influence ; the point is that he can.

Gay Science

157

Mentiri.—Take care ! - he reflects : he will have a lie ready immediately. This is a stage in the civilisation of whole nations. Consider only what the Romans expressed by mentiri!

Gay Science

158

An Inconvenient Peculiarity.-To find everything deep is an inconvenient peculiarity: it makes one constantly strain one's eyes, so that in the end one always finds more than one wishes.

Gay Science

159

Every Virtue has its Time. - The honesty of him who is at present inflexible often causes him remorse; for inflexibility is the virtue of a time different from that in which honesty prevails.

Gay Science

160

In Intercourse with Virtues.-One can also be undignified and flattering towards a virtue.

Gay Science

161

To the Admirers of the Age.-The runaway priest and the liberated criminal are continually making grimaces; what they want is a look without a past. -But have you ever seen men who know that their looks reflect the future, and who are so courteous to you, the admirers of the " age," that they assume a look without a future ?-

Gay Science

162

Egoism.-Egoism is the perspective law of our sentiment, according to which the near appears large and momentous, while in the distance the magnitude and importance of all things diminish.

Gay Science

163

After a Great Victory.-The best thing in a great victory is that it deprives the conqueror of the fear of defeat. " Why should I not be worsted for once ? " he says to himself, " I am now rich enough to stand it."

Gay Science

164

Those who Seek Repose.-I recognise the minds that seek repose by the many dark objects with which they surround themselves: those who want to sleep darken their chambers, or creep into caverns. A hint to those who do not know what they really seek most, and would like to know!

Gay Science

165

The Happiness of Renunciation.-He who has absolutely dispensed with something for a long time will almost imagine, when he accidentally meets with it again, that he has discovered it,-and what happiness every discoverer has! Let us be wiser than the serpents that lie too long in the same sunshine.

Gay Science

166

Always in our own Company. - All that is akin to me in nature and history, speaks to me, praises me, urges me forward and comforts me - other things I don't hear, or immediately forget. We are always only in our own company.

Gay Science

167

Misanthropy and Philanthropy.-We only speak about being sick of men when we can no longer digest them, and yet have the stomach full of

them. Misanthropy is the result of a far too eager philanthropy and "cannibalism," - but who ever bade you swallow men like oysters, my Prince Hamlet?

Gay Science

168

Concerning an Invalid.-" Things go badly with him !"-"What is wrong ?-" He suffers from the longing to be praised, and finds no sustenance for it."-Inconceivable! All the world does honour to him, and he is revered not only in deed but in word !" Certainly, but he is dull of hearing for the praise. When a friend praises him it sounds to him as if the friend praised himself; when an enemy praises him, it sounds to him as if the enemy wanted to be praised for it; when, finally, someone else praises him-there are by no means so many of these, he is so famous!-he is offended because they neither want him for a friend nor for an enemy; he is accustomed to say: ' What do I care for those who can still pose as the all-righteous towards me!1"

Gay Science

169

Avowed Enemies.-Bravery in presence of an enemy is a thing by itself: a person may possess it and still be a coward and an irresolute numskull. That was Napoleon's opinion concerning the " bravest man " he knew, Murat:-whence it follows that avowed enemies are indispensable to some men, if they are to attain to their virtue, to their manliness, to their cheerfulness.

Gay Science

170

With the Multitude.-He has until now gone with the multitude and is its panegyrist; but one day he will be its opponent! For he follows it in the

belief that his laziness will find its advantage thereby: he has not yet learned that the multitude is not lazy enough for him ! that it always presses forward! that it does not allow anyone to stand still!-And he likes so well to stand still!

Gay Science

171

Fame.-When the gratitude of many to one casts aside all shame, then fame originates.

Gay Science

172

The Perverter of Taste.-A: "You are a perverter of taste-they say so everywhere!" B: "Certainly! I pervert every one's taste for his party :-no party forgives me for that."

Gay Science

173

To be Profound and to Appear Profound.-He who knows that he is profound strives for clearness; he who would like to appear profound to the multitude strives for obscurity. The multitude thinks everything profound of which it cannot see the bottom ; it is so timid and goes so unwillingly into the water.

Gay Science

174

Apart.- Parliamentarism, that is to say, the public permission to choose between five main political opinions, flatters and makes its way into the

favor of the numerous people who would like to *seem* independent and individual, as if they had fought for their opinions. After all, however, it is a matter of indifference whether the herd is commanded to have one opinion, or whether it is permitted to have five opinions. - He who diverges from the five public opinions and stands apart, always has the whole herd against him.

Gay Science

175

Concerning Eloquence.-What has until now had the most convincing eloquence? The rolling of the drum : and as long as kings have this at their command, they will always be the best orators and popular leaders.

Gay Science

176

Compassion.-The poor, ruling princes! All their rights now change unexpectedly into claims, and all these claims immediately sound like pretensions ! And if they but say " we," or " my people," wicked old Europe begins laughing. Verily, a chief-master-of-ceremonies of the modern world would make little ceremony with them ; perhaps he would decree that " les souverains rangent aux parvenus!"

Gay Science

177

On "Educational Matters!"-In Germany an important educational means is lacking for higher men ; namely, the laughter of higher men ; these men do not laugh in Germany.

Gay Science

178

For Moral Enlightenment.-The Germans must be talked out of their Mephistopheles—and out of their Faust also. These are two moral prejudices against the value of knowledge.

Gay Science

179

Thoughts.-Thoughts are the shadows of our sentiments - always however obscurer, emptier and simpler.

Gay Science

180

The Good Time for Free Spirits.-Free Spirits take liberties even with regard to Science-and meanwhile they are allowed to do so,-while the Church still remains!-In so far they have now their good time.

Gay Science

181

Following and Leading.-A : " Of the two, the one will always follow, the other will always lead, whatever be the course of their destiny. And yet the former is superior to the other in virtue and intellect." B: "And yet? And yet? That is spoken for the others; not for me, not for us! -Fit secundum regulam."

Gay Science

182

In Solitude.-When one lives alone one does not speak too loudly, and

one does not write too loudly either, for one fears the hollow reverberation -the criticism of the nymph Echo.-And all voices sound differently in solitude!

Gay Science

183

The Music of the Best Future.-The first musician for me would be he who knew only the sorrow of the profoundest happiness, and no other sorrow: there has not until now been such a musician.

Gay Science

184

Justice.-Better allow oneself to be robbed than have scarecrows around one-that is my taste. And under all circumstances it is just a matter of taste-and nothing more!

Gay Science

185

Poor.-He is now poor, but not because everything has been taken from him, but because he has thrown everything away:-what does he care? He is accustomed to find new things.-It is the poor who misunderstand his voluntary poverty.

Gay Science

186

Bad Conscience.-All that he now does is excellent and proper-and yet he has a bad conscience with it all. For the exceptional is his task.

Gay Science

187

Offensiveness in Expression.-This artist offends me by the way in which he expresses his ideas, his very excellent ideas: so diffusely and forcibly, and with such gross rhetorical artifices, as if he were speaking to the mob. We feel always as if "in bad company" when devoting some time to his art.

Gay Science

188

Work.-How closely work and the workers now stand even to the most leisurely of us! The royal courtesy in the words : " We are all workers," would have been a cynicism and an indecency even under Louis XIV.

Gay Science

189

The Thinker,-He is a thinker: that is to say, he knows how to take things more simply than they are.

Gay Science

190

Against Eulogisers.-A : " One is only praised by one's equals!" B : " Yes! And he who praises you says : ' You are my equal!'"

Gay Science

191

Against many a Vindication.-The most perfidious manner of injuring a cause is to vindicate it intentionally with fallacious arguments.

Gay Science

192

The Good-natured.-What is it that distinguishes the good-natured, whose countenances beam kindness, from other people ? They feel quite at ease in presence of a new person, and are quickly enamoured of him ; they therefore wish him well; their first opinion is: " He pleases me." With them there follow in succession the wish to appropriate (they make little scruple about the person's worth), rapid appropriation, joy in the possession, and actions in favour of the person possessed.

Gay Science

193

Kant's Joke.-Kant tried to prove, in a way that dismayed "everybody," that "everybody" was in the right:-that was his secret joke. He wrote against the learned, in favour of popular prejudice ; he wrote, however, for the learned and not for the people.

Gay Science

194

The " Open-hearted " Man.-That man acts probably always from concealed motives; for he has always communicable motives on his tongue, and almost in his open hand.

Gay Science

195

Laughable !-See! See! He runs away from men-: they follow him, however, because he runs before them,-they are such a gregarious lot!

Gay Science

196

The Limits of our Sense of Hearing.-We hear only the questions to which we are capable of finding an answer.

Gay Science

197

Caution therefore!-There is nothing we are fonder of communicating to others than the seal of secrecy-together with what is under it.

Gay Science

198

Vexation of the Proud Man.-The proud man is vexed even with those who help him forward: he looks angrily at his carriage-horses

Gay Science

199

Liberality.-Liberality is often only a form of timidity in the rich.

Gay Science

200

Laughing.-To laugh means to love mischief, but with a good conscience.

Gay Science

201

In Applause.-In applause there is always some kind of noise: even in self-applause.

Gay Science

202

A Spendthrift.-He has not yet the poverty of the rich man who has counted all his treasure,-he squanders his spirit with the irrationalness of the spendthrift Nature.

Gay Science

203

Hie niger est.-Usually he has no thoughts,-but in exceptional cases bad thoughts come to him.

Gay Science

204

Beggars and Courtesy.-" One is not discourteous when one knocks at a door with a stone when the bell-pull is wanting"-so think all beggars and necessitous persons, but no one thinks they are in the right.

Gay Science

205

Need.-Need is supposed to be the cause of things; but in truth it is often only the result of things.

Gay Science

206

During the Rain.-It rains, and I think of the poor people who now crowd together with their many cares, which they are unaccustomed to conceal ; all of them, therefore, ready and anxious to give pain to one another, and thus provide themselves with a pitiable kind of comfort, even in bad weather. This, this only, is the poverty of the poor!

Gay Science

207

The Envious Man.-That is an envious man- it is not desirable that he should have children; he would be envious of them, because he can no longer be a child.

Gay Science

208

A Great Man !-Because a person is " a great man," we are not authorised to infer that he is a man. Perhaps he is only a boy, or a chameleon of all ages, or a bewitched girl.

Gay Science

209

A Mode of Asking for Reasons.-There is a mode of asking for our reasons

which not only makes us forget our best reasons, but also arouses in us a spite and repugnance against reason generally:- a very stupefying mode of questioning, and really an artifice of tyrannical men!

Gay Science

210

Moderation in Diligence.-One must not be anxious to surpass the diligence of one's father- that would make one ill.

Gay Science

211

Secret Enemies.-To be able to keep a secret enemy-that is a luxury which the morality even of the highest-minded persons can rarely afford.

Gay Science

212

Not Letting oneself be Deluded.-His spirit has bad manners, it is hasty and always stutters with impatience ; so that one would hardly suspect the deep breathing and the large chest of the soul in which it resides.

Gay Science

213

The Way to Happiness.-A sage asked of a fool the way to happiness. The fool answered without delay, like one who had been asked the way to the next town: " Admire yourself, and live on the street!" " Hold," cried the sage, " you require too much; it suffices to admire oneself!" The fool replied: " But how can one constantly admire without constantly despising ? "

Gay Science

214

Faith Saves.-Virtue gives happiness and a state of blessedness only to those who have a strong faith in their virtue:-not, however, to the more refined souls whose virtue consists of a profound distrust of themselves and of all virtue. After all, therefore, it is " faith that saves " here also!-and be it well observed, not virtue!

Gay Science

215

The Ideal and the Material.-You have a noble ideal before your eyes: but are you also such a noble stone that such a divine image could be formed out of you ? And without that-is not all your labour barbaric sculpturing? A blasphemy of your ideal ?

Gay Science

216

Danger in the Voice.-With a very loud voice a person is almost incapable of reflecting on subtle matters.

Gay Science

217

Cause and Effect.-Before the effect one believes in other causes than after the effect.

Gay Science

218

My Antipathy.-I do not like those people who, in order to produce an effect, have to burst like bombs, and in whose neighbourhood one is always in danger of suddenly losing one's hearing-or even something more.

Gay Science

219

The Object of Punishment.-The object of punishment is to improve him who punishes,-that is the ultimate appeal of those who justify punishment.

Gay Science

220

Sacrifice.-The victims think otherwise than the spectators about sacrifice and sacrificing: but they have never been allowed to express their opinion.

Gay Science

221

Consideration.-Fathers and sons are much more considerate of one another than mothers and daughters.

Gay Science

222

Poet and Liar.-The poet sees in the liar his foster-brother whose milk he

has drunk up; the latter has thus remained wretched, and has not even attained to a good conscience.

Gay Science

223

Vicariousness of the Senses.-" We have also eyes in order to hear with them,"-said an old confessor who had grown deaf; "and among the blind he that has the longest ears is king."

Gay Science

224

Animal Criticism.-I fear the animals regard man as a being like themselves, seriously endangered by the loss of sound animal understanding ; - they regard him perhaps as the absurd animal, the laughing animal, the crying animal, the unfortunate animal.

Gay Science

225

The Natural.-" Evil has always had the great effect! And Nature is evil! Let us therefore be natural!"-so reason secretly the great aspirants after effect, who are too often counted among great men.

Gay Science

226

The Distrustful and their Style.-We say the strongest things simply, provided people are about us who believe in our strength:-such an environment educates to "simplicity of style." The distrustful, on the other hand, speak emphatically ; they make things emphatic.

Gay Science

227

Fallacy, Fallacy. - He cannot rule himself; therefore that woman concludes that it will be easy to rule him, and throws out her lines to catch him;-the poor creature, who in a short time will be his slave.

Gay Science

228

Against Mediators.-He who attempts to mediate between two decided thinkers is rightly called mediocre : he has not an eye for seeing the unique ; similarising and equalising are signs of weak eyes.

Gay Science

229

Obstinacy and Loyalty.-Out of obstinacy he holds fast to a cause of which the questionableness has become obvious,-he calls that, however, his "loyalty."

Gay Science

230

Lack of Reserve.-His whole nature fails to convince-that results from the fact that he has never been reticent about a good action he has performed.

Gay Science

231

The " Plodders!'-Persons slow of apprehension think that slowness forms part of knowledge.

Gay Science

232

Dreaming.-Either one does not dream at all, or one dreams in an interesting manner. One must learn to be awake in the same fashion:- either not at all, or in an interesting manner.

Gay Science

233

The most Dangerous Point of View.-What I now do, or neglect to do, is as important for all that is to come, as the greatest event of the past: in this immense perspective of effects all actions are equally great and small.

Gay Science

234

Consolatory Words of a Musician.-"Your life does not sound into people's ears: for them you live a dumb life, and all refinements of melody, all fond resolutions in following or leading the way, are concealed from them. To be sure you do not parade the thoroughfares with regimental music,-but these good people have no right to say on that account that your life is lacking in music. He that hath ears let him hear."

Gay Science

235

Spirit and Character.-Many a one attains his full height of character, but his spirit is not adapted to the elevation,-and many a one reversely.

Gay Science

236

To Move the Multitude.-Is it not necessary for him who wants to move the multitude to give a stage representation of himself? Has he not first to translate himself into the grotesquely obvious, and then set forth his whole personality and cause in that vulgarised and simplified fashion ?

Gay Science

237

The Polite Man.-" He is so polite! "-Yes, he has always a sop for Cerberus with him, and is so timid that he takes everybody for Cerberus, even you and me,-that is his " politeness."

Gay Science

238

Without Envy.-He is wholly without envy, but there is no merit therein : for he wants to conquer a land which no one has yet possessed and hardly anyone has even seen.

Gay Science

239

The Joyless Person.-A single joyless person is enough to make constant displeasure and a clouded heaven in a household; and it is only by a miracle that such a person is lacking!- Happiness is not nearly such a

contagious disease; -how is that ?

Gay Science

240

On the Sea-Shore.-I would not build myself a house (it is an element of my happiness not to be a house-owner!). If I had to do so, however, I should build it, like many of the Romans, right into the sea,-I should like to have some secrets in common with that beautiful monster.

Gay Science

241

Work and Artist.-This artist is ambitious and nothing more; ultimately, however, his work is only a magnifying-glass, which he offers to everyone who looks in his direction.

Gay Science

242

Suum cuique.-However great be my greed of knowledge, I cannot appropriate aught of things but what already belongs to me,-the property of others still remains in the things. How is it possible for a man to be a thief or a robber ?

Gay Science

243

Origin of "Good" and "Bad."—He only will devise an improvement who can feel that " this is not good."

Gay Science

244

Thoughts and Words.-Even our thoughts we are unable to render completely in words.

Gay Science

245

Praise in Choice.-The artist chooses his subjects ; that is his mode of praising.

Gay Science

246

Mathematics.-We want to carry the refinement and rigour of mathematics into all the sciences, as far as it is in any way possible, not in the belief that we shall apprehend things in this way, but in order thereby to assert our human relation to things. Mathematics is only a means to general and ultimate human knowledge.

Gay Science

247

Habits.-All habits make our hand wittier and our wit unhandier.

Gay Science

248

Books.-Of what account is a book that never carries us away beyond all books ?

Gay Science

249

The Sigh of the Seeker of Knowledge.-" Oh, my covetousness! In this soul there is no disinterestedness-but an all-desiring self, which, by means of many individuals, would gladly see as with its own eyes, and grasp as with its own hands-a self bringing back even the entire past, and wanting to lose nothing that could in anyway belong to it! Oh, this flame of my covetousness! Oh, that I were reincarnated in a hundred individuals!"-He who does not know this sigh by experience, does not know the passion of the seeker of knowledge either.

Gay Science

250

Guilt.-Although the most intelligent judges of the witches, and even the witches themselves, were convinced of the guilt of witchcraft, the guilt, nevertheless, was not there. So it is with all guilt.

eyes. As people are usually constituted, it is the name that first makes a thing generally visible to them.-Original persons have also for the most part been the namers of things.

Gay Science

251

Misunderstood Sufferers.-Great natures suffer otherwise than their worshippers imagine; they suffer most severely from the ignoble, petty emotions of certain evil moments ; in short, from doubt of their own greatness;-not however from the sacrifices and martyrdoms which their tasks require of them. As long as Prometheus sympathises with men and sacrifices himself for them, he is happy and proud in himself; but on becoming envious of Zeus and of the homage which mortals pay him-then Prometheus suffers !

Gay Science

252

Better to be in Debt.-" Better to remain in debt than to pay with money which does not bear our stamp!"-that is what our sovereignty prefers.

Gay Science

253

Always at Home.-One day we attain our goal- and then refer with pride to the long journeys we have made to reach it. In truth, we did not notice that we travelled. We got into the habit of thinking that we were at home in every place.

Gay Science

254

Against Embarrassment.-He who is always thoroughly occupied is rid of all embarrassment.

Gay Science

255

Imitators.-A : " What ? You don't want to have imitators ? " B : " I don't want people to do anything after me; I want everyone to do something before himself (as a pattern to himself)-just as / do." A: "Consequently-?"

Gay Science

256

Skininness.-All profound men have their happiness in imitating the flying-fish at times, and playing on the crests of the waves; they think that what is best of all in things is their surface: their skinniness-sit venia verbo.

Gay Science

257

From Experience.-A person often does not know how rich he is, until he learns from experience what rich men even play the thief on him.

Gay Science

258

The Deniers of Chance.-No conqueror believes in chance.

Gay Science

259

From Paradise.-"Good and Evil are God's prejudices "-said the serpent.

Gay Science

260

One times One.-One only is always in the wrong, but with two truth begins.-One only cannot prove himself right; but two are already beyond refutation.

Gay Science

261

Originality.-What is originality ? To see something that does not yet bear a name, that cannot yet be named, although it is before everybody's

Gay Science

262

Sub specie aeterni.-A : " You withdraw faster and faster from the living; they will soon strike you out of their lists!"-B : " It is the only way to participate in the privilege of the dead." A: " In what privilege ?"-B : " No longer having to die."

Gay Science

263

Without Vanity.-When we love we want our defects to remain concealed,-not out of vanity, but lest the person loved should suffer from that. Indeed, the lover would like to appear as a God,- and not out of vanity either.

Gay Science

264

What we Do.-What we do is never understood, but only praised and blamed.

Gay Science

265

Ultimate Scepticism.-But what after all are man's truths ?-They are his irrefutable errors.

Gay Science

266

Where Cruelty is Necessary.-He who is great is cruel to his second-rate virtues and judgments.

Gay Science

267

With a high Aim.-With a high aim a person is superior even to justice, and not only to his deeds and his judges.

Gay Science

268

What makes Heroic?-To face simultaneously one's greatest suffering and one's highest hope.

Gay Science

269

What do you Believe in ?-In this : That the weights of all things must be determined anew.

Gay Science

270

What Says your Conscience?-"You shall become what you art."

Gay Science

271

Where are your Greatest Dangers ?-In pity.

Gay Science

272

What do you Love in others ?-My hopes.

Gay Science

273

Whom do you call Bad?-Him who always wants to put others to shame.

Gay Science

274

What do you think most humane ?-To spare a person shame.

Gay Science

275

What is the Seal of Attained Liberty ?-To be no longer ashamed of one-self.

BOOK FOUR

Sanctus Januarius

You who with cleaving fiery lances
The stream of my soul from its ice do free,
Till with a rush and a roar it advances

To enter with glorious hoping the sea:
Brighter to see and purer ever,
Free in the bonds of your sweet constraint,-
So it praises your wondrous endeavour,
January, you beauteous saint!

Genoa, January 1882

Gay Science

276

For the New Year.-I still live, I still think; I must still live, for I must still think. Sum, ergo cogito: cogilo, ergo sum. To-day everyone takes the liberty of expressing his wish and his favourite thought: well, I also mean to tell what I have wished for myself to-day, and what thought first crossed my mind this year,-a thought which ought to be the basis, the pledge and the sweetening of all my future life! I want more and more to perceive the necessary characters in things as the beautiful: - I shall thus be one of those who beautify things. Amor fati: let that henceforth be my love! I do not want to wage war with the ugly. I do not want to accuse, I do not want even to accuse the accusers. Looking aside, let that be my sole negation! And all in all, to sum up: I wish to be at any time hereafter only a yea-sayer !

Gay Science

277

Personal Providence.-There is a certain climax in life, at which, notwithstanding all our freedom, and however much we may have denied all directing reason and goodness in the beautiful chaos of existence, we are once more in great danger of intellectual bondage, and have to face our hardest test. For now the thought of a personal Providence first presents itself before us with its most persuasive force, and has the best of advocates, apparentness, in its favour, now when it is obvious that all and everything that happens to us always turns out for the best. The life of

every day and of every hour seems to be anxious for nothing else but always to prove this proposition anew; let it be what it will, bad or good weather, the loss of a friend, a sickness, a calumny, the non-receipt of a letter, the spraining of one's foot, a glance into a shop-window, a counterargument, the opening of a book, a dream, a deception :-it shows itself immediately, or very soon afterwards, as something "not permitted to be absent,"-it is full of profound significance and utility precisely for us ! Is there a more dangerous temptation to rid ourselves of the belief in the Gods of Epicurus, those careless, unknown Gods, and believe in some anxious and mean Divinity, who knows personally every little hair on our heads, and feels no disgust in rendering the most wretched services ? Well-I mean in spite of all this! we want to leave the Gods alone (and the serviceable genii likewise), and wish to content ourselves with the assumption that our own practical and theoretical skilfulness in explaining and suitably arranging events has now reached its highest point. We do not want either to think too highly of this dexterity of our wisdom, when the wonderful harmony which results from playing on our instrument sometimes surprises us too much: a harmony which sounds too well for us to dare to ascribe it to ourselves. In fact, now and then there is one who plays with us-beloved Chance : he leads our hand occasionally, and even the all-wisest Providence could not devise any finer music than that of which our foolish hand is then capable.

Gay Science

278

The Thought of Death.- It gives me a melancholy happiness to live in the midst of this confusion of streets, of necessities, of voices: how much enjoyment, impatience and desire, how much thirsty life and drunkenness of life comes to light here every moment! And yet it will soon be so still for all these shouting, lively, life-loving people! How everyone's shadow, his gloomy travelling-companion stands behind him! It is always as in the last moment before the departure of an emigrant-ship : people have more than ever to say to one another, the hour presses, the ocean with its lonely silence waits impatiently behind all the noise-so greedy, so certain of its prey! And all, all, suppose that the past has been nothing, or a small matter, that the near future is everything: hence this haste, this crying, this self-shouting and self-overreaching! Everyone wants to be

foremost in this future,- and yet death and the stillness of death are the only things certain and common to all in this future! How strange that this sole thing that is certain and common to all, exercises almost no influence on men, and that they are the furthest from regarding themselves as the brotherhood of death! It makes me happy to see that men do not want to think at all of the idea of death! I would gladly do something to make the idea of life even a hundred times more worthy of their attention.

Gay Science

279

Stellar Friendship.-We were friends, and have become strangers to each other. But this is as it ought to be, and we do not want either to conceal or obscure the fact, as if we had to be ashamed of it. We are two ships, each of which has its goal and its course; we may, to be sure, cross one another in our paths, and celebrate a feast together as we did before,-and then the gallant ships lay quietly in one harbour and in one sunshine, so that it might have been thought they were already at their goal, and that they had had one goal. But then the almighty strength of our tasks forced us apart once more into different seas and into different zones, and perhaps we shall never see one another again,-or perhaps we may see one another, but not know one another again; the different seas and suns have altered us ! That we had to become strangers to one another is the law to which we are subject: just by that shall we become more sacred to one another! Just by that shall the thought of our former friendship become holier! There is probably some immense, invisible curve and stellar orbit in which our courses and goals, so widely different, may be comprehended as small stages of the way,-let us raise ourselves to this thought! But our life is too short, and our power of vision too limited for us to be more than friends in the sense of that sublime possibility.-And so we will believe in our stellar friendship, though we should have to be terrestrial enemies to one another.

Gay Science

280

Architecture for Thinkers.-An insight is needed (and that probably very soon) as to what is specially lacking in our great cities-namely, quiet, spacious, and widely extended places for reflection, places with long, lofty colonnades for bad weather, or for too sunny days, where no noise of wagons or of shouters would penetrate, and where a more refined propriety would prohibit loud praying even to the priest: buildings and situations which as a whole would express the sublimity of self-communion and seclusion from the world. The time is past when the Church possessed the monopoly of reflection, when the *vita contemplativa* had always in the first place to be the *vita religiosa*: and everything that the Church has built expresses this thought. I know not how we could content ourselves with their structures, even if they should be divested of their ecclesiastical purposes: these structures speak a far too pathetic and too biased speech, as houses of God and places of splendour for supernatural intercourse, for us godless ones to be able to think our thoughts in them. We want to have ourselves translated into stone and plant, we want to go for a walk in ourselves when we wander in these halls and gardens.

Gay Science

281

Knowing how to Find the End.-Masters of the first rank are recognised by knowing in a perfect manner how to find the end, in the whole as well as in the part; be it the end of a melody or of a thought, be it the fifth act of a tragedy or of a state affair. The masters of the second degree always become restless towards the end, and seldom dip down into the sea with such proud, quiet equilibrium as, for example, the mountain-ridge at Portofino- where the Bay of Genoa sings its melody to an end.

Gay Science

282

The Gait.-There are mannerisms of the intellect by which even great minds betray that they originate from the populace, or from the semi-

populace :-it is principally the gait and step of their thoughts which betray them ; they cannot -walk. It was thus that even Napoleon, to his profound chagrin, could not walk " legitimately" and in princely fashion on occasions when it was necessary to do so properly, as in great coronation processions and on similar occasions : even there he was always just the leader of a column-proud and brusque at the same time, and very self-conscious of it all.-It is something laughable to see those writers who make the folding robes of their periods rustle around them : they want to cover their7^.

Gay Science

283

Pioneers.-I greet all the signs indicating that a more manly and warlike age is commencing, which will, above all, bring heroism again into honour! For it has to prepare the way for a yet higher age, and gather the force which the latter will one day require,-the age which will carry heroism into knowledge, and wage war for the sake of ideas and their consequences. For that end many brave pioneers are now needed, who, however, cannot originate out of nothing,-and just as little out of the sand and slime of present-day civilisation and the culture of great cities : men silent, solitary and resolute, who know how to be content and persistent in invisible activity: men who with innate disposition seek in all things that which is to be overcome in them : men to whom cheerfulness, patience, simplicity, and contempt of the great vanities belong just as much as do magnanimity in victory and indulgence to the trivial vanities of all the vanquished: men with an acute and independent judgment regarding all victors, and concerning the part which chance has played in the winning of victory and fame : men with their own holidays, their own work-days, and their own periods of mourning; accustomed to command with perfect assurance, and equally ready, if need be, to obey, proud in the one case as in the other, equally serving their own interests: men more imperilled, more productive, more happy ! For believe me !-the secret of realising the largest productivity and the greatest enjoyment of existence is to live dangerously! Build your cities on the slope of Vesuvius! Send your ships into unexplored seas! Live in war with your equals and with yourselves ! Be robbers and spoilers, you knowing ones, as long as you cannot be rulers and possessors! The time will soon pass

when you can be satisfied to live like timorous deer concealed in the forests. Knowledge will finally stretch out her hand for that which belongs to her:-she means to rule and possess, and you with her!

Gay Science

284

Belief in Oneself.-In general, few men have belief in themselves :-and of those few some are endowed with it as a useful blindness or partial obscuration of intellect (what would they perceive if they could see to the bottom of themselves /). The others must first acquire the belief for themselves : everything good, clever, or great that they do, is first of all an argument against the sceptic that dwells in them : the question is how to convince or persuade this sceptic, and for that purpose genius almost is needed. They are signally dissatisfied with themselves.

Gay Science

285

Excelsior I-"You will never more pray, never more worship, never more repose in infinite trust- you refuse to stand still and dismiss your thoughts before an ultimate wisdom, an ultimate virtue, an ultimate power,- you have no constant guardian and friend in your seven solitudes-you live without the outlook on a mountain that has snow on its head and fire in its heart-there is no longer any avenger for you, nor any improver with his finishing touch-there is no longer any reason in that which happens, or any love in that which will happen to thee-there is no longer any resting-place for your weary heart, where it has only to find and no longer to seek, you are opposed to any kind of ultimate peace, you desire the eternal recurrence of war and peace:-man of renunciation, wilt you renounce in all these things? Who will give you the strength to do so ? No one has yet had this strength !"-There is a lake which one day refused to flow away, and threw up a dam at the place where it had until now discharged: since then this lake has always risen higher and higher. Perhaps the very renunciation will also furnish us with the strength with which the renunciation itself can be borne;

perhaps man will ever rise higher and higher from that point onward, when he no longer flows out into a God.

Gay Science

286

A Digression.-Here are hopes; but what will you see and hear of them, if you have not experienced glance and glow and dawn of day in your own souls ? I can only suggest-I cannot do more! To move the stones, to make animals men-would you have me do that ? Alas, if you are yet stones and animals, you must seek your Orpheus!

Gay Science

287

Love of Blindness.-"My thoughts," said the wanderer to his shadow, "ought to show me where I stand, but they should not betray to me whither I go. I love ignorance of the future, and do not want to come to grief by impatience and anticipatory tasting of promised things."

Gay Science

288

Lofty Moods.-It seems to me that most men do not believe in lofty moods, unless it be for the moment, or at the most for a quarter of an hour,- except the few who know by experience a longer duration of high feeling. But to be absolutely a man with a single lofty feeling, the incarnation of a single lofty mood-that has until now been only a dream and an enchanting possibility: history does not yet give us any trustworthy example of it. Nevertheless one might also someday produce such men-when a multitude of favourable conditions have been created and established, which at present even the happiest chance is unable to throw together. Perhaps that very state which has until now entered into our soul as an exception, felt with horror now and then, may be the usual

condition of those future souls : a continuous movement between high and low, and the feeling of high and low, a constant state of mounting as on steps, and at the same time reposing as on clouds.

Gay Science

289

Embark! — When one considers how a full philosophical justification of his way of living and thinking operates upon every individual — namely, as a warming, blessing, and fertilizing sun, specially shining on him ; how it makes him independent of praise and blame, self-sufficient, rich and generous in the bestowal of happiness and kindness; how it unceasingly transforms the evil to the good, brings all the energies to bloom and mature, and altogether hinders the growth of the greater and lesser weeds of chagrin and discontent : — one at last exclaims : Oh, that many such new suns were created! The evil man, also, the unfortunate man, and the exceptional man, shall each have his philosophy, his rights, and his sunshine! It is not pity for them that is necessary! — we must unlearn this arrogant fancy, notwithstanding that humanity has so long learned it and used it exclusively, — we need not set up any confessor, exorcist, or pardoner for them! It is a new justice, however, that is necessary! And a new solution! And new philosophers! The moral earth also is round! The moral earth also has its antipodes ! The antipodes also have their right to exist! there is still another world to discover — and more than one! Embark, philosophers!

Gay Science

290

One Thing is Needful. - To "give style" to one's character - that is a grand and a rare art! He who surveys all that his nature presents in its strength and in its weakness, and then fashions it into an artistic plan, until everything appears as art and reason, and even the weaknesses enchant the eye - he exercises that admirable art. Here there has been a great amount of second nature added, there a portion of first nature has been taken away:- in both cases with long exercise and daily labour at the

task. Here the ugly, which does not permit of being taken away, has been concealed, there it has been re-interpreted into the sublime. Much of the vague, which refuses to take form, has been reserved and utilised for distant views :-it is meant to give a hint of the remote and immeasurable. In the end, when the work has been completed, it is revealed how it was the constraint of the same taste that organised and fashioned it, in whole and in part: whether the taste was good or bad is of less importance than one thinks,- it is sufficient that it was a single taste!-It will be the strong imperious natures which experience their most refined joy in such constraint, in such confinement and perfection under their own law; the passion of their violent volition lessens at the sight of all disciplined nature, all conquered and ministering nature: even when they have palaces to build and gardens to lay out, it is not to their taste to allow nature to be free.-It is the reverse with weak characters who have not power- over themselves, and hate the restriction of style: they feel that if this repugnant constraint were laid upon them, they would necessarily become vulgarised under it: they become slaves as soon as they serve, they hate service. Such intellects-they may be intellects of the first rank-are always concerned with fashioning and interpreting themselves and their surroundings as free nature-wild, arbitrary, fantastic, confused and surprising: and it is well for them to do so, because only in this manner can they please themselves! For one thing is needful: namely, that man should attain to satisfaction with himself-be it but through this or that fable and artifice: it is only then that man's aspect is at all endurable! He who is dissatisfied with himself is ever ready to avenge himself on that account: we others will be his victims, if only in having always to endure his ugly aspect. For the aspect of the ugly makes one mean and sad.

Gay Science

291

Genoa.-I have looked upon this city, its villas and pleasure-grounds, and the wide circuit of its inhabited heights and slopes, for a considerable time: in the end I must say that I see countenances out of past generations,-this district is strewn with the images of bold and autocratic men. They have lived and have wanted to live on-they say so with their houses, built and decorated for centuries, and not for the passing hour: they were well disposed to life, however ill-disposed they may often

have been towards themselves. I always see the builder, how he casts his eye on all that is built around him far and near, and likewise on the city, the sea, and the chain of mountains; how he expresses power and conquest with his gaze: all this he wishes to fit into his plan, and in the end make it his property, by its becoming a portion of the same. The whole district is overgrown with this superb, insatiable egoism of the desire to possess and exploit; and as these men when abroad recognised no frontiers, and in their thirst for the new placed a new world beside the old, so also at home everyone rose up against everyone else, and devised some mode of expressing his superiority, and of placing between himself and his neighbour his personal illimitableness. Everyone won for himself his home once more by overpowering it with his architectural thoughts, and by transforming it into a delightful sight for his race. When we consider the mode of building cities in the north, the law, and the general delight in legality and obedience, impose upon us: we thereby divine the propensity to equality and submission which must have ruled in those builders. Here, however, on turning every corner you find a man by himself, who knows the sea, knows adventure, and knows the Orient, a man who is averse to law and to neighbour, as if it bored him to have to do with them, a man who scans all that is already old and established with envious glances: with a wonderful craftiness of fantasy, he would like, at least in thought, to establish all this anew, to lay his hand upon it, and introduce his meaning into it-if only for the passing hour of a sunny afternoon, when for once his insatiable and melancholy soul feels satiety, and when only what is his own, and nothing strange, may show itself to his eye.

Gay Science

292

To the Preachers of Morality.-I do not mean to moralise, but to those who do, I would give this advice : if you mean ultimately to deprive the best things and the best conditions of all honour and worth, continue to speak of them in the same way as heretofore! Put them at the head of your morality, and speak from morning till night of the happiness of virtue, of repose of soul, of righteousness, and of reward and punishment in the nature of things : according as you go on in this manner, all these good things will finally acquire a popularity and a street-cry for

themselves: but then all the gold on them will also be worn off*, and more besides: all the gold in them will have changed into lead. Truly, you understand the reverse art of alchemy, the depreciating of the most valuable things! Try, just for once, another recipe, in order not to realise as until now the opposite of what you mean to attain : deny those good things, withdraw from them the applause of the populace and discourage the spread of them, make them once more the concealed chastities of solitary souls, and say: morality is something forbidden ! Perhaps you will thus attract to your cause the sort of men who are only of any account, I mean the heroic. But then there must be something formidable in it, and not as until now something disgusting! Might one not be inclined to say at present with reference to morality what Master Eckardt says: " I pray God to deliver me from God !"

Gay Science

293

Our Atmosphere.-We know it well: in him who only casts a glance now and then at science, as when taking a walk (in the manner of women, and alas! also like many artists), the strictness in its service, its inexorability in small matters as well as in great, its rapidity in weighing, judging and condemning, produce something of a feeling of giddiness and fright. It is especially terrifying to him that the hardest is here demanded, that the best is done without the reward of praise or distinction ; it is rather as among soldiers-almost nothing but blame and sharp reprimand is heard; for doing well prevails here as the rule, doing ill as the exception; the rule, however, has, here as everywhere, a silent tongue. It is the same with this " severity of science " as with the manners and politeness of the best society: it frightens the uninitiated. He, however, who is accustomed to it, does not like to live anywhere but in this clear, transparent, powerful, and highly electrified atmosphere, this manly atmosphere. Anywhere else it is not pure and airy enough for him : he suspects that there his best art would neither be properly advantageous to anyone else, nor a delight to himself, that through misunderstandings half of his life would slip through his fingers, that much foresight, much concealment and reticence would constantly be necessary,-nothing but great and useless losses of power! In this keen and clear element, however, he has his entire power: here he can fly! Why should he again go down into those

muddy waters where he has to swim and wade and soil his wings!-No! There it is too hard for us to live! we cannot help it that we are born for the atmosphere, the pure atmosphere, we rivals of the ray of light; and that we should like best to ride like it on the atoms of ether, not away from the sun, but towards the sun! That, however, we cannot do:-so we want to do the only thing that is in our power: namely, to bring light to the earth, we want to be " the light of the earth !" And for that purpose we have our wings and our swiftness and our severity, on that account we are manly, and even terrible like the fire. Let those fear us, who do not know how to warm and brighten themselves by our influence!

Gay Science

294

Against the Disparagers of Nature.-They are disagreeable to me, those men in whom every natural inclination forthwith becomes a disease, something disfiguring, or even disgraceful. They have seduced us to the opinion that the inclinations and impulses of men are evil; † they are the cause of our great injustice to our own nature, and to all nature! There are enough of men who may yield to their impulses gracefully and carelessly: but they do not do so, for fear of that imaginary " evil thing " in nature! That is the cause why there is so little nobility to be found among men: the indication of which will always be to have no fear of oneself, to expect nothing disgraceful from oneself, to fly without hesitation whithersoever we are impelled-we free-born birds! Wherever we come, there will always be freedom and sunshine around us.

Gay Science

295

Short-lived Habits.-I love short-lived habits, and regard them as an invaluable means for getting a knowledge of many things and various conditions, to the very bottom of their sweetness and bitterness ; my nature is altogether arranged for short-lived habits, even in the needs of its bodily health, and in general, as far as I can see, from the lowest up to the highest matters. I always think that this will at last satisfy me

permanently (the short-lived habit has also this characteristic belief of passion, the belief in everlasting duration; I am to be envied for having found it and recognised it), and then it nourishes me at noon and at eve, and spreads a profound satisfaction around me and in me, so that I have no longing for anything else, not needing to compare, or despise, or hate. But one day the habit has had its time: the good thing separates from me, not as something which then inspires disgust in me-but peaceably, and as though satisfied with me, as I am with it; as if we had to be mutually thankful, and thus shook hands for farewell. And already the new habit waits at the door, and similarly also my belief-indestructible fool and sage that I am !-that this new habit will be the right one, the ultimate right one. So it is with me as regards foods, thoughts, men, cities, poems, music, doctrines, arrangements of the day, and modes of life.-On the other hand, I hate permanent habits, and feel as if a tyrant came into my neighbourhood, and as if my life's breath condensed, when events take such a form that permanent habits seem necessarily to grow out of them: for example, through an official position, through constant companionship with the same persons, through a settled abode, or through a uniform state of health. Indeed, from the bottom of my soul I am gratefully disposed to all my misery and sickness, and to whatever is imperfect in me, because such things leave me a hundred back-doors through which I can escape from permanent habits. The most unendurable thing, to be sure, the really terrible thing, would be a life without habits, a life which continually required improvisation : - that would be my banishment and my Siberia.

Gay Science

296

A Fixed Reputation.-A fixed reputation was formerly a matter of the very greatest utility; and wherever society continues to be ruled by the herd - instinct, it is still most suitable for every individual to give to his character and business the appearance of unalterableness,-even when they are not so in reality. " One can rely on him, he remains the same"-that is the praise which has most significance in all dangerous conditions of society. Society feels with satisfaction that it has a reliable tool ready at all times in the virtue of this one, in the ambition of that one, and in the reflection and passion of a third one,-it honours this tool-like nature, this

self-constancy, this unchangeableness in opinions, efforts, and even in faults, with the highest honours. Such a valuation, which prevails and has prevailed everywhere simultaneously with the morality of custom, educates "characters," and brings all changing, re-learning, and self-transforming into disrepute. Be the advantage of this mode of thinking ever so great otherwise, it is in any case the mode of judging which is most injurious to knowledge: for precisely the good-will of the knowing one ever to declare himself unhesitatingly as opposed to his former opinions, and in general to be distrustful of all that wants to be fixed in him - is here condemned and brought into disrepute. The disposition of the thinker, as incompatible with a "fixed reputation," is regarded as dishonourable, while the petrification of opinions has all the honour to itself:-we have at present still to live under the interdict of such rules! How difficult it is to live when one feels that the judgment of many millenniums is around one and against one. It is probable that for many millenniums knowledge was afflicted with a bad conscience, and there must have been much self-contempt and secret misery in the history of the greatest intellects.

Gay Science

297

Ability to Contradict.-Everyone knows at present that the ability, to endure contradiction is a good indication of culture. Some people even know that the higher man courts opposition, and provokes it, so as to get a cue to his until now unknown partiality. But the ability to contradict, the attainment of a good conscience in hostility to the accustomed, the traditional and the hallowed,-that is more than both the above-named abilities, and is the really great, new and astonishing thing in our culture, the step of all steps of the emancipated intellect: who knows that ?-

Gay Science

298

A Sigh.-I caught this notion on the way, and rapidly took the readiest, poor words to hold it fast, so that it might not again fly away. But it has

died in these dry words, and hangs and flaps about in them-and now I hardly know, when I look upon it, how I could have had such happiness when I caught this bird.

Gay Science

299

What one should Learn from Artists.-What means have we for making things beautiful, attractive, and desirable, when they are not so ?- and I suppose they are never so in themselves! We have here something to learn from physicians, when, for example, they dilute what is bitter, or put wine and sugar into their mixing-bowl; but we have still more to learn from artists, who in fact, are continually concerned in devising such inventions and artifices. To withdraw from things until one no longer sees much of them, until one has even to see things into them, in order to see them at all-or to view them from the side, and as in a frame - or to place them so that they partly disguise themselves and only permit of perspective views-or to look at them through coloured glasses, or in the light of the sunset-or to furnish them with a surface or skin which is not fully transparent: we should learn all this from artists, and moreover be wiser than they. For this fine power of theirs usually ceases with them where art ceases and life begins ; we, however, want to be the poets of our lives, and first of all in the smallest and most commonplace matters.

Gay Science

300

Prelude to Science.-Do you believe then that the sciences would have arisen and grown up if the sorcerers, alchemists, astrologers and witches had not been their forerunners; those who, with their promissings and foreshadowings, had first to create a thirst, a hunger, and a taste for hidden and forbidden powers ? Yea, that infinitely more had to be promised than could ever be fulfilled, in order that something might be fulfilled in the domain of knowledge? Perhaps the whole of religion, also, may appear to some distant age as an exercise and a prelude, in like manner as the prelude and preparation of science here exhibit themselves, though

not at all practised and regarded as such. Perhaps religion may have been the peculiar means for enabling individual men to enjoy but once the entire self-satisfaction of a God and all his self-redeeming power. Indeed !-one may ask-would man have learned at all to get on the tracks of hunger and thirst for himself, and to extract satiety and fullness out of himself without that religious schooling and preliminary history? Had Prometheus first to fancy that he had stolen the light, and that he did penance for the theft,-in order finally to discover that he had created the light, in that he had longed for the light, and that not only man, but also God, had been the work of his hands and the clay in his hands ? All mere creations of the creator?-just as the illusion, the theft, the Caucasus, the vulture, and the whole tragic Prometheia of all thinkers ?

Gay Science

301

Illusion of the Contemplative.-Higher men are distinguished from lower, by seeing and hearing immensely more, and in a thoughtful manner-and it is precisely this that distinguishes man from the animal, and the higher animal from the lower. The world always becomes fuller for him who grows up to the full stature of humanity ; there are always more interesting fishing-hooks, thrown out to him ; the number of his stimuli is continually on the increase, and similarly the varieties of his pleasure and pain,-the higher man becomes always at the same time happier and unhappier. An illusion, however, is his constant accompaniment all along : he thinks he is placed as a spectator and auditor before the great pantomime and concert of life ; he calls his nature a contemplative nature, and thereby overlooks the fact that he himself is also a real creator, and continuous poet of life,-that he no doubt differs greatly from the actor in this drama, the so-called practical man, but differs still more from a mere onlooker or spectator before the stage. There is certainly *vis contemplativa*, and re-examination of his work peculiar to him as poet, but at the same time, and first and foremost, he has the *vis creativa*, which the practical man or doer lacks, whatever appearance and current belief may say to the contrary. It is we, who think and feel, that actually and unceasingly make something which did not before exist: the whole eternally increasing world of valuations, colours, weights, perspectives, gradations, affirmations and negations. This composition of ours is

continually learnt, practised, and translated into flesh and actuality, and even into the commonplace, by the so-called practical men (our actors, as we have said). Whatever has value in the present world, has not it in itself, by its nature,-nature is always worthless :- but a value was once given to it, bestowed upon it and it was we who gave and bestowed ! We only have created the world which is of any account to man t-But it is precisely this knowledge that we lack, and when we get hold of it for a moment we have forgotten it the next: we misunderstand our highest power, we contemplative men, and estimate ourselves at too low a rate, - we are neither as proud nor as happy as we might be.

Gay Science

302

The Danger of the Happiest Ones.-To have fine senses and a fine taste; to be accustomed to the select and the intellectually best as our proper and readiest fare; to be blessed with a strong, bold, and daring soul; to go through life with a quiet eye and a firm step, ever ready for the worst as for a festival, and full of longing for undiscovered worlds and seas, men and Gods ; to listen to all joyous music, as if there perhaps brave men, soldiers and seafarers, took a brief repose and enjoyment, and in the profoundest pleasure of the moment were overcome with tears and the whole purple melancholy of happiness: who would not like all this to be his possession, his condition ! It was the happiness of Homer! The condition of him who invented the Gods for the Greeks,-nay, who invented his Gods for himself! But let us not conceal the fact that with this happiness of Homer in one's soul, one is more liable to suffering than any other creature under the sun! And only at this price do we purchase the most precious pearl that the waves of existence have until now washed ashore! As its possessor one always becomes more sensitive to pain, and at last too sensitive: a little displeasure and loathing sufficed in the end to make Homer disgusted with life. He was unable to solve a foolish little riddle which some young fishers proposed to him! Yes, the little riddles are the dangers of the happiest ones !-

Gay Science

Two Happy Ones.-Certainly this man, notwithstanding his youth, understands the improvisation of life, and astonishes even the acutest observers. For it seems that he never makes a mistake, although he constantly plays the most hazardous games. One is reminded of the improvising masters of the musical art, to whom even the listeners would gladly ascribe a divine infallibility of the hand, notwithstanding that they now and then make a mistake, as every mortal is liable to do. But they are skilled and inventive, and always ready in a moment to arrange into the structure of the score the most accidental tone (where the jerk of a finger or a humour brings it about), and to animate the accident with a fine meaning and soul.-Here is quite a different man: everything that he intends and plans fails with him in the long run. That on which he has now and again set his heart has already brought him several times to the abyss, and to the very verge of ruin ; and if he has as yet got out of the scrape, it certainly has not been merely with a "black eye." Do you think he is unhappy over it? He resolved long ago not to regard his own wishes and plans as of so much importance. " If this does not succeed with me," he says to himself, " perhaps that will succeed ; and on the whole I do not know but that I am under more obligation to thank my failures than any of my successes. Am I made to be headstrong, and to wear the bull's horns ? That which constitutes the worth and the sum of life for me, lies somewhere else; I know more of life, because I have been so often on the point of losing it; and just on that account I have more of life than any of you!"

Gay Science

In Doing we Leave Undone.-In the main .all those moral systems are distasteful to me which say: " Do not do this ! Renounce! Overcome yourself!" On the other hand I am favourable to those moral systems which stimulate me to do something, and to do it again from morning till evening, to dream of it at night, and think of nothing else but to do it well, as well as is possible for me alone! From him who so lives there fall off one after the other the things that do not pertain to such a life: without hatred or antipathy, he sees this take leave of him to-day, and that to-morrow,

like the yellow leaves which every livelier breeze strips from the tree: or he does not see at all that they take leave of him, so firmly is his eye fixed upon his goal, and generally forward, not sideways, backward, or downward. " Our doing must determine what we leave undone; in that we do, we leave undone " -so it pleases me, so runs my placitum. But I do not mean to strive with open eyes for my impoverishment; I do not like any of the negative virtues whose very essence is negation and self-renunciation.

Gay Science

305

Self-control. - Those moral teachers who first and foremost order man to get himself into his own power, induce thereby a curious infirmity in him,-namely, a constant sensitiveness with reference to all natural strivings and inclinations, and as it were, a sort of itching. Whatever may henceforth drive him, draw him, allure or impel him, whether internally or externally-it always seems to this sensitive being as if his self-control were in danger: he is no longer at liberty to trust himself to any instinct, to any free flight, but stands constantly with defensive mien, armed against himself, with sharp distrustful eye, the eternal watcher of his stronghold, to which office he has appointed himself. Yes, he can be great in that position! But how unendurable he has now become to others, how difficult even for himself to bear, how impoverished and cut off from the finest accidents of his soul! Yea, even from all further instruction ! For we must be able to lose ourselves at times, if we want to learn something of what we have not in ourselves.

Gay Science

306

Stoic and Epicurean.-The Epicurean selects the situations, the persons, and even the events which suit his extremely sensitive, intellectual constitution ; he renounces the rest-that is to say, by far the greater part of experience-because it would be too strong and too heavy fare for him. The Stoic, on the contrary, accustoms himself to swallow stones and

vermin, glass-splinters and scorpions, without feeling any disgust: his stomach is meant to become indifferent in the end to all that the accidents of existence cast into it:-he reminds one of the Arabic sect of the Assaua, with which the French became acquainted in Algiers; and like those insensible persons, he also likes well to have an invited public at the exhibition of his insensibility, the very thing the Epicurean willingly dispenses with :-he has of course his " garden " ! Stoicism may be quite advisable for men with whom fate improvises, for those who live in violent times and are dependent on abrupt and changeable individuals. He, however, who anticipates that fate will permit him to spin " a long thread," does well to make his arrangements in Epicurean fashion; all men devoted to intellectual labour have done it until now ! For it would be. a supreme loss to them to forfeit their fine sensibility, and to acquire the hard, stoical hide with hedgehog prickles in exchange.

Gay Science

307

In Favour of Criticism.-Something now appears to you as an error which you formerly loved as a truth, or as a probability: you push it from you and imagine that your reason has there gained a victory. But perhaps that error was then, when you were still another person-you are always another person,-just as necessary to you as all your present " truths," like a skin, as it were, which concealed and veiled from you much which you still may not see. Your new life, and not your reason, has slain that opinion for you: you do not require it any longer, and now it breaks down of its own accord, and the irrationality crawls out of it as a worm into the light. When we make use of criticism it is not something arbitrary and impersonal,-it is, at least very often, a proof that there are lively, active forces in us, which cast a skin. We deny, and must deny, because something in us wants to live and affirm itself, something which we perhaps do not as yet know, do not as yet see!-So much in favour of criticism.

Gay Science

308

The History of each Day,-What is it that constitutes the history of each day for you? Look at your habits of which it consists: are they the product of numberless little acts of cowardice and laziness, or of your bravery and inventive reason? Although the two cases are so different, it is possible that men might bestow the same praise upon you, and that you might also be equally useful to them in the one case as in the other. But praise and utility and respectability may suffice for him whose only desire is to have a good conscience,-not however for you, the "trier of the reins," who has a consciousness of the conscience!

Gay Science

309

Out of the Seventh Solitude.-One day the wanderer shut a door behind him, stood still, and wept. Then he said: "Oh, this inclination and impulse towards the true, the real, the non-apparent, the certain! How I detest it! Why does this gloomy and passionate taskmaster follow just me? I should like to rest, but it does not permit me to do so. Are there not a host of things seducing me to tarry! Everywhere there are gardens of Armida for me, and therefore there will ever be fresh separations and fresh bitterness of heart! I must set my foot forward, my weary wounded foot: and because I feel I must do this, I often cast grim glances back at the most beautiful things which could not detain me-because they could not detain me!"

Gay Science

310

Will and Wave.-How eagerly this wave comes hither, as if it were a question of its reaching something! How it creeps with frightful haste into the innermost corners of the rocky cliff! It seems that it wants to forestall someone; it seems that something is concealed there that has value, high value. -And now it retreats somewhat more slowly, still quite white with excitement,-is it disappointed? Has it found what it sought? Does it merely pretend to be disappointed?-But already another wave

approaches, still more eager and wild than the first, and its soul also seems to be full of secrets, and of longing for treasure-seeking. Thus live the waves,-thus live we who exercise will!-I do not say more.-But what! You distrust me ? You are angry at me, you beautiful monsters ? Do you fear that I will quite betray your secret ? Well! Just be angry with me, raise your green, dangerous bodies as high as you can, make a wall between me and the sun-as at present! Verily, there is now nothing more left of the world save green twilight and green lightning-flashes. Do as you will, you wanton creatures, roar with delight and wickedness -or dive under again, pour your emeralds down into the depths, and cast your endless white tresses of foam and spray over them-it is all the same to me, for all is so well with you, and I am so pleased with you for it all: how could I betray you ! For -take this to heart!-I know you and your secret, I know your race! You and I are indeed of one race! You and I have indeed one secret!

Gay Science

311

Broken Lights.-We are not always brave, and when we are weary, people of our stamp are liable to lament occasionally in this wise :-" It is so hard to cause pain to men-oh, that it should be necessary! What good is it to live concealed, when we do not want to keep to ourselves that which causes vexation ? Would it not be more advisable to live in the madding crowd, and compensate individuals for sins that are committed, and must be committed, against mankind in general? Foolish with fools, vain with the vain, enthusiastic with enthusiasts? Would that not be reasonable when there is such an inordinate amount of divergence in the main ? When I hear of the malignity of others against me-is not my first feeling that of satisfaction? It is well that it should be so!-I seem to myself to say to them- I am so little in harmony with you, and have so much truth on my side: see henceforth that you be merry at my expense as often as you can! Here are my defects and mistakes, here are my illusions, my bad taste, my confusion, my tears, my vanity, my owlish concealment, my contradictions ! Here you have something to laugh at! Laugh then; and enjoy yourselves! I am not averse to the law and nature of things, which is that defects and errors should give pleasure!-To be sure, there were once ' more glorious' times, when as soon as anyone got an

idea, however moderately new it might be, he would think himself so indispensable as to go out into the street with it, and call to everybody: 'Behold! the kingdom of heaven is at hand!'-I should not miss myself, if I were a-wanting. We are none of us indispensable!"-As we have said, however, we do not think thus when we are brave; we do not think about it at all.

Gay Science

312

My Dog.-I have given a name to my pain, and call it "a dog,"-it is just as faithful, just as importunate and shameless, just as entertaining, just as wise, as any other dog-and I can domineer over it, and vent my bad humour on it, as others do with their dogs, servants, and wives.

Gay Science

313

No Picture of a Martyr.-I will take my cue from Raphael, and not paint any more martyr- pictures. There are enough of sublime things without its being necessary to seek sublimity where it is linked with cruelty; moreover my ambition would not be gratified in the least if I aspired to be a sublime executioner.

Gay Science

314

New Domestic Animals.-I want to have my lion and my eagle about me, that I may always have hints and premonitions concerning the amount of my strength or weakness. Must I look down on them to-day, and be afraid of them? And will the hour come once more when they will look up to me, and tremble ?-

Gay Science

315

The Last Hour.-Storms are my danger. Shall I have my storm in which I perish, as Oliver Cromwell perished in his storm? Or shall I go out as a light does, not first blown out by the wind, but grown tired and weary of itself-a burnt-out light? Or finally, shall I blow myself out, so as not to burn out ?

Gay Science

316

Prophetic Men.-Ye cannot divine how sorely prophetic men suffer: you think only that a fine "gift" has been given to them, and would gladly have it yourselves,-but I will express my meaning by a simile. How much may not the animals suffer from the electricity of the atmosphere and the clouds! Some of them, as we see, have a prophetic faculty with regard to the weather, for example, apes (as one can observe very well even in Europe,- and not only in menageries, but at Gibraltar). But it never occurs to us that it is their sufferings-that are their prophets! When strong positive electricity, under the influence of an approaching cloud not at all visible, is suddenly converted into negative electricity, and an alteration of the weather is imminent, these animals then behave as if an enemy were approaching them, and prepare for defence, or flight: they generally hide themselves,-they do not think of the bad weather as weather, but as an enemy whose hand they already feel!

Gay Science

317

Retrospect.-We seldom become conscious of the real pathos of any period of life as such, as long as we continue in it, but always think it is the only possible and reasonable thing for us henceforth, and that it is altogether ethos and not pathos *-to speak and distinguish like the Greeks. A few notes of music to-day recalled a winter and a house, and a life of

utter solitude to my mind, and at the same time the sentiments in which I then lived: I thought I should be able to live in such a state always. But now I understand that it was entirely pathos and passion, something comparable to this painfully bold and truly comforting music,-it is not one's lot to have these sensations for years, still less for eternities: otherwise one would become too "ethereal" for this planet.

Gay Science

318

Wisdom in Pain.-In pain there is as much wisdom as in pleasure: like the latter it is one of the best self-preserved of a species. Were it not so, pain would long ago have been done away with ; that it is hurtful is no argument against it, for to be hurtful is its very essence. In pain I hear the commanding call of the ship's captain : " Take in sail!" " Man," the bold seafarer, must have learned to set his sails in a thousand different ways, otherwise he could not have sailed long, for the ocean would soon have swallowed him up. We must also know how to live with reduced energy : as soon as pain gives its precautionary signal, it is time to reduce the speed-some great danger, some storm, is approaching, and we do well to "catch" as little wind as possible.-It is true that there are men who, on the approach of severe pain, hear the very opposite call of command, and never appear more proud, more martial, or more happy than when the storm is brewing; indeed, pain itself provides them with their supreme moments! These are the heroic men, the great pain-bringers of mankind: those few and rare ones who need just the same apology as pain generally,-and verily, it should not be denied them! They are forces of the greatest importance for preserving and advancing the species, be it only because they are opposed to smug ease, and do not conceal their disgust at this kind of happiness.

Gay Science

319

As Interpreters of our Experiences.-One form of honesty has always been lacking among founders of religions and their kin :-they have never

made their experiences a matter of the intellectual conscience. " What did I really experience ? What then took place in me and around me ? Was my understanding clear enough? Was my will directly opposed to all deception of the senses, and courageous in its defence against fantastic notions ?" - None of them ever asked these questions, nor to this day do any of the good religious people ask them. They have rather a thirst for things which are contrary to reason, and they don't want to have too much difficulty in satisfying this thirst,-so they experience "miracles" and "regenerations," and hear the voices of angels! But we who are different, who are thirsty for reason, want to look as carefully into our experiences as in the case of a scientific experiment, hour by hour, day by day! We ourselves want to be our own experiments, and our own subjects of experiment.

Gay Science

320

On Meeting Again.-A : Do I quite understand you ? You are in search of something ? Where, in the midst of the present, actual world, is your niche and star? Where can you lay yourself in the sun, so that you also may have a surplus of well-being, that your existence may justify itself? Let everyone do that for himself-you seem to say, -and let him put talk about generalities, concern for others and society, out of his mind!-B: I want more ; I am no seeker. I want to create my own sun for myself.

Gay Science

321

A New Precaution.-Let us no longer think so much about punishing, blaming, and improving! We shall seldom be able to alter an individual, and if we should succeed in doing so, something else may also succeed, perhaps unawares : we may have been altered by him! Let us rather see to it that our own influence on all that is to come outweighs and outweighs his influence! Let us not struggle in direct conflict!-all blaming, punishing, and desire to improve comes under this category. But let us elevate ourselves all the higher! Let us ever give to our pattern more

shining colours! Let us obscure the other by our light! No! We do not mean to become darker ourselves on his account, like those who punish and are discontented! Let us rather go aside! Let us look away!

Gay Science

322

A Simile.-Those thinkers in whom all the stars move in cyclic orbits, are not the most profound. He who looks into himself, as into an immense universe, and carries Milky Ways in himself, knows also how irregular all Milky Ways are; they lead into the very chaos and labyrinth of existence.

Gay Science

323

Happiness in Destiny.-Destiny confers its greatest distinction upon us when it has made us fight for a time on the side of our adversaries. We are thereby predestined to a great victory.

Gay Science

324

In Media Vita.-No! Life has not deceived me! On the contrary, from year to year I find it richer, more desirable and more mysterious-from the day on which the great liberator broke my fetters, the thought that life may be an experiment of the thinker-and not a duty, not a fatality, not a deceit!-And knowledge itself may be for others something different; for example, a bed of ease, or the path to a bed of ease, or an entertainment, or a course of idling,-for me it is a world of dangers and victories, in which even the heroic sentiments have their arena and dancing-floor. "Life as a means to knowledge"-with this principle in one's heart, one can not only be brave, but can even live joyfully and laugh joyfully! And who could know how to laugh well and live well, who did not first

understand the full significance of war and victory?

Gay Science

325

What Belongs to Greatness.-Who can attain to anything great if he does not feel in himself the force and will to inflict great pain ? The ability to suffer is a small matter: in that line, weak women and even slaves often attain masterliness. But not to perish from internal distress and doubt when one inflicts great suffering and hears the cry of it-that is great, that belongs to greatness.

Gay Science

326

Physicians of the Soul and Pain.-All preachers of morality, as also all theologians, have a bad habit in common : all of them try to persuade man that he is very ill, and that a severe, final, radical cure is necessary. And because mankind as a whole has for centuries listened too eagerly to those teachers, something of the superstition that the human race is in a very bad way has actually come over men : so that they are now far too ready to sigh; they find nothing more in life and make melancholy faces at each other, as if life were indeed very hard to endure. In truth, they are inordinately assured of their life and in love with it, and full of untold intrigues and subtleties for suppressing everything disagreeable, and for extracting the thorn from pain and misfortune. It seems to me that people always speak with exaggeration about pain and misfortune, as if it were a matter of good behaviour to exaggerate here: on the other hand people are intentionally silent in regard to the number of expedients for alleviating pain; as for instance, the deadening of it, feverish flurry of thought, a peaceful position, or good and bad reminiscences, intentions, and hopes, -also many kinds of pride and fellow-feeling, which have almost the effect of anaesthetics: while in the greatest degree of pain fainting takes place of itself. We understand very well how to pour sweetness on our bitterness, especially on the bitterness of our soul; we find a remedy in our bravery and sublimity, as well as in the nobler

delirium of submission and resignation. A loss scarcely remains a loss for an hour: in some way or other a gift from heaven has always fallen into our lap at the same moment-a new form of strength, for example: be it but a new opportunity for the exercise of strength! What have the preachers of morality not dreamt concerning the inner " misery " of evil men! What lies have they not told us about the misfortunes of impassioned men ! Yes, lying is here the right word : they were only too well aware of the overflowing happiness of this kind of man, but they kept silent as death about it; because it was a refutation of their theory, according to which happiness only originates through the annihilation of the passions and the silencing of the will! And finally, as regards the recipe of all those physicians of the soul and their recommendation of a severe radical cure, we may be allowed to ask: Is our life really painful and burdensome enough for us to exchange it with advantage for a Stoical mode of living, and Stoical petrification ? We do not feel sufficiently miserable to have to feel ill in the Stoical fashion!

Gay Science

327

Taking Things Seriously.-The intellect is with most people an awkward, obscure and creaking machine, which is difficult to set in motion : they call it " taking a thing seriously " when they work with this machine and want to think well-oh, how burdensome must good thinking be to them ! That delightful animal, man, seems to lose his good-humour whenever he thinks well; he becomes "serious"! And "where there is laughing and gaiety, thinking cannot be worth anything:"-so speaks the prejudice of this serious animal against all " Joyful Wisdom."-Well, then ! Let us show that it is prejudice!

Gay Science

328

Doing Harm to Stupidity.-It is certain that the belief in the reprehensibility of egoism, preached with such stubbornness and conviction, has on the whole done harm to egoism (in favour of the herd-instinct, as I shall

repeat a hundred times !), especially by depriving it of a good conscience, and by bidding us seek in it the source of all misfortune. " Your selfishness is the bane of your life "-so rang the preaching for millenniums : it did harm, as we have said, to selfishness, and deprived it of much spirit, much cheerfulness, much ingenuity, and much beauty; it stultified and deformed and poisoned selfishness!-Philosophical antiquity, on the other hand, taught that there was another principal source of evil: from Socrates downwards, the thinkers were never weary of preaching that "your thoughtlessness and stupidity, your unthinking way of living according to rule, and your subjection to the opinion of your neighbour, are the reasons why you so seldom attain to happiness,-we thinkers are, as thinkers, the happiest of mortals." Let us not decide here whether this preaching against stupidity was more sound than the preaching against selfishness; it is certain, however, that stupidity was thereby deprived of its good conscience:-those philosophers did harm to stupidity.

Gay Science

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Leisure and Idleness. - There is an Indian savagery, a savagery peculiar to the Indian blood, in the manner in which the Americans strive after gold: and the breathless hurry of their work- the characteristic vice of the New World-already begins to infect old Europe, and makes it savage also, spreading over it a strange lack of intellectuality. One is now ashamed of repose: even long reflection almost causes remorse of conscience. Thinking is done with a stop-watch, as dining is done with the eyes fixed on the financial newspaper; we live like men who are continually " afraid of letting opportunities slip." " Better do anything whatever, than nothing "-this principle also is a noose with which all culture and all higher taste may be strangled. And just as all form obviously disappears in this hurry of workers, so the sense for form itself, the ear and the eye for the melody of movement, also disappear. The proof of this is the clumsy perspicuity which is now everywhere demanded in all positions where a person would like to be sincere with his fellows, in intercourse with friends, women, relatives, children, teachers, pupils, leaders and princes,-one has no longer either time or energy for ceremonies, for roundabout courtesies, for any esprit in conversation, or for any otium

whatever. For life in the hunt for gain continually compels a person to consume his intellect, even to exhaustion, in constant dissimulation, overreaching, or forestalling: the real virtue nowadays is to do something in a shorter time than another person. And so there are only rare hours of sincere intercourse permitted: in them, however, people are tired, and would not only like "to let themselves go," but to stretch their legs out wide in awkward style. The way people write their letters nowadays is quite in keeping with the age; their style and spirit will always be the true "sign of the times." If there be still enjoyment in society and in art, it is enjoyment such as over-worked slaves provide for themselves. Oh, this moderation in "joy" of our cultured and uncultured classes! Oh, this increasing suspiciousness of all enjoyment! Work is winning over more and more the good conscience to its side: the desire for enjoyment already calls itself "need of recreation," and even begins to be ashamed of itself. "One owes it to one's health," people say, when they are caught at a picnic. Indeed, it might soon go so far that one could not yield to the desire for the *vita contemplativa* (that is to say, excursions with thoughts and friends), without self-contempt and a bad conscience.- Well! Formerly it was the very reverse: it was "action" that suffered from a bad conscience. A man of good family concealed his work when need compelled him to labour. The slave laboured under the weight of the feeling that he did something contemptible :- the "doing" itself was something contemptible. "Only in *otium* and *bellum* is there nobility and honour:" so rang the voice of ancient prejudice !

Gay Science

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Applause.-The thinker does not need applause or the clapping of hands, provided he be sure of the clapping of his own hands : the latter, however, he cannot do without. Are there men who could also do without this, and in general without any kind of applause ? I doubt it: and even as regards the wisest, Tacitus, who is no calumniator of the wise, says: *quando etiam sapientibus gloria cupido novissima exuitur*-that means with him : never.

Gay Science

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Better Deaf than Deafened.-Formerly a person wanted to have his calling, but that no longer suffices to-day, for the market has become too large,- there has now to be bawling. The consequence is that even good throats outcry each other, and the best wares are offered for sale with hoarse voices; without market-place bawling and hoarseness there is now no longer any genius.-It is, sure enough, an evil age for the thinker: he has to learn to find his stillness between two noises, and has to pretend to be deaf until he finally becomes so. As long as he has not learned this, he is in danger of perishing from impatience and headaches.

Gay Science

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The Evil Hour.-There has perhaps been an evil hour for every philosopher, in which he thought: What do I matter, if people should not believe my poor arguments!-And then some malicious bird has flown past him and twittered : " What do you matter ? What do you matter ? "

Gay Science

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What does Knowing Mean ?-Non ridere, non lugere, neque detestari, sed intelligere ! says Spinoza, so simply and sublimely, as is his wont. Nevertheless, what else is this "intelligere" ultimately, but just the form in which the three other things become perceptible to us all at once? A result of the diverging and opposite impulses of desiring to deride, lament and execrate? Before knowledge is possible each of these impulses must first have brought forward its one-sided view of the object or event. The struggle of these one-sided views occurs afterwards, and out of it there occasionally arises a compromise, a pacification, a recognition of rights on all three sides, a sort of justice and agreement: for in virtue of the justice and agreement all those impulses can maintain themselves in existence and retain their mutual rights. We, to whose consciousness only

the closing reconciliation scenes and final settling of accounts of these long processes manifest themselves, think on that account that "intelligere" is something conciliating, just and good, something essentially antithetical to the impulses; whereas it is only a certain relation of the impulses to one another. For a very long time conscious thinking was regarded as the only thinking: it is now only that the truth dawns upon us that the greater part of our intellectual activity goes on unconsciously and unfelt by us; I believe, however, that the impulses which are here in mutual conflict understand rightly how to make themselves felt by one another, and how to cause pain:-the violent, sudden exhaustion which overtakes all thinkers, may have its origin here (it is the exhaustion of the battle-field). Aye, perhaps in our struggling interior there is much concealed heroism, but certainly nothing divine, or eternally-reposing-in-itself, as Spinoza supposed. Conscious thinking, and especially that of the philosopher, is the weakest, and on that account also the relatively mildest and quietest mode of thinking: and thus it is precisely the philosopher who is most easily misled concerning the nature of knowledge.

Gay Science

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One must Learn to Love.-This is our experience in music: we must first learn in general to hear, to hear fully, and to distinguish a theme or a melody, we have to isolate and limit it as a life by itself; then we need to exercise effort and good-will in order to endure it in spite of its strangeness, we need patience towards its aspect and expression, and indulgence towards what is odd in it:-in the end there comes a moment when we are accustomed to it, when we expect it, when it dawns upon us that we should miss it if it were lacking; and then it goes on to exercise its spell and charm more and more, and does not cease until we have become its humble and enraptured lovers, who want it, and want it again, and ask for nothing better from the world.-It is thus with us, however, not only in music: it is precisely thus that we have learned to love everything that we love. We are always finally recompensed for our good-will, our patience, reasonableness and gentleness towards what is unfamiliar, by the unfamiliar slowly throwing off its veil and presenting itself to us as a new, ineffable beauty :-that is its thanks for our hospitality. He also who loves himself must have learned it in this way: there is

no other way. Love also has to be learned.

Gay Science

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Cheers for Physics !-How many men are there who know how to observe? And among the few who do know,-how many observe themselves? "Everyone is furthest from himself"-all the "triers of the reins " know that to their discomfort; and the saying, " Know yourself," in the mouth of a God and spoken to man, is almost a mockery. But that the case of self-observation is so desperate, is attested best of all by the manner in which almost everybody talks of the nature of a moral action, that prompt, willing, convinced, loquacious manner, with its look, its smile, and its pleasing eagerness! Everyone seems inclined to say to you: "Why, my dear Sir, that is precisely my affair! You address yourself with your question to him who is authorised to answer, for I happen to be wiser with regard to this matter than in anything else. Therefore, when a man decides that 'this is right', when he accordingly concludes that ' it must therefore be done', and thereupon does what he has thus recognised as right and designated as necessary- then the nature of his action is moral!" But, my friend, you are talking to me about three actions instead of one: your deciding, for instance, that "this is right," is also an action,-could one not judge either morally or immorally ? Why do you regard this, and just this, as right?-"Because my conscience tells me so; conscience never speaks immorally, indeed it determines in the first place what shall be moral! "-But why do you listen to the voice of your conscience ? And in how far are you justified in regarding such a judgment as true and infallible? This belief—is there no further conscience for it ? Do you know nothing of an intellectual conscience ? A conscience behind your " conscience " ? Your decision, " this is right," has a previous history in your impulses, your likes and dislikes, your experiences and non-experiences; " how has it originated ? " you must ask, and afterwards the further question : " what really impels me to give ear to it ? " You can listen to its command like a brave soldier who hears the command of his officer. Or like a woman who loves him who commands. Or like a flatterer and coward, afraid of the commander. Or like a blockhead who follows because he has nothing to say to the contrary. In short, you can give ear to your conscience in a hundred different ways. But that you hear this or

that judgment as the voice of conscience, consequently, that you feel a thing to be right-may have its cause in the fact that you have never thought about your nature, and have blindly accepted from your childhood what has been designated to you as right: or in the fact that until now bread and honours have fallen to your share with that which you call your duty,-it is "right" to you, because it seems to be your "condition of existence" (that you, however, have a right to existence seems to you irrefutable!). The persistency of your moral judgment might still be just a proof of personal wretchedness or impersonality; your "moral force" might have its source in your obstinacy-or in your incapacity to perceive new ideals! And to be brief: if you had thought more acutely, observed more accurately, and had learned more, you would no longer under all circumstances call this and that your "duty" and your "conscience": the knowledge how moral judgments have in general always originated would make you tired of these pathetic words,-as you have already grown tired of other pathetic words, for instance "sin," "salvation," and "redemption."-And now, my friend, do not talk to me about the categorical imperative! That word tickles my ear, and I must laugh in spite of your presence and your seriousness. In this connection I recollect old Kant, who, as a punishment for having gained possession surreptitiously of the "thing in itself"-also a very ludicrous affair!-was imposed upon by the categorical imperative, and with that in his heart strayed back again to "God," the "soul," "freedom," and "immortality," like a fox which strays back into its cage: and it had been his strength and shrewdness which had broken open this cage!- What? You admire the categorical imperative in you? This "persistency" of your so-called moral judgment? This absoluteness of the feeling that "as I think on this matter, so must everyone think"? Admire rather your selfishness therein! And the blindness, paltriness, and modesty of your selfishness! For it is selfishness in a person to regard his judgment as universal law, and a blind, paltry and modest selfishness besides, because it betrays that you have not yet discovered yourself, that you have not yet created for yourself any personal, quite personal ideal:-for this could never be the ideal of another, to say nothing of all, of every one!-----He who still thinks that "each would have to act in this manner in this case," has not yet advanced half a dozen paces in self-knowledge: otherwise he would know that there neither are, nor can be, similar actions,-that every action that has been done, has been done in an entirely unique and inimitable manner, and that it will be the same with regard to all future actions; that all precepts

of conduct (and even the most esoteric and subtle precepts of all moralities up to the present), apply only to the coarse exterior,-that by means of them, indeed, a semblance of equality can be attained, but only a semblance,-that in outlook and retrospect, every action is, and remains, an impenetrable affair, -that our opinions of the "good," "noble" and "great" can never be proved by our actions, because no action is cognisable,-that our opinions, estimates, and tables of values are certainly among the most powerful levers in the mechanism of our actions, that in every single case, nevertheless, the law of their mechanism is untraceable. Let us confine ourselves, therefore, to the purification of our opinions and appreciations, and to the construction of new tables of value of our own:-we will, however, brood no longer over the "moral worth of our actions"! Yes, my friends! As regards the whole moral twaddle of people about one another, it is time to be disgusted with it! To sit in judgment morally ought to be opposed to our taste! Let us leave this nonsense and this bad taste to those who have nothing else to do, save to drag the past a little distance further through time, and who are never themselves the present,-consequently to the many, to the majority! We, however, would seek to become what we are,-the new, the unique, the incomparable, making laws for ourselves and creating ourselves! And for this purpose we must become the best students and discoverers of all the laws and necessities in the world. We must be physicists in order to be creators in that sense,-whereas until now all appreciations and ideals have been based on ignorance of physics, or in contradiction thereto. And therefore, three cheers for physics! And still louder cheers for that which impels us thereto-our honesty.

Gay Science

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Avarice of Nature.-Why has nature been so niggardly towards humanity that she has not let human beings shine, this man more and that man less, according to their inner abundance of light? Why have not great men such a fine visibility in their rising and setting as the sun? How much less equivocal would life among men then be!

Gay Science

Future " Humanity!"-When I look at this age with the eye of a distant future, I find nothing so remarkable in the man of the present day as his peculiar virtue and sickness called "the historical sense." It is a tendency to something quite new and foreign in history: if this embryo were given several centuries and more, there might finally evolve out of it a marvellous plant, with a smell equally marvellous, on account of which our old earth might be more pleasant to live in than it has been until now. We moderns are just beginning to form the chain of a very powerful, future sentiment, link by link,-we hardly know what we are doing. It almost seems to us as if it were not the question of a new sentiment, but of the decline of all old sentiments :-the historical sense is still something so poor and cold, and many are attacked by it as by a frost, and are made poorer and colder by it. To others it appears as the indication of stealthily approaching age, and our planet is regarded by them as a melancholy invalid, who, in order to forget his present condition, writes the history of his youth. In fact, this is one aspect of the new sentiment. He who knows how to regard the history of man in its entirety as his own history, feels in the immense generalisation all the grief of the invalid who thinks of health, of the old man who thinks of the dream of his youth, of the lover who is robbed of his beloved, of the martyr whose ideal is destroyed, of the hero on the evening of the indecisive battle which has brought him wounds and the loss of a friend. But to bear this immense sum of grief of all kinds, to be able to bear it, and yet still be the hero who at the commencement of a second day of battle greets the dawn and his happiness, as one who has an horizon of centuries before and behind him, as the heir of all nobility, of all past intellect, and the obligatory heir (as the noblest) of all the old nobles; while at the same time the first of a new nobility, the equal of which has never been seen nor even dreamt of: to take all this upon his soul, the oldest, the newest, the losses, hopes, conquests, and victories of mankind : to have all this at last in one soul, and to comprise it in one feeling:-this would necessarily furnish a happiness which man has not until now known,-a God's happiness, full of power and love, full of tears and laughter, a happiness which, like the sun in the evening, continually gives of its inexhaustible riches and empties into the sea,- and like the sun, too, feels itself richest when even the poorest fisherman rows with golden oars! This divine feeling might then be called-humanity!

The Will to Suffering and the Compassionate.-Is it to your advantage to be above all compassionate? And is it to the advantage of the sufferers when you are so? But let us leave the first question for a moment without an answer.-That from which we suffer most profoundly and personally is almost incomprehensible and inaccessible to everyone else: in this matter we are hidden from our neighbour even when he eats at the same table with us. Everywhere, however, where we are noticed as sufferers, our suffering is interpreted in a shallow way; it belongs to the nature of the emotion of pity to divest unfamiliar suffering of its properly personal character:-our "benefactors" lower our value and volition more than our enemies. In most benefits which are conferred on the unfortunate there is something shocking in the intellectual levity with which the compassionate person plays the role of fate: he knows nothing of all the inner consequences and complications which are called misfortune for me or for you! The entire economy of my soul and its adjustment by "misfortune," the uprising of new sources and needs, the closing up of old wounds, the repudiation of whole periods of the past-none of these things which may be connected with misfortune preoccupy the dear sympathiser. He wishes to succour, and does not reflect that there is a personal necessity for misfortune; that terror, want, impoverishment, midnight watches, adventures, hazards and mistakes are as necessary to me and to you as their opposites, yea, that, to speak mystically, the path to one's own heaven always leads through the voluptuousness of one's own hell. No, he knows nothing thereof. The "religion of compassion" (or "the heart") bids him help, and he thinks he has helped best when he has helped most speedily! If you adherents of this religion actually have the same sentiments towards yourselves which you have towards your fellows, if you are unwilling to endure your own suffering even for an hour, and continually forestall all possible misfortune, if you regard suffering and pain generally as evil, as detestable, as deserving of annihilation, and as blots on existence, well, you have then, besides your religion of compassion, yet another religion in your heart (and this is perhaps the mother of the former)-the religion of smug ease. Ah, how little you know of the happiness of man, you comfortable and good-

natured ones !-for happiness and misfortune are brother and sister, and twins, who grow tall together, or, as with you, remain small together! But now let us return to the first question.-How is it at all possible for a person to keep to his path! Some cry or other is continually calling one aside: our eye then rarely lights on anything without it becoming necessary for us to leave for a moment our own affairs and rush to give assistance. I know there are hundreds of respectable and laudable methods of making me stray from my course, and in truth the most "moral" of methods! Indeed, the opinion of the present-day preachers of the morality of compassion goes so far as to imply that just this, and this alone is moral:-to stray from our course to that extent and to run to the assistance of our neighbour. I am equally certain that I need only give myself over to the sight of one case of actual distress, and I, too, am lost! And if a suffering friend said to me, "See, I shall soon die, only promise to die with me"-I might promise it, just as-to select for once bad examples for good reasons-the sight of a small, mountain people struggling for freedom, would bring me to the point of offering them my hand and my life. Indeed, there is even a secret seduction in all this awakening of compassion, and calling for help: our "own way" is a thing too hard and insistent, and too far removed from the love and gratitude of others,-we escape from it and from our most personal conscience, not at all unwillingly, and, seeking security in the conscience of others, we take refuge in the lovely temple of the "religion of pity." As soon now as any war breaks out, there always breaks out at the same time a certain secret delight precisely in the noblest class of the people: they rush with rapture to meet the new danger of death, because they believe that in the sacrifice for their country they have finally that long-sought-for permission-the permission to shirk their aim:-war is for them a detour to suicide, a detour, however, with a good conscience. And although silent here about some things, I will not, however, be silent about my morality, which says to me: Live in concealment in order that you may live to yourself. Live ignorant of that which seems to your age to be most important! Put at least the skin of three centuries between yourself and the present day! And the clamour of the present day, the noise of wars and revolutions, ought to be a murmur to you! You wilt also want to help, but only those whose distress you entirely understand, because they have one sorrow and one hope in common with thee-thy friends: and only in the way that you help yourself:-I want to make them more courageous, more enduring, more simple, more joyful! I want to teach them that which at present so few understand, and the preachers of fellowship

in sorrow least of all:- namely, fellow ship in joy !

Gay Science

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Vita femina.-To see the ultimate beauties in a work-all knowledge and good-will is not enough ; it requires the rarest, good chance for the veil of clouds to move for once from the summits, and for the sun to shine on them. We must not only stand at precisely the right place to see this, our very soul itself must have pulled away the veil from its heights, and must be in need of an external expression and simile, so as to have a hold and remain master of itself. All these, however, are so rarely united at the same time that I am inclined to believe that the highest summit of all that is good, be it work, deed, man, or nature, has until now remained for most people, and even for the best, as something concealed and shrouded :- that, however, which unveils itself to us, unveils itself to us but once. The Greeks indeed prayed : " Twice and thrice, everything beautiful!" Ah, they had their good reason to call on the Gods, for ungodly actuality does not furnish us with the beautiful at all, or only does so once! I mean to say that the world is overfull of beautiful things, but it is nevertheless poor, very poor, in beautiful moments, and in the unveiling of those beautiful things. But perhaps this is the greatest charm of life: it puts a gold-embroidered veil of lovely potentialities over itself, promising, resisting, modest, mocking, sympathetic, seductive. Yes, life is a woman !

Gay Science

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The Dying Socrates.-I admire the courage and wisdom of Socrates in all that he did, said-and did not say. This mocking and amorous demon and rat-catcher of Athens, who made the most insolent youths tremble and sob, was not only the wisest babbler that has ever lived, but was just as great in his silence. I would that he had also been silent in the last moment of his life,-perhaps he might then have belonged to a still higher order of intellects. Whether it was death, or the poison, or piety, or

wickedness-something or other loosened his tongue at that moment, and he said: " O Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepios." For him who has ears, this ludicrous and terrible " last word " implies : " O Crito, life is a long sickness ! " Is it possible! A man like him, who had lived cheerfully and to all appearance as a soldier,- was a pessimist! He had merely put on a good demeanour towards life, and had all along concealed his ultimate judgment, his profoundest sentiment! Socrates, Socrates had suffered from life! And he also took his revenge for it-with that veiled, fearful, pious, and blasphemous phrase! Had even a Socrates to revenge himself? Was there a grain too little of magnanimity in his superabundant virtue ? Ah, my friends ! We must surpass even the Greeks!

Gay Science

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The Greatest Weight.-What if a demon crept after you into your loneliest loneliness some day or night, and said to you: " This life, as you live it at present, and have lived it, you must live it once more, and also innumerable times; and there will be nothing new in it, but every pain and every joy and every thought and every sigh, and all the unspeakably small and great in your life must come to you again, and all in the same series and sequence - and similarly this spider and this moonlight among the trees, and similarly this moment, and I myself. The eternal sand-glass of existence will ever be turned once more, and you with it, you speck of dust!" - Would you not throw yourself down and gnash your teeth, and curse the demon that so spoke? Or have you once experienced a tremendous moment in which you would answer him : " You are a God, and never did I hear anything so divine!" If that thought acquired power over you as you are, it would transform you, and perhaps crush you; the question with regard to all and everything: " Do you want this once more, and also for innumerable times ? " would lie as the heaviest burden upon your activity! Or, how would you have to become favourably inclined to yourself and to life, so as to long for nothing more ardently than for this last eternal sanctioning and sealing ?-

Gay Science

Incipit Tragoedia.-When Zarathustra was thirty years old, he left his home and the Lake of Urmi, and went into the mountains. There he enjoyed his spirit and his solitude, and for ten years did not weary of it. But at last his heart changed,- and rising one morning with the rosy dawn, he went before the sun and spake thus to it: " You great star! What would be your happiness if you had not those for whom you shine! For ten years have you climbed hither unto my cave: you would have wearied of your light and of the journey, had it not been for me, mine eagle, and my serpent. But we awaited you every morning, took from you your overflow, and blessed you for it. Lo ! I am weary of my wisdom, like the bee that hath gathered too much honey ; I need hands outstretched to take it. I would gladly bestow and distribute, until the wise have once more become joyous in their folly, and the poor happy in their riches. Therefore must I descend into the deep, as you doest in the evening, when you go behind the sea and give light also to the netherworld, you most rich star! Like you must I go down, as men say, to whom I shall descend. Bless me then, you tranquil eye, that canst behold even the greatest happiness without envy! Bless the cup that is about to overflow, that the water may flow golden out of it, and carry everywhere the reflection of your bliss! Lo! This cup is again going to empty itself, and Zarathustra is again going to be a man."-Thus began Zarathustra's down-going.

BOOK FIVE

Gay Science

We Fearless Ones

"Carcasse, tu trembles?
Tu tremblerais bien davan-tage, si
tu savais oft je te mene."

Turenne

What our Cheerfulness Signifies. - The most important of more recent

events-that "God is dead," that the belief in the Christian God has become unworthy of belief-already begins to cast its first shadows over Europe. To the few at least whose eye, whose suspecting glance, is strong enough and subtle enough for this drama, some sun seems to have set, some old, profound confidence seems to have changed into doubt: our old world must seem to them daily more darksome, distrustful, strange and " old." In the main, however, one may say that the event itself is far too great, too remote, too much beyond most people's power of apprehension, for one to suppose that so much as the report of it could have reached them; not to speak of many who already knew what had taken place, and what must all collapse now that this belief had been undermined,-because so much was built upon it, so much rested on it, and had become one with it: for example, our entire European morality. This lengthy, vast and uninterrupted process of crumbling, destruction, ruin and overthrow which is now imminent: who has realised it sufficiently to-day to have to stand up as the teacher and herald of such a tremendous logic of terror, as the prophet of a period of gloom and eclipse, the like of which has probably never taken place on earth before ? ... Even we, the born riddle-readers, who wait as it were on the mountains posted 'twixt to-day and to-morrow, and engirt by their contradiction, we, the firstlings and premature children of the coming century, into whose sight especially the shadows which must forthwith envelop Europe should already have come-how is it that even we, without genuine sympathy for this period of gloom, contemplate its advent without any personal solicitude or fear ? Are we still, perhaps, too much under the immediate effects of the event- and are these effects, especially as regards ourselves, perhaps the reverse of what was to be expected-not at all sad and depressing, but rather like a new and indescribable variety of light, happiness, relief, enlivenment, encouragement, and dawning day? ... In fact, we philosophers and " free spirits " feel ourselves irradiated as by a new dawn by the report that the "old God is dead " ; our hearts overflow with gratitude, astonishment, presentiment and expectation. At last the horizon seems open once more, granting even that it is not bright; our ships can at last put out to sea in face of every danger; every hazard is again permitted to the discerners; the sea, our sea, again lies open before us; perhaps never before did such an " open sea " exist.-

To what Extent even We are still Pious.-It is said with good reason that convictions have no civic rights in the domain of science: it is only when a conviction voluntarily condescends to the modesty of an hypothesis, a preliminary standpoint for experiment, or a regulative fiction, that its access to the realm of knowledge, and a certain value therein, can be conceded,-always, however, with the restriction that it must remain under police supervision, under the police of our distrust.-Regarded more accurately, however, does not this imply that only when a conviction ceases to be a conviction can it obtain admission into science? Does not the discipline of the scientific spirit just commence when one no longer harbours any conviction? ... It is probably so: only, it remains to be asked whether, in order that this discipline may commence, it is not necessary that there should already be a conviction, and in fact one so imperative and absolute, that it makes a sacrifice of all other convictions. One sees that science also rests on a belief: there is no science at all "without premises." The question whether truth is necessary, must not merely be affirmed beforehand, but must be affirmed to such an extent that the principle, belief, or conviction finds expression, that "there is nothing more necessary than truth, and in comparison with it everything else has only secondary value."-This absolute will to truth: what is it? Is it the will not to allow ourselves to be deceived? Is it the will not to deceive? For the will to truth could also be interpreted in this fashion, provided one included under the generalisation, "I will not deceive," the special case, "I will not deceive myself." But why not deceive? Why not allow oneself to be deceived?-Let it be noted that the reasons for the former eventuality belong to a category quite different from those for the latter: one does not want to be deceived oneself, under the supposition that it is injurious, dangerous, or fatal to be deceived, -in this sense science would be a prolonged process of caution, foresight and utility; against which, however, one might reasonably make objections. What? is not-wishing-to-be-deceived really less injurious, less dangerous, less fatal? What do you know of the character of existence in all its phases to be able to decide whether the greater advantage is on the side of absolute distrust, or of absolute trustfulness? In case, however, of both being necessary, much trusting and much distrusting, whence then should science derive the absolute belief, the conviction on which it rests, that truth is more important than anything else, even than every other conviction? This conviction could not have arisen if truth and untruth had both

continually proved themselves to be useful : as is the case. Thus-the belief in science, which now undeniably exists, cannot have had its origin in such a utilitarian calculation, but rather in spite of the fact of the inutility and dangerousness of the " Will to truth," of " truth at all costs," being continually demonstrated. " At all costs": alas, we understand that sufficiently well, after having sacrificed and slaughtered one belief after another at this altar!-Consequently, " Will to truth" does not imply, " I will not allow myself to be deceived," but-there is no other alternative-" I will not deceive, not even myself": and thus we have reached the realm of morality. For, let one just ask oneself fairly: " Why will you not deceive ? " especially if it should seem- and it does seem-as if life were laid out with a view to appearance, I mean, with a view to error, deceit, dissimulation, delusion, self-delusion; and when on the other hand it is a matter of fact that the great type of life has always manifested itself on the side of the most unscrupulous polytropoi [Wily, manifold, versatile]. Such an intention might perhaps, to express it mildly, be a piece of Quixotism, a little enthusiastic craziness; it might also, however, be something worse, namely, a destructive principle, hostile to life... ." Will to Truth,"-that might be a concealed Will to Death.-Thus the question, Why is there science? leads back to the moral problem : What in general is the purpose of morality, if life, nature, and history are "non-moral"? There is no doubt that the conscientious man in the daring and extreme sense in which he is presupposed by the belief in science, affirms thereby a world other than that of life, nature, and history; and in so far as he affirms this " other world," what? must he not just thereby-deny its counterpart, this world, our world? ... But what I have in view will now be understood, namely, that it is always a metaphysical belief on which our belief in science rests,-and that even we knowing ones of to-day, the godless and anti-metaphysical, still take our fire from the conflagration kindled by a belief a millennium old, the Christian belief, which was also the belief of Plato, that God is truth, that the truth is divine... . But what if this itself always becomes more untrustworthy, what if nothing any longer proves itself divine, except it be error, blindness, and falsehood ;-what if God himself turns out to be our most persistent lie?-

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Morality as a Problem.-A defect in personality revenges itself everywhere: an enfeebled, lank, obliterated, self-disavowing and disowning personality is no longer fit for anything good-it is least of all fit for philosophy. "Selflessness" has no value either in heaven or on earth ; the great problems all demand great love, and it is only the strong, well-rounded, secure spirits, those who have a solid basis, that are qualified for them. It makes the most material difference whether a thinker stands personally related to his problems, having his fate, his need, and even his highest happiness therein; or merely impersonally, that is to say, if he can only feel and grasp them with the tentacles of cold, prying thought. In the latter case I warrant that nothing comes of it: for the great problems, granting that they let themselves be grasped at all, do not let themselves be held by toads and weaklings : that has ever been their taste-a taste also which they share with all high-spirited women.-How is it that I have not yet met with any one, not even in books, who seems to have stood to morality in this position, as one who knew morality as a problem, and this problem as his own personal need, affliction, pleasure and passion ? It is obvious that up to the present morality has not been a problem at all; it has rather been the very ground on which people have met after all distrust, dissension and contradiction, the hallowed place of peace, where thinkers could obtain rest even from themselves, could recover breath and revive. I see no one who has ventured to criticise the estimates of moral worth. I miss in this connection even the attempts of scientific curiosity, and the fastidious, groping imagination of psychologists and historians, which easily anticipates a problem and catches it on the wing, without rightly knowing what it catches. With difficulty I have discovered some scanty data for the purpose of furnishing a history of the origin of these feelings and estimates of value (which is something different from a criticism of them, and also something different from a history of ethical systems). In an individual case I have done everything to encourage the inclination and talent for this kind of history- in vain, as it would seem to me at present. There is little to be learned from those historians of morality (especially Englishmen) : they themselves are usually, quite unsuspectingly, under the influence of a definite morality, and act unwittingly as its armour-bearers and followers-perhaps still repeating sincerely the popular superstition of Christian Europe, that the characteristic of moral action consists in abnegation, self-denial, self-sacrifice, or in fellow-feeling and fellow-suffering. The usual error in their premises is their insistence on a certain consensus among human beings, at least among civilised human beings, with regard to certain

propositions of morality, from thence they conclude that these propositions are absolutely binding even upon you and me; or reversely, they come to the conclusion that no morality is binding, after the truth has dawned upon them that among different peoples moral valuations are necessarily different: both of which conclusions are equally childish follies. The error of the more subtle amongst them is that they discover and criticise the probably foolish opinions of a people about its own morality, or the opinions of mankind about human morality generally (they treat accordingly of its origin, its religious sanctions, the superstition of free will, and such matters), and they think that just by so doing they have criticised the morality itself. But the worth of a precept, " You shall," is fundamentally different from and independent of such opinions about it, and must be distinguished from the weeds of error with which it has perhaps been overgrown : just as the worth of a medicine to a sick person is altogether independent of the question whether he has a scientific opinion about medicine, or merely thinks about it as an old wife would do. A morality could even have grown out of an error: but with this knowledge the problem of its worth would not even be touched.-Thus, no one until now has tested the value of that most celebrated of all medicines, called morality: for which purpose it is first of all necessary for one-to call it in question. Well, that is just our work.-o

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Our Note of Interrogation.-But you don't understand it ? As a matter of fact, an effort will be necessary in order to understand us. We seek for words; we seek perhaps also for ears. Who are we after all ? If we wanted simply to call ourselves in older phraseology, atheists, unbelievers, or even immoralists, we should still be far from thinking ourselves designated thereby: we are all three in too late a phase for people generally to conceive, for you, my inquisitive friends, to be able to conceive, what is our state of mind under the circumstances. No! we have no longer the bitterness and passion of him who has broken loose, who has to make for himself a belief, a goal, and even a martyrdom out of his unbelief! We have become saturated with the conviction (and have grown cold and hard in it) that things are not at all divinely ordered in this world, nor even according to human standards do they go on rationally,

mercifully, or justly: we know the fact that the world in which we live is ungodly, immoral, and "inhuman,"-we have far too long interpreted it to ourselves falsely and mendaciously, according to the wish and will of our veneration, that is to say, according to our need. For man is a venerating animal! But he is also a distrustful animal: and that the world is not worth what we believed it to be worth is about the surest thing our distrust has at last managed to grasp. So much distrust, so much philosophy! We take good care not to say that the world is of less value: it seems to us at present absolutely ridiculous when man claims to devise values to surpass the values of the actual world,-it is precisely from that point that we have retraced our steps; as from an extravagant error of human conceit and irrationality, which for a long period has not been recognised as such. This error had its last expression in modern Pessimism; an older and stronger manifestation in the teaching of Buddha; but Christianity also contains it, more dubiously, to be sure, and more ambiguously, but none the less seductive on that account. The whole attitude of "man versus the world," man as world-denying principle, man as the standard of the value of things, as judge of the world, who in the end puts existence itself on his scales and finds it too light-the monstrous impertinence of this attitude has dawned upon us as such, and has disgusted us,-we now laugh when we find, "Man and World" placed beside one another, separated by the sublime presumption of the little word "and"! But how is it? Have we not in our very laughing just made a further step in despising mankind? And consequently also in Pessimism, in despising the existence cognisable by us? Have we not just thereby awakened suspicion that there is an opposition between the world in which we have until now been at home with our venerations-for the sake of which we perhaps endure life-and another world which we ourselves are: an inexorable, radical, most profound suspicion concerning ourselves, which is continually getting us Europeans more annoyingly into its power, and could easily face the coming generation with the terrible alternative: Either do away with your venerations, or - with yourselves! " The latter would be Nihilism-but would not the former also be Nihilism? This is our note of interrogation.

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Believers and their Need of Belief.-How much faith a person requires in order to flourish, how much "fixed opinion" he requires which he does not wish to have shaken, because he holds himself thereby-is a measure of his power (or more plainly speaking, of his weakness). Most people in old Europe, as it seems to me, still need Christianity at present, and on that account it still finds belief. For such is man: a theological dogma might be refuted to him a thousand times,-provided, however, that he had need of it, he would again and again accept it as "true,"-according to the famous "proof of power" of which the Bible speaks. Some have still need of metaphysics; but also the impatient longing for certainty which at present discharges itself in scientific, positivist fashion among large numbers of the people, the longing by all means to get at something stable (while on account of the warmth of the longing the establishing of the certainty is more leisurely and negligently undertaken):-even this is still the longing for a hold, a support; in short, the instinct of weakness, which, while not actually creating religions, metaphysics, and convictions of all kinds, nevertheless-preserves them. In fact, around all these positivist systems there fume the vapours of a certain pessimistic gloom, something of weariness, fatalism, disillusionment, and fear of new disillusionment-or else manifest animosity, ill-humour, anarchic exasperation, and whatever there is of symptom or masquerade of the feeling of weakness. Even the readiness with which our cleverest contemporaries get lost in wretched corners and alleys, for example, in Vaterlanderei (so I designate Jingoism, called chauvinisme in France, and "deutsch" in Germany), or in petty aesthetic creeds in the manner of Parisian naturalisme (which only brings into prominence and uncovers that aspect of nature which excites simultaneously disgust and astonishment-they like at present to call this aspect *la verité vraie*), or in Nihilism in the St Petersburg style (that is to say, in the belief in unbelief, even to martyrdom for it):-this shows always and above all the need of belief, support, backbone, and buttress... . Belief is always most desired, most pressingly needed, where there is a lack of will: for the will, as emotion of command, is the distinguishing characteristic of sovereignty and power. That is to say, the less a person knows how to command, the more urgent is his desire for that which commands, and commands sternly,-a God, a prince, a caste, a physician, a confessor, a dogma, a party conscience. From whence perhaps it could be inferred that the two world-religions, Buddhism and Christianity, might well have had the cause of their rise, and especially of their rapid extension, in an extraordinary malady of the will. And in truth it has been so: both religions lighted upon a longing,

monstrously exaggerated by malady of the will, for an imperative, a "You-shall," a longing going the length of despair; both religions were teachers of fanaticism in times of slackness of will-power, and thereby offered to innumerable persons a support, a new possibility of exercising will, an enjoyment in willing. For in fact fanaticism is the sole "volitional strength" to which the weak and irresolute can be excited, as a sort of hypnotising of the entire sensory-intellectual system, in favour of the over-abundant nutrition (hypertrophy) of a particular point of view and a particular sentiment, which then dominates-the Christian calls it his faith. When a man arrives at the fundamental conviction that he requires to be commanded, he becomes "a believer." Reversely, one could imagine a delight and a power of self-determining, and a freedom of will, whereby a spirit could bid farewell to every belief, to every wish for certainty, accustomed as it would be to support itself on slender cords and possibilities, and to dance even on the verge of abysses. Such a spirit would be the free spirit par excellence.

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The Origin of the Scholar.-The learned man in Europe grows out of all the different ranks and social conditions, like a plant requiring no specific soil: on that account he belongs essentially and involuntarily to the partisans of democratic thought. But this origin betrays itself. If one has trained one's glance to some extent to recognise in a learned book or scientific treatise the intellectual idiosyncrasy of the learned man-all of them have such idiosyncrasy,-and if we take it by surprise, we shall almost always get a glimpse behind it of the "antecedent history" of the learned man and his family, especially of the nature of their callings and occupations. Where the feeling finds expression, "That is at last proved, I am now done with it," it is commonly the ancestor in the blood and instincts of the learned man that approves of the "accomplished work" in the nook from which he sees things;- the belief in the proof is only an indication of what has been looked upon for ages by a laborious family as "good work." Take an example: the sons of registrars and office-clerks of every kind, whose main task has always been to arrange a variety of material, distribute it in drawers, and systematise it generally, evince, when they become learned men, an inclination to regard a problem as almost

solved when they have systematised it. There are philosophers who are at bottom nothing but systematising brains-the formal part of the paternal occupation has become its essence to them. The talent for classifications, for tables of categories, betrays something; it is not for nothing that a person is the child of his parents. The son of an advocate will also have to be an advocate as investigator: he seeks as a first consideration, to carry the point in his case, as a second consideration, he perhaps seeks to be in the right. One recognises the sons of Protestant clergymen and schoolmasters by the naive assurance with which as learned men they already assume their case to be proved, when it has but been presented by them staunchly and warmly: they are thoroughly accustomed to people believing in them,-it belonged to their fathers' "trade"! A Jew, contrariwise, in accordance with his business surroundings and the past of his race, is least of all accustomed-to people believing him. Observe Jewish scholars with regard to this matter,-they all lay great stress on logic, that is to say, on compelling assent by means of reasons ; they know that they must conquer thereby, even when race and class antipathy is against them, even where people are unwilling to believe them. For 1 fact, nothing is more democratic than logic: it knows no respect of persons, and takes even the crooked nose as straight. (In passing we may remark that in respect to logical thinking, in respect to cleaner intellectual habits, Europe is not a little indebted to the Jews; above all the Germans, as being a lamentably de'raisonnable race, who, even at the present day, must always have their " heads washed " in the first place. Wherever the Jews have attained to influence, they have taught to analyse more subtly, to argue more acutely, to write more clearly and purely: it has always been their problem to bring a people "to raison.")

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The Origin of the Scholar once more.-To seek self-preservation merely, is the expression of a state of distress, or of limitation of the true, fundamental instinct of life, which aims at the extension of power, and with this in view often enough calls in question self-preservation and sacrifices it. It should be taken as symptomatic when individual philosophers, as for example, the consumptive Spinoza, have seen and have been obliged to see the principal feature of life precisely in the so-called self-

preservative instinct:-they have just been men in states of distress. That our modern natural sciences have entangled themselves so much with Spinoza's dogma (finally and most grossly in Darwinism, with its inconceivably one-sided doctrine of the "struggle for existence"), is probably owing to the origin of most of the inquirers into nature: they belong in this respect to the people, their forefathers have been poor and humble persons, who knew too well by immediate experience the difficulty of making a living. Over the whole of English Darwinism there hovers something of the suffocating air of over-crowded England, something of the odour of humble people in need and in straits. But as an investigator of nature, a person ought to emerge from his paltry human nook: and in nature the state of distress does not prevail, but superfluity, even prodigality to the extent of folly. The struggle for existence is only an exception, a temporary restriction of the will to live; the struggle, be it great or small, turns everywhere on predominance, on increase and expansion, on power, in conformity to the will to power, which is just the will to live.

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In Honour of *Homines Religiosi*.-The struggle against the church is certainly (among other things-for it has a manifold significance) the struggle of the more ordinary, cheerful, confiding, superficial natures against the rule of the graver, profounder, more contemplative natures, that is to say, the more malign and suspicious men, who 'with long continued distrust in the worth of life, brood also over their own worth:-the ordinary instinct of the people, its sensual gaiety, its "good heart," revolts against them. The entire Roman Church rests on a Southern suspicion of the nature of man (always misunderstood in the North), a suspicion whereby the European South has succeeded to the inheritance of the profound Orient- the mysterious, venerable Asia-and its contemplative spirit. Protestantism was a popular insurrection in favour of the simple, the respectable, the superficial (the North has always been more good-natured and more shallow than the South), but it was the French Revolution that first gave the sceptre wholly and solemnly into the hands of the "good man" (the sheep, the ass, the goose, and everything incurably shallow, bawling, and fit for the Bedlam of "modern ideas").

In Honour of Priestly Natures.-I think that philosophers have always felt themselves very remote from that which the people (in all classes of society nowadays) take for wisdom : the prudent, bovine placidity, piety, and country-parson meekness, which lies in the meadow and gazes at life seriously and ruminatingly:-this is probably because philosophers have not had sufficiently the taste of the " people," or of the country-parson, for that kind of wisdom. Philosophers will also perhaps be the last to acknowledge that the people should understand something of that which lies furthest from them, something of the ' great passion of the thinker, who lives and must live continually in the storm-cloud of the highest problems and the heaviest responsibilities (consequently, not gazing at all, to say nothing of doing so indifferently, securely, objectively). The people venerate an entirely different type of men when on their part they form the ideal of a "sage," and they are a thousand times justified in rendering homage with the highest eulogies and honours to precisely that type of men-namely, the gentle, serious, simple, chaste, priestly natures and those related to them,-it is to them that the praise falls due in the popular veneration of wisdom. And to whom should the multitude have more reason to be grateful than to these men who pertain to its class and rise from its ranks, but are persons consecrated, chosen, and sacrificed for its good-they themselves believe themselves sacrificed to God,-before whom everyone can pour forth his heart with impunity, by whom he can get rid of his secrets, cares, and worse things (for the man who "communicates himself" gets rid of himself, and he who has " confessed " forgets). Here there exists a great need: for sewers and pure cleansing waters are required also for spiritual filth, and rapid currents of love are needed, and strong, lowly, pure hearts, who qualify and sacrifice themselves for such service of the non-public health-department- for it is a sacrificing, the priest is, and continues to be, a human sacrifice... . The people regard such sacrificed, silent, serious men of " faith " as " wise," that is to say, as men who have become sages, as "reliable" in relation to their own unreliability. Who would desire to deprive the people of that expression and that veneration ?-But as is fair on the other side, among philosophers the priest also is still held to belong to the " people,"

and is not regarded as a sage, because, above all, they themselves do not believe in "sages," and they already scent "the people" in this very belief and superstition. It was modesty which invented in Greece the word "philosopher," and left to the play-actors of the spirit the superb arrogance of assuming the name "wise"-the modesty of such monsters of pride and self-glorification as Pythagoras and Plato.-

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Why we can hardly Dispense with Morality.- The naked man is generally an ignominious spectacle-I speak of us European males (and by no means of European females!). If the most joyous company at table suddenly found themselves stripped and divested of their garments through the trick of an enchanter, I believe that not only would the joyousness be gone and the strongest appetite lost;-it seems that we Europeans cannot at all dispense with the masquerade that is called clothing. But should not the disguise of "moral men," the screening under moral formulae and notions of decency, the whole kindly concealment of our conduct under conceptions of duty, virtue, public sentiment, honourableness, and disinterestedness, have just as good reasons in support of it? Not that I mean hereby that human wickedness and baseness, in short, the evil wild beast in us, should be disguised; on the contrary, my idea is that it is precisely as tame animals that we are an ignominious spectacle and require moral disguising,-that the "inner man" in Europe is far from having enough of intrinsic evil "to let himself be seen" with it (to be beautiful with it). The European disguises himself in morality because he has become a sick, sickly, crippled animal, who has good reasons for being "tame," because he is almost an abortion, an imperfect, weak and clumsy thing... . It is not the fierceness of the beast of prey that finds moral disguise necessary, but the gregarious animal, with its profound mediocrity, anxiety and ennui. Morality dresses up the European-let us acknowledge it!- in more distinguished, more important, more conspicuous guise- in "divine" guise-

Gay Science

The Origin of Religions,-The real inventions of founders of religions are, on the one hand, to establish a definite mode of life and everyday custom, which operates as *disciplina voluntatis*, and at the same time does away with ennui; and on the other hand, to give to that very mode of life an interpretation, by virtue of which it appears illumined with the highest value; so that it henceforth becomes a good for which people struggle, and under certain circumstances lay down their lives. In truth, the second of these inventions is the more essential: the first, the mode of life, has usually been there already, side by side, however, with other modes of life, and still unconscious of the value which it embodies. The import, the originality of the founder of a religion, discloses itself usually in the fact that he sees the mode of life, selects it, and divines for the first time the purpose for which it can be used, how it can be interpreted. Jesus (or Paul) for example, found around him the life of the common people in the Roman province, a modest, virtuous, oppressed life: he interpreted it, he put the highest significance and value into it-and thereby the courage to despise every other mode of life, the calm fanaticism of the Moravians, the secret, subterranean self-confidence which goes on increasing, and is at last ready " to overcome the world " (that is to say, Rome, and the upper classes throughout the empire). Buddha, in like manner, found the same type of man,-he found it in fact dispersed among all the classes and social ranks of a people who were good and kind (and above all inoffensive), owing to indolence, and who likewise owing to indolence, lived abstemiously, almost without requirements. He understood that such a type of man, with all its *vis inertiae*, had inevitably to glide into a belief which promises to avoid the return of earthly ill (that is to say, labour and activity generally),-this " understanding " was his genius. The founder of a religion possesses psychological infallibility in the knowledge of a definite, average type of souls, who have not yet recognised themselves as akin. It is he who brings them together: the founding of a religion, therefore, always becomes a long ceremony of recognition.-

Gay Science

The "Genius of the Species?"-The problem of consciousness (or more correctly: of becoming conscious of oneself) meets us only when we begin to perceive in what measure we could dispense with it: and it is at the beginning of this perception that we are now placed by physiology and zoology (which have thus required two centuries to overtake the hint thrown out in advance by Leibnitz). For we could in fact think, feel, will, and recollect, we could likewise "act" in every sense of the term, and nevertheless nothing of it all need necessarily "come into consciousness" (as one says metaphorically). The whole of life would be possible without its seeing itself as it were in a mirror: as in fact even at present the far greater part of our life still goes on without this mirroring,-and even our thinking, feeling, volitional life as well, however painful this statement may sound to an older philosopher. What then is the purpose of consciousness generally, when it is in the main superfluous? - Now it seems to me, if you will hear my answer and its perhaps extravagant supposition, that the subtlety and strength of consciousness are always in proportion to the capacity for communication of a man (or an animal), the capacity for communication in its turn being in proportion to the necessity for communication: the latter not to be understood as if precisely the individual himself who is master in the art of communicating and making known his necessities would at the same time have to be most dependent upon others for his necessities. It seems to me, however, to be so in relation to whole races and successions of generations: where necessity and need have long compelled men to communicate with their fellows and understand one another rapidly and subtly, a surplus of the power and art of communication is at last acquired, as if it were a fortune which had gradually accumulated, and now waited for an heir to squander it prodigally (the so-called artists are these heirs, in like manner the orators, preachers, and authors: all of them men who come at the end of a long succession, "late-born" always, in the best sense of the word, and as has been said, squanderers by their very nature). Granted that this observation is correct, I may proceed further to the conjecture that consciousness generally has only been developed under the pressure of the necessity for communication,-that from the first it has been necessary and useful only between man and man (especially between those commanding and those obeying), and has only developed in proportion to its utility. Consciousness is properly only a connecting network between man and man,-it is only as such that it has had to develop; the recluse and wild-beast species of men would not have needed it. The very fact that our actions, thoughts, feelings and emotions come

within the range of our consciousness-at least a part of them -is the result of a terrible, prolonged " must" ruling man's destiny: as the most endangered animal he needed help and protection; he needed his fellows, he was obliged to express his distress, he had to know how to make himself understood- and for all this he needed " consciousness " first of all: he had to " know" himself what he lacked, to " know " how he felt, and to " know " what he thought. For, to repeat it once more, man, like every living creature, thinks unceasingly, but does not know it; the thinking which is becoming conscious of itself is only the smallest part thereof, we may say, the most superficial part, the worst part:-for this conscious thinking alone is done in words, that is to say, in the symbols for communication, by means of which the origin of consciousness is revealed. In short, the development of speech and the development of consciousness (not of reason, but of reason becoming self-conscious) go hand in hand. Let it be further accepted that it is not only speech that serves as a bridge between man and man, but also the looks, the pressure and the gestures ; our becoming conscious of our sense impressions, our power of being able to fix them, and as it were to locate them outside of ourselves, has increased in proportion as the necessity has increased for communicating them to others by means of signs. The sign-inventing man is at the same time the man who is always more acutely self-conscious ; it is only as a social animal that man has learned to become conscious of himself,-he is doing so still, and doing so more and more.-As is obvious, my idea is that consciousness does not properly belong to the individual existence of man, but rather to the social and herd nature in him ; that, as follows from that, it is only in relation to communal and herd utility that it is finely developed; and that consequently each of us, in spite of the best intention of understanding himself as individually as possible, and of "knowing himself", will always just call into consciousness the non-individual in him, namely, his "average-ness ":- that our thought itself is continuously as it were governed by the character of consciousness- by the commanding "genius of the species" therein - and is translated back into the perspective of the herd. Fundamentally our actions are in an incomparable manner altogether personal, unique and absolutely individual - there is no doubt about it; but as soon as we translate them into consciousness, they do not appear so any longer... . This is the proper phenomenism and perspectivism as I understand it: the nature of animal consciousness involves the notion that the world of which we can become conscious is only a superficial and symbolic world, a generalised and vulgarised world;-that everything which

becomes conscious becomes just thereby shallow, meagre, relatively stupid, - a generalisation, a symbol, a characteristic of the herd; that with the evolving of consciousness there is always combined a great, radical perversion, falsification, superficialisation, and generalisation. Finally, the growing consciousness is a danger, and whoever lives among the most conscious Europeans knows even that it is a disease. As may be conjectured, it is not the antithesis of subject and object with which I am here concerned : I leave that distinction to the epistemologists who have remained entangled in the toils of grammar (popular metaphysics). It is still less the antithesis of "thing in itself" and phenomenon, for we do not " know " enough to be entitled even to make such a distinction. Indeed, we have not any organ at all for knowing, or for "truth": we "know" (or believe, or fancy) just as much as may be of use in the interest of the human herd, the species ; and even what is here called "usefulness" is ultimately only a belief, a fancy, and perhaps precisely the most fatal stupidity by which we shall one day be ruined.

Gay Science

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The Origin of our Conception of "Knowledge"-I take this explanation from the street. I heard one of the people saying that "he knew me," so I asked myself: What do the people really understand by knowledge? what do they want when they seek "knowledge"? Nothing more than that what is strange is to be traced back to something known. And we philosophers - have we really understood anything more by knowledge? The known, that is to say, what we are accustomed to so that we no longer marvel at it, the commonplace, any kind of rule to which we are habituated, all and everything in which we know ourselves to be at home:-what? is our need of knowing not just this need of the known? the will to discover in everything strange, unusual, or questionable, something which no longer disquiets us? Is it not possible that it should be the instinct of fear which enjoins upon us to know ? Is it not possible that the rejoicing of the discerner should be just his rejoicing in the regained feeling of security ? ... One philosopher imagined the world " known" when he had traced it back to the " idea": alas, was it not because the idea was so known, so familiar to him ? because he had so much less fear of the "idea"-Oh, this moderation of the discerners! let us but look at

their principles, and at their solutions of the riddle of the world in this connection ! When they again find aught in things, among things, or behind things that is unfortunately very well known to us, for example, our multiplication table, or our logic, or our willing and desiring, how happy they immediately are! For " what is known is understood": they are unanimous as to that. Even the most circumspect among them think that the known is at least more easily understood than the strange; that for example, it is methodically ordered to proceed outward from the "inner world," from " the facts of consciousness," because it is the world which is better known to us ! Error of errors! The known is the accustomed, and the accustomed is the most difficult of all to "understand," that is to say, to perceive as a problem, to perceive as strange, distant, "outside of us." ... The great certainty of the natural sciences in comparison with psychology and the criticism of the elements of consciousness-unnatural sciences, as one might almost be entitled to call them-rests precisely on the fact that they take what is strange as their object: while it is almost like something contradictory and absurd to wish to take generally what is not strange as an object... .

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In what Manner Europe will always become " more Artistic!"-Providing a living still enforces even in the present day (in our transition period when so much ceases to enforce) a definite role on almost all male Europeans, their so-called callings; some have the liberty, an apparent liberty, to choose this role themselves, but most have it chosen for them. The result is strange enough. Almost all Europeans confound themselves with their role when they advance in age; they themselves are the victims of their " good acting," they have forgotten how much chance, whim and arbitrariness swayed them when their " calling " was decided-and how many other roles they could perhaps have played : for it is now too late! Looked at more closely, we see that their characters have actually evolved out of their role, nature out of art. There were ages in which people believed with unshaken confidence, yea, with piety, in their predestination for this very business, for that very mode of livelihood, and would not at all acknowledge chance, or the fortuitous role, or arbitrariness therein. Ranks, guilds, and hereditary trade privileges succeeded,

with the help of this belief, in rearing those extraordinary broad towers of society which distinguished the Middle Ages, and of which at all events one thing remains to their credit: capacity for duration (and duration is a thing of the first rank on earth!). But there are ages entirely the reverse, the properly democratic ages, in which people tend to become more and more oblivious of this belief, and a sort of impudent conviction and quite contrary mode of viewing things comes to the front, the Athenian conviction which is first observed in the epoch of Pericles, the American conviction of the present day, which wants also more and more to become a European conviction: whereby the individual is convinced that he can do almost anything, that he can play almost any role, whereby everyone makes experiments with himself, improvises, tries anew, tries with delight, whereby all nature ceases and becomes art... . The Greeks, having adopted this role-creed-an artist creed, if you will-underwent step by step, as is well known, a curious transformation, not in every respect worthy of imitation: they became actual stage-players; and as such they enchanted, they conquered all the world, and at last even the conqueror of the world, (for the Graeculus histrio conquered Rome, and not Greek culture, as the naive are accustomed to say ...). What I fear, however, and what is at present obvious, if we desire to perceive it, is that we modern men are quite on the same road already; and whenever a man begins to discover in what respect he plays a rôle, and to what extent he can be a stage-player, he becomes a stage-player... . A new flora and fauna of men thereupon springs up, which cannot grow in more stable, more restricted eras-or is left "at the bottom," under the ban and suspicion of infamy; thereupon the most interesting and insane periods of history always make their appearance, in which "stage-players," all kinds of stage-players, are the real masters. Precisely thereby another species of man is always more and more injured, and in the end made impossible: above all the great "architects"; the building power is now being paralysed; the courage that makes plans for the distant future is disheartened; there begins to be a lack of organising geniuses. Who is there who would now venture to undertake works for the completion of which millenniums would have to be reckoned upon? The fundamental belief is dying out, on the basis of which one could calculate, promise and anticipate the future in one's plan, and offer it as a sacrifice thereto, that in fact man has only value and significance in so far as he is a stone in a great building; for which purpose he has first of all to be solid, he has to be a "stone." ... Above all, not a-stage-player! In short-alas! this fact will be hushed up for some considerable time to come!-that which

from henceforth will no longer be built, and can no longer be built, is-a society in the old sense of the term ; to build that structure everything is lacking, above all, the material. None of us are any longer material for a society: that is a truth which is seasonable at present! It seems to me a matter of indifference that meanwhile the most short-sighted, perhaps the most honest, and at any rate the noisiest species of men of the present day, our friends the Socialists, believe, hope, dream, and above all scream and scribble almost the opposite; in fact one already reads their watchword of the future: " free society," on all tables and walls. Free society ? Indeed ! Indeed ! But you know, gentlemen, sure enough whereof one builds it? Out of wooden iron! Out of the famous wooden iron! And not even out of wooden ...

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The old Problem: " What is German ? "-Let us count up apart the real acquisitions of philosophical thought for which we have to thank German intellects: are they in any allowable sense to be counted also to the credit of the whole race ? Can we say that they are at the same time the work of the " German soul," or at least a symptom of it, in the sense in which we are accustomed to think, for example, of Plato's ideomania, his almost religious madness for form, as an event and an evidence of the " Greek soul" ? Or would the reverse perhaps be true? Were they individually as much exceptions to the spirit of the race, as was, for example, Goethe's Paganism with a good conscience ? Or as Bismarck's Macchiavelism was with a good conscience, his so-called " practical politics " in Germany? Did our philosophers perhaps even go counter to the need of the " German soul" ? In short, were the German philosophers really philosophical Germans ?-I call to mind three cases. Firstly, Leibnitz's incomparable insight-with which he obtained the advantage not only over Descartes, but over all who had philosophised up to his time,- that consciousness is only an accident of mental representation, and not its necessary and essential attribute; that consequently what we call consciousness only constitutes a state of our spiritual and psychical world (perhaps a morbid state), and is far from being that world itself:-is there anything German in this thought, the profundity of which has not as yet been exhausted ? Is there reason to think that a person of the Latin race would not readily

have stumbled on this reversal of the apparent ?-for it is a reversal. Let us call to mind secondly, the immense note of interrogation which Kant wrote after the notion of causality. Not that he at all doubted its legitimacy, like Hume: on the contrary, he began cautiously to define the domain within which this notion has significance generally (we have not even yet got finished with the marking out of these limits). Let us take thirdly, the astonishing hit of Hegel, who stuck at no logical usage or fastidiousness when he ventured to teach that the conceptions of kinds develop out of one another: with which theory the thinkers in Europe were prepared for the last great scientific movement, for Darwinism-for without Hegel there would have been no Darwin. Is there anything German in this Hegelian innovation which first introduced the decisive conception of evolution into science?-Yes, without doubt we feel that there is something of ourselves "discovered" and divined in all three cases; we are thankful for it, and at the same time surprised; each of these three principles is a thoughtful piece of German self-confession, self-understanding, and self-knowledge. We feel with Leibnitz that "our inner world is far richer, ampler, and more concealed"; as Germans we are doubtful, like Kant, about the ultimate validity of scientific knowledge of nature, and in general about whatever can be known causaliter[causally]: the knowable as such now appears to us of less worth. We Germans should still have been Hegelians, even though there had never been a Hegel, inasmuch as we (in contradistinction to all Latin peoples) instinctively attribute to becoming, to evolution, a profounder significance and higher value than to that which "is"-we hardly believe at all in the validity of the concept "being." This is all the more the case because we are not inclined to concede to our human logic that it is logic in itself, that it is the only kind of logic (we should rather like, on the contrary, to convince ourselves that it is only a special case, and perhaps one of the strangest and most stupid).-A fourth question would be whether also Schopenhauer with his Pessimism, that is to say, the problem of the worth of existence, had to be a German. I think not. The event after which this problem was to be expected with certainty, so that an astronomer of the soul could have calculated the day and the hour for it-namely, the decay of the belief in the Christian God, the victory of scientific atheism,-is a universal European event, in which all races are to have their share of service and honour. On the contrary, it has to be ascribed precisely to the Germans-those with whom Schopenhauer was contemporary,-that they delayed this victory of atheism longest, and endangered it most. Hegel especially was its retarder par excellence, in virtue of the grandiose

attempt which he made to persuade us at the very last of the divinity of existence, with the help of our sixth sense," the historical sense." As philosopher, Schopenhauer was the first avowed and inflexible atheist we Germans have had: his hostility to Hegel had here its motive. The non-divinity of existence was regarded by him as something understood, palpable, indisputable ; he always lost his philosophical composure and got into a passion when he saw anyone hesitate and beat about the bush here. It is at this point that his thorough uprightness of character comes in : unconditional, honest atheism is precisely the preliminary condition for his raising the problem, as a final and hard-won victory of the European conscience, as the most prolific act of two thousand years' discipline to truth, which in the end no longer tolerates the lie of the belief in a God... . One sees what has really gained the victory over the Christian God-, Christian morality itself, the conception of veracity, taken ever more strictly, the confessional subtlety of the Christian conscience, translated and sublimated to the scientific conscience, to intellectual purity at any price. To look upon nature as if it were a proof of the goodness and care of a God ; to interpret history in honour of a divine reason, as a constant testimony to a moral order in the world and a moral final purpose; to explain personal experiences as pious men have long enough explained them, as if everything were a dispensation or intimation of Providence, something planned and sent on behalf of the salvation of the soul: all that is now past, it has conscience against it, it is. regarded by all the more acute consciences as disreputable and dishonourable, as mendaciousness, feminism, weakness, and cowardice,-by virtue of this severity, if by anything, we are good Europeans, the heirs of Europe's longest and bravest self-conquest. When we thus reject the Christian interpretation, and condemn its " significance " as a forgery, we are immediately confronted in a striking manner with the Schopenhauerian question : Has existence then a significance at all?-the question which will require a couple of centuries even to be completely heard in all its profundity. Schopenhauer's own answer to this question was-if I may be forgiven for saying so- a premature, juvenile reply, a mere compromise, a stoppage and sticking in the very same Christian-ascetic, moral perspectives, the belief in which had got notice to quit along with the belief in God... . But he raised the question-as a good European, as we have said, and not as a German.-Or did the Germans prove at least by the way in which they seized on the Schopenhauerian question, their inner connection and relationship to him, their preparation for his problem, and their need of it ? That there has been thinking and printing even in Germany since

Schopenhauer's time on the problem raised by him,-it was late enough!-does not at all suffice to enable us to decide in favour of this closer relationship; one could, on the contrary, lay great stress on the peculiar awkwardness of this post-Schopenhauerian Pessimism -Germans evidently do not behave themselves here as in their element. I do not at all allude here to Eduard von Hartmann; on the contrary, my old suspicion is not vanished even at present that he is too clever for us ; I mean to say that as arrant rogue from the very first, he did not perhaps make merry solely over German Pessimism-and that in the end he might probably " bequeath" to them the truth as to how far a person could bamboozle the Germans themselves in the age of bubble companies. But further, are we perhaps to reckon to the honour of Germans, the old humming-top, Bahnsen, who all his life spun about with the greatest pleasure around his realistically dialectic misery and " personal ill-luck,"-was that German? (In passing I recommend his writings for the purpose for which I myself have used them, as anti-pessimistic fare, especially on account of his *elegantia psychologica*, which, it seems to me, could alleviate even the most constipated body and soul). Or would it be proper to count such dilettanti and old maids as the mawkish apostle of virginity, Mainlander, among the genuine Germans? After all he was probably a Jew (all Jews become mawkish when they moralise). Neither Bahnsen, nor Mainlander, nor even Eduard von Hartmann, give us a reliable grasp of the question whether the pessimism of Schopenhauer (his frightened glance into an undeified world, which has become stupid, blind, deranged and problematic, his honourable fright) was not only an exceptional case among Germans, but a German event: while everything else which stands in the foreground, like our valiant politics and our joyful Jingoism (which decidedly enough regards everything with reference to a principle sufficiently unphilosophical: "Deutschland, Deutschland, Uber Alles"* consequently *sub specie speciei*, namely, the German species), testifies very plainly to the contrary. No ! ["Germany, Germany, above all"];The Germans of to-day are not pessimists! And Schopenhauer was a pessimist, I repeat it once more, as a good European, and not as a German.

Gay Science

The Peasant Revolt of the Spirit.-We Europeans find ourselves in view of an immense world of ruins, where some things still tower aloft, while other objects stand mouldering and dismal, where most things however already lie on the ground, picturesque enough-where were there ever finer ruins?-overgrown with weeds, large and small. It is the Church which is this city of decay: we see the religious organisation of Christianity Aaken to its deepest foundations. The belief in God is overthrown, the belief in the Christian ascetic ideal is now fighting its last fight. Such a long and solidly built work as Christianity-it was the last construction of the Romans!-could not of course be demolished all at once; every sort of earthquake had to shake it, every sort of spirit which perforates, digs, gnaws and moulders had to assist in the work of destruction. But that which is strangest is that those who have exerted themselves most to retain and preserve Christianity, have been precisely those who did most to destroy it,-the Germans. It seems that the Germans do not understand the essence of a Church. Are they cot spiritual enough, or not distrustful enough to do so? In any case the structure of the Church rests on a southern freedom and liberality of spirit, and similarly on a southern suspicion of nature, man, and spirit,-it rests on a knowledge of man an experience of man, entirely different from what the north has had. The Lutheran Reformation in all its length and breadth was the indignation of the simple against something "complicated." To speak cautiously, it was a coarse, honest misunderstanding, in which much is to be forgiven,- people did not understand the mode of expression of a victorious Church, and only saw corruption; they misunderstood the noble scepticism, the luxury of scepticism and toleration which every victorious, self-confident power permits... . One overlooks the fact readily enough at present that as regards all cardinal questions concerning power Luther was badly endowed; he was fatally short-sighted, superficial and imprudent-and above all, as a man sprung from the people, he lacked all the hereditary qualities of a ruling caste, and all the instincts for power; so that his work, his intention to restore the work of the Romans, merely became involuntarily and unconsciously the commencement of a work of destruction. He unravelled, he tore asunder with honest rage, where the old spider had woven longest and most carefully. He gave the sacred books into the hands of everyone,-they thereby got at last into the hands of the philologists, that is to say, the annihilators of every belief based upon books. He demolished the conception of " the Church" in that he repudiated the belief in the inspiration of the Councils : for only under the supposition that the inspiring spirit which had founded the Church still

lives in it, still builds it, still goes on building its house, does the conception of " the Church " retain its power. He gave back to the priest sexual intercourse: but three-fourths of the reverence of which the people (and above all the women of the people) are capable, rests on the belief that an exceptional man in this respect will also be an exceptional man in other respects. It is precisely here that the popular belief in something superhuman in man, in a miracle, in the saving God in man, has its most subtle and insidious advocate. After Luther had given a wife to the priest, he had to take from him auricular confession ; that was psychologically right: but thereby he practically did away with the Christian priest himself, whose profoundest utility has ever consisted in his being a sacred ear, a silent well, and a grave for secrets. " Every man his own priest"-behind such formulas and their bucolic slyness, there was concealed in Luther the profoundest hatred of " higher men," and of the rule of " higher men," as the Church had conceived them. Luther disowned an ideal which he did not know how to attain, while he seemed to combat and detest the degeneration thereof. As a matter of fact, he, the impossible monk, repudiated the rule of the *homines religiosi* ; he consequently brought about precisely the same thing within the ecclesiastical social order that he combated so impatiently in the civic order,-namely a "peasant insurrection."-As to all that grew out of his Reformation afterwards, good and bad, which can at present be almost counted up,- who would be naive enough to praise or blame Luther simply on account of these results? He is innocent of all; he knew not what he did. The art of making the European spirit shallower especially in the north, or more good-natured, if people would rather hear it designated by a moral expression, undoubtedly took a clever step in advance in the Lutheran Reformation ; and similarly there grew out of it the mobility and disquietude of the spirit, its thirst for independence, its belief in the right to freedom, and its " naturalness." If people wish to ascribe to the Reformation in the last instance the merit of having prepared and favoured that which we at present honour as " modern science," they must of course add that it is also accessory to bringing about the degeneration of the modern scholar, with his lack of reverence, of shame and of profundity; and that it is also responsible for all naive candour and plain-dealing in matters of knowledge, in short for the plebeianism of the spirit which is peculiar to the last two centuries, and from which even pessimism until now, has not in any way delivered us. " Modern ideas " also belong to this peasant insurrection of the north against the colder, more ambiguous, more suspicious spirit of the south, which has built itself its

greatest monument in the Christian Church. Let us not forget in the end what a Church is, and especially in contrast to every "State": a Church is above all an authoritative organisation which secures to the most spiritual men the highest rank, and believes in the power of spirituality so far as to forbid all grosser appliances of authority. Through this alone the Church is under all circumstances a nobler institution than the State.-

Gay Science

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Vengeance on Intellect, and other Backgrounds of Morality.-Morality-where do you think it has its most dangerous and rancorous advocates?-There, for example, is an ill-constituted man, who does not possess enough of intellect to be able to take pleasure in it, and just enough of culture to be aware of the fact; bored, satiated, and a self-despiser; besides being cheated unfortunately by some hereditary property out of the last consolation, the "blessing of labour," the self-forgetfulness in the "day's work"; one who is thoroughly ashamed of his existence-perhaps also harbouring some vices,-and who on the other hand (by means of books to which he has no right, or more intellectual society than he can digest), cannot help vitiating himself more and more, and making himself vain and irritable: such a thoroughly poisoned man- for intellect becomes poison, culture becomes poison, possession becomes poison, solitude becomes poison, to such ill-constituted beings-gets at last into a habitual state of vengeance and inclination for vengeance... . What do you think he finds necessary, absolutely necessary in order to give himself the appearance in his own eyes of superiority over more intellectual men, so as to give himself the delight of perfect revenge, at least in imagination? It is always morality that he requires, one may wager on it; always the big moral words, always the high-sounding words: justice, wisdom, holiness, virtue; always the Stoicism of gestures (how well Stoicism hides what one does not possess!); always the mantle of wise silence, of affability, of gentleness, and whatever else the idealist-mantle is called, in which the incurable self-despisers and also the incurably conceited walk about. Let me not be misunderstood: out of such born enemies of the spirit there arises now and then the rare specimen of humanity who is honoured by the people under the name of saint or sage: it is out of such men that there arise those prodigies of morality that make a noise,

and make history,- St Augustine was one of these men. Fear of the intellect, vengeance on the intellect-Oh! how often have these powerfully impelling vices become the root of virtues ! Yea, virtue itself!-And asking the question among ourselves, even the philosopher's pretension to wisdom, which has occasionally been made here and there on the earth, the maddest and most immodest of all pretensions,-has it not always been above all in India as well as in Greece, a means of concealment ? Sometimes, perhaps, from the point of view of education which hallows so many lies, it is a tender regard for growing and evolving persons, for disciples who have often to be guarded against themselves by means of the belief in a person (by means of an error). In most cases, however, it is a means of concealment for a philosopher, behind which he seeks protection, owing to exhaustion, age, chilliness, or hardening; as a feeling of the approaching end, as the sagacity of the instinct which animals have before their death,-they go apart, remain at rest, choose solitude, creep into caves, become wise... . What ? Wisdom a means of concealment of the philosopher from-intellect ?-

Gay Science

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Two Kinds of Causes which are Confounded.- It seems to me one of my most essential steps and advances that I have learned to distinguish the cause of an action generally from the cause of an action in a particular manner, say, in this direction, with this aim. The first kind of cause is a quantum of stored-up force, which waits to be used in some manner, for some purpose; the second kind of cause, on the contrary, is something quite unimportant in comparison with the first, an insignificant hazard for the most part, in conformity with which the quantum of force in question " discharges " itself in some unique and definite manner: the Lucifer-match in relation to the barrel of gunpowder. Among those insignificant hazards and Lucifer-matches I count all the so-called " aims," and similarly the still more so-called " occupations " of people: they are relatively optional, arbitrary, and almost indifferent in relation to the immense quantum of force which presses on, as we have said, to be used up in any way whatever. One generally looks at the matter in a different manner: one is accustomed to see the impelling force precisely in the aim (object, calling,), according to a primeval error,-but it is only the

directing force ; the steersman and the steam have thereby been confounded. And yet it is not even always a steersman, the directing force... . Is the "aim," the " purpose," not often enough only an extenuating pretext, an additional self-blinding of conceit, which does not wish it to be said that the ship follows the stream into which it has accidentally run ? That it " wishes " to go that way, because it must go that way ? That it has a direction, sure enough, but-not a steersman ? We still require a criticism of the conception of " purpose."

Gay Science

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The Problem of the Actor.-The problem of the actor has disquieted me the longest; I was uncertain (and am sometimes so still) whether one could not get at the dangerous conception of " artist "- a conception until now treated with unpardonable leniency-from this point of view. Falsity with a good conscience ; delight in dissimulation breaking forth as power, pushing aside, overflowing, and sometimes extinguishing the so-called "character"; the inner longing to play a role, to assume a mask, to put on an appearance; a surplus of capacity for adaptations of every kind, which can no longer gratify themselves in the service of the nearest and narrowest utility: all that perhaps does not pertain solely to the actor in himself? ... Such an instinct would develop most readily in families of the lower class of the people, who have had to pass their lives in absolute dependence, under shifting pressure and constraint, who (to accommodate themselves to their conditions, to adapt themselves always to new circumstances) had again and again to pass themselves off and represent themselves as different persons, - thus having gradually qualified themselves to adjust the mantle to every wind, thereby almost becoming the mantle itself, as masters of the embodied and incarnated art of eternally playing the game of hide and seek, which one calls mimicry among the animals :-until at last this ability, stored up from generation to generation, has become domineering, irrational and intractable, till as instinct it begins to command the other instincts, and begets the actor and "artist" (the buffoon, the pantaloon, the Jack-Pudding, the fool, and the clown in the first place, also the classical type of servant, Gil Bias : for in such types one has the precursors of the artist, and often enough even of the "genius"). Also under higher social conditions there grows under similar

pressure a similar species of men : only the histrionic instinct is there for the most part held strictly in check by another instinct, for example, among "diplomatists";-for the rest, I should think that it would always be open to a good diplomatist to become a good actor on the stage, provided his dignity "allowed" it. As regards the Jews, however, the adaptable people par excellence, we should, in conformity to this line of thought, expect to see among them a world-wide historical institution at the very first, for the rearing of actors, a proper breeding-place for actors; and in fact the question is very pertinent just now: what good actor at present is not-a Jew? The Jew also, as a born literary man, as the actual ruler of the European press, exercises this power on the basis of his histrionic capacity: for the literary man is essentially an actor, - he plays the part of " expert," of " specialist." - Finally women. If we consider the whole history of women, are they not obliged first of all, and above all to be actresses? If we listen to doctors who have hypnotised women, or, finally, if we love them- and let ourselves be " hypnotised " by them,-what is always divulged thereby? That they " give themselves airs," even when they-"give themselves." ... Woman is so artistic ...

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My Belief in the Virilising of Europe.-We owe it to Napoleon (and not at all to the French Revolution, which had in view the " fraternity " of the nations, and the florid interchange of good graces among people generally) that several warlike centuries, which have not had their like in past history, may now follow one another-in short, that we have entered upon the classical age of war, war at the same time scientific and popular, on the grandest scale (as regards means, talents and discipline), to which all coming millenniums will look back with envy and awe as a work of perfection :-for the national movement out of which this martial glory springs, is only the counter-shock against Napoleon, and would not have existed without him. To him, consequently, one will one day be able to attribute the fact that man in Europe has again got the upper hand of the merchant and the Philistine; perhaps even of " woman" also, who has become pampered owing to Christianity and the extravagant spirit of the eighteenth century, and still more owing to " modern ideas." Napoleon, who saw in modern ideas, and accordingly in civilisation,

something like a personal enemy, has by this hostility proved himself one of the greatest continuators of the Renaissance: he has brought to the surface a whole block of the ancient character, the decisive block perhaps, the block of granite. And who knows but that this block of ancient character will in the end get the upper hand of the national movement, and will have to make itself in a positive sense the heir and continuator of Napoleon :-who, as one knows, wanted one Europe, which was to be mistress of the world.-

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How each Sex has its Prejudice about Love.- Notwithstanding all the concessions which I am inclined to make to the prejudice of monogamy, I will never admit that we should speak of equal rights in the love of man and woman: there are no such equal rights. The reason is that man and woman understand something different by the term love,-and it belongs to the conditions of love in both sexes that the one sex does not presuppose the same feeling, the same conception of " love," in the other sex. What woman understands by love is clear enough: complete surrender (not merely devotion) of soul and body, without any motive, without any reservation, rather with shame and terror at the thought of a devotion restricted by clauses or associated with conditions. In this absence of conditions her love is precisely a faith : woman has no other.- Man, when he loves a woman, wants precisely this love from her; he is consequently, as regards himself, furthest removed from the prerequisites of feminine love; granted, however, that there should also be men to whom on their side the demand for complete devotion is not unfamiliar,-well, they are really- not men. A man who loves like a woman becomes thereby a slave ; a woman, however, who loves like a woman becomes thereby a more perfect woman... . The passion of woman in its unconditional renunciation of its own rights presupposes in fact that there does not exist on the other side an equal pathos, an equal desire for renunciation : for if both renounced themselves out of love, there would result- well, I don't know what, perhaps an empty space? Woman wants to be taken and accepted as a possession, she wishes to be merged in the conceptions of " possession " and " possessed "; consequently she wants one who takes, who does not offer and give himself away, but who reversely

is rather to be made richer in "himself"-by the increase of power, happiness and faith which the woman herself gives to him. Woman gives herself, man takes her. - I do not think one will get over this natural contrast by any social contract, or with the very best will to do justice, however desirable it may be to avoid bringing the severe, frightful, enigmatical, and unmoral elements of this antagonism constantly before our eyes. For love, regarded as complete, great, and full, is nature, and as nature, is to all eternity something " unmoral." -Fidelity is accordingly included in woman's love, it follows from the definition thereof; with man fidelity may readily result in consequence of his love, perhaps as gratitude or idiosyncrasy of taste, and so-called elective affinity, but it does not belong to the essence of his love-and indeed so little, that one might almost be entitled to speak of a natural opposition between love and fidelity in man, whose love is just a desire to possess, and not a renunciation and giving away; the desire to possess, however, comes to an end every time with the possession... . As a matter of fact it is the more subtle and jealous thirst for possession in a man (who is rarely and tardily convinced of having this " possession "), which makes¹ his love continue ; in that case it is even possible that his love may increase after the surrender,-he does not readily own that a woman has nothing more to " surrender " to him.-

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The Anchorite Speaks.-The art of associating with men rests essentially on one's skilfulness (which presupposes long exercise) in accepting a repast, in taking a repast, in the cuisine of which one has no confidence. Provided one comes to the table with the hunger of a wolf everything is easy 'the worst society gives you experience' - as Mephistopheles says); but one has not always this wolf s-hunger when one needs it! Alas! how difficult are our fellow-men to digest! First principle : to stake one's courage as in a misfortune, to seize boldly, to admire oneself at the same time, to take one's repugnance between one's teeth, to cram down one's disgust. Second principle: to "improve" one's fellow-man, by praise for example, so that he may begin to sweat out his self-complacency; or to seize a tuft of his good or " interesting" qualities, and pull at it till one gets his whole virtue out, and can put him under the folds of it. Third

principle: self-hypnotism. To fix one's eye on the object of one's intercourse as on a glass knob, until, ceasing to feel pleasure or pain thereat, one falls asleep unobserved, becomes rigid, and acquires a fixed pose: a household recipe used in married life and in friendship, well tested and prized as indispensable, but not yet scientifically formulated. Its proper name is-patience.-

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The Anchorite Speaks once more.-We also have intercourse with "men," we also modestly put on the clothes in which people know us (as such), respect us and seek us ; and we thereby mingle in society, that is to say, among the disguised who do not wish to be so called ; we also do like all prudent masqueraders, and courteously dismiss all curiosity which has not reference merely to our "clothes." There are however other modes and artifices for "going about" among men and associating with them: for example, as a ghost,-which is very advisable when one wants to scare them, and get rid of them easily. An example : a person grasps at us, and is unable to seize us. That frightens him. Or we enter by a closed door. Or when the lights are extinguished. Or after we are dead. The latter is the artifice of posthumous men par excellence. ("What?" said such a one once impatiently, "do you think we should delight in enduring this strangeness, coldness, death-stillness about us, all this subterranean, hidden, dim, undiscovered solitude, which is called life with us, and might just as well be called death, if we were not conscious of what will arise out of us,-and that only after our death shall we attain to our life and become living, ah! very living! we posthumous men!"-)

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At the Sight of a Scholarly Book.-We do not belong to those who only get their thoughts from books, or at the prompting of books,-it is our custom to think in the open air, walking, leaping, climbing, or dancing on lonesome mountains by preference, or close to the sea, where even the paths

become thoughtful. Our first question concerning the value of a book, a man, or a piece of music is : Can it walk ? or still better: Can it dance ? ... We seldom read ; we do not read the worse for that -oh, how quickly we divine how a person has arrived at his thoughts:-if it is by sitting before an ink-bottle with compressed belly and head bent over the paper : oh, how quickly we are then done with his book! The constipated bowels betray themselves, one may wager on it, just as the atmosphere of the room, the ceiling of the room, the smallness of the room, betray themselves.-These were my feelings when closing a straightforward, scholarly book, thankful, very thankful, but also relieved... . In the book of a scholar there is almost always something oppressive and oppressed: the " specialist" comes to light somewhere, his ardour, his seriousness, his wrath, his over-estimation of the nook in which he sits and spins, his hump- every specialist has his hump. A scholarly book also always mirrors a distorted soul: every trade distorts. Look at our friends again with whom we have spent our youth, after they have taken possession of their science : alas! how the reverse has always taken place! Alas! how they themselves are now for ever occupied and possessed by their science! Grown into their nook, crumpled into unrecognisability, constrained, deprived of their equilibrium, emaciated and angular everywhere, perfectly round only in one place,-we are moved and silent when we find them so. Every handicraft, granting even that it has a golden floor,* has also a leaden ceiling above it, which presses and presses on the soul, till it is pressed into a strange and distorted shape. There is nothing to alter here. We need not think that it is at all possible to obviate this disfigurement by any educational artifice whatever. Every kind of perfection is purchased at a high price on earth, where everything is perhaps purchased too dear; one is an expert in one's department at the price of being also a victim of one's department. But you want to have it otherwise-"more reasonable," above all more convenient-is it not so, my dear contemporaries ? Very well! But then you will also immediately get something different: instead of the craftsman and expert, you will get the literary man, the versatile, " many-sided " litterateur, who to be sure lacks the hump-not taking account of the hump or bow which he makes before you as the shop keeper of the intellect and the " porter " of culture-, the litterateur, who is really nothing, but " represents " almost everything: he plays and " represents " the expert, he also takes it upon himself in all modesty to see that he is paid, honoured and celebrated in this position.-No, my scholarly friends! I bless you even on account of your humps! And also because like me you despise the litterateurs and

parasites of culture! And because you do not know how to make merchandise of your intellect! And have so many opinions which cannot be expressed in money value! And because you do not represent anything which you are not! Because your sole desire is to become masters of your craft; because you reverence every kind of mastery and ability, and repudiate with the most relentless scorn everything of a make-believe, half-genuine, dressed-up, virtuoso, demagogic, histrionic nature in litteris et artibus-all that which does not convince you by its absolute genuineness of discipline and preparatory training, or cannot stand your test! (Even genius does not help a person to get over such a defect, however well it may be able to deceive with regard to it: one understands this if one has once looked closely at our most gifted painters and musicians,-who almost without exception, can artificially and supplementarily appropriate to themselves (by means of artful inventions of style, make-shifts, and even principles), the appearance of that genuineness, that solidity of training and culture; to be sure, without thereby deceiving themselves, without thereby imposing perpetual silence on their bad consciences. For you know of course that all great modern artists suffer from bad consciences ? ...)

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How one has to Distinguish first of all in Works of Art.-Everything that is thought, versified, painted and composed, yea, even built and moulded, belongs either to monologic art, or to art before witnesses. Under the latter there is also to be included the apparently monologic art which involves the belief in God, the whole lyric of prayer; because for a pious man there is no solitude,-we, the godless, have been the first to devise this invention. I know of no profounder distinction in all the perspective of the artist than this: Whether he looks at his growing work of art (at "himself-") with the eye of the witness; or whether he "has forgotten the world," as is the essential thing in all monologic art,-it rests on forgetting, it is the music of forgetting.

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The Cynic Speaks.-My objections to Wagner's music are physiological objections. Why should I therefore begin by disguising them under aesthetic formulae ? My " point" is that I can no longer breathe freely when this music begins to operate on me; my foot immediately becomes indignant at it and rebels: for what it needs is time, dance and march ; it demands first of all from music the ecstasies which are in good walking, striding, leaping and dancing. But do not my stomach, my heart, my blood and my bowels also protest? Do I not become hoarse unawares under its influence? And then I ask myself what my body really wants from music generally. I believe it wants to have relief: so that all animal functions should be accelerated by means of light, bold, unfettered, self-assured rhythms; so that brazen, leaden life should be gilded by means of golden, good, tender harmonies. My melancholy would gladly rest its head in the hiding-places and abysses of perfection: for this reason I need music. What do I care for the drama! What do I care for the spasms of its moral ecstasies, in which the " people" have their satisfaction! What do I care for the whole pantomimic hocus-pocus of the actor! . . . , It will now be divined that I am essentially anti-theatrical at heart,-but Wagner on the contrary, was essentially a man of the stage and an actor, the most enthusiastic mummer-worshipper that has ever existed, even, among musicians! ... And let it be said in passing that if Wagner's theory was that "drama is the object, and music is only the means to it,"-his practice on the contrary from beginning to end has been to the effect that " attitude is the object, drama and even music can never be anything else but means to this." Music as a means of elucidating, strengthening and intensifying dramatic poses and the actor's appeal to the senses, and Wagnerian drama only an opportunity for a number of dramatic attitudes! Wagner possessed, along with all other instincts, the dictatorial instinct of a great actor in all and everything, and as has been said, also as a musician.-I once made this clear with some trouble to a thoroughgoing Wagnerian, and I had reasons for adding:- " Do be a little more honest with yourself: we are not now in the theatre. In the theatre we are only honest in the mass; as individuals we lie, we belie even ourselves. We leave ourselves at home when we go to the theatre; we there renounce the right to our own tongue and choice, to our taste, and even to our courage as we possess it and practise it within our own four walls in relation to God and man. No one takes his finest taste in art into the theatre with him, not even the artist who works for the theatre: there one is

people, public, herd, woman, Pharisee, voting animal, democrat, neighbour, and fellow-creature; there even the most personal conscience succumbs to the levelling charm of the ' great multitude'; there stupidity operates as wantonness and contagion; there the neighbour rules, there one becomes a neighbour... ." (I have forgotten to mention what my enlightened Wagnerian answered to my physiological objections : " So the fact is that you are really not healthy enough for our music ?"-)

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Juxtapositions in us.-Must we not acknowledge to ourselves, we artists, that there is a strange discrepancy in us; that on the one hand our taste, and on the other hand our creative power, keep apart in an extraordinary manner, continue apart, and have a separate growth ;-I mean to say that they have entirely different gradations and tempi of age, youth, maturity, mellowness and rottenness ? So that, for example, a musician could all his life create things which contradicted all that his ear and heart, spoilt for listening, prized, relished and preferred:-he would not even require to be aware of the contradiction! As an almost painfully regular experience shows, a person's taste can easily outgrow the taste of his power, even without the latter being thereby paralysed or checked in its productivity. The reverse, however, can also to some extent take place,-and it is to this especially that I should like to direct the attention of artists. A constant producer, a man who is a " mother" in the grand sense of the term, one who no longer knows or hears of anything except pregnancies and childbeds of his spirit, who has no time at all to reflect and make comparisons with regard to himself and his work, who is also no longer inclined to exercise his taste, but simply forgets it, letting it take its chance of standing, lying or falling,-perhaps such a man at last produces works on which he is then quite unfit to pass a judgment: so that he speaks and thinks foolishly about them and about himself. This seems to me almost the normal condition with fruitful artists,-nobody knows a child worse than its parents-and the rule applies even (to take an immense example) to the entire Greek world of poetry and art, which was never " conscious " of what it had done... .

What is Romanticism ?-It will be remembered perhaps, at least among my friends, that at first I assailed the modern world with some gross errors and exaggerations, but at any rate with hope in my heart. I recognised-who knows from what personal experiences?-the philosophical pessimism of the nineteenth century as the symptom of a higher power of thought, a more daring courage and a more triumphant plenitude of life than had been characteristic of the eighteenth century, the age of Hume, Kant, Condillac, and the sensualists : so that the tragic view of things seemed to me the peculiar luxury of our culture, its most precious, noble, and dangerous mode of prodigality; but nevertheless, in view of its overflowing wealth, a justifiable luxury. In the same way I interpreted for myself German music as the expression of a Dionysian power in the German soul: I thought I heard in it the earthquake by means of which a primeval force that had been imprisoned for ages was finally finding vent-indifferent as to whether all that usually calls itself culture was thereby made to totter. It is obvious that I then misunderstood what constitutes the veritable character both of philosophical pessimism and of German music, - namely, their Romanticism. What is Romanticism ? Every art and every philosophy may be regarded as a healing and helping appliance in the service of growing, struggling life: they always presuppose suffering and sufferers. But there are two kinds of sufferers: on the one hand those that suffer from overflowing vitality, who need Dionysian art, and require a tragic view and insight into life ; and on the other hand those who suffer from reduced vitality, who seek repose, quietness, calm seas, and deliverance from themselves through art or knowledge, or else intoxication, spasm, bewilderment and madness. All Romanticism in art and knowledge responds to the twofold craving of the latter ; to them Schopenhauer as well as Wagner responded (and responds),-to name those most celebrated and decided romanticists, who were then misunderstood by me (not however to their disadvantage, as may be reasonably conceded to me). The being richest in overflowing vitality, the Dionysian God and man, may not only allow himself the spectacle of the horrible and questionable, but even the fearful deed itself, and all the luxury of destruction, disorganisation and negation. With him evil, senselessness and ugliness seem as it were licensed, in consequence of the overflowing plenitude of procreative, fructifying power,

which can convert every desert into a luxuriant orchard. Conversely, the greatest sufferer, the man poorest in vitality, would have most need of mildness, peace and kindness in thought and action : he would need, if possible, a God who is specially the God of the sick, a " Saviour " ; similarly he would have need of logic, the abstract intelligibility of existence- for logic soothes and gives confidence ;-in short he would need a certain warm, fear-dispelling narrowness and imprisonment within optimistic horizons. In this manner I gradually began to understand Epicurus, the opposite of a Dionysian pessimist;-in a similar manner also the "Christian," who in fact is only a type of Epicurean, and like him essentially a romanticist:-and my vision has always become keener in tracing that most difficult and insidious of all forms of retrospective inference, in which most mistakes have been made- the inference from the work to its author from the deed to its doer, from the ideal to him who needs it, from every mode of thinking and valuing to the imperative want behind it.-In regard to all aesthetic values I now avail myself of this radical distinction : I ask in every single case, " Has hunger or superfluity become creative here ?" At the outset another distinction might seem to recommend itself more-it is far more conspicuous,-namely, to have in view whether the desire for rigidity, for perpetuation, for being is the cause of the creating, or the desire for destruction, for change, for the new, for the future-for becoming. But when looked at more carefully, both these kinds of desire prove themselves ambiguous, and are explicable precisely according to the before-mentioned, and, as it seems to me, rightly preferred scheme. The desire for destruction, change and becoming, may be the expression of overflowing power, pregnant with futurity (my terminus for this is of course the word "Dionysian"); but it may also be the hatred of the ill-constituted, destitute and unfortunate, which destroys, and must destroy, because the enduring, yea, all that endures, in fact all being, excites and provokes it. To understand this emotion we have but to look closely at our anarchists. The will to perpetuation requires equally a double interpretation. It may on the one hand proceed from gratitude and love:-art of this origin will always be an art of apotheosis, perhaps dithyrambic, as with Rubens, mocking divinely, as with Hafiz, or clear and kind-hearted as with Goethe, and spreading a Homeric brightness and glory over everything (in this case I speak of Apollonian art). It may also, however, be the tyrannical will of a sorely-suffering, struggling or tortured being, who would like to stamp his most personal, individual and narrow characteristics, the very idiosyncrasy of his suffering, as an obligatory law and constraint on others; who, as it were,

takes revenge on all things, in that he imprints, enforces and brands his image, the image of his torture, upon them. The latter is romantic pessimism in its most extreme form, whether it be as Schopenhauerian will-philosophy, or as Wagnerian music:- romantic pessimism, the last great event in the destiny of our civilisation. (That there may be quite a different kind of pessimism, a classical pessimism-this presentiment and vision belongs to me, as something inseparable from me, as my proprium and ipsissimum; only that the word " classical" is repugnant to my ears, it has become far too worn, too indefinite and indistinguishable. I call that pessimism of the future,-for it is coming! I see it coming!-Dionysian pessimism.)

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We Unintelligible Ones.-Have we ever complained among ourselves of being misunderstood, misjudged, and confounded with others; of being calumniated, misheard, and not heard ? That is just our lot-alas, for a long time yet! say, to be modest, until 1901-, it is also our distinction ; we should not have sufficient respect for ourselves if we wished it otherwise. People confound us with others- the reason of it is that we ourselves grow, we change continually, we cast off old bark, we still slough every spring, we always become younger, higher, stronger, as men of the future, we thrust our roots always more powerfully into the deep- into evil-, while at the same time we embrace the heavens ever more lovingly, more extensively, and suck in their light ever more eagerly with all our branches and leaves. We grow like trees -that is difficult to understand, like all life !-not in one place, but everywhere, not in one direction only, but upwards and outwards, as well as inwards and downwards. At the same time our force shoots forth in stem, branches, and roots ; we are really no longer free to do anything separately, or to be anything separately... . Such is our lot, as we have said : we grow in height; and even should it be our calamity-for we dwell ever closer to the lightning!-well, we honour it none the less on that account; it is that which we do not wish to share with others, which we do not wish to bestow upon others, the fate of all elevation, our fate... .

Why we are not Idealists.-Formerly philosophers were afraid of the senses : have we, perhaps, been far too forgetful of this fear ? We are at present all of us sensualists, we representatives of the present and of the future in philosophy,-not according to theory, however, but in praxis, in practice... . Those former philosophers, on the contrary, thought that the senses lured them out of their world, the cold realm of " ideas," to a dangerous southern island, where they were afraid that their philosopher-virtues would melt away like snow in the sun. " Wax in the ears," was then almost a condition of philosophising; a genuine philosopher no longer listened to life, in so far as life is music, he denied the music of life-it is an old philosophical superstition that all music is Sirens' music.-Now we should be inclined at the present day to judge precisely in the opposite manner (which in itself might be just as false), and to regard ideas, with their cold, anaemic appearance, and not even in spite of this appearance, as worse seducers than the senses. They have always lived on the "blood" of the philosopher, they always consumed his senses, and indeed, if you will believe me, his " heart" as well. Those old philosophers were heartless: philosophising was always a species of vampirism. At the sight of such figures even as Spinoza, do you not feel a profoundly enigmatical and disquieting sort of impression ? Do you not see the drama which is here performed, the constantly increasing pallor-, the spiritualisation always more ideally displayed? Do you not imagine some long-concealed blood-sucker in the background, which makes its beginning with the senses, and in the end retains or leaves behind nothing but bones and their rattling?-I mean categories, formulae, and words (for you will pardon me in saying that what remains of Spinoza, amor intellectualis dei, is rattling and nothing more! What is amor, what is deus, when they have lost every drop of blood ? ...) In summa: all philosophical idealism has until now been something like a disease, where it has not been, as in the case of Plato, the prudence of superabundant and dangerous healthfulness, the fear of overpowerful senses, and the wisdom of a wise Socratic.-Perhaps, is it the case that we moderns are merely not sufficiently sound to require Plato's idealism ? And we do not fear the senses because——

" Science" as Prejudice.-It follows from the laws of class distinction that the learned, in so far as they belong to the intellectual middle-class, are debarred from getting even a sight of the really great problems and notes of interrogation. Besides, their courage, and similarly their outlook, does not reach so far,-and above all their need which makes them investigators, their innate anticipation and desire that things should be constituted in such and such a way, their fears and hopes, are too soon quieted and set at rest. For example, that which makes the pedantic Englishman, Herbert Spencer, so enthusiastic in his way, and impels him to draw a line of hope, a horizon of desirability, the final reconciliation of "egoism and altruism" of which he dreams,-that almost causes nausea to people like us :-a humanity with such Spencerian perspectives as ultimate perspectives would seem to us deserving of contempt, of extermination! But the fact that something has to be taken by him as his highest hope, which is regarded, and may well be regarded, by others merely as a distasteful possibility, is a note of interrogation which Spencer could not have foreseen... . It is just the same with the belief with which at present so many materialistic natural-scientists are content, the belief in a world which is supposed to have its

equivalent and measure in human thinking and human valuations, a " world of truth " at which we might be able ultimately to arrive with the help of our insignificant, four-cornered human reason! What? do we actually wish to have existence debased in that fashion to a ready-reckoner exercise and calculation for stay-at-home mathematicians? We should not, above all, seek to divest existence of its ambiguous character: good taste forbids it, gentlemen, the taste of reverence for everything that goes beyond your horizon! That a world-interpretation is alone right by which you maintain your position, by which investigation and work can go on scientifically in your sense (you really mean mechanically?), an interpretation which acknowledges numbering, calculating, weighing, seeing and handling, and nothing more-such an idea is a piece of grossness and naivety, provided it is not lunacy and idiocy. Would the reverse not be quite probable, that the most superficial and external characters of existence-its most apparent quality, its outside, its embodiment- should let themselves be apprehended first? perhaps alone allow themselves to be apprehended? A "scientific" interpretation of the world as you

understand it might consequently still be one of the stupidest, that is to say, the most destitute of significance, of all possible world-interpretations :-I say this in confidence to my friends the Mechanists, who to-day like to hobnob with philosophers, and absolutely believe that mechanics is the teaching of the first and last laws upon which, as upon a ground-floor, all existence must be built. But an essentially mechanical world would be an essentially meaningless world ! Supposing we valued the worth of a music with reference to how much it could be counted, calculated, or formulated -how absurd such a " scientific " estimate of music would be! What would one have apprehended, understood, or discerned in it! Nothing, absolutely nothing of what is really " music " in it! ...

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Our new "Infinite!"-How far the perspective character of existence extends, or whether it have any other character at all, whether an existence without explanation, without "sense" does not just become "nonsense," whether, on the other hand, all existence is not essentially an explaining existence-these questions, as is right and proper, cannot be determined even by the most diligent and severely conscientious analysis and self-examination of the intellect, because in this analysis the human intellect cannot avoid seeing itself in its perspective forms, and only in them. We cannot see round our corner: it is hopeless curiosity to want to know what other modes of intellect and perspective there might be: for example, whether any kind of being could perceive time backwards, or alternately forwards and backwards (by which another direction of life and another conception of cause and effect would be given). But I think that we are to-day at least far from the ludicrous immodesty of decreeing from our nook that there can only be legitimate perspectives from that nook. The world, on the contrary, has once more become " infinite" to us: in so far we cannot dismiss the possibility that it contains infinite interpretations. Once more the great horror seizes us-but who would desire forthwith to deify once more this monster of an unknown world in the old fashion ? And perhaps worship the unknown thing as the " unknown person " in future ? Ah! there are too many ungodly possibilities of interpretation comprised in this unknown, too much devilment, stupidity

and folly of interpretation,- our own human, all too human interpretation itself, which we know... .

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Why we Seem to be Epicureans.-We are cautious, we modern men, with regard to final convictions, our distrust lies in wait for the enchantments and tricks of conscience involved in every strong belief, in every absolute Yea and Nay: how is this explained? Perhaps one may see in it a good deal of the caution of the "burnt child," of the disillusioned idealist; but one may also see in it another and better element, the joyful curiosity of a former lingerer in a corner, who has been brought to despair by his nook, and now luxuriates and revels in its antithesis, in the unbounded, in the "open air in itself." Thus there is developed an almost Epicurean inclination for knowledge, which does not readily lose sight of the questionable character of things; likewise also a repugnance to pompous moral phrases and attitudes, a taste that repudiates all coarse, square contrasts, and is proudly conscious of its habitual reserve. For this too constitutes our pride, this easy tightening of the reins in our headlong impulse after certainty, this self-control of the rider in his most furious riding: for now, as of old, we have mad, fiery steeds under us, and if we delay, it is certainly least of all the danger which causes us to delay...

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Our Slow Periods.-It is thus that artists feel, and all men of "works," the maternal species of men : they always believe at every chapter of their life-a work always makes a chapter-that they have now reached the goal itself; they would always patiently accept death with the feeling: " we are ripe for it." This is not the expression of exhaustion,-but rather that of a certain autumnal sunniness and mildness, which the work itself, the maturing of the work, always leaves behind in its originator. Then the tempo of life slows down-turns thick and flows with honey-into long pauses, into the belief in the long pause... .

We Homeless Ones.-Among the Europeans of to-day there are not lacking those who may call themselves homeless ones in a way which is at once a distinction and an honour; it is by them that my secret wisdom and *gaya scienza* is especially to be laid to heart! For their lot is hard, their hope uncertain ; it is a clever feat to devise consolation for them. But what good does it do! We children of the future, how could we be at home in the present ? We are unfavourable to all ideals which could make us feel at home in this frail, broken-down, transition period; and as regards the " realities " thereof, we do not believe in their endurance. The ice which still carries has become very thin: the thawing wind blows; we ourselves, the homeless ones, are an agency that breaks the ice, and the other too thin " realities." ... We " preserve " nothing, nor would we return to any past age; we are not at all " liberal," we do not labour for " progress," we do not need first to stop our ears to the song of the marketplace and the sirens of the future-their song of "equal rights," "free society," " no longer either lords or slaves," does not allure us! We do not by any means think it desirable that the kingdom of righteousness and peace should be established on earth (because under any circumstances it would be the kingdom of the profoundest mediocrity and Chinese-like levelling); we rejoice in all men, who like ourselves love danger, war and adventure, who do not make compromises, nor let themselves be captured, conciliated and stunted; we count ourselves among the conquerors; we ponder over the need of a new order of things, even of a new slavery-for every strengthening and elevation of the type " man " also involves a new form of slavery. Is it not obvious that with all this we must feel ill at ease in an age which claims the honour of being the most humane, gentle and just that the sun has ever seen ? What a pity that at the mere mention of these fine words, the thoughts at the bottom of our hearts are all the more unpleasant, that we see therein only the expression-or the masquerade -of profound weakening, exhaustion, age, and declining power! What can it matter to us with what kind of tinsel an invalid decks out his weakness ? He may parade it as his virtue; there is no doubt whatever that weakness makes people gentle, alas, so gentle, so just, so inoffensive, so " humane " !- The " religion of pity," to which

people would like to persuade us-yes, we know sufficiently well the hysterical little men and women who need this religion at present as a cloak and adornment! We are no humanitarians; we should not dare to speak of our " love of mankind " ; for that, a person of our stamp is not enough of an actor! Or not sufficiently Saint-Simonist, not sufficiently French. A person must have been affected with a Gallic excess of erotic susceptibility and amorous impatience even to approach mankind honourably with his lewdness... . Mankind! Was there ever a more hideous old woman among all old women (unless perhaps it were " the Truth": a question for philosophers)? No, we do not love Mankind! On the other hand, however, we are not nearly " German " enough (in the sense in which the word " German " is current at present) to advocate nationalism and race-hatred, or take delight in the national heart-itch and. blood-poisoning, on account of which the nations of Europe are at present bounded off and secluded from one another as if by quarantines. We are too unprejudiced for that, too perverse, too fastidious ; also too well-informed, and too much " travelled." We prefer much rather to live on mountains, apart and " out of season," in past or coming centuries, in order merely to spare ourselves the silent rage to which we know we should be condemned as witnesses of a system of politics which makes the German nation barren by making it vain, and which is a petty system besides:-will it not be necessary for this system to plant itself between two mortal hatreds, lest its own creation should immediately collapse? Will it not be obliged to desire the perpetuation of the petty-state system of Europe? ... We homeless ones are too diverse and mixed in race and descent for " modern men," and are consequently little tempted to participate in the falsified racial self-admiration and lewdness which at present display themselves in Germany, as signs of German sentiment, and which strike one as doubly false and unbecoming in the people with the " historical sense." We are, in a word-and it shall be our word of honour!- good Europeans, the heirs of Europe, the rich, over-wealthy heirs, but too deeply obligated heirs of millenniums of European thought. As such, we have also outgrown Christianity, and are disinclined to it - and just because we have grown out of it, because our forefathers were Christians uncompromising in their Christian integrity, who willingly sacrificed possessions and positions, blood and country, for the sake of their belief. We do the same. For what, then ? For our unbelief? For all sorts of unbelief? Nay, you know better than that, my friends! The hidden Yea in you is stronger than all the Nays and Perhapses, of which you and your age are sick; and when you are obliged to put out to sea, you emigrants, it is-

once more a faith which urges you thereto! . . . ,

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"And once more Grow Clear"-We, the generous and rich in spirit, who stand at the sides of the streets like open fountains and would hinder no one from drinking from us: we do not know, alas! how to defend ourselves when we should like to do so; we have no means of preventing ourselves being made turbid and dark,-we have no means of preventing the age in which we live casting its " up-to-date rubbish" into us, or of hindering filthy birds throwing their excrement, the boys their trash, and fatigued resting travellers their misery, great and small, into us. But we do as we have always done: we take whatever is cast into us down into our depths - for we are deep, we do not forget-and once more grow clear... .

Gay Science

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The Fool's Interruption.-It is not a misanthrope who has written this book : the hatred of men costs too dear to-day. To hate as they formerly hated man, in the fashion of Timon, completely, without qualification, with all the heart, from the pure love of hatred - for that purpose one would have to renounce contempt: - and how much refined pleasure, how much patience, how much benevolence even, do we owe to contempt! Moreover we are thereby the " elect of God ": refined contempt is our taste and privilege, our art, our virtue perhaps, we, the most modern amongst the moderns! ... Hatred, on the contrary, makes equal, it puts men face to face, in hatred there is honour; finally, in hatred there is fear, quite a large amount of fear. We fearless ones, however, we, the most intellectual men of the period, know our advantage well enough to live without fear as the most intellectual persons of this age. People will not easily behead us, shut us up, or banish us; they will not even ban or burn our books. The age loves intellect, it loves us, and needs us, even when we have to give it to understand that we are artists in despising; that all

intercourse with men is something of a horror to us; that with all our gentleness, patience, humanity and courteousness, we cannot persuade our nose to abandon its prejudice against the proximity of man ; that we love nature the more, the less humanly things are done by her, and that we love art when it is the flight of the artist from man, or the raillery of the artist at man, or the raillery of the artist at himself... .

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" The Wanderer " Speaks.-In order for once to get a glimpse of our European morality from a distance, in order to compare it with other earlier or future moralities, one must do as the traveller who wants to know the height of the towers of a city: for that purpose he leaves the city. " Thoughts concerning moral prejudices," if they are not to be prejudices concerning prejudices, presuppose a position outside of morality, some sort of world beyond good and evil, to which one must ascend, climb, or fly-and in the given case at any rate, a position beyond our good and evil, an emancipation from all " Europe," understood as a sum of inviolable valuations which have become part and parcel of our flesh and blood. That one does want to get outside, or aloft, is perhaps a sort of madness, a peculiar, unreasonable " you must"-for even we thinkers have our idiosyncrasies of " unfree will":- the question is whether one can really get there. That may depend on manifold conditions: in the main it is a question of how light or how heavy we are, the problem of our "specific gravity." One must be very light in order to impel one's will to knowledge to such a distance, and as it were beyond one's age, in order to create eyes for oneself for the survey of millenniums, and a pure heaven in these eyes besides! One must have freed oneself from many things by which we Europeans of to-day are oppressed, hindered, held down, and made heavy. The man of such a " Beyond," who wants to get even in sight of the highest standards of worth of his age, must first of all "surmount" this age in himself-it is the test of his power-and consequently not only his age, but also his past aversion and opposition to his age, his suffering caused by his age, his unseasonableness, his Romanticism.... .

The Question of Intelligibility.-One not only wants to be understood when one writes, but also -quite as certainly-not to be understood. It is by no means an objection to a book when someone finds it unintelligible : perhaps this might just have been the intention of its author,-perhaps he did not want to be understood by " anyone." A distinguished intellect and taste, when it wants to communicate its thoughts, always selects its hearers; by selecting them, it at the same time closes its barriers against " the others." It is there that all the more refined laws of style have their origin: they at the same time keep off, they create distance, they prevent " access" (intelligibility, as we have said,)-while they open the ears of those who are acoustically related to them. And to say it between ourselves and with reference to my own case,-I do not desire that either my ignorance, or the vivacity of my temperament, should prevent me being understood by you, my friends : I certainly do not desire that my vivacity should have that effect, however much it may impel me to arrive quickly at an object, in order to arrive at it at all. For I think it is best to do with profound problems as with a cold bath-quickly in, quickly out. That one does not thereby get into the depths, that one does not get deep enough down-is a superstition of the hydrophobic, the enemies of cold water; they speak without experience. Oh! the great cold makes one quick!-And let me ask by the way: Is it a fact that a thing has been misunderstood and unrecognised when it has only been touched upon in passing, glanced at, flashed at? Must one absolutely sit upon it in the first place? Must one have brooded on it as on an egg ? *Diu noctuque incubando*, as Newton said of himself? At least there are truths of a peculiar shyness and ticklishness which one can only get hold of suddenly, and in no other way,-which one must either take by surprise, or leave alone... . Finally, my brevity has still another value: on those questions which pre-occupy me, I must say a great deal briefly, in order that it may be heard yet more briefly. For as immoralist, one has to take care lest one ruins innocence, I mean the asses and old maids of both sexes, who get nothing from life but their innocence ; moreover my writings are meant to fill them with enthusiasm, to elevate them, to encourage them in virtue. I should be at a loss to know of anything more amusing than to see enthusiastic old asses and maids moved by the sweet feelings of virtue : and " that have I seen "-spake Zara-thustra. So much with respect to brevity;

the matter stands worse as regards my ignorance, of which I make no secret to myself. There are hours in which I am ashamed of it; to be sure there are likewise hours in which I am ashamed of this shame. Perhaps we philosophers, all of us, are badly placed at present with regard to knowledge: science is growing, the most learned of us are on the point of discovering that we know too little. But it would be worse still if it were otherwise,- if we knew too much; our duty is and remains first of all, not to get into confusion about ourselves. We are different from the learned; although it cannot be denied that amongst other things we are also learned. We have different needs, a different growth, a different digestion : we need more, we need also less. There is no formula as to how much an intellect needs for its nourishment ; if, however, its taste be in the direction of independence, rapid coming and going, travelling, and perhaps adventure for which only the swiftest are qualified, it prefers rather to live free on poor fare, than to be unfree and plethoric. Not fat, but the greatest suppleness and power is what a good dancer wishes from his nourishment,-and I know not what the spirit of a philosopher would like better than to be a good dancer. For the dance is his ideal, and also his art, in the end likewise his sole piety, his " divine service." ...

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Great Healthiness.- We, the new, the nameless, the hard-to-understand, we firstlings of a yet untried future-we require for a new end also a new means, namely, a new healthiness, stronger, sharper, tougher, bolder and merrier than any healthiness until now. He whose soul longs to experience the whole range of until now recognised values and desirabilities, and to circumnavigate all the coasts of this ideal " Mediterranean Sea," who, from the adventures of his most personal experience, wants to know how it feels to be a conqueror and discoverer of the ideal-as likewise how it is with the artist, the saint, the legislator, the sage, the scholar, the devotee, the prophet, and the godly Nonconformist of the old style:-requires one thing above all for that purpose, great healthiness-such healthiness as one not only possesses, but also constantly acquires and must acquire, because one continually sacrifices it again, and must sacrifice it!-And now, after having been long on the way in this fashion, we Argonauts of the ideal, who are more courageous perhaps than

prudent, and often enough shipwrecked and brought to grief, nevertheless, as said above, healthier than people would like to admit, dangerously healthy, always healthy again,-it would seem, as if in recompense for it all, that we have a still undiscovered country before us, the boundaries of which no one has yet seen, a beyond to all countries and corners of the ideal known until now, a world so over-rich in the beautiful, the strange, the questionable, the frightful, and the divine, that our curiosity as well as our thirst for possession thereof, have got out of hand- alas ! that nothing will now any longer satisfy us! How could we still be content with the man of the present day after such peeps, and with such a craving in our conscience and consciousness? What a pity; but it is unavoidable that we should look on the worthiest aims and hopes of the man of the present day with ill-concealed amusement, and perhaps should no longer look at them. Another ideal runs on before us, a strange, tempting ideal, full of danger, to which we should not like to persuade any one, because we do not so readily acknowledge any one's right thereto: the ideal of a spirit who plays naively (that is to say involuntarily and from overflowing abundance and power) with everything that has until now been called holy, good, inviolable, divine ; to whom the loftiest conception which the people have reasonably made their measure of value, would already imply danger, ruin, abasement, or at least relaxation, blindness, or temporary self-forgetfulness ; the ideal of a humanly superhuman welfare and benevolence, which may often enough appear inhuman, for example, when put by the side of all past seriousness on earth, and in comparison with all past solemnities in bearing, word, tone, look, morality and pursuit, as their truest involuntary parody,- but with which, nevertheless, perhaps the great seriousness only commences, the proper interrogation mark is set up, the fate of the soul changes, the hour-hand moves, and tragedy begins... .

Epilogue.-But while I slowly, slowly finish the painting of this sombre interrogation-mark, and am still inclined to remind my readers of the virtues of right reading-oh, what forgotten and unknown virtues-it comes to pass that the wickedest, merriest, gnome-like laughter resounds around me : the spirits of my book themselves pounce upon me, pull me by the ears, and call me to order. " We cannot endure it any longer," they shout to me, "away, away with this raven-black music. Is it not clear morning round about us ? And green, soft ground and turf, the domain of the dance? Was there ever a better hour in which to be joyful ? Who will sing us a song, a morning song, so sunny, so light and so fledged

that it will not scare the tantrums,-but will rather invite them to take part in the singing and dancing. And better a simple rustic bagpipe than such weird sounds, such toad-croakings, grave-voices and marmot-pipings, with which you have until now regaled us in your wilderness, Mr Anchorite and Musician of the Future! No! Not such tones ! But let us strike up something more agreeable and more joyful!"-You would like to have it so, my impatient friends? Well! Who would not willingly accede to your wishes ? My bagpipe is waiting, and my voice also-it may sound a little hoarse; take it as it is! don't forget we are in the mountains! But what you will hear is at least new; and if you do not understand it, if you misunderstand the minstrel, what does it matter ! That-has always been " The Minstrel's Curse." * So much the more distinctly can you hear his music and melody, so much the better also can you-dance to his piping. Would you like to do that ? ...

THE END

Ecce Homo

ECCE HOMO

How One Becomes What One Is

by Friedrich Nietzsche

Translated by Anthony M. Ludovici (1911)

Reformatted and modified by Bill Chapko

Part 1: WHY I AM SO WISE

Part 2: WHY I AM SO CLEVER

Part 3: WHY I WRITE SUCH EXCELLENT BOOKS

Part 4: "THE BIRTH OF TRAGEDY"

Part 5: "THOUGHTS OUT OF SEASON"

Part 6: "HUMAN, ALL-TOO-HUMAN"

Part 7: "THE DAWN OF DAY"

Part 8: "THE GAY SCIENCE"

Part 9: "THUS SPOKE ZARATHUSTRA"

Part 10: "BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL"

Part 11: "THE GENEALOGY OF MORALS"

Part 12: "THE TWILIGHT OF THE IDOLS"

Part 13: "THE CASE OF WAGNER"

Part 14: WHY I AM A DESTINY

Individual Sections:

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Part 3 : 1 2 3 4 5 6 ... Part 4 BT : 1 2 ... Part 5 UM : 1 2 3 ... Part 6 H : 1 2 3

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BGE : 1 2 ... Part 11 GM : 1 ... Part 12 TI : 1 2 3 ... Part 13 CW : 1 2 3 4 ...

Part 14 : 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

PREFACE

Ecce Homo

Preface 1

As it is my intention within a very short time to confront my fellow-men with the very greatest demand that has ever yet been made upon them, it seems to me above all necessary to declare here who and what I am. As a matter of fact, this ought to be pretty well known already, for I have not "held my tongue" about myself. But the difference between the greatness of my task and the smallness of my contemporaries, is revealed by the fact that people have neither heard me nor yet seen me. I live on my own self-made credit, and it is probably only a prejudice that I live at all. I only have to speak with one of the "educated" who come here in the summer to the Swiss Upper Engadine to convince myself that I am not alive... . Under these circumstances, it is my duty - against which my usual reserve and, even more, the pride of my instincts rebel - to say : Listen ! for I am such and such a person. Above all, do not mistake me for someone else !

Ecce Homo

Preface 2

I am, for example, in no way a bogey man, or moral monster. I am really the very opposite of the kind of man that has been honoured until now as virtuous. Between ourselves, it seems to me that precisely this is part of my pride. I am a disciple of the philosopher Dionysus, and I would prefer to be even a satyr than a saint. But just read this little book ! Maybe I have succeeded, perhaps this work had no other meaning than to give expression to this contrast in a cheerful and philanthropic manner.

The very last thing I should promise would be to " improve " mankind. I'm not setting up any new idols; let the old idols learn what it means to have feet of clay. To overthrow idols (my name for "ideals") is much closer to my craft. Reality has been robbed of its value, its meaning, and its truthfulness, to precisely the extent to which one has falsely invented an ideal world The " true world " and the " apparent world " - in plain English, the falsely invented world and reality... . The lie of the ideal has always been the curse on reality; through it mankind's most fundamental instincts have become lying and false; to the point of worshipping those values opposite to those which would ensure its thriving, its future, the lofty right to its future.

Ecce Homo

Preface 3

He who knows how to breathe the air of my writings is conscious that it is the air of the heights, a strong air. A man must be built for it, otherwise there is danger he will become sick with a cold. Ice is near, the loneliness is terrible - but how serenely everything lies in the sunshine! how freely one can breathe! one feels how much lies beneath oneself! Philosophy, as I have so far understood and lived it, is living voluntarily among ice and high mountains - seeking out everything strange and questionable in existence, everything so far prohibited by morality. Long experience, derived from such wanderings in the forbidden, taught me to regard the causes that have prompted moralizing and idealizing in a very different light from what may seem desirable: The hidden history of the philosophers, the psychology of the great names, was revealed to me. How much truth can a spirit endure ; how much truth does it dare ? - for me more and more these questions became the real test of value. Error (the faith in the ideal) is not blindness ; error is cowardice... . Every achievement, every step forward in knowledge, arises from courage, from hardness towards one's self, from cleanliness towards one's self. I do not refute ideals; I merely put on gloves in their presence... . Nitimur in vetitum ["We strive for the forbidden": Ovid, Amores, III, 4, 17]; with this indication my philosophy will one day triumph; for that which has so far been fundamentally forbidden is, without exception, truth.

Ecce Homo

Preface 4

To me among my writings my Zarathustra stands apart. With it, I gave humanity the greatest gift that has ever been bestowed on it. This book, whose voice bridges thousands of years, is not only the highest book there is, truly the book of high mountain air,- the whole phenomenon, mankind, lies at an tremendous distance beneath it - but it is also the deepest book, born of the innermost abundance of truth; an inexhaustible well, into which no pail goes down without coming up again filled

with gold and goodness. Here no "prophet" speaks, none of those gruesome hybrids of sickness and will to power, whom men call founders of religions. If one is not to do a grave injustice to its wisdom, he must above all hear the tone - a halcyon tone- that comes from the mouth of Zarathustra :

" The most silent words are harbingers of the storm ; thoughts that come on dove's feet lead the world.

" The figs fall from the trees ; they are good and sweet, and, when they fall, their red skins are rent. " A north wind am I unto ripe figs. " Thus, like figs, do these precepts drop down to you, my friends; now drink their juice and their sweet pulp.

" It is autumn all around, and clear sky, and afternoon."

No fanatic speaks to you here; this is not a " sermon"; no faith is demanded in these pages. From out an infinite treasure of light and well of joy, drop by drop, my words fall out-a slow and gentle gait is the cadence of these discourses. Such things can reach only the most elect ; it is a rare privilege to be a listener here; not everyone who likes can have ears to hear Zarathustra. Is not Zarathustra, because of these things, a seducer! ... But what, indeed, does he himself say, when for the first time he goes back to his solitude? Just the reverse of that which any " Sage," " Saint," " Saviour of the world," and other decadent would say... . Not only his words, but he himself is other than they.

" Alone do I now go, my disciples ! Get you also hence, and alone! Thus would I have it.

" Verily, I beseech you: take your leave of me and arm yourselves against Zarathustra! And better still, be ashamed of him ! Maybe he hath deceived you.

" The knight of knowledge must be able not only to love his enemies, but also to hate his friends.

" The man who remains a pupil requites his teacher but ill. And why would you not pluck at my wreath ?

You honour me; but what if your reverence should one day break down ? Take heed, lest a statue crush you.

" You say you believe in Zarathustra ? But of what account is Zarathustra ? You are my believers : but of what account are all believers ?

" You had not yet sought yourselves when you found me. Thus do all believers; therefore is all believing worth so little.

" Now I bid you lose me and find yourselves ; and only when you have all denied me will I come back unto you.

Friedrich Nietzsche

On this perfect day, when everything is ripening, and not only the grapes are getting brown, a ray of sunshine has fallen on my life: I looked behind me, I looked before me, and never have I seen so many good things all at once. Not in vain have I buried my four-and-fortieth year to-day; I had the right to bury it-that in it which still had life, has been saved and is immortal. The first book of the Transvaluation of all Values, The Songs of Zarathustra, The Twilight of the Idols, my attempt to philosophise with the hammer-all these things are the gift of this year, and even of its last quarter. How could I help being thankful to the whole of my life?

That is why I am now going to tell myself the story of my life.

PART 1

WHY I AM SO WISE

Ecce Homo

Part 1 s1

The happiness of my existence, its unique character perhaps, consists in its fatefulness: to speak in a riddle, as my own father I am already dead, as my own mother I still live and grow old. This double origin, taken as it were from the highest and lowest rungs of the ladder of life, at once a decadent and a beginning, this, if anything, explains that neutrality, that freedom from partisanship in regard to the general problem of existence, which perhaps distinguishes me. To the first indications of ascending or of descending life my nostrils are more sensitive than those of any man that has yet lived. In this domain I am a master to my backbone-I know both sides, for I am both sides. My father died in his six-and-thirtieth year: he was delicate, lovable, and morbid, like one who is preordained to pay simply a flying visit- a gracious reminder of life rather than life itself. In the same year that his life declined mine also declined: in my six-and-thirtieth year I reached the lowest point in my vitality,-I still lived, but my eyes could distinguish nothing that lay three paces away from me. At that time-it was the year 1879-I resigned my professorship at Bale,

lived through the summer like a shadow in St. Moritz, and spent the following winter, the most sunless of my life, like a shadow in Naumburg. This was my lowest ebb. During this period I wrote *The Wanderer and His Shadow*. Without a doubt I was conversant with shadows then. The winter that followed, my first winter in Genoa, brought forth that sweetness and spirituality which is almost inseparable from extreme poverty of blood and muscle, in the shape of *The Dawn of Day*. The perfect lucidity and cheerfulness, the intellectual exuberance even, that this work reflects, coincides, in my case, not only with the most profound physiological weakness, but also with an excess of suffering. In the midst of the agony of a headache which lasted three days, accompanied by violent nausea, I was possessed of most singular dialectical clearness, and in absolutely cold blood I then thought out things, for which, in my more healthy moments, I am not enough of a climber, not sufficiently subtle, not sufficiently cold. My readers perhaps know to what extent I consider dialectic a symptom of decadence, as, for instance, in the most famous of all cases—the case of Socrates. All the morbid disturbances of the intellect, even that semi-stupor which accompanies fever, have, unto this day, remained completely unknown to me; and for my first information concerning their nature and frequency, I was obliged to have recourse to the learned works which have been compiled on the subject. My circulation is slow. No one has ever been able to detect fever in me. A doctor who treated me for some time as a nerve patient finally declared : " No ! there is nothing wrong with your nerves, it is simply I who am nervous." It has been absolutely impossible to ascertain any local degeneration in me, nor any organic stomach trouble, however much I may have suffered from profound weakness of the gastric system as the result of general exhaustion. Even my eye trouble, which sometimes approached so parlously near to blindness, was only an effect and not a cause ; for, whenever my general vital condition improved, my power of vision also increased. Having admitted all this, do I need to say that I am experienced in questions of decadence ? I know them inside and out. Even that filigree art of prehension and comprehension in general, that feeling for delicate shades of difference, that psychology of " seeing through brick walls," and whatever else I may be able to do, was first learnt then, and is the specific gift of that period during which everything in me was subtilised,—observation itself, together with all the organs of observation. To look upon healthier concepts and values from the standpoint of the sick, and conversely to look down upon the secret work of the instincts of decadence from the standpoint of him who is laden and self-reliant

with the richness of life-this has been my longest exercise, my principal experience. If in anything at all, it was in this that I became a master. To-day my hand knows the trick, I now have the knack of reversing perspectives: the first reason perhaps why a Transvaluation of all Values has been possible to me alone.

Ecce Homo

Part 1 s2

For, apart from the fact that I am a decadent, I am also the reverse of such a creature. Among other things my proof of this is, that I always instinctively select the proper remedy when my spiritual or bodily health is low; whereas the decadent, as such, invariably chooses those remedies which are bad for him. As a whole I was sound, but in certain details I was a decadent. That energy with which I sentenced myself to absolute solitude, and to a severance from all those conditions in life to which I had grown accustomed ; my discipline of myself, and my refusal to allow myself to be pampered, to be tended hand and foot, and to be doctored-all this betrays the absolute certainty of my instincts respecting what at that time was most needful to me. I placed myself in my own hands, I restored myself to health: the first condition of success in such an undertaking, as every physiologist will admit, is that at bottom a man should be sound. An intrinsically morbid nature cannot become healthy. On the other hand, to an intrinsically sound nature, illness may even constitute a powerful stimulus to life, to a surplus of life. It is in this light that I now regard the long period of illness that I endured: it seemed as if I had discovered life afresh, my own self included. I tasted all good things and even trifles in a way in which it was not easy for others to taste them- out of my Will to Health and to Life I made my philosophy... . For this should be thoroughly understood; it was during those years in which my vitality reached its lowest point that I ceased from being a pessimist: the instinct of self-recovery forbade my holding to a philosophy of poverty and desperation. Now, by what signs are Nature's lucky strokes recognised among men ? They are recognised by the fact that any such lucky stroke gladdens our senses; that he is carved from one integral block, which is hard, sweet, and fragrant as well. He enjoys that only which is good for him ; his pleasure, his desire, ceases when the limits of that which is good for him are overstepped. He divines

remedies for injuries; he knows how to turn serious accidents to his own advantage ; that which does not kill him makes him stronger. He instinctively gathers his material from all he sees, hears, and experiences. He is a selective principle ; he rejects much. He is always in his own company, whether his intercourse be with books, with men, or with natural scenery; he honours the things he chooses, the things he acknowledges, the things he trusts. He reacts slowly to all kinds of stimuli, with that tardiness which long caution and deliberate pride have bred in him-he tests the approaching stimulus; he would not dream of meeting it half-way. He believes neither in " ill-luck" nor "guilt"; he can digest himself and others; he knows how to forget-he is strong enough to make everything turn to his own advantage.

Lo then ! I am the very reverse of a decadent, for he whom I have just described is none other than myself.

Ecce Homo

Part 1 s3

This double thread of experiences, this means of access to two worlds that seem so far asunder, finds in every detail its counterpart in my own nature-I am my own complement: I have a " second " sight, as well as a first. And perhaps I also have a third sight. By the very nature of my origin I was allowed an outlook beyond all merely local, merely national and limited horizons ; it required no effort on my part to be a " good European." On the other hand, I am perhaps more German than modern Germans-mere Imperial Germans-can hope to be,-I, the last anti-political German. Be this as it may, my ancestors were Polish noblemen: it is owing to them that I have so much race instinct in my blood-who knows ? perhaps even the liberum veto [The veto power of Polish noblemen] When I think of the number of times in my travels that I have been accosted as a Pole, even by Poles themselves, and how seldom I have been taken for a German, it seems to me as if I belonged to those only who have a sprinkling of German in them. But my mother, Franziska Oehler, is at any rate something very German; as is also my paternal grandmother, Erdmuthe Krause. The latter spent the whole of her youth in good old Weimar, not without coming into contact with Goethe's circle. Her brother, Krause, the Professor of Theology in Königsberg, was called to the post of General Superintendent at Weimar after Herder's death. It is not

unlikely that her mother, my great grandmother, is mentioned in young Goethe's diary under the name of " Muthgen." She married twice, and her second husband was Superintendent Nietzsche of Eilenburg. In 1813, the year of the great war, when Napoleon with his general staff entered Eilenburg on the 10th of October, she gave birth to a son. As a daughter of Saxony she was a great admirer of Napoleon, and maybe I am so still. My father, born in 1813, died in 1849. Previous to taking over the pastorate of the parish of Rocken, not far from Liitzen, he lived for some years at the Castle of Altenburg, where he had charge of the education of the four princesses. His pupils are the Queen of Hanover, the Grand-Duchess Constantine, the Grand-Duchess of Oldenburg, and the Princess Theresa of Saxe-Altenburg. He was full of loyal respect for the Prussian King, Frederick William the Fourth, from whom he obtained his living at Rocken; the events of 1848 saddened him extremely. As I was born on the 15th of October, the birthday of the king above mentioned, I naturally received the Hohenzollern names of Frederick William. There was at all events one advantage in the choice of this day : my birthday throughout the whole of my childhood was a day of public rejoicing. I regard it as a great privilege to have had such a father : it even seems to me that this embraces all that I can claim in the matter of privileges-life, the great yea to life, excepted. What I owe to him above all is this, that I do not need any special intention, but merely a little patience, in order involuntarily to enter a world of higher and more delicate things. There I am at home, there alone does my inmost passion become free. The fact that I had to pay for this privilege almost with my life, certainly does not make it a bad bargain. In order to understand even a little of my Zarathustra, perhaps a man must be situated and constituted very much as I am myself-with one foot beyond the realm of the living.

Ecce Homo

Part 1 s4

I have never understood the art of arousing ill-feeling against myself,- this is also something for which I have to thank my incomparable father,- even when it seemed to me highly desirable to do so. However un-Christian it may seem, I do not even bear any ill-feeling towards myself. Turn my life about as you may, you will find but seldom- perhaps indeed only once-any trace of some one's having shown me ill-will. You might

perhaps discover, however, too many traces of good-will... . My experiences even with those on whom every other man has burnt his fingers, speak without exception in their favour; I tame every bear, I can make even clowns behave decently. During the seven years in which I taught Greek to the sixth form of the College at Bale, I never had occasion to administer a punishment; the laziest youths were diligent in my class. The unexpected has always found me equal to it; I must be unprepared in order to keep my self-command. Whatever the instrument was, even if it were as out of tune as the instrument "man" can possibly be,-it was only when I was ill that I could not succeed in making it express something that was worth hearing. And how often have I not been told by the "instruments" themselves, that they had never before heard their voices express such beautiful things... . This was said to me most delightfully perhaps by that young fellow Heinrich von Stein, who died at such an unpardonably early age, and who, after having considerably asked leave to do so, once appeared in Sils-Maria for a three days' sojourn, telling everybody there that it was not for the Engadine that he had come. This excellent person, who with all the impetuous simplicity of a young Prussian nobleman, had waded deep into the swamp of Wagnerism (and into that of Duhringism * into the bargain !), seemed almost transformed during these three days by a hurricane of freedom, like one who has been suddenly raised to his full height and given wings. Again and again I said to him that this was all owing to the splendid air; everybody felt the same, -one could not stand 6000 feet above Bayreuth for nothing,-but he would not believe me... . Be this as it may, if I have been the victim of many a small or even great offence, it was not "will," and least of all ill-will that actuated the offenders ; but rather, as I have already suggested, it was goodwill, the cause of no small amount of mischief in my life, about which I had to complain. My experience gave me a right to feel suspicious in regard to all so-called "unselfish" instincts, in regard to the whole of "neighbourly love" which is ever ready and waiting with deeds or with advice. To me it seems that these instincts are a sign of weakness, they are an example of the inability to withstand a stimulus-it is only among decadents that this pity is called a virtue. What I reproach the pitiful with is, that they are too ready to forget shame, reverence, and the delicacy of feeling which knows how to keep at a distance ; they do not remember that this gushing pity stinks of the mob, and that it is next of kin to bad manners-that pitiful hands may be thrust with results fatally destructive into a great destiny, into a lonely and wounded retirement, and into the privileges with which great guilt endows one. The

overcoming of pity I reckon among the noble virtues. In the "Temptation of Zarathustra" I have imagined a case, in which a great cry of distress reaches his ears, in which pity swoops down upon him like a last sin, and would make him break faith with himself. To remain one's own master in such circumstances, to keep the sublimity of one's mission pure in such cases,-pure from the many ignoble and more short-sighted impulses which come into play in so-called unselfish actions,-this is the rub, the last test perhaps which a Zarathustra has to undergo-the actual proof of his power.

Ecce Homo

Part 1 s5

In yet another respect I am no more than my father over again, and as it were the continuation of his life after an all-too-early death. Like every man who has never been able to meet his equal, and unto whom the concept "retaliation" is just as incomprehensible as the notion of "equal rights," I have forbidden myself the use of any sort of measure of security or protection-and also, of course, of defence and "justification"-in all cases in which I have been made the victim either of trifling or even very great foolishness. My form of retaliation consists in this : as soon as possible to set a piece of cleverness at the heels of an act of stupidity; by this means perhaps it may still be possible to overtake it. To speak in a parable : I dispatch a pot of jam in order to get rid of a bitter experience... . Let anybody only give me offence, I shall "retaliate," he can be quite sure of that: before long I discover an opportunity of expressing my thanks to the "offender" (among other things even for the offence)-or of asking him for something, which can be more courteous even than giving. It also seems to me that the rudest word, the rudest letter, is more good-natured, more straightforward, than silence. Those who keep silent are almost always lacking in subtlety and refinement of heart; silence is an objection, to swallow a grievance must necessarily produce a bad temper-it even upsets the stomach. All silent people are dyspeptic. You perceive that I should not like to see rudeness undervalued ; it is by far the most humane form of contradiction, and, in the midst of modern effeminacy, it is one of our first virtues. If one is sufficiently rich for it, it may even be a joy to be wrong. If a god were to descend to this earth, he would have to do nothing but wrong-to take guilt, not punishment, on

one's shoulders, is the first proof of divinity.

Ecce Homo

Part 1 s6

Freedom from resentment and the understanding of the nature of resentment—who knows how very much after all I am indebted to my long illness for these two things? The problem is not exactly simple: a man must have experienced both through his strength and through his weakness. If illness and weakness are to be charged with anything at all, it is with the fact that when they prevail, the very instinct of recovery, which is the instinct of defence and of war in man, becomes decayed. He knows not how to get rid of anything, how to come to terms with anything, and how to cast anything behind him. Everything wounds him. People and things draw importunately near, all experiences strike deep, memory is a gathering wound. To be ill is a sort of resentment in itself. Against this resentment the invalid has only one great remedy—I call it Russian fatalism, that fatalism which is free from revolt, and with which the Russian soldier, to whom a campaign proves unbearable, ultimately lays himself down in the snow. To accept nothing more, to undertake nothing more, to absorb nothing more—to cease entirely from reacting... . The tremendous sagacity of this fatalism, which does not always imply merely the courage for death, but which in the most dangerous cases may actually constitute a self-preservative measure, amounts to a reduction of activity in the vital functions, the slackening down of which is like a sort of will to hibernate. A few steps farther in this direction we find the fakir, who will sleep for weeks in a tomb... . Owing to the fact that one would be used up too quickly if one reacted, one no longer reacts at all: this is the principle. And nothing on earth consumes a man more quickly than the passion of resentment. Mortification, morbid susceptibility, the inability to wreak revenge, the desire and thirst for revenge, the concoction of every sort of poison—this is surely the most injurious manner of reacting which could possibly be conceived by exhausted men. It involves a rapid wasting away of nervous energy, an abnormal increase of detrimental secretions, as, for instance, that of bile into the stomach. To the sick man resentment ought to be more strictly forbidden than anything else— it is his special danger: unfortunately, however, it is also his most natural propensity. This was fully grasped by that profound

physiologist Buddha. His " religion," which it would be better to call a system of hygiene, in order to avoid confounding it with a creed so wretched as Christianity, depended for its effect upon the triumph over resentment: to make the soul free from that was considered the first step towards recovery. " Not through hostility is hostility put to flight; through friendship does hostility end": this stands at the beginning of Buddha's teaching- this is not a precept of morality, but of physiology. Resentment born of weakness is not more deleterious to anybody than it is to the weak man himself conversely, in the case of that man whose nature ~ fundamentally a rich one, resentment is a superfluous feeling, a feeling to remain master of which is almost a proof of riches. Those of my readers who know the earnestness with which my philosophy wages war against the feelings of revenge and rancour, even to the extent of attacking the doctrine of " free will " (my conflict with Christianity is only a particular instance of it), will understand why I wish to focus attention upon my own personal attitude and the certainty of my practical instincts precisely in this matter. In my moments of decadence I forbade myself the indulgence of the above feelings, because they were harmful; as soon as my life recovered enough riches and pride, however, I regarded them again as forbidden, but this time because they were beneath me. That " Russian fatalism " of which I have spoken manifested itself in me in such a way that for years I held tenaciously to almost insufferable conditions, places, habitations, and companions, once chance had placed them on my path-it was better than changing them, than feeling that they could be changed, than revolting against them... . He who stirred me from this fatalism, he who violently tried to shake me into consciousness, seemed to me then a mortal enemy-in point of fact, there was danger of death each time this was done. To regard one's self as a destiny, not to wish one's self " different "-this, in such circumstances, is sagacity itself.

Ecce Homo

Part 1 s7

War, on the other hand, is something different. At heart I am a warrior. Attacking belongs to my instincts. To be able to be an enemy, to be an enemy-maybe these things presuppose a strong nature ; in any case all strong natures involve these things. Such natures need resistance, consequently they go in search of obstacles: the pathos of aggression belongs

of necessity to strength as much as the feelings of revenge and of rancour belong to weakness. Woman, for instance, is revengeful; her weakness involves this passion, just as it involves her susceptibility in the presence of other people's suffering. The strength of the aggressor can be measured by the opposition which he needs; every increase of growth betrays itself by a seeking out of more formidable opponents-or problems : for a philosopher who is combative challenges even problems to a duel. The task is not to overcome opponents in general, but only those opponents against whom one has to summon all one's strength, one's skill, and one's swordsmanship-in fact, opponents who are one's equals... . To be one's enemy's equal-this is the first condition of an honourable duel. Where one despises, one cannot wage war. Where one commands, where one sees something beneath one, one ought not to wage war. My practice of war can be reduced to four principles : First, I attack only things that are triumphant-if necessary I wait until they become triumphant. Secondly, I attack only those things against which I find no allies, against which I stand alone-against which I compromise nobody but myself... . I have not yet taken one single step before the public eye, which did not compromise me: that is my criterion of a proper mode of action. Thirdly, I never make personal attacks-I use a personality merely as a magnifying-glass, by means of which I render a general, but elusive and scarcely noticeable evil, more apparent. In this way I attacked David Strauss, or rather the success given to a senile book by the cultured classes of Germany -by this means I caught German culture red-handed. In this way I attacked Wagner, or rather the falsity or mongrel instincts of our " culture " which confounds the super-refined with the strong, and the effete with the great. Fourthly, I attack only those things from which all personal differences are excluded, in which any such thing as a background of disagreeable experiences is lacking. On the contrary, attacking is to me a proof of goodwill and, in certain circumstances, of gratitude. By means of it, I do honour to a thing, I distinguish a thing ; whether I associate my name with that of an institution or a person, by being against or for either, is all the same to me. If I wage war against Christianity, I feel justified in doing so, because in that quarter I have met with no fatal experiences and difficulties-the most earnest Christians have always been kindly disposed to me. I, personally, the most essential opponent of Christianity, am far from holding the individual responsible for what is the fatality of long ages.

May I be allowed to hazard a suggestion concerning one last trait in my character, which in my intercourse with other men has led me into some difficulties ? I am gifted with a sense of cleanliness the keenness of which is phenomenal; so much so, that I can ascertain physiologically-that is to say, smell-the proximity, nay, the inmost core, the " entrails " of every human soul... . This sensitiveness of mine is furnished with psychological antennae, wherewith I feel and grasp every secret: the quality of concealed filth lying at the base of many a human character which may be the inevitable outcome of base blood, and which education may have veneered, is revealed to me at the first glance. If my observation has been correct, such people, whom my sense of cleanliness rejects, also become conscious, on their part, of the cautiousness to which my loathing prompts me: and this does not make them any more fragrant... . In keeping with a custom which I have long observed,-pure habits and honesty towards myself are among the first conditions of my existence, I would die in unclean surroundings,-I swim, bathe, and splash about, as it were, incessantly in water, in any kind of perfectly transparent and shining element. That is why my relations with my fellows try my patience to no small extent; my humanity does not consist in the fact that I understand the feelings of my fellows, but that I can endure to understand... . My humanity is a perpetual process of self-mastery. But I need solitude-that is to say, recovery, return to myself, the breathing of free, crisp, bracing air... . The whole of my Zarathustra is a dithyramb in honour of solitude, or, if I have been understood, in honour of purity. Thank Heaven, it is not in honour of " pure foolery " ! * He who has an eye for colour will call him a diamond. The loathing of mankind, of the rabble, was always my greatest danger... . Would you listen to the words spoken by Zarathustra concerning deliverance from loathing?

" What in truth hath come unto me ? How did I deliver myself from loathing? Who hath made mine eye younger ? How did I soar to the height, where there are no more rabble sitting about the well?

" Did my very loathing forge me wings and the strength to scent fountains afar off? Verily to the loftiest heights did I need to fly, to find once

more the spring of joyfulness.

" Oh, I found it, my brothers ! Up here, on the loftiest height, the spring of joyfulness gushes forth for me. And there is a life at the well of which no rabble can drink with you.

" Almost too fiercely do you rush, for me, you spring of joyfulness ! And oft times do you empty the pitcher again in trying to fill it.

" And yet must I learn to draw near you more humbly. Far too eagerly does my heart jump to meet you.

" My heart, whereon my summer burneth, my short, hot, melancholy, over-blessed summer: how my summer heart yearns for your coolness !

* This, of course, is a reference to Wagner's Parsifal. See my note on p. 96 of The Will to Power, vol. i.-Tr.

" Farewell, the lingering affliction of my spring ! Past is the wickedness of my snowflakes in June! Summer have I become entirely, and summer noontide!

" A summer in the loftiest heights, with cold springs and blessed stillness: oh come, my friends, that the stillness may wax even more blessed!

" For this is our height and our home: too high and steep is our dwelling for all the unclean and their appetites.

" Do but cast your pure eyes into the well of my joyfulness, my friends ! How could it thus become muddy ! It will laugh back at you with its purity.

" On the tree called Future do we build our nest: eagles shall bring food in their beaks unto us lonely ones!

" Verily not the food whereof the unclean might partake. They would think they ate fire and would burn their mouths!

" Verily, no abodes for the unclean do we here hold in readiness ! To

their bodies our happiness would seem an ice-cavern, and to their spirits also !

" And like strong winds will we live above them, neighbours to the eagles, companions of the snow, and playmates of the sun: thus do strong winds live.

" And like a wind shall I one day blow amidst them, and take away their soul's breath with my spirit: thus my future wills it.

" Verily, a strong wind is Zarathustra to all low lands; and this is his counsel to his foes and to all those who spit and spew: ' Beware of spitting against the wind !' "

PART 2

WHY I AM SO CLEVER

Ecce Homo

Part 2 s1

Why do I know more things than other people ? Why, in fact, am I so clever ? I have never pondered over questions that are not questions. I have never squandered my strength. Of actual religious difficulties, for instance, I have no experience. I have never known what it is to feel " sinful." In the same way I completely lack any reliable criterion for ascertaining what constitutes a prick of conscience : from all accounts a prick of conscience does not seem to be a very estimable thing... . Once it was done I should hate to leave an action of mine in the lurch ; I should prefer completely to omit the evil outcome, the consequences, from the problem concerning the value of an action. In the face of evil consequences one is too ready to lose the proper standpoint from which one's deed ought to be considered. A prick of conscience strikes me as a sort of " evil eye." Something that has failed should be honoured all the more jealously, precisely because it has failed-this is much more in keeping with my morality.-" God," " the immortality of the soul," "salvation," a "beyond"-to all these notions, even as a child, I never paid any attention whatsoever, nor did I waste any time upon them,-maybe I was never naïf

enough for that ?-I am quite unacquainted with atheism as a result, and still less as an event in my life.: in me it is inborn, instinctive. I am too inquisitive, too incredulous, too high spirited, to be satisfied with such a palpably clumsy solution of things. God is a too palpably clumsy solution of things ; a solution which shows a lack of delicacy towards us thinkers-at bottom He is really no more than a coarse and rude prohibition of us: you shall not think ! ... I am much more interested in another question,-a question upon which the " salvation of humanity " depends to a far greater degree than it does upon any piece of theological curiosity: I refer to nutrition. For ordinary purposes, it may be formulated as follows : " How precisely must you feed yourself in order to attain to your maximum of power, or virtue in the Renaissance style,-of virtue free from moralic acid ? " My experiences in regard to this matter have been as bad as they possibly could be ; I am surprised that I set myself this question so late in life, and that it took me so long to draw " rational " conclusions from my experiences. Only the absolute worth-lessness of German culture-its " idealism "-can to some extent explain how it was that precisely in this matter I was so backward that my ignorance was almost saintly. This "culture," which from first to last teaches one to lose sight of actual things and to hunt after thoroughly problematic and so-called ideal aims, as, for instance, " classical culture " !-as if it were not hopeless from the start to try to unite " classical " and " German" in one concept. It is even a little comical-try and imagine a " classically cultured " citizen of Leipzig!-Indeed, I can say, that up to a very mature age, my food was entirely bad - expressed morally, it was "impersonal," " self-less," " altruistic," to the glory of cooks and all other fellow-Christians. It was through the cooking in vogue at Leipzig, for instance, together with my first study of Schopenhauer (1865), that I earnestly renounced my " Will to Live." To spoil one's stomach by absorbing insufficient nourishment-this problem seemed to my mind solved with admirable felicity by the above-mentioned cookery. (It is said that in the year 1866 changes were introduced into this department.) But as to German cookery in general- what has it not got on its conscience! Soup before the meal (still called *alia tedesca* in the Venetian cookery books of the sixteenth century) ; meat boiled to shreds, vegetables cooked with fat and flour; the degeneration of pastries into paperweights ! And, if you add thereto the absolutely bestial post-prandial drinking habits of the ancients, and not alone of the ancient Germans, you will understand where German intellect took its origin- that is to say, in sadly disordered intestines... . German intellect is indigestion; it can assimilate nothing. But

even English diet, which in comparison with German, and indeed with French alimentation, seems to me to constitute a "return to Nature,"-that is to say, to cannibalism,-is profoundly opposed to my own instincts. It seems to me to give the intellect heavy feet, in fact, Englishwomen's feet... . The best cooking is that of Piedmont. Alcoholic drinks do not agree with me; a single glass of wine or beer a day is amply sufficient to turn life into a valley of tears for me;-in Munich live my antipodes. Although I admit that this knowledge came to me somewhat late, it already formed part of my experience even as a child. As a boy I believed that the drinking of wine and the smoking of tobacco were at first but the vanities of youths, and later merely bad habits. Maybe the poor wine of Naumburg was partly responsible for this poor opinion of wine in general. In order to believe that wine was exhilarating, I should have had to be a Christian-in other words, I should have had to believe in what, to my mind, is an absurdity. Strange to say, whereas small quantities of alcohol, taken with plenty of water, succeed in making me feel out of sorts, large quantities turn me almost into a rollicking tar. Even as a boy I showed my bravado in this respect. To compose a long Latin essay in one night, to revise and recopy it, to aspire with my pen to emulating the exactitude and the terseness of my model, Sallust, and to pour a few very strong grogs over it all-this mode of procedure, while I was a pupil at the venerable old school of Pforta, was not in the least out of keeping with my physiology, nor perhaps with that of Sallust, however much it may have been alien to dignified Pforta. Later on, towards the middle of my life, I grew more and more opposed to alcoholic drinks : I, an opponent of vegetarianism, who have experienced what vegetarianism is,-just as Wagner, who converted me back to meat, experienced it,-cannot with sufficient earnestness advise all more spiritual natures to abstain absolutely from alcohol. Water answers the purpose... . I have a predilection in favour of those places where in all directions one has opportunities of drinking from running brooks (Nice, Turin, Sils). In vino veritas: it seems that here once more I am at variance with the rest of the world about the concept " Truth "-with me spirit moves on the face of the waters... . Here are a few more indications as to my morality. A heavy meal is digested more easily than an inadequate one. The first principle of a good digestion is that the stomach should become active as a whole. A man ought, therefore, to know the size of his stomach. For the same reasons all those interminable meals, which I call interrupted sacrificial feasts, and which are to be had at any table d'hôte, are strongly to be deprecated. Nothing should be eaten between meals, coffee should be given up-coffee makes

one gloomy. Tea is beneficial only in the morning. It should be taken in small quantities, but very strong. It may be very harmful, and indispose you for the whole day, if it be taken the least bit too weak. Everybody has his own standard in this matter, often between the narrowest and most delicate limits. In an enervating climate tea is not a good beverage with which to start the day: an hour before taking it an excellent thing is to drink a cup of thick cocoa, freed from oil. Remain seated as little as possible, put no trust in any thought that is not born in the open, to the accompaniment of free bodily motion-nor in one in which even the muscles do not celebrate a feast. All prejudices take their origin in the intestines. A sedentary life, as I have already said elsewhere, is the real sin against the Holy Spirit.

Ecce Homo

Part 2 s2

To the question of nutrition, that of locality and climate is next of kin. Nobody is so constituted as to be able to live everywhere and anywhere; and he who has great duties to perform, which lay claim to all his strength, has, in this respect, a very limited choice. The influence of climate upon the bodily functions, affecting their acceleration or retardation, extends so far, that a blunder in the choice of locality and climate is able not only to alienate a man from his actual duty, but also to withhold it from him altogether, so that he never even comes face to face with it. Animal vigour never acquires enough strength in him in order to reach that pitch of artistic freedom which makes his own soul whisper to him: I, alone, can do that... . Ever so slight a tendency to laziness in the intestines, once it has become a habit, is quite sufficient to make something mediocre, something "German" out of a genius; the climate of Germany, alone, is enough to discourage the strongest and most heroically disposed intestines. The tempo of the body's functions is closely bound up with the agility or the clumsiness of the spirit's feet; spirit itself is indeed only a form of these organic functions. Let anybody make a list of the places in which men of great intellect have been found, and are still found; where wit, subtlety, and malice constitute happiness; where genius is almost necessarily at home: all of them rejoice in exceptionally dry air. Paris, Provence, Florence, Jerusalem, Athens-these names prove something, namely: that genius is conditioned by dry air, by a pure sky-

that is to say, by rapid organic functions, by the constant and ever-present possibility of procuring for one's self great and even enormous quantities of strength. I have a certain case in mind in which a man of remarkable intellect and independent spirit became a narrow, craven specialist and a grumpy old crank, simply owing to a lack of subtlety in his instinct for climate. And I myself might have been an example of the same thing, if illness had not compelled me to reason, and to reflect upon reason realistically. Now that I have learnt through long practice to read the effects of climatic and meteorological influences, from my own body, as though from a very delicate and reliable instrument, and that I am able to calculate the change in degrees of atmospheric moisture by means of physiological observations upon myself, even on so short a journey as that from Turin to Milan ; I think with horror of the ghastly fact that my whole life, until the last ten years,-the most perilous years,-has always been spent in the wrong, and what to me ought to have been the most forbidden, places. Naumburg, Pforta, Thuringia in general, Leipzig, Bale, Venice-so many ill-starred places for a constitution like mine. If I cannot recall one single happy reminiscence of my childhood and youth, it is nonsense to suppose that so-called " moral" causes could account for this-as, for instance, the incontestable fact that I lacked companions that could have satisfied me; for this fact is the same to-day as it ever was, and it does not prevent me from being cheerful and brave. But it was ignorance in physiological matters-that confounded " Idealism "-that was the real curse of my life. This was the superfluous and foolish element in my existence; something from which nothing could spring, and for which there can be no settlement and no compensation. As the outcome of this " Idealism" I regard all the blunders, the great aberrations of instinct, and the " modest specialisations " which drew me aside from the task of my life ; as, for instance, the fact that I became a philologist-why not at least a medical man or anything else which might have opened my eyes ? My days at Bale, the whole of my intellectual routine, including my daily time-table, was an absolutely senseless abuse of extraordinary powers, without the slightest compensation for the strength that I spent, without even a thought of what I was squandering and how its place might be filled. I lacked all subtlety in egoism, all the fostering care of an imperative instinct; I was in a state in which one is ready to regard one's self as anybody's equal, a state of " disinterestedness," a forgetting of one's distance from others-something, in short, for which I can never forgive myself. When I had well-nigh reached the end of my tether, simply because I had almost reached my end, I began to

reflect upon the fundamental absurdity of my life-" Idealism." It was illness that first brought me to reason.

Ecce Homo

Part 2 s3

After the choice of nutrition, the choice of climate and locality, the third matter concerning which one must not on any account make a blunder, is the choice of the manner in which one recuperates one's strength. Here, again, according to the extent to which a spirit is *sui generis*, the limits of that which he can allow himself-in other words, the limits of that which is beneficial to him-become more and more confined. As far as I in particular am concerned, reading in general belongs to my means of recuperation; consequently it belongs to that which rids me of myself, to that which enables me to wander in strange sciences and strange souls- to that, in fact, about which I am no longer in earnest. Indeed, it is while reading that I recover from my earnestness. During the time that I am deeply absorbed in my work, no books are found within my reach ; it would never occur to me to allow anyone to speak or even to think in my presence. For that is what reading would mean... . Has anyone ever actually noticed, that, during the period of profound tension to which the state of pregnancy condemns not only the mind, but also, at bottom, the whole organism, accident and every kind of external stimulus acts too acutely and strikes too deep ? Accident and external stimuli must, as far as possible, be avoided : a sort of walling-of-one's-self-in is one of the primary instinctive precautions of spiritual pregnancy. Shall I allow a strange thought to steal secretly over the wall ? For that is what reading would mean... . The periods of work and fruit-fulness are followed by periods of recuperation: come hither, you delightful, intellectual, intelligent books ! Shall I read German books ? ... I must go back six months to catch myself with a book in my hand. What was it ? An excellent study by Victor Brochard upon the Greek sceptics, in which my *Laertiana** was used to advantage. The sceptics !-the only honourable types among that double-faced and sometimes quintuple-faced throng, the philosophers ! ... Otherwise I almost always take refuge in the same books: altogether their number is small; they are books which are precisely my proper fare. It is not perhaps in my nature to read much, and of all sorts : a library makes me ill. Neither is it my nature to love much or many

kinds of things. Suspicion or even hostility towards new books is much more akin to my instinctive feeling than "toleration," *largeur de cœur*, and other forms of "neighbour-love." ... It is to a small number of old French authors, that I always return again and again; I believe only in French culture, and regard everything else in Europe which calls itself "culture" as a misunderstanding. I do not even take the German kind into consideration... . The few instances of higher culture with which I have met in Germany were all French in their origin. The most striking example of this was Madame Cosima Wagner, by far the most decisive voice in matters of taste that I have ever heard. If I do not read, but literally love Pascal, as the most instinctive sacrifice to Christianity, killing himself inch by inch, first bodily, then spiritually, according to the terrible consistency of this most appalling form of inhuman cruelty; if I have something of Montaigne's mischievousness in my soul, and-who knows?-perhaps also in my body; if my artist's taste endeavours to defend the names of Moliere, Corneille, and Racine, and not without bitterness, against such a wild genius as Shakespeare-all this does not prevent me from regarding even the latter-day Frenchmen also as charming companions. I can think of absolutely no century in history, in which a netful of more inquisitive and at the same time more subtle psychologists could be drawn up together than in the Paris of the present day. Let me mention a few at random-for their number is by no means small-Paul Bourget, Pierre Loti, Gyp, Meilhac, Anatole France, Jules Lemaitre; or, to point to one of strong race, a genuine Latin, of whom I am particularly fond, Guy de Maupassant. Between ourselves, I prefer this generation even to its masters, all of whom were corrupted by German philosophy (Taine, for instance, by Hegel, whom he has to thank for his misunderstanding of great men and great periods). Wherever Germany extends her sway, she ruins culture. It was the war which first saved the spirit of France... . Stendhal is one of the happiest accidents of my life-for everything that marks an epoch in it has been brought to me by accident and never by means of a recommendation. He is quite priceless, with his psychologist's eye, quick at forestalling and anticipating; with his grasp of facts, which is reminiscent of the same art in the greatest of all masters of facts (*ex ungue Napo-leonem*); and, last but not least, as an honest atheist -a specimen which is both rare and difficult to discover in France-all honour to Prosper Merimee! ... Maybe that I am even envious of Stendhal? He robbed me of the best atheistic joke, which I of all people could have perpetrated: "God's only excuse is that He does not exist." ... I myself have said somewhere-What has been the greatest objection to

Life until now ?-God... .

Ecce Homo

Part 2 s4

It was Heinrich Heine who gave me the most perfect idea of what a lyrical poet could be. In vain do I search through all the kingdoms of antiquity or of modern times for anything to resemble his sweet and passionate music. He possessed that divine wickedness, without which perfection itself becomes unthinkable to me,-I estimate the value of men, of races, according to the extent to which they are unable to conceive of a god who has not a dash of the satyr in him. And with what mastery he wields his native tongue ! One day it will be said of Heine and me that we were by far the greatest artists of the German language that have ever existed, and that we left all the efforts that mere Germans made in this language an incalculable distance behind us. I must be profoundly related to Byron's Manfred: of all the dark abysses in this work I found the counterparts in my own soul-at the age of thirteen I was ripe for this book. Words fail me, I have only a look, for those who dare to utter the name of Faust in the presence of Manfred. The Germans are incapable of conceiving anything sublime : for a proof of this, look at Schumann ! Out of anger for this mawkish Saxon, I once deliberately composed a counter-overture to Manfred, of which Hans von Bulow declared he had never seen the like before on paper: such compositions amounted to a violation of Euterpe. When I cast about me for my highest formula of Shakespeare, I find invariably but this one : that he conceived the type of Caesar. Such things a man cannot guess- he either is the thing, or he is not. The great poet draws his creations only from out of his own reality. This is so to such an extent, that often after a lapse of time he can no longer endure his own work... . After casting a glance between the pages of my Zarathustra, I pace my room to and fro for half an hour at a time, unable to overcome an insufferable fit of tears. I know of no more heartrending reading than Shakespeare: how a man must have suffered to be so much in need of playing the clown ! Is Hamlet understood"} It is not doubt, but certitude that drives one mad... . But in order to feel this, one must be profound, one must be an abyss, a philosopher... . We all fear the truth... . And, to make a confession; I feel instinctively certain and convinced that Lord Bacon is the originator, the self-torturer, of this

most sinister kind of literature: what do I care about the miserable gabble of American muddlers and blockheads ? But the power for the greatest realism in vision is not only compatible with the greatest realism in deeds, with the monstrous in deeds, with crime-it actually presupposes the latter... . We do not know half enough about Lord Bacon-the first realist in all the highest acceptation of this word-to be sure of everything he did, everything he willed, and everything he experienced in his inmost soul... . Let the critics go to hell! Suppose I had christened my Zarathustra with a name not my own,-let us say with Richard Wagner's name,-the acumen of two thousand years would not have sufficed to guess that the author of *Human, all-too-Human* was the visionary of Zarathustra.

Ecce Homo

Part 2 s5

As I am speaking here of the recreations of my life, I feel I must express a word or two of gratitude for that which has refreshed me by far the most heartily and most profoundly. This, without the slightest doubt, was my intimate relationship with Richard Wagner. All my other relationships with men I treat quite lightly; but I would not have the days I spent at Tribschen-those days of confidence, of cheerfulness, of sublime flashes, and of profound moments-blotted from my life at any price. I know not what Wagner may have been for others; but no cloud ever darkened our sky. And this brings me back again to France,-I have no arguments against Wagnerites, and hoc genus omne, who believe that they do honour to Wagner by believing him to be like themselves; for such people I have only a contemptuous curl of my lip. With a nature like mine, which is so strange to everything Teutonic, that even the presence of a German retards my digestion, my first meeting with Wagner was the first moment in my life in which I breathed freely: I felt him, I honoured him, as a foreigner, as the opposite and the incarnate contradiction of all "German virtues." We who as children breathed the marshy atmosphere of the fifties, are necessarily pessimists in regard to the concept "German"; we cannot be anything else than revolutionaries-we can assent to no state of affairs which allows the canting bigot to be at the top. I care not a jot whether this canting bigot acts in different colours to-day, whether he dresses in scarlet or dons the uniform of a hussar.* Very well, then!

Wagner was a revolutionary—he fled from the Germans... . As an artist, a man has no home in Europe save in Paris; that subtlety of all the five senses which Wagner's art presupposes, those fingers that can detect slight gradations, psychological morbidity—all these things can be found only in Paris. Nowhere else can you meet with this passion for questions of form, this earnestness in matters of *mise-en-scene*, which is the Parisian earnestness *par excellence*. In Germany no one has any idea of the tremendous ambition that fills the heart of a Parisian artist. The German is a good fellow. Wagner was by no means a good fellow... . But I have already said quite enough on the subject of Wagner's real nature (see *Beyond Good and Evil*, Aphorism 256), and about those to whom he is most closely related. He is one of the late French romanticists, that high-soaring and heaven-aspiring band of artists, like Delacroix and Berlioz, who in their inmost natures are sick and incurable, and who are all fanatics of expression, and virtuosos through and through... . Who, in sooth, was the first intelligent follower of Wagner? Charles Baudelaire, the very man who first understood Delacroix—that typical decadent, in whom a whole generation of artists saw their reflection; he was perhaps the last of them too... . What is it that I have never forgiven Wagner? The fact that he condescended to the Germans—that he became a German Imperialist... . Wherever Germany spreads, she ruins culture.

Ecce Homo

Part 2 s6

Taking everything into consideration, I could never have survived my youth without Wagnerian music. For I was condemned to the society of Germans. If a man wish to get rid of a feeling of insufferable oppression, he has to take to hashish. Well, I had to take to Wagner. Wagner is the counter-poison to everything essentially German—the fact that he is a poison too, I do not deny. From the moment that *Tristan* was arranged for the piano—all honour to you, Herr von Blow!—I was a Wagnerite. Wagner's previous works seemed beneath me—they were too commonplace, too "German." ... But to this day I am still seeking for a work which would be a match to *Tristan* in dangerous fascination, and possess the same gruesome and dulcet quality of infinity; I seek among all the arts in vain. All the quaint features of Leonardo da Vinci's work lose their charm at the sound of the first bar in *Tristan*. This work is without

question Wagner's non plus ultra ; after its creation, the composition of the Mastersingers and of the Ring was a relaxation to him. To become more healthy-this in a nature like Wagner's amounts to going backwards. The curiosity of the psychologist is so great in me, that I regard it as quite a special privilege to have lived at the right time, and to have lived precisely among Germans, in order to be ripe for this work. The world must indeed be empty for him who has never been unhealthy enough for this " infernal voluptuousness " : it is allowable, it is even imperative, to employ a mystic formula for this purpose. I suppose I know better than anyone the prodigious feats of which Wagner was capable, the fifty worlds of strange ecstasies to which no one else had wings to soar; and as I am alive to-day and strong enough to turn even the most suspicious and most dangerous things to my own advantage, and thus to grow stronger, I declare Wagner to have been the greatest benefactor of my life. The bond which unites us is the fact that we have suffered greater agony, even at each other's hands, than most men are able to bear nowadays, and this will always keep our names associated in the minds of men. For, just as Wagner is merely a misunderstanding among Germans, so, in truth, am I, and ever will be. You lack two centuries of psychological and artistic discipline, my dear countrymen ! ... But you can never recover the time lost.

Ecce Homo

Part 2 s7

To the most exceptional of my readers I should like to say just one word about what I really exact from music. It must be cheerful and yet profound, like an October afternoon. It must be original, exuberant, and tender, and like a dainty, soft woman in roguishness and grace... . I shall never admit that a German can understand what music is. Those musicians who are called German, the greatest and most famous foremost, are all foreigners, either Slavs, Croats, Italians, Dutchmen-or Jews ; or else, like Heinrich Schiitz, Bach, and Handel, they are Germans of a strong race which is now extinct. For my own part, I have still enough of the Pole left in me to let all other music go, if only I can keep Chopin. For three reasons I would except Wagner's Siegfried Idyll, and perhaps also one or two things of Liszt, who excelled all other musicians in the noble tone of his orchestration ; and finally everything that has been produced

beyond the Alps -this side of the Alps.* I could not possibly dispense with Rossini, and still less with my Southern soul in music, the work of my Venetian maestro, Pietro Gasti. And when I say beyond the Alps, all I really mean is Venice. If I try to find a new word for music, I can never find any other than Venice. I know not how to draw any distinction between tears and music. I do not know how to think either of joy, or of the south, without a shudder of fear.

On the bridge I stood
Lately, in gloomy night.
Came a distant song :
In golden drops it rolled
Over the glittering rim away.
Music, gondolas, lights-
Drunk, swam far forth in the gloom... -
A stringed instrument, my soul, Sang, imperceptibly moved, A gondola
song by stealth, Gleaming for gaudy blessedness. !-Listened any
thereto ?

Ecce Homo

Part 2 s8

In all these things-in the choice of food, place, climate, and recreation-the instinct of self-preservation is dominant, and this instinct manifests itself with least ambiguity when it acts as an instinct of defence. To close one's eyes to much, to seal one's ears to much, to keep certain things at a distance-this is the first principle of prudence, the first proof of the fact that a man is not an accident but a necessity. The popular word for this instinct of defence is taste. A man's imperative command is not only to say " no" in cases where " yes " would be a sign of " disinterestedness," but also to say " no " as seldom as possible. One must part with all that which compels one to repeat "no," with ever greater frequency. The rationale of this principle is that all discharges of defensive forces, however slight they may be, involve enormous and absolutely superfluous losses when they become regular and habitual. Our greatest expenditure of strength is made up of those small and most frequent discharges of it. The act of keeping things off, of holding them at a distance, amounts to a discharge of strength,- do not deceive yourselves on this point!-and an

expenditure of energy directed at purely negative ends. Simply by being compelled to keep constantly on his guard, a man may grow so weak as to be unable any longer to defend himself. Suppose I were to step out of my house, and, instead of the quiet and aristocratic city of Turin, I were to find a German provincial town, my instinct would have to brace itself together in order to repel all that which would pour in upon it from this crushed-down and cowardly world. Or suppose I were to find a large German city-that structure of vice in which nothing grows, but where every single thing, whether good or bad, is squeezed in from outside. In such circumstances should I not be compelled to become a hedgehog ? But to have prickles amounts to a squandering of strength; they even constitute a twofold luxury, when, if we only chose to do so, we could dispense with them and open our hands instead... .

Another form of prudence and self-defence consists in trying to react as seldom as possible, and to keep one's self aloof from those circumstances and conditions wherein one would be condemned, as it were, to suspend one's " liberty " and one's initiative, and become a mere reacting medium. As an example of this I point to the intercourse with books. The scholar who, in sooth, does little else than handle books-with the philologist of average attainments their number may amount to two hundred a day-ultimately forgets entirely and completely the capacity of thinking for himself. When he has not a book between his fingers he cannot think. When he thinks, he responds to a stimulus (a thought he has read),-finally all he does is to react. The scholar exhausts his whole strength in saying either " yes " or " no " to matter which has already been thought out, or in criticising it-he is no longer capable of thought on his own account... . In him the instinct of self-defence has decayed, otherwise he would defend himself against books. The scholar is a decadent. With my own eyes I have seen gifted, richly endowed, and free-spirited natures already " read to ruins " at thirty, and mere wax vestas that have to be rubbed before they can give off any sparks -or " thoughts." To set to early in the morning, at the break of day, in all the fullness and dawn of one's strength, and to read a book-this I call positively vicious !

Ecce Homo

Part 2 s9

At this point I can no longer evade a direct answer to the question, how one becomes what one is. And in giving it, I shall have to touch upon that masterpiece in the art of self-preservation, which is selfishness... . Granting that one's life-task-the determination and the fate of one's life-task-greatly exceeds the average measure of such things, nothing more dangerous could be conceived than to come face to face with one's self by the side of this life-task. The fact that one becomes what one is, presupposes that one has not the remotest suspicion of what one is. From this standpoint even the blunders of one's life have their own meaning and value, the temporary deviations and aberrations, the moments of hesitation and of modesty, the earnestness wasted upon duties which lie outside the actual life-task. In these matters great wisdom, perhaps even the highest wisdom, comes into activity : in these circumstances, in which *nosce teipsum* would be the sure road to ruin, forgetting one's self, misunderstanding one's self, belittling one's self, narrowing one's self, and making one's self mediocre, amount to reason itself. Expressed morally, to love one's neighbour and to live for others and for other things may be the means of protection employed to maintain the hardest kind of egoism. This is the exceptional case in which I, contrary to my principle and conviction, take the side of the altruistic instincts; for here they are concerned in subserving selfishness and self-discipline. The whole surface of consciousness-for consciousness is a surface-must be kept free from anyone of the great imperatives. Beware even of every striking word, of every striking attitude ! They are all so many risks which the instinct runs of " understanding itself " too soon. Meanwhile the organising " idea," which is destined to become master, grows and continues to grow into the depths,-it begins to command, it leads you slowly back from your deviations and aberrations, it prepares individual qualities and capacities, which one day will make themselves felt as indispensable to the whole of your task,-step by step it cultivates all the serviceable faculties, before it ever whispers a word concerning the dominant task, the " goal," the " object," and the " meaning " of it all. Looked at from this standpoint my life is simply amazing. For the task of transvaluing values, more capacities were needful perhaps than could well be found side by side in one individual; and above all, antagonistic capacities which had to be free from the mutual strife and destruction which they involve. An order of rank among capacities ; distance ; the art of separating without creating hostility ; to refrain from confounding things; to keep from reconciling things; to possess enormous multifariousness and yet to be the reverse of chaos-all this was the first condition, the long

secret work, and the artistic mastery of my instinct. Its superior guardianship manifested itself with such exceeding strength, that not once did I ever dream of what was growing within me-until suddenly all my capacities were ripe, and one day burst forth in all the perfection of their highest bloom. I cannot remember ever having exerted myself, I can point to no trace of struggle in my life; I am the reverse of a heroic nature. To "will" something, to "strive" after something, to have an "aim" or a "desire" in my mind-I know none of these things from experience. Even at this moment I look out upon my future-a broad future !-as upon a calm sea: no sigh of longing makes a ripple on its surface. I have not the slightest wish that anything should be otherwise than it is : I myself would not be otherwise... . But in this matter I have always been the same. I have never had a desire. A man who, after his four-and-fortieth year, can say that he has never bothered himself about honours, women, or money ! -not that they did not come his way... . It was thus that I became one day a University Professor -I had never had the remotest idea of such a thing; for I was scarcely four-and-twenty years of age. In the same way, two years previously, I had one day become a philologist, in the sense that my first philological work, my start in every way, was expressly obtained by my master Ritschl for publication in his *Rheinisches Museum* (Ritschl -and I say it in all reverence-was the only genial scholar that I have ever met. He possessed that pleasant kind of depravity which distinguishes us Thuringians, and which makes even a German sympathetic-even in the pursuit of truth we prefer to avail ourselves of roundabout ways. In saying this I do not mean to underestimate in any way my Thuringian brother, the intelligent Leopold von Ranke, ...)

Ecce Homo

Part 2 s10

You may be wondering why I should actually have related all these trivial and, according to traditional accounts, insignificant details to you ; such action can but tell against me, more particularly if I am fated to figure in great causes. To this I reply that these trivial matters ! -diet, locality, climate, and one's mode of recreation, the whole casuistry of self-love-are inconceivably more important than all that which has until now been held in high esteem. It is precisely in this quarter that we must begin to learn afresh. All those things which mankind has valued with such

earnestness heretofore are not even real; they are mere creations of fancy, or, more strictly speaking, lies born of the evil instincts of diseased and, in the deepest sense, noxious natures-all the concepts, " God," " soul," " virtue," " sin," " Beyond," " truth," " eternal life." ... But the greatness of human nature, its " divinity," was sought for in them... . All questions of politics, of social order, of education, have been falsified, root and branch, owing to the fact that the most noxious men have been taken for great men, and that people were taught to despise the small things, or rather the fundamental things, of life. If I now choose to compare myself with those creatures who have until now been honoured as the first among men, the difference becomes obvious. I do not reckon the so-called " first" men even as human beings- for me they are the excrements of mankind, the products of disease and of the instinct of revenge : they are so many monsters laden with rottenness, so many hopeless incurables, who avenge themselves on life... . I wish to be the opposite of these people: it is my privilege to have the very sharpest discernment for every sign of healthy instincts. There is no such thing as a morbid trait in me ; even in times of serious illness I have never grown morbid, and you might seek in vain for a trace of fanaticism in my nature. No one can point to any moment of my life in which I have assumed either an arrogant or a pathetic attitude. Pathetic attitudes are not in keeping with greatness; he who needs attitudes is false... . Beware of all picturesque men ! Life was easy-in fact easiest-to me, in those periods when it exacted the heaviest duties from me. Whoever could have seen me during the seventy days of this autumn, when, without interruption, I did a host of things of the highest rank- things that no man can do nowadays-with a sense of responsibility for all the ages yet to come, would have noticed no sign of tension in my condition, but rather a state of overflowing freshness and good cheer. Never have I eaten with more pleasant sensations, never has my sleep been better. I know of no other manner of dealing with great tasks, than as play: this, as a sign of greatness, is an essential prerequisite. The slightest constraint, a sombre mien, any hard accent in the voice-all these things are objections to a man, but how much more to his work ! ... One must not have nerves... . Even to suffer from solitude is an objection-the only thing I have always suffered from is " multitude." At an absurdly tender age, in fact when I was seven years old, I already knew that no human speech would ever reach me : did anyone ever see me sad on that account? At present I still possess the same affability towards everybody, I am even full of consideration for the lowest: in all this there is not an atom of haughtiness or of secret

contempt. He whom I despise soon guesses that he is despised by me: the very fact of my existence is enough to rouse indignation in all those who have polluted blood in their veins. My formula for greatness in man is amor fati: the fact that a man wishes nothing to be different, either in front of him or behind him, or for all eternity. Not only must the necessary be borne, and on no account concealed,-all idealism is falsehood in the face of necessity,-but it must also be loved... .

PART 3

WHY I WRITE SUCH EXCELLENT BOOKS

Ecce Homo

Part 3 s1

I am one thing, my creations are another. Here, before I speak of the books themselves, I shall touch upon the question of the understanding and misunderstanding with which they have met. I shall proceed to do this in as perfunctory a manner as the occasion demands; for the time has by no means come for this question. My time has not yet come either; some are born posthumously. One day institutions will be needed in which men will live and teach, as I understand living and teaching; maybe, also, that by that time, chairs will be founded and endowed for the interpretation of Zarathustra. But I should regard it as a complete contradiction of myself, if I expected to find ears and eyes for my truths to-day : the fact that no one listens to me, that no one knows how to receive at my hands to-day, is not only comprehensible, it seems to me quite the proper thing. I do not wish to be mistaken for another-and to this end I must not mistake myself. To repeat what I have already said, I can point to but few instances of ill-will in my life: and as for literary ill-will, I could mention scarcely a single example of it. On the other hand, I have met with far too much pure foolery! ... It seems to me that to take up one of my books is one of the rarest honours that a man can pay himself-even supposing that he put his shoes from off his feet beforehand, not to mention boots... . When on one occasion Dr. Heinrich von Stein honestly complained that he could not understand a word of my Zarathustra, I said to him that this was just as it should be: to have understood six sentences in that book-that is to say, to have lived them-

raises a man to a higher level among mortals than "modern" men can attain. With this feeling of distance how could I even wish to be read by the "moderns" whom I know! My triumph is just the opposite of what Schopenhauer's was—I say "Non legor, non legar."—Not that I should like to underestimate the pleasure I have derived from the innocence with which my works have frequently been contradicted. As late as last summer, at a time when I was attempting, perhaps by means of my weighty, all-too-weighty literature, to throw the rest of literature off its balance, a certain professor of Berlin University kindly gave me to understand that I ought really to make use of a different form: no one could read such stuff as I wrote.—Finally, it was not Germany, but Switzerland that presented me with the two most extreme cases. An essay on *Beyond Good and Evil*, by Dr. V. Widmann in the paper called the *Bund*, under the heading "Nietzsche's Dangerous Book," and a general account of all my works, from the pen of Herr Karl Spitteler, also in the *Bund*, constitute a maximum in my life—I shall not say of what... . The latter treated my *Zarathustra*, for instance, as "advanced exercises in style" and expressed the wish that later on I might try and attend to the question of substance as well; Dr. Widmann assured me of his respect for the courage I showed in endeavouring to abolish all decent feeling. Thanks to a little trick of destiny, every sentence in these criticisms seemed, with a consistency that I could but admire, to be an inverted truth. In fact it was most remarkable that all one had to do was to "transvalue all values," in order to hit the nail on the head with regard to me, instead of striking my head with the nail... . I am more particularly anxious therefore to discover an explanation. After all, no one can draw more out of things, books included, than he already knows. A man has no ears for that to which experience has given him no access. To take an extreme case, suppose a book contains simply incidents which lie quite outside the range of general or even rare experience—suppose it to be the first language to express a whole series of experiences. In this case nothing it contains will really be heard at all, and, thanks to an acoustic delusion, people will believe that where nothing is heard there is nothing to hear... . This, at least, has been my usual experience, and proves, if you will, the originality of my experience. He who thought he had understood something in my work, had as a rule adjusted something in it to his own image—not infrequently the very opposite of myself, an "idealist," for instance. He who understood nothing in my work, would deny that I was worth considering at all.—The word "overman", which designates a type of man that would be one of nature's rarest and luckiest strokes, as opposed to "

modern " men, to " good " men, to Christians and other Nihilists,-a word which in the mouth of Zarathustra, the annihilator of morality, acquires a very profound meaning,-is understood almost everywhere, and with perfect innocence, in the light of those values to which a flat contradiction was made manifest in the figure of Zarathustra -that is to say, as an " ideal " type, a higher kind of man, half " saint " and half " genius." ... Other learned cattle have suspected me of Darwinism on account of this word : even the " hero cult" of that great unconscious and involuntary swindler, Carlyle, -a cult which I repudiated with such roguish malice,-was recognised in my doctrine. Once, when I whispered to a man that he would do better to seek for the overman in a Caesar Borgia than in a Parsifal, he could not believe his ears. The fact that I am quite free from curiosity in regard to criticisms of my books, more particularly when they appear in newspapers, will have to be forgiven me. My friends and my publishers know this, and never speak to me of such things. In one particular case, I once saw all the sins that had been committed against a single book-it was *Beyond Good and Evil*; I could tell you a nice story about it. Is it possible that the *National-Zeitung*-a Prussian paper (this comment is for the sake of my foreign readers-for my own part, I beg to state, I read only *Le Journal des Dttats*)-really and seriously regarded the book as a " sign of the times," or a genuine and typical example of Junker philosophy, for which the *Kreuz-Zeitung* had not sufficient courage? ...

Ecce Homo

Part 3 s2

This was said for the benefit of Germans: for everywhere else I have my readers-all of them exceptionally intelligent men, characters that have won their spurs and that have been reared in high offices and superior duties ; I have even real geniuses among my readers. In Vienna, in St. Petersburg, in Stockholm, in Copenhagen, in Paris, and New York-I have been discovered everywhere: I have not yet been discovered in Europe's flatland— Germany... . And, to make a confession, I rejoice much more heartily over those who do not read me, over those who have neither heard of my name nor of the word philosophy. But whithersoever I go, here in Turin, for instance, every face brightens and softens at the sight of me. A thing that has flattered me more than anything else until now, is the fact that old market-women cannot rest until they have picked out

the sweetest of their grapes for me. To this extent must a man be a philosopher... . It is not in vain that the Poles are considered as the French among the Slavs. A charming Russian lady will not be mistaken for a single moment concerning my origin. I am not successful at being pompous, the most I can do is to appear embarrassed... . I can think in German, I can feel in German-I can do most things; but this is beyond my powers... . My old master Ritschl went so far as to declare that I planned even my philological treatises after the manner of a Parisian novelist-that I made them absurdly thrilling. In Paris itself people are surprised at " toutes mes audaces et finesses " ;- the words are Monsieur Taine's;-I fear that even in the highest forms of the dithyramb, that salt will be found pervading my work which never becomes insipid, which never becomes " German "-and that is, wit... . I can do nought else. God help me ! Amen.-We all know, some of us even from experience, what a " long-ears " is. Well then, I venture to assert that I have the smallest ears that have ever been seen. This fact is not without interest to women-it seems to me they feel that I understand them better! ... I am essentially the anti-ass, and on this account alone a monster in the world's history -in Greek, and not only in Greek, I am the Antichrist.

Ecce Homo

Part 3 s3

I am to a great extent aware of my privileges as a writer: in one or two cases it has even been brought home to me how very much the habitual reading of my works " spoils " a man's taste. Other books simply cannot be endured after mine, and least of all philosophical ones. It is an incomparable distinction to cross the threshold of this noble and subtle world-in order to do so one must certainly not be a German ; it is, in short, a distinction which one must have deserved. He, however, who is related to me through loftiness of will, experiences genuine raptures of understanding in my books: for I swoop down from heights into which no bird has ever soared ; I know abysses into which no foot has ever slipped. People have told me that it is impossible to lay down a book of mine-that I disturb even the night's rest... . There is no prouder or at the same time more subtle kind of books : they sometimes attain to the highest pinnacle of earthly endeavour, cynicism; to capture their thoughts a man must have the tenderest fingers as well as the most intrepid fists. Any kind of

spiritual decrepitude utterly excludes all intercourse with them-even any kind of dyspepsia : a man must have no nerves, but he must have a cheerful belly. Not only the poverty of a man's soul and its stuffy air excludes all intercourse with them, but also, and to a much greater degree, cowardice, uncleanness, and secret intestinal re-vengefulness ; a word from my lips suffices to make the colour of all evil instincts rush into a face. Among my acquaintances I have a number of experimental subjects, in whom I see depicted all the different, and instructively different, reactions which follow upon a perusal of my works. Those who will have nothing to do with the contents of my books, as for instance my so-called friends, assume an "impersonal" tone concerning them : they wish me luck, and congratulate me for having produced another work ; they also declare that my writings show progress, because they exhale a more cheerful spirit... . The thoroughly vicious people, the " beautiful souls," the false from top to toe, do not know in the least what to do with my books- consequently, with the beautiful consistency of all beautiful souls, they regard my work as beneath them. The cattle among my acquaintances, the mere Germans, leave me to understand, if you please, that they are not always of my opinion, though here and there they agree with me... . I have heard this said even about Zarathustra. " Feminism," whether in mankind or in man, is likewise a barrier to my writings; with it, no one could ever enter into this labyrinth of fearless knowledge. To this end, a man must never have spared himself, he must have been hard in his habits, in order to be good-humoured and merry among a host of inexorable truths. When I try to picture the character of a perfect reader, I always imagine a monster of courage and curiosity, as well as of suppleness, cunning, and prudence-in short, a born adventurer and explorer. After all, I could not describe better than Zarathustra has done unto whom I really address myself: unto whom alone would he reveal his riddle ?

" Unto you, daring explorers and experimenters, and unto all who have ever embarked beneath cunning sails upon terrible seas ;

" Unto you who revel in riddles and in twilight, whose souls are lured by flutes unto every treacherous abyss :

" For you care not to grope your way along a thread with craven fingers; and where you are able to guess, you hate to argue!"

Ecce Homo

Part 3 s4

I will now pass just one or two general remarks about ray art of style. To communicate a state an inner tension of pathos by means of signs, including the tempo of these signs,-that is the meaning of every style; and in view of the fact that the multiplicity of inner states in me is enormous, I am capable of many kinds of style-in short, the most multifarious art of style that any man has ever had at his disposal. Any style is good which genuinely communicates an inner condition, which does not blunder over the signs, over the tempo of the signs, or over moods—all the laws of phrasing are the outcome of representing moods artistically. Good style, in itself, is a piece of sheer foolery, mere idealism, like " beauty in itself/" for instance, or " goodness in itself," or " the thing-in-itself." All this takes for granted, of course, that there exist ears that can hear, and such men as are capable and worthy of a like pathos, that those are not wanting unto whom one may communicate one's self. Meanwhile my Zarathustra, for instance, is still in quest of such people-alas ! he will have to seek a long while yet! A man must be worthy of listening to him... . And, until that time, there will be no one who will understand the art that has been squandered in this book. No one has ever existed who has had more novel, more strange, and purposely created art forms to fling to the winds. The fact that such things were possible in the German language still awaited proof; former!)', I myself would have denied most emphatically that it was possible. Before my time people did not know what could be done with the German language-what could be done with language in general. The art of grand rhythm, of grand style in periods, for expressing the tremendous fluctuations of sublime and superhuman passion, was first discovered by me: with the dithyramb entitled " The Seven Seals," which constitutes the last discourse of the third part of Zarathustra, I soared miles above all that which heretofore has been called poetry.

Ecce Homo

Part 3 s5

The fact that the voice which speaks in my works is that of a psychologist who has not his peer, is perhaps the first conclusion at which a good reader will arrive-a reader such as I deserve, and one who reads me just as the good old philologists used to read their Horace. Those propositions about which all the world is fundamentally agreed -not to speak of fashionable philosophy, of moralists and other empty-headed and cabbage-brained people-are to me but ingenuous blunders : for instance, the belief that " altruistic " and " egoistic " are opposites, while all the time the " ego " itself is merely a "supreme swindle," an "ideal." ... There are no such things as egoistic or altruistic actions : both concepts are psychological nonsense. Or the proposition that " man pursues happiness " ; or the proposition that "happiness is the reward of virtue." ... Or the proposition that "pleasure and pain are opposites." ... Morality, the Circe of mankind, has falsified everything psychological, root and branch -it has bemoralised everything, even to the terribly nonsensical point of calling love "unselfish." A man must first be firmly poised, he must stand securely on his two legs, otherwise he cannot love at all. This indeed the girls know only too well: they don't care two pins about unselfish and merely objective men... . May I venture to suggest, incidentally, that I know women? This knowledge is part of my Dionysian patrimony. Who knows ? maybe I am the first psychologist of the eternally feminine. Women all like me... . But that's an old story: save, of course, the abortions among them, the emancipated ones, those who lack the wherewithal to have children. Thank goodness I am not willing to let myself be torn to pieces ! the perfect woman tears you to pieces when she loves you: I know these amiable Maenads... . Oh! what a dangerous, creeping, subterranean little beast of prey she is! And so agreeable withal! ... A little woman, pursuing her vengeance, would force open even the iron gates of Fate itself. Woman is incalculably more wicked than man, she is also cleverer. Goodness in a woman is already a sign of degeneration. All cases of " beautiful souls " in women may be traced to a faulty physiological condition-but I go no further, lest I should become medicinal. The struggle for equal rights is even a symptom of disease; every doctor knows this. The more womanly a woman is, the more she fights tooth and nail against rights in general: the natural order of things, the eternal war between the sexes, assigns to her by far the foremost rank. Have people had ears to hear my definition of love ? It is the only definition worthy of a philosopher. Love, in its means, is war; in its foundation, it is the mortal hatred of the sexes. Have you heard my reply to the question how a woman can be cured, " saved " in fact?-Give her a child!

A woman needs children, man is always only a means, thus spake Zarathustra. "The emancipation of women,"-this is the instinctive hatred of physiologically botched -that is to say, barren-women for those of their sisters who are well constituted: the fight against " man " is always only a means, a pretext, a piece of strategy. By trying to rise to " Woman per se," to " Higher Woman," to the " Ideal Woman," all they wish to do is to lower the general level of women's rank: and there are no more certain means to this end than university education, trousers, and the rights of voting cattle. Truth to tell, the emancipated are the anarchists in the " eternally feminine " world, the physiological mishaps, the most deep-rooted instinct of whom is revenge. A whole species of the most malicious " idealism "-which, by the bye, also manifests itself in men, in Henrik Ibsen for instance, that typical old maid-whose object is to poison the clean conscience, the natural spirit, of sexual love... . And in order to leave no doubt in your minds in regard to my opinion, which, on this matter, is as honest as it is severe, I will reveal to you one more clause out of my moral code against vice-with the word " vice " I combat every kind of opposition to Nature, or, if you prefer fine words, idealism. The clause reads: "Preaching of chastity is a public incitement to unnatural practices. All depreciation of the sexual life, all the sullyng of it by means of the concept ' impure,' is the essential crime against Life-is the essential crime against the Holy Spirit of Life,"

Ecce Homo

Part 3 s6

In order to give you some idea of myself as a psychologist, let me take this curious piece of psychological analysis out of the book *Beyond Good and Evil*, in which it appears. I forbid, by the bye, any guessing as to whom I am describing in this passage. " The genius of the heart, as that great anchorite possesses it, the divine tempter and born Pied Piper of consciences, whose voice knows how to sink into the inmost depths of every soul, who neither utters a word nor casts a glance, in which some seductive motive or trick does not lie : a part of whose masterliness is that he understands the art of seeming-not what he is, but that which will place a fresh constraint upon his followers to press ever more closely upon him, to follow him ever more enthusiastically and wholeheartedly... . The genius of the heart, which makes all loud and self-

conceited things hold their tongues and lend their ears, which polishes all rough souls and makes them taste a new longing-to lie placid as a mirror, that the deep heavens may be reflected in them... . The genius of the heart which teaches the clumsy and too hasty hand to hesitate and grasp more tenderly; which scents the hidden and forgotten treasure, the pearl of goodness and sweet spirituality, beneath thick black ice, and is a divining rod for every grain of gold, long buried and imprisoned in heaps of mud and sand... . The genius of the heart, from contact with which every man goes away richer, not 'blessed' and overcome, not as though favoured and crushed by the good things of others ; but richer in himself, fresher to himself than before, opened up, breathed upon and sounded by a thawing wind ; more uncertain, perhaps, more delicate, more fragile, more bruised; but full of hopes which as yet lack names, full of a new will and striving, full of a new unwillingness and counter-striving." ...

PART 4

"THE BIRTH OF TRAGEDY"

Ecce Homo

Part 4 BT s1

In order to be fair to the Birth of Tragedy (1872) it is necessary to forget a few things. It created a sensation and even fascinated by means of its mistakes-by means of its application to Wagner-ism, as if the latter were the sign of an ascending tendency. On that account alone, this treatise was an event in Wagner's life: thenceforward great hopes surrounded the name of Wagner. Even to this day, people remind me, sometimes in the middle of Parsifal, that it rests on my conscience if the opinion, that this movement is of great value to culture, at length became prevalent. I have often seen the book quoted as "The Second Birth of Tragedy from the Spirit of Music": people had ears only for new formulae for Wagner's art, his object and his mission-and in this way the real hidden value of the book was overlooked. "Hellenism and Pessimism"-this would have been a less equivocal title, seeing that the book contains the first attempt at showing how the Greeks succeeded in disposing of pessimism-in what manner they overcame it... . Tragedy itself is the proof of the fact that the

Greeks were not pessimists: Schopenhauer blundered here as he blundered in everything else.-Regarded impartially, *The Birth of Tragedy* is a book quite strange to its age: no one would dream that it was begun in the thunder of the battle of Worth. I thought out these problems on cold September nights beneath the walls of Metz, in the midst of my duties as nurse to the wounded; it would be easier to think that it was written fifty years earlier. Its attitude towards politics is one of indifference,-"un-German," # as people would say to-day,-it smells offensively of Hegel; only in one or two formulae is it infected with the bitter odour of corpses which is peculiar to Schopenhauer. An idea-the antagonism of the two concepts Dionysian and Apollonian -is translated into metaphysics ; history itself is depicted as the development of this idea; in tragedy this antithesis has become unity; from this standpoint things which theretofore had never been face to face are suddenly confronted, and understood and illuminated by each other... . Opera and revolution, for instance... . The two decisive innovations in the book are, first, the comprehension of the Dionysian phenomenon among the Greeks-it provides the first psychological analysis of this phenomenon, and sees in it the single root of all Greek art; and, secondly, the comprehension of Socraticism-Socrates being presented for the first time as the instrument of Greek dissolution, as a typical decadent. "Reason" versus Instinct. "Reason" at any cost, as a dangerous, life-undermining force. The whole book is profoundly and politely silent concerning Christianity: the latter is neither Apollonian nor Dionysian; it denies all aesthetic values, which are the only values that *The Birth of Tragedy* recognises. Christianity is most profoundly nihilistic, whereas in the Dionysian symbol, the most extreme limits of a yea-saying attitude to life are attained. In one part of the book the Christian priesthood is referred to as a "perfidious order of goblins," as "subterraneans."

Ecce Homo

Part 4 BT s2

This start of mine was remarkable beyond measure. As a confirmation of my inmost personal experience I had discovered the only example of this fact that history possesses,-with this I was the first to understand the amazing Dionysian phenomenon. At the same time, by recognising Socrates as a decadent, I proved most conclusively that the certainty of my

psychological grasp of things ran very little risk at the hands of any sort of moral idiosyncrasy: to regard morality itself as a symptom of degeneration is an innovation, a unique event of the first order in the history of knowledge. How high I had soared above the pitifully foolish gabble about Optimism and Pessimism with my two new doctrines! I was the first to see the actual contrast: the degenerate instinct which turns upon life with a subterranean lust of vengeance (Christianity,

WHY I WRITE SUCH EXCELLENT BOOKS 71

Schopenhauer's philosophy, and in some respects too even Plato's philosophy-in short, the whole of idealism in its typical forms), as opposed to a formula of the highest yea-saying to life, born of an abundance and a superabundance of life-a yea-saying free from all reserve, applying even to suffering, and guilt, and all that is questionable and strange in existence... . This last, most joyous, most exuberant and exultant yea to life, is not only the highest, but also the profoundest conception, and one which is most strictly confirmed and supported by truth and science. Nothing that exists must be suppressed, nothing can be dispensed with. Those aspects of life which Christians and other Nihilists reject, belong to an incalculably higher order in the hierarchy of values, than that which the instinct of degeneration calls good, and may call good. In order to understand this, a certain courage is necessary, and, as a prerequisite of this, a certain superfluity of strength : for a man can approach only as near to truth as he has the courage to advance-that is to say, everything depends strictly upon the measure of his strength. Knowledge, and the affirmation of reality, are just as necessary to the strong man as cowardice, the flight from reality-in fact, the "ideal"-are necessary to the weak inspired by weakness... . These people are not at liberty to "know," -decadents stand in need of lies,-it is one of their self-preservative measures. He who not only understands the word "Dionysian," but understands himself in that term, does not require any refutation of Plato, or of Christianity, or of Schopenhauer-for his nose scents decomposition.

Ecce Homo

Part 4 BT s3

The extent to which I had by means of these doctrines discovered the idea of "tragedy," the ultimate explanation of what the psychology of

tragedy is, I discussed finally in *The Twilight of the Idols* (Aph. 5, part I o)... . " The saying of yea to life, and even to its weirdest and most difficult problems : the will to life rejoicing at its own infinite vitality in the sacrifice of its highest types-that is what I called Dionysian, that is what I meant as the bridge to the psychology of the tragic poet. Not to cast out terror and pity, or to purge one's self of dangerous passion by discharging it with vehemence,-this was Aristotle's * misunderstanding of it,-but to be far beyond terror and pity and to be the eternal lust of Becoming itself-that lust which also involves the joy of destruction." ... In this sense I have the right to regard myself as the first tragic philosopher-that is to say, the most extreme antithesis and antipodes of a pessimistic philosopher. Before my time no such thing existed as this translation of the Dionysian phenomenon into philosophic emotion : tragic wisdom was lacking ; in vain have I sought for signs of it even among the great Greeks in philosophy-those belonging to the two centuries before Socrates. I still remained a little doubtful about Heraclitus, in whose presence, alone, I felt warmer and more at ease than anywhere else. The yea-saying to the impermanence and annihilation of things, which is the decisive feature of a Dionysian philosophy; the. yea-saying to contradiction and war, the postulation of Becoming, together with the radical rejection even of the concept Being- in all these things, at all events, I must recognise him who has come nearest to me in thought hither to. The doctrine of the " Eternal Recurrence "- that is to say, of the absolute and eternal repetition of all things in periodical cycles-this doctrine of Zarathustra's might, it is true, have been taught before. In any case, the Stoics, who derived nearly all their fundamental ideas from Heraclitus, show traces of it.

Ecce Homo

Part 4 BT s4

A tremendous hope finds expression in this work. After all, I have absolutely no reason to renounce the hope for a Dionysian future of music. Let us look a century ahead, and let us suppose that my attempt to destroy two millenniums of hostility to Nature and of the violation of humanity be crowned with success. That new party of life-advocates, which will undertake the greatest of all tasks, the elevation and perfection of mankind, as well as the relentless destruction of all degenerate and

parasitical elements, will make that superabundance of life on earth once more possible, out of which the Dionysian state will perforce arise again. I promise the advent of a tragic age: the highest art in the saying of yea to life, "tragedy," will be born again when mankind has the knowledge of the hardest, but most necessary of wars, behind it, without, however, suffering from that knowledge... . A psychologist might add that what I heard in Wagnerian music in my youth and early manhood had nothing whatsoever to do with Wagner; that when I described Dionysian music, I described merely what / personally had heard-that I was compelled instinctively to translate and transfigure everything into the new spirit which filled my breast. A proof of this, and as strong a proof as you could have, is my essay, *Wagner in Bayreuth*: in all its decisive psychological passages I am the only person concerned-without any hesitation you may read my name or the word "Zarathustra" wherever the text contains the name of Wagner. The whole panorama of the dithyrambic artist is the representation of the already existing author of *Zarathustra*, and it is drawn with an abysmal depth which does not even once come into contact with the real Wagner. Wagner himself had a notion of the truth; he did not recognise himself in the essay.-In this way, "the idea of Bayreuth" was changed into something which to those who are acquainted with my *Zarathustra* will be no riddle-that is to say, into the Great Noon when the highest of the elect will consecrate themselves for the greatest of all duties-who knows? the vision of a feast which I may live to see... . The pathos of the first few pages is universal history; the look which is discussed on page 105* of the book, is the actual look of *Zarathustra*; Wagner, Bayreuth, the whole of this petty German wretchedness, is a cloud upon which an infinite *Fata Morgana* of the future is reflected. Even from the psychological standpoint, all the decisive traits in my character are introduced into Wagner's nature -the juxtaposition of the most brilliant and most fatal forces, a Will to Power such as no man has ever possessed-inexorable bravery in matters spiritual, an unlimited power of learning unaccompanied by depressed powers for action. Everything in this essay is a prophecy: the proximity of the resurrection of the Greek spirit, the need of men who will be counter-Alexanders, who will once more tie the Gordian knot of Greek culture, after it has been cut. Listen to the world-historic accent with which the concept "sense for the tragic" is introduced on page 180: there are little else but world-historic accents in this essay. This is the strangest kind of "objectivity" that ever existed: my absolute certainty in regard to what I am, projected itself into any chance reality-truth about myself was voiced

from out appalling depths. On pages 174 and 175 the style of Zarathustra is described and foretold with incisive certainty, and no more magnificent expression will ever be found than that on pages 144-147 for the event for which Zarathustra stands -that prodigious act of the purification and consecration of mankind.

PART 5

"THOUGHTS OUT OF SEASON"

Ecce Homo

Part 5 UM s1

The four essays composing the Thoughts out of Season are thoroughly warlike in tone. They prove that I was no mere dreamer, that I delight in drawing the sword-and perhaps, also, that my wrist is dangerously supple. The first onslaught (1873) was directed against German culture, upon which I looked down even at that time with unmitigated contempt. Without either sense, substance, or goal, it was simply "public opinion." There could be no more dangerous misunderstanding than to suppose that Germany's success at arms proved anything in favour of German culture-and still less the triumph of this culture over that of France. The second essay (1874) brings to light that which is dangerous, that which corrodes and poisons life in our manner of pursuing scientific study : Life is diseased, thanks to this dehumanised piece of clockwork and mechanism, thanks to the "impersonality" of the workman, and the false economy of the "division of labour." The object, which is culture, is lost sight of: modern scientific activity as a means thereto simply produces barbarism. In this treatise, the "historical sense," of which this century is so proud, is for the first time recognised as sickness, as a typical symptom of decay. In the third and fourth essays, a sign-post is set up pointing to a higher concept of culture, to a re-establishment of the notion "culture" ; and two pictures of the hardest self-love and self-discipline are presented, two essentially un-modern types, full of the most sovereign contempt for all that which lay around them and was called "Empire," "Culture," "Christianity," "Bismarck," and "Success," - these two types were Schopenhauer and Wagner, or, in a word, Nietzsche....

Of these four attacks, the first met with extraordinary success. The stir which it created was in every way gorgeous. I had put my finger on the vulnerable spot of a triumphant nation-I had told it that its victory was not a red-letter day for culture, but, perhaps, something very different. The reply rang out from all sides, and certainly not only from old friends of David Strauss, whom I had made ridiculous as the type of a German Philistine of Culture and a man of smug self-content-in short, as the author of that suburban gospel of his, called *The Old and the New Faith* (the term "Philistine of Culture" passed into the current language of Germany after the appearance of my book). These old friends, whose vanity as Württembergians and Swabians I had deeply wounded in regarding their unique animal, their bird of Paradise, as a trifle comic, replied to me as ingenuously and as grossly as I could have wished. The Prussian replies were smarter; they contained more "Prussian blue." The most disreputable attitude was assumed by a Leipzig paper, the egregious *Greutzboten*; and it cost me some pains to prevent my indignant friends in Bale from taking action against it. Only a few old gentlemen decided in my favour, and for very diverse and sometimes unaccountable reasons. Among them was one, Ewald of Gottingen, who made it clear that my attack on Strauss had been deadly. There was also the Hegelian, Bruno Bauer, who from that time became one of my most attentive readers. In his later years he liked to refer to me, when, for instance, he wanted to give Herr von Treitschke, the Prussian Historiographer, a hint as to where he could obtain information about the notion "Culture," of which he (Herr von T.) had completely lost sight. The weightiest and longest notice of my book and its author appeared in *Wiirzburg*, and was written by Professor Hoffmann, an old pupil of the philosopher von Baader. The essays made him foresee a great future for me, namely, that of bringing about a sort of crisis and decisive turning-point in the problem of atheism, of which he recognised in me the most instinctive and most radical advocate. It was atheism that had drawn me to Schopenhauer. The review which received by far the most attention, and which excited the most bitterness, was an extraordinarily powerful and plucky appreciation of my work by Carl Hillebrand, a man who was usually so mild, and the last humane German who knew how to wield a pen. The article appeared in the *Augsburg Gazette*, and it can be read to-day,

couched in rather more cautious language, among his collected essays. In it my work was referred to as an event, as a decisive turning-point, as the first sign of an awakening, as an excellent symptom, and as an actual revival of German earnestness and of German passion in things spiritual. Hillebrand could speak only in the terms of the highest respect, of the form of my book, of its consummate taste, of its perfect tact in discriminating between persons and causes : he characterised it as the best polemical work in the German language,-the best performance in the art of polemics, which for Germans is so dangerous and so strongly to be deprecated. Besides confirming my standpoint, he laid even greater stress upon what I had dared to say about the deterioration of language in Germany (nowadays writers assume the airs of Purists * and can no longer even construct a sentence) ; sharing my contempt for the literary stars of this nation, he concluded by expressing his admiration for my courage - that " greatest courage of all which places the very favourites of the people in the dock." ... The after-effects of this essay of mine proved invaluable to me in my life. No one has ever tried to meddle with me since. People are silent. In Germany I am treated with gloomy caution: for years I have rejoiced in the privilege of such absolute freedom of speech, as no one nowadays, least of all in the " Empire," has enough liberty to claim. My paradise is " in the shadow of my sword." At bottom all I had done was to put one of Stendhal's maxims into practice: he advises one to make one's entrance into society by means of a duel. And how well I had chosen my opponent!-the foremost free-thinker of Germany. As a matter of fact, quite a novel kind of free thought found its expression in this way: up to the present nothing has been more strange and more foreign to my blood than the whole of that European and American species known as *libres penseurs*. Incurable blockheads and clowns of " modern ideas " that they are, I feel much more profoundly at variance with them than with anyone of their adversaries. They also wish to " improve " mankind, after their own fashion-that is to say, in their own image; against that which I stand for and desire, they would wage an implacable war, if only they understood it; the whole gang of them still believe in an " ideal." ... I am the first Immoralist.

Ecce Homo

Part 5 UM s3

I should not like to say that the last two essays in the *Thoughts out of Season*, associated with the names of Schopenhauer and Wagner respectively, serve any special purpose in throwing light upon these two cases, or in formulating their psychological problems. This of course does not apply to a few details. Thus, for instance, in the second of the two essays, with a profound certainty of instinct I already characterised the elementary factor in Wagner's nature as a theatrical talent which in all his means and inspirations only draws its final conclusions. At bottom, my desire in this essay was to do something very different from writing psychology: an unprecedented educational problem, a new understanding of self-discipline and self-defence carried to the point of hardness, a road to greatness and to world-historic duties, yearned to find expression. Roughly speaking, I seized two famous and, theretofore, completely undefined types by the forelock, after the manner in which one seizes opportunities, simply in order to speak my mind on certain questions, in order to have a few more formulas, signs, and means of expression at my disposal. Indeed I actually suggest this, with most unearthly sagacity, on page 183 of *Schopenhauer as Educator*. Plato made use of Socrates in the same way-that is to say, as a cipher for Plato. Now that, from some distance, I can look back upon the conditions of which these essays are the testimony, I would be loth to deny that they refer simply to me. The essay *Wagner in Bayreuth* is a vision of my own future; on the other hand, my most secret history, my development, is written down in *Schopenhauer as Educator*. But, above all, the vow I made! What I am today, the place I now hold-at a height from which I speak no longer with words but with thunderbolts -oh, how far I was from all this in those days! But I saw the land-I did not deceive myself for one moment as to the way, the sea, the danger- and success ! The great calm in promising, this happy prospect of a future which must not remain only a promise !-In this book every word has been lived, profoundly and intimately; the most painful things are not lacking in it; it contains words which are positively running with blood. But a wind of great freedom blows over the whole; even its wounds do not constitute an objection. As to what I understand by being a philosopher,-that is to say, a terrible explosive in the presence of which everything is in danger; as to how I sever my idea of the philosopher by miles from that other idea of him which includes even a Kant, not to speak of the academic " ruminators " and other professors of philosophy,-concerning all these things this essay provides invaluable information, even granting that at bottom, it is not " *Schopenhauer as Educator* " but " *Nietzsche as Educator*," who speaks his sentiments in it.

Considering that, in those days, my trade was that of a scholar, and perhaps, also, that I understood my trade, the piece of austere scholar psychology which suddenly makes its appearance in this essay is not without importance: it expresses the feeling of distance, and my profound certainty regarding what was my real life-task, and what were merely means, intervals, and accessory work to me. My wisdom consists in my having been many things, and in many places, in order to become one thing-in order to be able to attain to one thing. It was part of my fate to be a scholar for a while.

PART 6

"HUMAN, ALL-TOO-HUMAN"

Ecce Homo

Part 6 H s1

Human, all-too-Human, with its two sequels, is the memorial of a crisis. It is called a book for free spirits: almost every sentence in it is the expression of a triumph-by means of it I purged myself of everything in me which was foreign to my nature. Idealism is foreign to me : the title of the book means: "Where you see ideal things I see- human, alas ! all-too-human things ! " ... I know men better. The word " free spirit" in this book must not be understood as anything else than a spirit that has become free, that has once more taken possession of itself. My tone, the pitch of my voice, has completely changed; the book will be thought clever, cool, and at times both hard and scornful. A certain spirituality, of noble taste, seems to be ever struggling to dominate a passionate torrent at its feet. In this respect there is some sense in the fact that it was the hundredth anniversary of Voltaire's death that served, so to speak, as an excuse for the publication of the book as early as 1878. For Voltaire, as the opposite of everyone who wrote after him, was above all a grandee of the intellect: precisely what I am also. The name of Voltaire on one of my writings-that was verily a step forward -in my direction... . Looking into this book a little more closely, you perceive a pitiless spirit who knows all the secret hiding-places in which ideals are wont to skulk-where they find their dungeons, and, as it were, their last refuge. With a torch in my hand, the light of which is not by any means a flickering one, I illuminate this nether world with beams that cut like blades. It is war,

but war without powder and smoke, without warlike attitudes, without pathos and contorted limbs-all these things would still be "idealism." One error after the other is quietly laid upon ice; the ideal is not refuted - it freezes. Here, for instance, "genius" freezes; round the corner the "saint" freezes; under a thick icicle the "hero" freezes; and in the end "faith" itself freezes. So-called "conviction" and also "pity" are considerably cooled-and almost everywhere the "thing in itself" is freezing to death.

Ecce Homo

Part 6 H s2

This book was begun during the first musical festival at Bayreuth; a feeling of profound strangeness towards everything that surrounded me there, is one of its first conditions. He who has any notion of the visions which even at that time had flitted across my path, will be able to guess what I felt when one day I came to my senses in Bayreuth. It was just as if I had been dreaming. Where on earth was I? I recognised nothing that I saw; I scarcely recognised Wagner. It was in vain that I called up reminiscences. Tribschen- remote island of bliss : not the shadow of a resemblance ! The incomparable days devoted to the laying of the first stone, the small group of the initiated who celebrated them, and who were far from lacking fingers for the handling of delicate things : not the shadow of a resemblance ! What had happened?-Wagner had been translated into German! The Wagnerite had become master of Wagner! - Gentian art! the German master! German beer! ... We who know only too well the kind of refined artists and cosmopolitanism in taste, to which alone Wagner's art can appeal, were beside ourselves at the sight of Wagner bedecked with German virtues. I think I know the Wagnerite, I have experienced three generations of them, from Brendel of blessed memory, who confounded Wagner with Hegel, to the "idealists" of the Bayreuth Gazette, who confound Wagner with themselves,-I have been the recipient of every kind of confession about Wagner, from "beautiful souls." My kingdom for just one intelligent word!-In very truth, a blood-curdling company! Nohl, Pohl, and Kohl* and others of their kidney to infinity! There was not a single abortion that was lacking among them-no, not even the anti-Semite.-Poor Wagner! Into whose hands had he fallen? If only he had gone into a herd of swine ! But among Germans ! Some day, for the edification of posterity, one ought really to have a genuine

Bayreuthian stuffed, or, better still, preserved in spirit,-for it is precisely spirit that is lacking in this quarter,-with this inscription at the foot of the jar: " A sample of the spirit whereon the ' German Empire' was founded." ... But enough ! In the middle of the festivities I suddenly packed my trunk and left the place for a few weeks, despite the fact that a charming Parisian lady sought to comfort me ; I excused myself to Wagner simply by means of a fatalistic telegram. In a little spot called Klingenbrunn, deeply buried in the recesses of the Bohmerwald, I carried my melancholy and my contempt of Germans about with me like an illness-and, from time to time, under the general title of " The Ploughshare," I wrote a sentence or two down in my notebook, nothing but severe psychological stuff, which it is possible may have found its way into Human, all-too-Human.

Ecce Homo

Part 6 H s3

That which had taken place in me, then, was not only a breach with Wagner-I was suffering from a general aberration of my instincts, of which a mere isolated blunder, whether it were Wagner or my professorship at Bale, was nothing more than a symptom. I was seized with a fit of impatience with myself; I saw that it was high time that I should turn my thoughts upon my own lot. In a trice I realised, with appalling clearness, how much time had already been squandered-how futile and how senseless my whole existence as a philologist appeared by the side of my life-task. I was ashamed of this false modesty... . Ten years were behind me, during which, to tell the truth, the nourishment of my spirit had been at a standstill, during which I had added not a single useful fragment to my knowledge, and had forgotten countless things in the pursuit of a hodge-podge of dry-as-dust scholarship. To crawl with meticulous care and short-sighted eyes through old Greek metricians-that is what I had come to! ... Moved to pity I saw myself quite thin, quite emaciated: realities were only too plainly absent from my stock of knowledge, and what the " idealities " were worth the devil alone knew ! A positively burning thirst overcame me: and from that time forward I have done literally nothing else than study physiology, medicine, and natural science -I even returned to the actual study of history only when my life-task compelled me to. It was at that time, too, that I first divined the relation

between an instinctively repulsive occupation, a so-called vocation, which is the last thing to which one is "called," and that need of lulling a feeling of emptiness and hunger, by means of an art which is a narcotic-by means of Wagner's art, for instance. After looking carefully about me, I have discovered that a large number of young men are all in the same state of distress: one kind of unnatural practice perforce leads to another. In Germany, or rather, to avoid all ambiguity, in the Empire,* only too many are condemned to determine their choice too soon, and then to pine away beneath a burden that they can no longer throw off... . Such creatures crave for Wagner as for an opiate,-they are thus able to forget themselves, to be rid of themselves for a moment... . What am I saying !-for five or six hours.

Ecce Homo

Part 6 H s4

At this time my instincts turned resolutely against any further yielding or following on my part, and any further misunderstanding of myself. Every kind of life, the most unfavourable circumstances, illness, poverty-anything seemed to me preferable to that undignified "selfishness" into which I had fallen; in the first place, thanks to my ignorance and youth, and in which I had afterwards remained owing to laziness-the so-called "sense of duty." At this juncture there came to my help, in a way that I cannot sufficiently admire, and precisely at the right time, that evil heritage which I derive from my father's side of the family, and which, at bottom, is no more than a predisposition to die young. Illness slowly liberated me from the toils, it spared me any sort of sudden breach, any sort of violent and offensive step. At that time I lost not a particle of the good will of others, but rather added to my store. Illness likewise gave me the right completely to reverse my mode of life ; it not only allowed, it actually commanded, me to forget; it bestowed upon me the necessity of lying still, of having leisure, of waiting, and of exercising patience... . But all this means thinking! ... The state of my eyes alone put an end to all book-wormishness, or, in plain English-philology: I was thus delivered from books ; for years I ceased from reading, and this was the greatest boon I ever conferred upon myself! That nethermost self, which was, as it were, entombed, and which had grown dumb because it had been forced to listen perpetually to other selves (for that is what reading

means!), slowly awakened ; at first it was shy and doubtful, but at last it spoke again. Never have I rejoiced more over my condition than during the sickest and most painful moments of my life. You have only to examine *The Dawn of Day*, or, perhaps, *The Wanderer and his Shadow** in order to understand what this "return to myself" actually meant: in itself it was the highest kind of recovery ! ... My cure was simply the result of it.

Ecce Homo

Part 6 H s5

Human, all-too-Human, this monument of a course of vigorous self-discipline, by means of which I put an abrupt end to all the " Superior Bunkum," " Idealism," " Beautiful Feelings," and other effeminacies that had percolated into my being, was written principally in Sorrento ; it was finished and given definite shape during a winter at Bale, under conditions far less favourable than those in Sorrento. Truth to tell, it was Peter Gast, at that time a student at the University of Bale, and a devoted friend of mine, who was responsible for the book. With my head wrapped in bandages, and extremely painful, I dictated while he wrote and corrected as he went along-to be accurate, he was the real composer, whereas I was only the author. When the completed book ultimately reached me,-to the great surprise of the serious invalid I then was, -I sent, among others, two copies to Bayreuth. Thanks to a miraculous flash of intelligence on the part of chance, there reached me precisely at the same time a splendid copy of the *Parsifal* text, with the following inscription from Wagner's pen: " To his dear friend Friedrich Nietzsche, from Richard Wagner, Ecclesiastical Councillor." At this crossing of the two books I seemed to hear an ominous note. Did it not sound as if two swords had crossed ? At all events we both felt this was so, for each of us remained silent. At about this time the first Bayreuth Pamphlets appeared: and I then understood the move on my part for which it was high time. Incredible! Wagner had become pious.

Ecce Homo

Part 6 H s6

My attitude to myself at that time (1876), and the unearthly certitude with which I grasped my life-task and all its world-historic consequences, is well revealed throughout the book, but more particularly in one very significant passage, despite the fact that, with my instinctive cunning, I once more circumvented the use of the little word "I," -not however, this time, in order to shed world-historic glory on the names of Schopenhauer and Wagner, but on that of another of my friends, the excellent Dr. Paul Ree-fortunately much too acute a creature to be deceived-others were less subtle. Among my readers I have a number of hopeless people, the typical German professor for instance, who can always be recognised from the fact that, judging from the passage in question, he feels compelled to regard the whole book as a sort of superior Realism. As a matter of fact it contradicts five or six of my friend's utterances: only read the introduction to *The Origin of Moral Sensations* (read Nietzsche, the first Immoralist)," has attained by means of his incisive and decisive analysis of human actions? 'The moral man,' he says, 'is no nearer to the intelligible (metaphysical) world than is the physical man, for there is no intelligible world.' This theory, hardened and sharpened under the hammer-blow of historical knowledge "(read *The Transvaluation of all Values*), " may some time or other, perhaps in some future period,-1890!- serve as the axe which is applied to the root of the 'metaphysical need' of man,-whether more as a blessing than a curse to the general welfare it is not easy to say; but in any case as a theory with the most important consequences, at once fruitful and terrible, and looking into the world with that Janus-face which all great knowledge possesses."

PART 7

"THE DAWN OF DAY"

Thoughts about Morality as a Prejudice

Ecce Homo

Part 7 D s1

With this book I open my campaign against morality. Not that it is at all

redolent of powder- you will find quite other and much nicer smells in it, provided that you have any keenness in your nostrils. There is nothing either of light or of heavy artillery in its composition, and if its general end be a negative one, its means are not so-means out of which the end follows like a logical conclusion, not like a cannon-shot. And if the reader takes leave of this book with a feeling of timid caution in regard to everything which has until now been honoured and even worshipped under the name of morality, it does not alter the fact that there is not one negative word, not one attack, and not one single piece of malice in the whole work-on the contrary, it lies in the sunshine, smooth and happy, like a marine animal, basking in the sun between two rocks. For, after all, I was this marine animal: almost every sentence in the book was thought out, or rather caught, among that medley of rocks in the neighbourhood of Genoa, where I lived quite alone, and exchanged secrets with the ocean. Even to this day, when by chance I happen to turn over the leaves of this book, almost every sentence seems to me like a hook by means of which I draw something incomparable out of the depths ; its whole skin quivers with delicate shudders of recollection. This book is conspicuous for no little art in gently catching things which whisk rapidly and silently away, moments which I call godlike lizards-not with the cruelty of that young Greek god who simply transfixed the poor little beast; but nevertheless with something pointed -with a pen. " There are so many dawns which have not yet shed their light"-this Indian maxim is written over the doorway of this book. Where does its author seek that new morning, that delicate red, as yet undiscovered, with which another day-ah! a whole series of days, a whole world of new days !- will begin ? In the Transvaluation of all Values, in an emancipation from all moral values, in a saying of yea, and in an attitude of trust, to all that which until now has been forbidden, despised, and damned. This yea-saying book projects its light, its love, its tenderness, over all evil things, it restores to them their soul, their clear conscience, and their superior right and privilege to exist on earth. Morality is not assailed, it simply ceases to be considered. This book closes with the word " or ? " -it is the only book which closes with an " or ?".

Ecce Homo

Part 7 D s2

My life-task is to prepare for humanity one supreme moment in which it can come to its senses, a Great Noon in which it will turn its gaze backwards and forwards, in which it will step from under the yoke of accident and of priests, and for the first time set the question of the Why and Wherefore of humanity as a whole-this life-task naturally follows out of the conviction that mankind does not get on the right road of its own accord, that it is by no means divinely ruled, but rather that it is precisely under the cover of its most holy valuations that the instinct of negation, of corruption, and of degeneration has held such a seductive sway. The question concerning the origin of moral valuations is therefore a matter of the highest importance to me because it determines the future of mankind. The demand made upon us to believe that everything is really in the best hands, that a certain book, the Bible, gives us the definite and comforting assurance that there is a Providence that wisely rules the fate of man,-when translated back into reality amounts simply to this, namely, the will to stifle the truth which maintains the reverse of all this, which is that until now man has been in the worst possible hands, and that he has been governed by the physiologically botched, the men of cunning and burning revengefulness, and the so-called " saints " -those slanderers of the world and traducers of humanity. The definite proof of the fact that the priest (including the priest in disguise, the philosopher) has become master, not only within a certain limited religious community, but everywhere, and that the morality of decadence, the will to nonentity, has become morality per se, is to be found in this: that altruism is now an absolute value, and egoism is regarded with hostility everywhere. He who disagrees with me on this point, I regard as infected. But all the world disagrees with me. To a physiologist a like antagonism between values admits of no doubt. If the most insignificant organ within the body neglects, however slightly, to assert with absolute certainty its self-preservative powers, its recuperative claims, and its egoism, the whole system degenerates. The physiologist insists upon the removal of degenerated parts, he denies all fellow-feeling for such parts, and has not the smallest feeling of pity for them. But the desire of the priest is precisely the degeneration of the whole of mankind ; hence his preservation of that which is degenerate-this is what his dominion costs humanity. What meaning have those lying concepts, those handmaids of morality, " Soul," " Spirit," " Free will," " God," if their aim is not the physiological ruin of mankind ? When earnestness is diverted from the instincts that aim at self-preservation and an increase of bodily energy, i.e. at an increase of life; when anaemia is raised to an ideal and the

contempt of the body is construed as " the salvation of the soul," what is all this if it is not a recipe for decadence ? Loss of ballast, resistance offered to natural instincts, selflessness, in fact-this is what has until now been known as morality. With *The Dawn of Day* I first engaged in a struggle against the morality of self-renunciation.

PART 8

"THE GAY SCIENZA"

La Gaya Scienza

Ecce Homo

Part 8 GS s1

Dawn of Day is a yea-saying book, profound, but clear and kindly. The same applies once more and in the highest degree to *La Gaya Scienza* : in almost every sentence of this book, profundity and playfulness go gently hand in hand. A verse which expresses my gratitude for the most wonderful month of January which I have ever lived- the whole book is a gift-sufficiently reveals the abysmal depths from which " wisdom" has here become joyful.

" You who with cleaving fiery lances
The stream of my soul from its ice
do free, Till with a rush and a roar it advances
To enter with glorious
hoping the sea: Brighter to see and purer ever,
Free in the bonds of your
sweet constraint,- So it praises your wondrous endeavour,
January, you
beauteous saint!"*

Who can be in any doubt as to what " glorious hoping" means here, when he has realised the diamond beauty of the first of Zarathustra's words as they appear in a glow of light at the close of the fourth book ? Or when he reads the granite sentences at the end of the third book, wherein a fate for all times is first given a formula ? The songs of *Prince Free-as-a-Bird*, which, for the most part, were written in Sicily, remind me quite forcibly of that Provencal notion of " *Gaya Scienza*" of that union of singer, knight, and free spirit, which distinguishes that wonderfully early culture of the Provencals from all ambiguous cultures. The last poem of all, " *To the Mistral*,"-an exuberant dance song in which, if you please, the new spirit dances freely upon the corpse of morality,-is a perfect Provencalism.

PART 9
"THUS SPOKE ZARATHUSTRA"
A Book for All and None "

Ecce Homo

Part 9 Z s1

I now wish to relate the history of Zarathustra, The fundamental idea of the work, the Eternal Recurrence, the highest formula of a Yea-saying to life that can ever be attained, was first conceived in the month of August 1881. I made a note of the idea on a sheet of paper, with the postscript: "Six thousand feet beyond man and time." That day I happened to be wandering through the woods alongside of the Lake of Silvaplana, and I halted not far from Surlei, beside a huge rock that towered aloft like a pyramid. It was then that the thought struck me. Looking back now, I find that exactly two months before this inspiration I had an omen of its coming in the form of a sudden and decisive change in my tastes-more particularly in music. The whole of Zarathustra might perhaps be classified under the rubric music. At all events, the essential condition of its production was a second birth within me of the art of hearing. In Recoaro, a small mountain resort near Vicenza, where I spent the spring of 1881, I and my friend and maestro, Peter Gast-who was also one who had been born again, discovered that the phoenix music hovered over us, in lighter and brighter plumage than it had ever worn before. If, therefore, I now calculate from that day forward the sudden production of the book, under the most unlikely circumstances, in February 1883, - the last part, out of which I quoted a few lines in my preface, was written precisely in the hallowed hour when Richard Wagner gave up the ghost in Venice,-I come to the conclusion that the period of gestation covered eighteen months. This period of exactly eighteen months, might suggest, at least to Buddhists, that I am in reality a female elephant. The interval was devoted to the *Gaya Scienza*, which contains hundreds of indications of the proximity of something unparalleled ; for, after all, it shows the beginning of Zarathustra, since it presents Zarathustrds fundamental thought in the last aphorism but one of the fourth book. To this interval also belongs that Hymn to Life (for a mixed choir and orchestra), the score of which was published in Leipzig two years ago by E. W. Fritsch, and which gave perhaps no slight indication of my spiritual state during

this year, in which the essentially yea-saying pathos, which I call the tragic pathos, completely filled me heart and limb. One day people will sing it to my memory. The text, let it be well understood, as there is some misunderstanding abroad on this point, is not by me; it was the astounding inspiration of a young Russian lady, Miss Lou von Salome, with whom I was then on friendly terms. He who is in any way able to make some sense of the last words of the poem, will divine why I preferred and admired it: there is greatness in them. Pain is not regarded as an objection to existence: " And if you have no bliss now left to crown me—Lead on ! You have your Sorrow still."

Maybe that my music is also great in this passage. (The last note of the oboe, by the bye, is C sharp, not C. The latter is a misprint.) During the following winter, I was living on that charmingly peaceful Gulf of Rapallo, not far from Genoa, which cuts inland between Chiavari and Cape Porto Fino. My health was not very good ; the winter was cold and exceptionally rainy; and the small albergo in which I lived was so close to the water that at night my sleep was disturbed if the sea was rough. These circumstances were surely the very reverse of favourable; and yet, in spite of it all, and as if in proof of my belief that everything decisive comes to life in defiance of every obstacle, it was precisely during this winter and in the midst of these unfavourable circumstances that my Zarathustra originated. In the morning I used to start out in a southerly direction up the glorious road to Zoagli, which rises up through a forest of pines and gives one a view far out to sea. In the afternoon, or as often as my health allowed, I walked round the whole bay from Santa Margherita to beyond Porto Fino. This spot affected me all the more deeply because it was so dearly loved by the Emperor Frederick III. In the autumn of 1886 I chanced to be there again when he was revisiting this small forgotten world of happiness for the last time. It was on these two roads that all Zarathustra came to me, above all, Zarathustra himself as a type—I ought rather to say that it was on these walks that he waylaid me.

Ecce Homo

Part 9 Z s2

In order to understand this type, you must first be quite clear concerning its fundamental physiological condition: this condition is what I call great healthiness. In regard to this idea I cannot make my meaning more

plain or more personal than I have done already in one of the last aphorisms (No. 382) of the fifth book of the *Gaya Scienza*: " We new, nameless, and unfathomable creatures," so reads the passage, " we firstlings of a future still unproved-we who have a new end in view also require new means to that end, that is to say, a new healthiness, a stronger, keener, tougher, bolder, and merrier healthiness than any that has existed heretofore. He who longs to feel in his own soul the whole range of values and aims that have prevailed on earth until his day, and to sail round all the coasts of this ideal ' Mediterranean Sea'; who, from the adventures of his own inmost experience, would gladly know how it feels to be a conqueror and discoverer of the ideal;-as also how it is with the artist, the saint, the legislator, the sage, the scholar, the man of piety and the god-like anchorite of yore ;-such a man requires one thing above all for his purpose, and that is, great healthiness-such healthiness as he not only possesses, but also constantly acquires and must acquire, because he is continually sacrificing it again, and is compelled to sacrifice it! And now, therefore, after having been long on the way, we Argonauts of the ideal, whose pluck is greater than prudence would allow, and who are often shipwrecked and bruised, but, as I have said, healthier than people would like to admit, dangerously healthy, and for ever recovering our health- it would seem as if we had before us, as a reward for all our toils, a country still undiscovered, the horizon of which no one has yet seen, a beyond to every country and every refuge of the ideal that man has ever known, a world so overflowing with beauty, strangeness, doubt, terror, and divinity, that both our curiosity and our lust of possession are frantic with eagerness. Alas! how in the face of such vistas, and with such burning desire in our conscience and consciousness, could we still be content with the man of the present day ? This is bad indeed; but, that we should regard his worthiest aims and hopes with ill-concealed amusement, or perhaps give them no thought at all, is inevitable. Another ideal now leads us on, a wonderful, seductive ideal, full of danger, the pursuit of which we should be loath to urge upon any one, because we are not so ready to acknowledge any one's right to it: the ideal of a spirit who plays ingenuously (that is to say, involuntarily, and as the outcome of superabundant energy and power) with everything that, until now, has been called holy, good, inviolable, and divine; to whom even the loftiest thing that the people have with reason made their measure of value would be no better than a danger, a decay, and an abasement, or at least a relaxation and temporary forgetfulness of self: the ideal of a humanly superhuman well-being and goodwill, which often enough will seem

inhuman-as when, for instance, it stands beside all past earnestness on earth, and all past solemnities in hearing, speech, tone, look, morality, and duty, as their most lifelike and unconscious parody- but with which, nevertheless, great earnestness perhaps alone begins, the first note of interrogation is affixed, the fate of the soul changes, the hour hand moves, and tragedy begins."

Ecce Homo

Part 9 Z s3

Has anyone at the end of the nineteenth century any distinct notion of what poets of a stronger age understood by the word inspiration ? If not, I will describe it. If one had the smallest vestige of superstition left in one, it would hardly be possible completely to set aside the idea that one is the mere incarnation, mouthpiece, or medium of an almighty power. The idea of revelation, in the sense that something which profoundly convulses and upsets one becomes suddenly visible and audible with indescribable certainty and accuracy-describes the simple fact. One hears-one does not seek; one takes-one does not ask who gives: a thought suddenly flashes up like lightning, it comes with necessity, without faltering-I have never had any choice in the matter. There is an ecstasy so great that the immense strain of it is sometimes relaxed by a flood of tears, during which one's steps now involuntarily rush and anon involuntarily lag. There is the feeling that one is utterly out of hand, with the very distinct consciousness of an endless number of fine thrills and titillations descending to one's very toes ;-there is a depth of happiness in which the most painful and gloomy parts do not act as antitheses to the rest, but are produced and required as necessary shades of colour in such an overflow of light. There is an instinct for rhythmic relations which embraces a whole world of forms (length, the need of a wide-embracing rhythm, is almost the measure of the force of an inspiration, a sort of counterpart to its pressure and tension). Everything happens quite involuntarily, as if in a tempestuous outburst of freedom, of absoluteness, of power and divinity. The involuntary nature of the figures and similes is the most remarkable thing; one loses all perception of what is imagery and metaphor ; everything seems to present itself as the readiest, the truest, and simplest means of expression. It actually seems, to use one of Zarathustra's own phrases, as if all things came to one, and offered

themselves as similes. (" Here do all things come caressingly to your discourse and flatter you, for they would gladly ride upon your back. On every simile you ride here unto every truth. Here fly open unto you all the speech and word shrines of the world, here would all existence become speech, here would all Becoming learn of you how to speak.") This is my experience of inspiration. I do not doubt but that I should have to go back thousands of years before I could find another who could say to me : " It is mine also ! "

Ecce Homo

Part 9 Z s4

For a few weeks afterwards I lay an invalid in Genoa. Then followed a melancholy spring in Rome, where I only just managed to live-and this was no easy matter. This city, which is absolutely unsuited to the poet-author of Zarathustra, and for the choice of which I was not responsible, made me inordinately miserable. I tried to leave it. I wanted to go to Aquila-the opposite of Rome in every respect, and actually founded in a spirit of hostility towards that city, just as I also shall found a city some day, as a memento of an atheist and genuine enemy of the Church, a person very closely related to me, the great Hohenstaufen, the Emperor Frederick II. But Fate lay behind it all: I had to return again to Rome. In the end I was obliged to be satisfied with the Piazza Barberini, after I had exerted myself in vain to find an anti-Christian quarter. I fear that on one occasion, to avoid bad smells as much as possible, I actually inquired at the Palazzo del Quirinale whether they could not provide a quiet room for a philosopher. In a chamber high above the Piazza just mentioned, from which one obtained a general view of Rome, and could hear the fountains plashing far below, the loneliest of all songs was composed-" The Night-Song." About this time I was obsessed by an unspeakably sad melody, the refrain of which I recognised in the words, " dead through immortality." ... In the summer, finding myself once more in the sacred place where the first thought of Zarathustra flashed like a light across my mind, I conceived the second part. Ten days sufficed. Neither for the second, the first, nor the third part, have I required a day longer. In the ensuing winter, beneath the halcyon sky of Nice, which then for the first time poured its light into my life, I found the third Zarathustra-and came to the end of my task: the whole having occupied me scarcely a year.

Many hidden corners and heights in the country round about Nice are hallowed for me by moments that I can never forget. That decisive chapter, entitled " Old and New Tables," was composed during the arduous ascent from the station to Eza -that wonderful Moorish village in the rocks. During those moments when my creative energy flowed most plentifully, my muscular activity was always greatest. The body is inspired: let us waive the question of " soul." I might often have been seen dancing in those days, and I could then walk for seven or eight hours on end over the hills without a suggestion of fatigue. I slept well and laughed a good deal—I was perfectly robust and patient.

Ecce Homo

Part 9 Z s5

With the exception of these periods of industry lasting ten days, the years I spent during the production of Zarathustra, and thereafter, were for me years of unparalleled distress. A man pays dearly for being immortal: to this end he must die many times over during his life. There is such a thing as what I call the rancour of greatness : everything great, whether a work or a deed, once it is completed, turns immediately against its author. The very fact that he is its author makes him weak at this time. He can no longer endure his deed. He can no longer look it full in the face. To have something at one's back which one could never have willed, something to which the knot of human destiny is attached-and to be forced thenceforward to bear it on one's shoulders! Why, it almost crushes one ! The rancour of greatness ! A some-what different experience is the uncanny silence that reigns about one. Solitude has seven skins which nothing can penetrate. One goes among men ; one greets friends: but these things are only new deserts, the looks of those one meets no longer bear a greeting. At the best one encounters a sort of revolt. This feeling of revolt, I suffered, in varying degrees of intensity, at the hands of almost everyone who came near me; it would seem that nothing inflicts a deeper wound than suddenly to make one's distance felt. Those noble natures are scarce who know not how to live unless they can revere. A third thing is the absurd susceptibility of the skin to small pin-pricks, a kind of helplessness in the presence of all small things. This seems to me a necessary outcome of the appalling expenditure of all defensive forces, which is the first condition of every creative

act, of every act which proceeds from the most intimate, most secret, and most concealed recesses of a man's being. The small defensive forces are thus, as it were, suspended, and no fresh energy reaches them. I even think it probable that one does not digest so well, that one is less willing to move, and that one is much too open to sensations of coldness and suspicion; for, in a large number of cases, suspicion is merely a blunder in etiology. On one occasion when I felt like this I became conscious of the proximity of a herd of cows, some time before I could possibly have seen it with my eyes, simply owing to a return in me of milder and more humane sentiments : they communicated warmth to me... .

Ecce Homo

Part 9 Z s6

This work stands alone. Do not let us mention the poets in the same breath: nothing perhaps has ever been produced out of such a superabundance of strength. My concept " Dionysian " here became the highest deed ; compared with it everything that other men have done seems poor and limited. The fact that a Goethe or a Shakespeare would not for an instant have known how to take breath in this atmosphere of passion and of the heights ; the fact that by the side of Zarathustra, Dante is no more than a believer, and not one who first creates the truth-that is to say, not a world-ruling spirit, a Fate; the fact that the poets of the Veda were priests and not even fit to unfasten Zarathustra's sandal-all this is the least of things, and gives no idea of the distance, of the azure solitude, in which this work dwells. Zarathustra has an eternal right to say : " I draw around me circles and holy boundaries. Ever fewer are they that mount with me to ever loftier heights. I build me a mountain range of ever holier mountains." If all the spirit and goodness of every great soul were collected together, the whole could not create a single one of Zarathustra's discourses. The ladder upon which he rises and descends is of boundless length; he has seen further, he has willed further, and gone further than any other man. There is contradiction in every word that he utters, this most yea-saying of all spirits. Through him all contradictions are bound up into a new unity. The loftiest and the basest powers of human nature, the sweetest, the lightest, and the most terrible, rush forth from out one spring with everlasting certainty. Until his coming no one knew what was height, or depth, and still less what was truth.

There is not a single passage in this revelation of truth which had already been anticipated and divined by even the greatest among men. Before Zarathustra there was no wisdom, no probing of the soul, no art of speech : in his book, the most familiar and most vulgar thing utters unheard-of words. The sentence quivers with passion. Eloquence has become music. Forks of lightning are hurled towards futures of which no one has ever dreamed before. The most powerful use of parables that has yet existed is poor beside it, and mere child's-play compared with this return of language to the nature of imagery. See how Zarathustra goes down from the mountain and speaks the kindest words to every one! See with what delicate fingers he touches his very adversaries, the priests, and how he suffers with them from themselves ! Here, at every moment, man is overcome, and the concept " overman " becomes the greatest reality,-out of sight, almost far away beneath him, lies all that which heretofore has been called great in man. The halcyonic brightness, the light feet, the presence of wickedness and exuberance throughout, and all that is the essence of the type Zarathustra, was never dreamt of before as a prerequisite of greatness. In precisely these limits of space and in this accessibility to opposites Zarathustra feels himself the highest of all living things : and when you hear how he defines this highest, you will give up trying to find his equal.

" The soul which hath the longest ladder and can step down deepest,
" The vastest soul that can run and stray and rove furthest in its own domain,
" The most necessary soul, that out of desire flings itself to chance,
" The stable soul that plunges into Becoming, the possessing soul that must needs taste of willing and longing,
" The soul that flies from itself, and over-takes itself in the widest circle,
" The wisest soul that folly exhorts most sweetly,
" The most self-loving soul, in whom all things have their rise, their ebb and flow."

But this is the very idea of Dionysus. Another consideration leads to this idea. The psychological problem presented by the type of Zarathustra is, how can he, who in an unprecedented manner says no, and acts no, in regard to all that which has been affirmed until now, remain nevertheless a yea-saying spirit ? how can he who bears the heaviest destiny on his shoulders and whose very life-task is a fatality, yet be the brightest and the most transcendental of spirits-for Zarathustra is a dancer? how

can he who has the hardest and most terrible grasp of reality, and who has thought the most "abysmal thoughts," nevertheless avoid conceiving these things as objections to existence, or even as objections to the eternal recurrence of existence? - how is it that on the contrary he finds reasons for being himself the eternal affirmation of all things, "the tremendous and unlimited saying of Yea and Amen"?... "Into every abyss do I bear the benediction of my yea to Life." ... But this, once more, is precisely the idea of Dionysus.

Ecce Homo

Part 9 Z s7

What language will such a spirit speak, when he speaks unto his soul? The language of the dithyramb. I am the inventor of the dithyramb. Listen unto the manner in which Zarathustra speaks to his soul Before Sunrise (iii. 48). Before my time such emerald joys and divine tenderness had found no tongue. Even the profoundest melancholy of such a Dionysus takes shape as a dithyramb. As an example of this I take "The Night-Song," - the immortal plaint of one who, thanks to his superabundance of light and power, thanks to the sun within him, is condemned never to love.

"It is night: now do all gushing springs raise their voices. And my soul too is a gushing spring.

"It is night: now only do all lovers burst into song. And my soul too is the song of a lover.

"Something unquenched and unquenchable is within me, that would raise its voice. A craving for love is within me, which itself speaks the language of love.

"Light am I: would that I were night! But this is my loneliness, that I am begirt with light.

"Alas, why am I not dark and like unto the night! How joyfully would I then suck at the breasts of light!

"And even you would I bless, you twinkling starlets and glow-worms on high! and be blessed in the gifts of your light.

"But in mine own light do I live, ever back into myself do I drink the flames I send forth.

" I know not the happiness of the hand stretched forth to grasp ; and oft have I dreamt that stealing must be more blessed than taking.

" Wretched am I that my hand may never rest from giving -. an envious fate is mine that I see expectant eyes and nights made bright with longing.

" Oh, the wretchedness of all them that give! Oh, the clouds that cover the face of my sun! That craving for desire! that burning hunger at the end of the feast!

" They take what I give them; but do I touch their soul ? A gulf is there 'twixt giving and taking ; and the smallest gulf is the last to be bridged. " An appetite is born from out my beauty : would that I might do harm to them that I fill with light; would that I might rob them of the gifts I have given:-thus do I thirst for wickedness.

" To withdraw my hand when their hand is ready stretched forth like the waterfall that wavers, wavers even in its fall:-thus do I thirst for wickedness.

" For such vengeance does my fullness yearn : to such tricks does my loneliness give birth.

" My joy in giving died with the deed. By its very fullness did my virtue grow weary of itself.

" He who gives risks to lose his shame; he that is ever distributing grows callous in hand and heart from that.

" Mine eyes no longer melt into tears at the sight of the suppliant's shame; my hand hath become too hard to feel the quivering of laden hands. " Whither have you fled, the tears of mine eyes and the bloom of my heart ? Oh, the solitude of all givers ! Oh, the. silence of all beacons !

" Many are the suns that circle in barren space; to all that is dark do they speak with their light- to me alone are they silent.

" Alas, this is the hatred of light for that which shines : pitiless it runs its course.

" Unfair in its inmost heart to that which shines ; cold toward suns,-thus does every sun go its way.

" Like a tempest do the suns fly over their course : for such is their way. Their own unswerving will do they follow: that is their coldness.

" Alas, it is you alone, you creatures of gloom, you spirits of the night, that take your warmth from that which shines. You alone suck your milk and comfort from the udders of light.

" Alas, about me there is ice, my hand burns itself against ice!

" Alas, within me is a thirst that thirsts for your thirst!

" It is night: woe is me, that I must needs be light! And thirst after

darkness! And loneliness!

" It is night: now does my longing burst forth like a spring,-for speech do I long.

" It is night: now do all gushing springs raise their voices. And my soul too is a gushing spring.

" It is night: now only do all lovers burst into song. And my soul too is the song of a lover."

Ecce Homo

Part 9 Z s8

Such things have never been written, never been felt, never been suffered: only a God, only Dionysus suffers in this way. The reply to such a dithyramb on the sun's solitude in light would be Ariadne... . Who knows, but I, who Ariadne is ! To all such riddles no one heretofore had ever found an answer; I doubt even whether anyone had ever seen a riddle here. One day Zarathustra severely

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determines his life-task-and it is also mine. Let no one misunderstand its meaning. It is a yea-saying to the point of justifying, to the point of redeeming even all that is past.

" I walk among men as among fragments of the future : of that future which I see.

" And all my creativeness and effort is but this, that I may be able to think and recast all these fragments and riddles and dismal accidents into one piece.

" And how could I bear to be a man, if man were not also a poet, a riddle reader, and a redeemer of chance!

" To redeem all the past, and to transform every ' it was ' into ' thus would I have it'-that alone would be my salvation ! "

In another passage he defines as strictly as possible what to him alone " man " can be,-not a subject for love nor yet for pity-Zarathustra became master even of his loathing of man : man is to him a thing unshaped, raw material, an ugly stone that needs the sculptor's chisel.

" No longer to will, no longer to value, no longer to create! Oh, that this great weariness may never be mine !

" Even in the lust of knowledge, I feel only the joy of my will to beget

and to grow; and if there be innocence in my knowledge, it is because my procreative will is in it.

" Away from God and gods did this will lure me: what would there be to create if there were gods ?

" But to man does it ever drive me anew, my burning, creative will. Thus drives it the hammer to the stone.

" Alas, you men, within the stone there sleeps an image for me, the image of all my dreams! Alas, that it should have to sleep in the hardest and ugliest stone!

" Now rages my hammer ruthlessly against its prison. From the stone the fragments fly: what's that to me ?

" I will finish it: for a shadow came unto me- the stillest and lightest thing on earth once came unto me !

" The beauty of the overman came unto me as a shadow. Alas, my brothers ! What are the- gods to me now ? "

Let me call attention to one last point of view. The line in italics is my pretext for this remark. A Dionysian life-task needs the hardness of the hammer, and one of its first essentials is without doubt the joy even of destruction. The command, " Harden yourselves !" and the deep conviction that all creators are hard, is the really distinctive sign of a Dionysian nature.

PART 10

"BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL"

The Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future

Ecce Homo

Part 10 BGE s1

My work for the years that followed was prescribed as distinctly as possible. Now that the yea-saying part of my life-task was accomplished, there came the turn of the negative portion, both in word and deed: the transvaluation of all values that had existed until now, the great war,-the con-juring-up of the day when the fatal outcome of the struggle would be decided. Meanwhile, I had slowly to look about me for my peers, for those who, out of strength, would proffer me a helping hand in my work

of destruction. From that time onward, all my writings are so much bait: maybe I understand as much about fishing as most people ? If nothing was caught, it was not I who was at fault. There were no fish to come and bite.

Ecce Homo

Part 10 BGE s2

In all its essential points, this book (1886) is a criticism of modernity, embracing the modern sciences, arts, even politics, together with certain indications as to a type which would be the reverse of modern man, or as little like him as possible, a noble and yea-saying type. In this last respect the book is a school for gentlemen-the term gentleman being understood here in a much more spiritual and radical sense than it has implied until now. All those things of which the age is proud,- as, for instance, far-famed " objectivity," " sympathy with all that suffers," " the historical sense," with its subjection to foreign tastes, with its lying-in-the-dust before petits faits, and the rage for science,- are shown to be the contradiction of the type recommended, and are regarded as almost ill-bred. If you remember that this book follows upon Zarathustra, you may possibly guess to what system of diet it owes its life. The eye which, owing to tremendous constraint, has become accustomed to see at a great distance,-Zara-thustra is even more far-sighted than the Tsar,- is here forced to focus sharply that which is close at hand, the present time, the things that lie about him. In all the aphorisms and more particularly in the form of this book, the reader will find the same voluntary turning away from those instincts which made a Zarathustra a possible feat. Refinement in form, in aspiration, and in the art of keeping silent, are its more or less obvious qualities ; psychology is handled with deliberate hardness and cruelty,—the whole book does not contain one single good-natured word... . All this sort of thing refreshes a man. Who can guess the kind of recreation that is necessary after such an expenditure of goodness as is to be found in Zarathustra! From a theological standpoint-now pay you heed; for it is but on rare occasions that I speak as a theologian-it was God Himself who, at the end of His great work, coiled Himself up in the form of a serpent at the foot of the tree of knowledge. It was thus that He recovered from being a God... . He had made everything too beautiful... . The devil is simply God's moment of

idleness, on that seventh day.

PART 11

"THE GENEALOGY OF MORALS"

Ecce Homo

Part 11 GM s1

The three essays which constitute this genealogy are, as regards expression, aspiration, and the art of the unexpected, perhaps the most curious things that have ever been written. Dionysus, as you know, is also the god of darkness. In each case the beginning is calculated to mystify; it is cool, scientific, even ironical, intentionally thrust to the fore, intentionally reticent. Gradually less calmness prevails; here and there a flash of lightning defines the horizon; exceedingly unpleasant truths break upon your ears from out remote distances with a dull, rumbling sound,-until very soon a fierce tempo is attained in which everything presses forward at a terrible degree of tension. At the end, in each case, amid fearful thunder-claps, a new truth shines out between thick clouds. The truth of the first essay is the psychology of Christianity : the birth of Christianity out of the spirit of resentment, not, as is supposed, out of the " Spirit,"-in all its essentials, a counter-movement, the great insurrection against the dominion of noble values. The second essay contains the psychology of conscience: this is not, as you may believe, " the voice of God in man " ; it is the instinct of cruelty, which turns inwards once it is unable to discharge itself outwardly. Cruelty is here exposed, for the first time, as one of the oldest and most indispensable elements in the foundation of culture. The third essay replies to the question as to the origin of the formidable power of the ascetic ideal, of the priest ideal, despite the fact that this ideal is essentially detrimental, that it is a will to nonentity and to decadence. Reply : it flourished not because God was active behind the priests, as is generally believed, but because it was a *faute de mieux*-from the fact that until now it has been the only ideal and has had no competitors. " For man prefers to aspire to nonentity than not to aspire at all." But above all, until the time of Zarathustra there was no such thing as a counter-ideal. You have understood my meaning. Three decisive overtures on the part of a psychologist to a Transvaluation of all Values.-This book contains the first psychology of the priest.

PART 12

"THE TWILIGHT OF THE IDOLS"

How to Philosophise with the Hammer

Ecce Homo

Part 12 TI s1

This work-which covers scarcely one hundred and fifty pages, with its cheerful and fateful tone, like a laughing demon, and the production of which occupied so few days that I hesitate to give their number-is altogether an exception among books : there is no work more rich in substance, more independent, more upsetting-more wicked. If anyone should desire to obtain a rapid sketch of how everything, before my time, was standing on its head, he should begin reading me in this book. That which is called " Idols " on the title page is simply the old truth that has been believed in until now. In plain English, The Twilight of the Idols means that the old truth is on its last legs.

Ecce Homo

Part 12 TI s2

There is no reality, no " ideality," which has not been touched in this book (touched! what a cautious euphemism !). Not only the eternal idols, but also the youngest-that is to say, the most senile: modern ideas, for instance. A strong wind blows between the trees and in all directions fall the fruit-the truths. There is the waste of an all-too-rich autumn in this book : you trip over truths. You even crush some to death, there are too many of them. Those things that you can grasp, however, are quite unquestionable ; they are irrevocable decrees. I alone have the criterion of " truths " in my possession. I alone can decide. It would seem as if a second consciousness had grown up in me, as if the " life-will " in me had thrown a light upon the downward path along which it has been running throughout the ages. The downward path-hitherto this had been called the road to " Truth." All obscure impulse- " darkness and dismay "-is at an end, the "good man " was precisely he who was least aware of the proper way.* And, speaking in all earnestness, no one before me

knew the proper way, the way upwards: only after my time could men once more find hope, life-tasks, and roads mapped out that lead to culture- I am the joyful harbinger of this culture... . On this account alone I am also a fatality.

Ecce Homo

Part 12 TIs3

Immediately after the completion of the above-named work, and without letting even one day go by, I tackled the formidable task of the Transvaluation with a supreme feeling of pride which nothing could equal; and, certain at each moment of my immortality, I cut sign after sign upon tablets of brass with the sureness of Fate. The Preface came into being on 3rd September 1888. When, after having written it down, I went out into the open that morning, I was greeted by the most beautiful day I had ever seen in the Upper Engadine-clear, glowing with colour, and presenting all the contrasts and all the intermediary gradations between ice and the south. I left Sils-Maria only on the 20th of September. I had been forced to delay my departure owing to floods, and I was very soon, and for some days, the only visitor in this wonderful spot, on which my gratitude bestows the gift of an immortal name. After a journey that was full of incidents, and not without danger to life,- as for instance at Como, which was flooded when I reached it in the dead of night,-I got to Turin on the afternoon of the 21 st. Turin is the only suitable place for me, and it shall be my home henceforward. I took the same lodgings as I had occupied in the spring, 6111 Via Carlo Alberto, opposite the mighty Palazzo Carignano, in which Vittorio Emanuele was born ; and I had a view of the Piazza Carlo Alberto and above it across to the hills. Without hesitating, or allowing myself to be disturbed for a single moment, I returned to my work, only the last quarter of which had still to be written. On the 30th September, tremendous triumph ; the seventh day; the leisure of a god on the banks of the Po.* On the same day, I wrote the Preface to *The Twilight of the Idols*, the correction of the proofs of which provided me with recreation during the month of September. Never in my life have I experienced such an autumn ; nor had I ever imagined that such things were possible on earth-a Claude Lorrain extended to infinity, each day equal to the last in its wild perfection.

PART 13
"THE CASE OF WAGNER"
A Musician's Problem"

Ecce Homo

Part 13 CW s1

In order to do justice to this essay a man ought to suffer from the fate of music as from an open wound.-From what do I suffer when I suffer from the fate of music? From the fact that music has lost its world-transfiguring, yea-saying character- that it is decadent music and no longer the flute of Dionysus. Supposing, however, that the fate of music be as dear to man as his own life, because joy and suffering are alike bound up with it; then he will find this pamphlet comparatively mild and full of consideration. To be cheerful in such circumstances, and laugh good-naturedly with others at one's self,-*ridendo dicere severum** when the *verum dicere* would justify every sort of hardness,-is humanity itself. Who doubts that I, old artilleryman that I am, would be able if I liked to point my heavy guns at Wagner?-Everything decisive in this question I kept to myself-I have loved Wagner.-After all, an attack upon a more than usually subtle " unknown person " whom another would not have divined so easily, lies in the meaning and path of my life-task. Oh, I have still quite a number of other " unknown persons " to unmask besides a Cagliostro of Music ! Above all, I have to direct an attack against the German people, who, in matters of the spirit, grow every day more indolent, poorer in instincts, and more honest; who, with an appetite for which they are to be envied, continue to diet themselves on contradictions, and gulp down " Faith " in company with science, Christian love together with anti-Semitism, and the will to power (to the " Empire "), dished up with the gospel of the humble, without showing the slightest signs of indigestion. Fancy this absence of party-feeling in the presence of opposites! Fancy this gastric neutrality and " disinterestedness" ! Behold this sense of justice in the German palate, which can grant equal rights to all,-which finds everything tasteful! Without a shadow of a doubt the Germans are idealists. When I was last in Germany, I found German taste striving to grant Wagner and the Trumpeter of Sdkkingen * equal rights; while I myself witnessed the attempts of the people of Leipzig to do honour to one of the most genuine and most German of

musicians,-using German here in the old sense of the word,-a man who was no mere German of the Empire, the master Heinrich Schiitz, by founding a Liszt Society, the object of which was to cultivate and spread of cunning Church music. Without a shadow of doubt the Germans are idealists.

Ecce Homo

Part 13 CW s2

But here nothing shall stop me from being rude, and from telling the Germans one or two unpleasant home truths: who else would do it if I did not? I refer to their laxity in matters historical. Not only have the Germans entirely lost the breadth of vision which enables one to grasp the course of culture and the values of culture; not only are they one and all political (or Church) puppets; but they have also actually put a ban upon this very breadth of vision. A man must first and foremost be "German," he must belong to "the race"; then only can he pass judgment upon all values and lack of values in history-then only can he establish them... . To be German is in itself an argument, "Germany, Germany above all," is a principle; the Germans stand for the "moral order of the universe" in history; compared with the Roman Empire, they are the upholders of freedom; compared with the eighteenth century, they are the restorers of morality, of the "Categorical Imperative." There is such a thing as the writing of history according to the lights of Imperial Germany; there is, I fear, anti-Semitic history-there is also history written with an eye to the Court, and Herr von Treitschke is not ashamed of himself. Quite recently an idiotic opinion in historicis, an observation of Vischer the Swabian aesthete, since happily deceased, made the round of the German newspapers as a "truth" to which every German must assent. The observation was this: "The Renaissance and the Reformation only together constitute a whole-the aesthetic rebirth, and the moral rebirth." When I listen to such things, I lose all patience, and I feel inclined, I even feel it my duty, to tell the Germans, for once in a way, all that they have on their conscience. Every great crime against culture for the last four centuries lies on their conscience... . And always for the same reason, always owing to their bottomless cowardice in the face of reality, which is also cowardice in the face of truth; always owing to the love of falsehood which has become almost instinctive in them-in short, "

idealism." It was the Germans who caused Europe to lose the fruits, the whole meaning of her last period of greatness-the period of the Renaissance. At a moment when a higher order of values, values that were noble, that said yea to life, and that guaranteed a future, had succeeded in triumphing over the opposite values, the values of degeneration, in the very seat of Christianity itself,-and even in the hearts of those sitting there,-Luther, that cursed monk, not only restored the Church, but, what was a thousand times worse, restored Christianity, and at a time too when it lay defeated. Christianity, the Denial of the Will to Live, exalted to a religion ! Luther was an impossible monk who, thanks to his own " impossibility," attacked the Church, and in so doing restored it! Catholics would be perfectly justified in celebrating feasts in honour of Luther, and in producing festival plays * in his honour. Luther and the " rebirth of morality " ! May all psychology go to the devil! Without a shadow of a doubt the Germans are idealists. On two occasions when, at the cost of enormous courage and self-control, an upright, unequivocal, and perfectly scientific attitude of mind had been attained, the Germans were able to discover back stairs leading down to the old " ideal" again, compromises between truth and the " ideal," and, in short, formulae for the right to reject science and to perpetrate falsehoods. Leibniz and Kant-these two great breaks upon the intellectual honesty of Europe ! Finally, at a moment when there appeared on the bridge that spanned two centuries of decadence, a superior force of genius and will which was strong enough to consolidate Europe and to convert it into a political and economic unit, with the object of ruling the world, the Germans, with their Wars of Independence, robbed Europe of the significance-the marvellous significance, of Napoleon's life. And in so doing they laid on their conscience everything that followed, everything that exists to-day,-this sickness and want of reason which is most opposed to culture, and which is called Nationalism,-this *nevrose nationale* from which Europe is suffering acutely; this eternal subdivision of Europe into petty states, with politics on a municipal scale: they have robbed Europe itself of its significance, of its reason,-and have stuffed it into a cul-de-sac. Is there anyone except me who knows the way out of this cul-de-sac ? Does anyone except me know of an aspiration which would be great enough to bind the people of Europe once more together?

Ecce Homo

And after all, why should I not express my suspicions? In my case, too, the Germans will attempt to make a great fate give birth merely to a mouse. Up to the present they have compromised themselves with me; I doubt whether the future will improve them. Alas! how happy I should be to prove a false prophet in this matter! My natural readers and listeners are already Russians, Scandinavians, and Frenchmen-will they always be the same? In the history of knowledge, Germans are represented only by doubtful names, they have been able to produce only "unconscious" swindlers (this word applies to Fichte, Schelling, Schopenhauer, Hegel, and Schleiermacher, just as well as to Kant or Leibniz; they were all mere intellect in which truth ultimately got the better of the fraud of four thousand years, reckoned as one with the German intellect. "German intellect" is my foul air: I breathe with difficulty in the neighbourhood of this psychological uncleanness that has now become instinctive-an uncleanness which in every word and expression betrays a German. They have never undergone a seventeenth century of hard self-examination, as the French have,-a La Rochefoucauld, a Descartes, are a thousand times more upright than the very first among Germans,-the latter have not yet had any psychologists. But psychology is almost the standard of measurement for the cleanliness or uncleanness of a race... . For if a man is not even clean, how can he be deep? The Germans are like women, you can scarcely ever fathom their depths-they haven't any, and that's the end of it. Thus they cannot even be called shallow. That which is called "deep" in Germany, is precisely this instinctive uncleanness towards one's self, of which I have just spoken: people refuse to be clear in regard to their own natures. Might I be allowed, perhaps, to suggest the word "German" as an international epithet denoting this psychological depravity?-At the moment of writing, for instance, the German Emperor is declaring it to be his Christian duty to liberate the slaves in Africa; among us Europeans, then, this would be called simply "German." ... Have the Germans ever produced even a book that had depth? They are lacking in the mere idea of what constitutes a book. I have known scholars who thought that Kant was deep. At the Court of Prussia I fear that Herr von Treitschke is regarded as deep. And when I happen to praise Stendhal as a deep psychologist, I have often been compelled, in the company of German University Professors, to spell his name aloud.

And why should I not proceed to the end ? I am fond of clearing the air. It is even part of my ambition to be considered as essentially a despiser of Germans. I expressed my suspicions of the German character even at the age of six-and-twenty (see *Thoughts out of Season*, vol. ii. pp. 164, 165), -to my mind the Germans are impossible. When I try to think of the kind of man who is opposed to me in all my instincts, my mental image takes the form of a German. The first thing I ask myself when I begin analysing a man, is, whether he has a feeling for distance in him; whether he sees rank, gradation, and order everywhere between man and man ; whether he makes distinctions; for this is what constitutes a gentleman. Otherwise he belongs hopelessly to that open-hearted, open-minded -alas ! and always very good-natured species, *la canaille* ! But the Germans are *canaille*-alas ! they are so good-natured ! A man lowers himself by frequenting the society of Germans : the German places everyone on an equal footing. With the exception of my intercourse with one or two artists, and above all with Richard Wagner, I cannot say that I have spent one pleasant hour with Germans. Suppose, for one moment, that the profoundest spirit of all ages were to appear among Germans, then one of the saviours of the Capitol would be sure to arise and declare that his own ugly soul was just as great. I can no longer abide this race with which a man is always in bad company, which has no idea of nuances-woe to me ! I am a nuance -and which has not esprit in its feet, and cannot even walk withal ! In short, the Germans have no feet at all, they simply have legs. The Germans have not the faintest idea of how vulgar they are-but this in itself is the acme of vulgarity,-they are not even ashamed of being merely Germans. They will have their say in everything, they regard themselves as fit to decide all questions; I even fear that they have decided about me. My whole life is essentially a proof of this remark. In vain have I sought among them for a sign of tact and delicacy towards myself. Among Jews I did indeed find it, but not among Germans. I am so constituted as to be gentle and kindly to every one,-I have the right not to draw distinctions,-but this does not prevent my eyes from being open. I except no one, and least of all my friends,-I only trust that this has not prejudiced my reputation for humanity among them ? There are five or six things which I have always made

points of honour. Albeit, the truth remains that for many years I have considered almost every letter that has reached me as a piece of cynicism. There is more cynicism in an attitude of goodwill towards me than in any sort of hatred. I tell every friend to his face that he has never thought it worth his while to study any one of my writings : from the slightest hints I gather that they do not even know what lies hidden in my books. And with regard even to my Zarathustra, which of my friends would have seen more in it than a piece of unwarrantable, though fortunately harmless, arrogance ? Ten years have elapsed, and no one has yet felt it a duty to his conscience to defend my name against the absurd silence beneath which it has been entombed. It was a foreigner, a Dane, who first showed sufficient keenness of instinct and of courage to do this, and who protested indignantly against my so-called friends. At what German University to-day would such lectures on my philosophy be possible, as those which Dr. Brandes delivered last spring in Copenhagen, thus proving once more his right to the title psychologist ? For my part, these things have never caused me any pain; that which is necessary does not offend me. Amor fati is the core of my nature. This, however, does not alter the fact that I love irony and even world-historic irony. And thus, about two years before hurling the destructive thunderbolt of the Trans-valuation, which will send the whole of civilisation into convulsions, I sent my Case of Wagner out into the world. The Germans were given the chance of blundering and immortalising their stupidity once more on my account, and they still have just enough time to do it in. And have they fallen in with my plans ? Admirably ! my dear Germans. Allow me to congratulate you.

PART 14

WHY I AM A DESTINY

Ecce Homo

Part 14 s1

I KNOW my destiny. There will come a day when my name will recall the memory of something formidable-a crisis the like of which has never been known on earth, the memory of the most profound clash of consciences, and the passing of a sentence upon all that which theretofore had been believed, exacted, and hallowed. I am not a man, I am

dynamite. And with it all there is nought of the founder of a religion in me. Religions are matters for the mob; after coming in contact with a religious man, I always feel that I must wash my hands... . I require no "believers," it is my opinion that I am too full of malice to believe even in myself; I never address myself to masses. I am horribly frightened that one day I shall be pronounced "holy." You will understand why I publish this book beforehand- it is to prevent people from wronging me. I refuse to be a saint; I would rather be a clown. Maybe I am a clown. And I am notwithstanding, or rather not notwithstanding, the mouthpiece of truth; for nothing more blown-out with falsehood has ever existed, than a saint. But my truth is terrible: for until now lies have been called truth. The Transvaluation of all Values, this is my formula for mankind's greatest step towards coming to its senses-a step which in me became flesh and genius. My destiny ordained that I should be the first decent human being, and that I should feel myself opposed to the falsehood of millenniums. I was the first to discover truth, and for the simple reason that I was the first who became conscious of falsehood as falsehood-that is to say, I smelt it as such. My genius resides in my nostrils. I contradict as no one has contradicted until now, and am nevertheless the reverse of a negative spirit. I am the harbinger of joy, the like of which has never existed before; I have discovered tasks of such lofty greatness that, until my time, no one had any idea of such things. Mankind can begin to have fresh hopes, only now that I have lived; Thus, I am necessarily a man of Fate. For when Truth enters the lists against the falsehood of ages, shocks are bound to ensue, and a spell of earthquakes, followed by the transposition of hills and valleys, such as the world has never yet imagined even in its dreams. The concept "politics" then becomes elevated entirely to the sphere of spiritual warfare. All the mighty realms of the ancient order of society are blown into space-for they are all based on falsehood: there will be wars, the like of which have never been seen on earth before. Only from my time and after me will politics on a large scale exist on earth.

Ecce Homo

Part 14 s2

If you should require a formula for a destiny of this kind that has taken human form, you will find it in my Zarathustra.

" And he who would be a creator in good and evil-verily, he must first be a destroyer, and break values into pieces.

" Thus the greatest evil belongs unto the greatest good: but this is the creative good."

I am by far the most terrible man that has ever existed ; but this does not alter the fact that I shall become the most beneficent. I know the joy of annihilation to a degree which is commensurate with my power to annihilate. In both cases I obey my Dionysian nature, which knows not how to separate the negative deed from the saying of yea. I am the first immoralist, and in this sense I am essentially the annihilator.

Ecce Homo

Part 14 s3

People have never asked me as they should have done, what the name of Zarathustra precisely meant in my mouth, in the mouth of the first immoralist; for that which distinguishes this Persian from all others in the past is the very fact that he was the exact reverse of an immoralist. Zarathustra was the first to see in the struggle between good and evil the essential wheel in the working of things. The translation of morality into the realm of metaphysics, as force, cause, end-in-itself, is his work. But the very question suggests its own answer. Zarathustra created this most portentous of all errors,-morality; therefore he must be the first to expose it. Not only because he has had longer and greater experience of the subject than any other thinker,-all history is indeed the experimental refutation of the theory of the so-called moral order of things,-but because of the more important fact that Zarathustra was the most truthful of thinkers. In his teaching alone is truthfulness upheld as the highest virtue-that is to say, as the reverse of the cowardice of the " idealist" who takes to his heels at the sight of reality. Zarathustra has more pluck in his body than all other thinkers put together. To tell the truth and to aim straight: that is the first Persian virtue. Have I made myself clear ? ... The overcoming of morality by itself, through truthfulness, the moralist's overcoming of himself in his opposite-in me-that is what the name Zarathustra means in my mouth.

In reality two negations are involved in my title Immoralist. I first of all deny the type of man that has until now been regarded as the highest-the good, the kind, and the charitable; and I also deny that kind of morality which has become recognised and paramount as morality-in-itself-I speak of the morality of decadence, or, to use a still cruder term, Christian morality. I would agree to the second of the two negations being regarded as the more decisive, for, reckoned as a whole, the over-estimation of goodness and kindness seems to me already a consequence of decadence, a symptom of weakness, and incompatible with any ascending and yea-saying life. Negation and annihilation are inseparable from a yea-saying attitude towards life. Let me halt for a moment at the question of the psychology of the good man. In order to appraise the value of a certain type of man, the cost of his maintenance must be calculated,- and the conditions of his existence must be known. The condition of the existence of the good is falsehood: or, otherwise expressed, the refusal at any price to see how reality is actually constituted. The refusal to see that this reality is not so constituted as always to be stimulating beneficent instincts, and still less, so as to suffer at all moments the intrusion of ignorant and good-natured hands. To consider distress of all kinds as an objection, as something which must be done away with, is the greatest nonsense on earth; generally speaking, it is nonsense of the most disastrous sort, fatal in its stupidity- almost as mad as the will to abolish bad weather, out of pity for the poor, so to speak. In the great economy of the whole universe, the terrors of reality (in the passions, in the desires, in the will to power) are incalculably more necessary than that form of petty happiness which is called " goodness "; it is even needful to practise leniency in order so much as to allow the latter a place at all, seeing that it is based upon a falsification of the instincts. I shall have an excellent opportunity of showing the incalculably calamitous consequences to the whole of history, of the credo of optimism, this monstrous offspring of the homines optimi. Zarathustra,* the first who recognised that the optimist is just as degenerate as the pessimist, though perhaps more detrimental, says: " Good men never speak the truth. False shores and false harbours were you taught by the good. In the lies of the good were you born and bred. Through the good everything hath become false and

crooked from the roots." Fortunately the world is not built merely upon those instincts which would secure to the good-natured herd animal his paltry happiness. To desire everybody to become a " good man," " a gregarious animal," " a blue-eyed, benevolent, beautiful soul," or-as Herbert Spencer wished-a creature of altruism, would mean robbing existence of its greatest character, castrating man, and reducing humanity to a level of desiccated Chinese stagnation. And this some have tried to do! It is precisely this that men called morality. In this sense Zarathustra calls "the good," now " the last men," and anon " the beginning of the end "; and above all, he considers them as the most detrimental kind of men, because they secure their existence at the cost of Truth and at the cost of the Future.

" The good-they cannot create; they are ever the beginning of the end.

" They crucify him who writes new values on new tables; they sacrifice unto themselves the future; they crucify the whole future of humanity !

" The good-they are ever the beginning of the end.

" And whatever harm the slanderers of the world may do, the harm of the good is the most calamitous of all harm."

Ecce Homo

Part 14 s5

Zarathustra, as the first psychologist of the good man, is perforce the friend of the evil man. When a degenerate kind of man has succeeded to the highest rank among the human species, his position must have been gained at the cost of the reverse type-at the cost of the strong man who is certain of life. When the gregarious animal stands in the glorious rays of the purest virtue, the exceptional man must be degraded to the rank of the evil. If falsehood insists at all costs on claiming the word " truth " for its own particular standpoint, the really truthful man must be sought out among the despised. Zarathustra allows of no doubt here; he says that it was precisely the knowledge of the good, of the " best," which inspired his absolute horror of men. And it was out of this feeling of repulsion that he grew the wings which allowed him to soar into remote futures. He does not conceal the fact that his type of man is one which is relatively superhuman-especially as opposed to the " good " man, and that the good and the just would regard his overman as the devil.

" You higher men, on whom my gaze now falls, this is the doubt that you wake in my breast, and this is my secret laughter: methinks you would call my overman-the devil! So strange are you in your souls to all that is great, that the overman would be terrible in your eyes for his goodness."

It is from this passage, and from no other, that you must set out to understand the goal to which Zarathustra aspires-the kind of man that he conceives sees reality as it is; he is strong enough for this-he is not estranged or far removed from it, he is that reality himself, in his own nature can be found all the terrible and questionable character of reality: only thus can man have greatness.

Ecce Homo

Part 14 s6

But I have chosen the title of Immoralist as a surname and as a badge of honour in yet another sense; I am very proud to possess this name which distinguishes me from all the rest of mankind. No one until now has felt Christian morality beneath him; to that end there were needed height, a remoteness of vision, and an abysmal psychological depth, not believed to be possible until now. Up to the present Christian morality has been the Circe of all thinkers-they stood at her service. What man, before my time, had descended into the underground caverns from out of which the poisonous fumes of this ideal-of this slandering of the world -burst forth? What man had even dared to suppose that they were underground caverns? Was a single one of the philosophers who preceded me a psychologist at all, and not the very reverse of a psychologist-that is to say, a " superior swindler," an " Idealist"? Before my time there was no psychology. To be the first in this new realm may amount to a curse; at all events, it is a fatality: for one is also the first to despise. My danger is the loathing of mankind.

Ecce Homo

Part 14 s7

Have you understood me ? That which defines me, that which makes me stand apart from the whole of the rest of humanity, is the fact that I unmasked Christian morality. For this reason I was in need of a word which conveyed the idea of a challenge to everybody. Not to have awakened to these discoveries before, struck me as being the sign of the greatest uncleanness that mankind has on its conscience, as self-deception become instinctive, as the fundamental will to be blind to every phenomenon, all causality and all reality; in fact, as an almost criminal fraud *in psychologicis*. Blindness in regard to Christianity is the essence of criminality-for it is the crime against life. Ages and peoples, the first as well as the last, philosophers and old women, with the exception of five or six moments in history (and of myself, the seventh), are all alike in this. Until now the Christian has been the " moral being," a peerless oddity, and, as " a moral being," he was more absurd, more vain, more thoughtless, and a greater disadvantage to himself, than the greatest despiser of humanity could have deemed possible. Christian morality is the most malignant form of all falsehood, the actual Circe of humanity : that which has corrupted mankind. It is not error as error which infuriates me at the sight of this spectacle; it is not the millenniums of absence of " goodwill," of discipline, of decency, and of bravery in spiritual things, which betrays itself in the triumph of Christianity; it is rather the absence of nature, it is the perfectly ghastly fact that anti-nature itself received the highest honours as morality and as law, and remained suspended over man as the Categorical Imperative. Fancy blundering in this way, not as an individual, not as a people, but as a whole species ! as humanity! To teach the contempt of all the principal instincts of life; to posit falsely the existence of a " soul," of a " spirit," in order to be able to defy the body ; to spread the feeling that there is something impure in the very first prerequisite of life-in sex ; to seek the principle of evil in the profound need of growth and expansion-that is to say, in severe self-love (the term itself is slanderous) ; and conversely to see a higher moral value- but what am I talking about ?-I mean the moral value per se, in the typical signs of decline, in the antagonism of the instincts, in " selflessness," in the loss of ballast, in " the suppression of the personal element," and in " love of one's neighbour " (neigh-bour-itis !). What! is humanity itself in a state of degeneration ? Has it always been in this state ? One thing is certain, that you are taught only the values of decadence as the highest values. The morality of self-renunciation is essentially the morality of degeneration ; the fact, " I am going to the dogs," is translated into the imperative, " Ye shall all go to the dogs "-and not only into the

imperative. This morality of self-renunciation, which is the only kind of morality that has been taught until now, betrays the will to nonentity-it denies life to the very roots. There still remains the possibility that it is not mankind that is in a state of degeneration, but only that parasitical kind of man-the priest, who, by means of morality and lies, has climbed up to his position of determinator of values, who divined in Christian morality his road to power. And, to tell the truth, this is my opinion. The teachers and leaders of mankind-including the theologians- have been, everyone of them, decadents: hence their transvaluation of all values into a hostility towards life; hence morality. The definition of morality ; Morality is the idiosyncrasy of decadents, actuated by a desire to avenge themselves with success upon life. I attach great value to this definition.

Ecce Homo

Part 14 s8

Have you understood me ? I have not uttered a single word which I had not already said five years ago through my mouthpiece Zarathustra. The unmasking of Christian morality is an event which is unequalled in history, it is a real catastrophe. The man who throws light upon it is a force majeure, a fatality; he breaks the history of man into two. Time is reckoned up before him and after him. The lightning flash of truth struck precisely that which theretofore had stood highest: he who understands what was destroyed by that flash should look to see whether he still holds anything in his hands. Everything which until then was called truth, has been revealed as the most detrimental, most spiteful, and most subterranean form of life ; the holy pretext, which was the " improvement " of man, has been recognised as a ruse for draining life of its energy and of its blood. Morality conceived as Vampirism... . The man who unmasks morality has also unmasked the worth-lessness of the values in which men either believe or have believed ; he no longer sees anything to be revered in the most venerable man-even in the types of men that have been pronounced holy; all he can see in them is the most fatal kind of abortions, fatal, because they fascinate. The concept " God " was invented as the opposite of the concept life-everything detrimental, poisonous, and slanderous, and all deadly hostility to life, was bound together in one horrible unit in Him. The concepts " beyond " and " true world " were invented in order to depreciate the only world that exists-in order

that no goal or aim, no sense or task, might be left to earthly reality. The concepts "soul," "spirit," and last of all the concept "immortal soul," were invented in order to throw contempt on the body, in order to make it sick and "holy," in order to cultivate an attitude of appalling levity towards all things in life which deserve to be treated seriously, i.e. the questions of nutrition and habitation, of intellectual diet, the treatment of the sick, cleanliness, and weather. Instead of health, we find the "salvation of the soul"-that is to say, a folie circulaire fluctuating between convulsions and penitence and the hysteria of redemption. The concept "sin," together with the torture instrument appertaining to it, which is the concept "free will," was invented in order to confuse and muddle our instincts, and to render the mistrust of them man's second nature ! In the concepts "disinterestedness and "self-denial," the actual signs of decadence are to be found. The allurements of that which is detrimental, the inability to discover one's own advantage and self-destruction, are made into absolute qualities, into the "duty," the "holiness," and the "divinity" of man. Finally-to keep the worst to the last-by the notion of the good man, all that is favoured which is weak, ill, botched, and sick-in-itself, which ought to be wiped out. The law of selection is thwarted, an ideal is made out of opposition to the proud, well-constituted man, to him who says yea to life, to him who is certain of the future, and who guarantees the future-this man is henceforth called the evil one. And all this was believed in as morality!-Ecrasez l'infame !

Ecce Homo

Part 14 s9

Have you understood me? Dionysus versus Christ.

THE END

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Thus Spoke Zarathustra

THUS SPOKE ZARATHUSTRA

by Friedrich Nietzsche

Based on the Thomas Common Translation (1909)

Extensively modified by Bill Chapko

**Prologue First Part Second Part Third Part
Fourth Part**

Zarathustra's Speeches:

Prologue

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ZARATHUSTRA'S PROLOGUE

Prologue (1) Zarathustra 1

WHEN Zarathustra was thirty years old, he left his home and the lake of his home, and went into the mountains. There he enjoyed his spirit and his solitude, and for ten years did not weary of it. But at last his heart changed, and rising one morning with the rosy dawn, he went before the sun, and spoke to it thus:

You great star! What would your happiness be, had you not those for whom you shine?

For ten years have you climbed here to my cave: you would have wearied of your light and of the journey, had it not been for me, my eagle, and my serpent.

But we waited for you every morning, took from you your overflow, and blessed you for it.

Behold. I am weary of my wisdom, like the bee that has gathered too much honey; I need hands outstretched to take it.

I would rather give away and distribute, until the wise among men once more find joy in their folly, and the poor in their riches.

Therefore must I descend into the deep: as you do in the evening, when you go behind the sea, and give light also to the underworld, you exuberant star!

Like you I have to go down, as men say, to whom I shall descend.

Bless me, then, you tranquil eye, that can look on even the greatest happiness without envy!

Bless the cup that is about to overflow, that the water may flow golden from it, and carry everywhere the reflection of your happiness!

Behold. This cup is again going to empty itself, and Zarathustra is going to be a man again.

Thus began Zarathustra's down-going.

Prologue (2) Zarathustra 2

Zarathustra went down the mountain alone, no one meeting him. When he entered the forest, however, there suddenly stood before him an old man, who had left his holy hut to seek roots in the forest. And thus spoke the old man to Zarathustra:

"No stranger to me is this wanderer: many years ago he passed by. Zarathustra he was called, but he has changed.

Then you carried your ashes up to the mountains: will you now carry your fire into the valleys? Do you not fear the arsonist's punishment?

Yes, I recognize Zarathustra. Pure are his eyes, and no loathing lurks around his mouth. Does he not move like a dancer?

Transformed is Zarathustra; Zarathustra has become a child; an awakened one is Zarathustra: what will you do in the land of the sleepers?

As in the sea have you lived in solitude, and it has supported you. Alas, will you now go ashore? Alas, will you again haul your body by yourself?"

Zarathustra answered: "I love mankind."

"Why," said the saint, "did I go into the forest and the desert? Was it not because I loved men far too well?

Now I love God; men I do not love. Man is a thing too imperfect for me. Love of man would be fatal to me."

Zarathustra answered: "Did I talk of love? I am bringing a gift to men."

"Give them nothing," said the saint. "Instead, take part of their load, and carry it with them - that will be most agreeable to them: if only it is agreeable to you!

If, however, you want to give something to them, give them no more than alms, and let them also beg for it!"

"No," replied Zarathustra, "I give no alms. I am not poor enough for that."

The saint laughed at Zarathustra, and spoke thus: "Then see to it that they accept your treasures! They are distrustful of hermits, and do not believe that we come with gifts.

Our footsteps sound too lonely through the streets. And at night, when they are in bed and hear a man walking nearby long before sunrise, they may ask themselves: Where is this thief going?

Do not go to men, but stay in the forest! Go rather to the animals! Why

not be like me - a bear among bears, a bird among birds?"

"And what does the saint do in the forest?" asked Zarathustra.

The saint answered: "I make songs and sing them; and in making songs I laugh and weep and growl and hum: thus do I praise God.

With singing, weeping, laughing, growling and humming do I praise the God who is my God. But what do you bring us as a gift?"

When Zarathustra had heard these words, he bowed to the saint and said: "What should I have to give you?! Let me rather hurry away lest I take something away from you!" - And thus they parted from one another, the old man and Zarathustra, just like two laughing boys.

When Zarathustra was alone, however, he said to his heart: "Could it be possible?! This old saint in the forest has not yet heard of it, that God is dead!"

Prologue (3) Zarathustra 3

When Zarathustra arrived at the nearest town which is close to the forest, he found many people assembled in the market-place, for it had been announced that a tightrope walker would give a performance. And Zarathustra spoke thus to the people:

I teach you the overman. Man is something to be surpassed. What have you done to surpass him?

All beings thus far have created something beyond themselves: and you want to be the ebb of this great tide, and even return to the beast rather than surpass man?

What is the ape to man? A laughing-stock or a painful embarrassment. And just the same shall man be to the overman: a laughing-stock or a painful embarrassment.

You have made your way from worm to man, and much inside you is still worm. Once you were apes, and still man is more of an ape than any of the apes.

Even the wisest among you is only a conflict and mix of plant and ghost. But do I bid you become ghosts or plants?

Behold, I teach you the overman!

The overman is the meaning of the earth. Let your will say: The overman shall be the meaning of the earth!

I appeal to you, my brothers, remain true to the earth, and do not believe those who speak to you of otherworldly hopes! Poisoners are they,

whether they know it or not.

Despisers of life are they, decaying and poisoned themselves, of whom the earth is weary: so let them pass away!

Once sin against God was the greatest sin; but God died, and with him these sinners. To sin against the earth is now the most terrible sin, and to revere the entrails of the unknowable higher than the meaning of the earth!

Once the soul looked contemptuously on the body, and that contempt was supreme: the soul wished the body thin, hideous, and starved. Thus it thought to escape from the body and the earth.

Oh, that soul was itself thin, hideous, and starved; and cruelty was the desire of that soul!

But you, also, my brothers, tell me: What does your body say about your soul? Is your soul not poverty and dirt and wretched contentment?

Truly, a dirty stream is man. One must be a sea, to receive a dirty stream without becoming unclean.

Behold, I teach you the overman: he is this sea; in him your great contempt can pass under and away.

What is your greatest experience? It is the hour of the great contempt. The hour in which even your happiness becomes repulsive to you, and even your reason and virtue.

The hour when you say: "What good is my happiness! It is poverty and dirt and wretched contentment. But my happiness should justify existence itself!"

The hour when you say: "What good is my reason! does it long for knowledge as the lion for his food? It is poverty and dirt and wretched contentment!"

The hour when you say: "What good are my virtues?! As yet they have not made me rage with passion. How weary I am of my good and evil! It is all poverty and dirt and wretched contentment!"

The hour when you say: "What good is my being just and right! I don't see myself as fire and coals. The just and the right, however, are fire and coals."

The hour when we say: "What good is my pity! Is not pity the cross on which he is nailed who loves man? But my pity is not a crucifixion."

Have you ever spoken this way? Have you ever cried this way? Oh! that I could hear you cry like this!

It is not your sin - it is your thrift that cries to heaven; it is the meanness of your sin that cries to heaven.

Where is the lightning to lick you with its tongue? Where is the frenzy

with which you should be inoculated?

Behold, I teach you the overman: he is that lightning, he is that frenzy.

When Zarathustra had thus spoken, one of the people called out: "We've heard enough of the tightrope walker; now let's see him also!" And all the people laughed at Zarathustra. But the tightrope walker, who thought the words were for him, began his performance.

Prologue (4) Zarathustra 4

Zarathustra, however, looked at the people and wondered. Then he spoke thus:

Man is a rope stretched between animal and overman - a rope over an abyss.

A dangerous crossing, a dangerous on-the-way, a dangerous looking-back, a dangerous trembling and stopping.

What is great in man is that he is a bridge and not a goal: what can be loved in man is that he is an over-going and a down-going.

I love those who know not how to live except as down-goers, for they are the over-goers.

I love the great despisers, because they are the great reverers, and arrows of longing for the other shore.

I love those who do not first seek a reason beyond the stars for going down and being sacrifices, but sacrifice themselves to the earth, that the earth of the overman may some day arrive.

I love him who lives in order to know, and seeks to know in order that the overman may someday live. Thus he seeks his own down-going.

I love him who works and invents, that he may build a house for the overman, and prepare for him earth, animal, and plant: for thus he seeks his own down-going.

I love him who loves his virtue: for virtue is the will to down-going, and an arrow of longing.

I love him who reserves no drop of spirit for himself, but wants to be entirely the spirit of his virtue: thus he walks as spirit over the bridge.

I love him who makes his virtue his addiction and destiny: thus, for the sake of his virtue, he is willing to live on, or live no more.

I love him who does not desire too many virtues. One virtue is more of a virtue than two, because it is more of a knot for one's destiny to cling

to.

I love him whose soul squanders itself, who wants no thanks and gives none back: for he always gives, and desires not to preserve himself.

I love him who is ashamed when the dice fall in his favor, and who then asks: "Am I a dishonest player?" - for he is willing to perish.

I love him who scatters golden words in front of his deeds, and always does more than he promises: for he seeks his own down-going.

I love him who justifies those people of the future, and redeems those of the past: for he is willing to perish by those of the present.

I love him who chastens his God, because he loves his God: for he must perish by the wrath of his God.

I love him whose soul is deep even in being wounded, and may perish from a small experience: thus goes he gladly over the bridge.

I love him whose soul is so overfull that he forgets himself, and all things are in him: thus all things become his down-going.

I love him who is of a free spirit and a free heart: thus is his head only the entrails of his heart; his heart, however, drives him to go down.

I love all who are like heavy drops falling one by one out of the dark cloud that hangs over man: they herald the coming of the lightning, and perish as heralds.

Behold, I am a herald of the lightning, and a heavy drop out of the cloud: the lightning, however, is called overman.

Prologue (5) Zarathustra 5

When Zarathustra had spoken these words, he again looked at the people, and was silent. "There they stand," he said to his heart; "there they laugh: they do not understand me; I am not the mouth for these ears.

Must one first smash their ears, that they may learn to hear with their eyes? Must one clatter like kettledrums and preachers of repentance? Or do they only believe the stammerer?

They have something of which they are proud. What do they call it, that which makes them proud? Education they call it; it distinguishes them from the goatherds.

, Therefore, they dislike to hear the word 'contempt' applied to themselves. So I will appeal to their pride.

I will speak to them of the most contemptible thing: that, however, is the last man!"

And thus spoke Zarathustra to the people:

It is time for man to set a goal for himself. It is time for man to plant the seed of his highest hope.

His soil is still rich enough for it. But that soil will one day be poor and exhausted, and no lofty tree will any longer be able to grow on it.

Alas. There will come a time when man will no longer launch the arrow of his longing beyond man - and the string of his bow will have unlearned to whirl!

I say to you: one must still have chaos in oneself to give birth to a dancing star. I say to you: you still have chaos in yourself.

Alas. There will come a time when man can no longer give birth to any star. Alas. There will come the time of the most despicable man, who can no longer despise himself.

Behold. I show you the last man.

"What is love? What is creation? What is longing? What is a star?" - so asks the last man and blinks.

The earth has then become small, and on it there hops the last man who makes everything small. His race is as ineradicable as the flea; the last man lives longest.

"We have invented happiness", say the last men, and they blink.

They have left the regions where it was hard to live; for one needs warmth. One still loves one's neighbor and rubs against him; for one needs warmth.

Becoming ill and being distrustful, they consider sinful: one proceeds carefully. He is a fool who still stumbles over stones or men!

A little poison now and then: that makes pleasant dreams. And much poison in the end, for a pleasant death.

One still works, for work is entertaining. But one is careful lest the entertainment should assault you.

One no longer becomes poor or rich; both are too burdensome. Who still wants to rule? Who still wants to obey? Both are too burdensome.

No shepherd and one herd! Everyone wants the same; everyone is the same: he who feels differently goes voluntarily into the madhouse.

"Formerly all the world was insane", say the most refined, and they blink.

They are clever and know all that has happened: so there is no end to their mockery. People still quarrel, but they are soon reconciled - otherwise it might spoil their digestion.

They have their little pleasures for the day, and their little pleasures for the night, but they have a regard for health.

"We have invented happiness," say the last men, and they blink.

And here ended the first discourse of Zarathustra, which is also called "The Prologue", for at this point the shouting and delight of the crowd interrupted him. "Give us this last man, O Zarathustra" - they called out - "Make us into these last men! Then will we make you a present of the overman!" And all the people laughed and clucked with their tongues. Zarathustra, however, grew sad, and said to his heart:

"They don't understand me: I am not the mouth for these ears.

Perhaps I have lived too long in the mountains; too long have I listened to the brooks and trees: now I speak to them as to the goatherds.

Calm is my soul, and clear, like the mountains in the morning. But they think I am cold, and a mocker with fearful jokes.

And now do they look at me and laugh: and while they laugh they hate me too. There is ice in their laughter."

Prologue (6) Zarathustra 6

Then, however, something happened which made every mouth mute and every eye fixed. For meanwhile the tight-rope walker had begun his performance: he had come out from a little door, and was walking along the rope which was stretched between two towers, so that it hung above the market-place and the people. When he was exactly in the middle, the little door opened once more, and a fellow, dressed like a clown or a buffoon, jumped out and walked rapidly after the first one. "Go on, lame-foot," he cried in a frightful voice, "go on, lazybones, intruder, paleface, or I shall tickle you with my heel! What are you doing here between the towers? In the tower is where you belong. You should be locked up there; you block the way for one better than yourself!" - And with every word he came nearer and nearer. However when he was but a step behind, a terrible thing happened which made every mouth silent and every eye fixed - he uttered a yell like a devil, and jumped over the man who was in his way. This man, when he thus saw his rival win, lost both his head and his footing on the rope, threw away his pole, and he plunged even faster downward into the depth, a whirlpool of arms and legs. The market-place and the people were like the sea in a storm: they

rushed apart and over one another, especially where the body was to hit the ground.

Zarathustra, however, remained standing, and just beside him fell the body, badly injured and disfigured, but not yet dead. After a while consciousness returned to the shattered man, and he saw Zarathustra kneeling beside him. "What are you doing here?" said he at last, "I knew long ago that the devil would trip me up. Now he drags me to hell. will you prevent him?"

"On my honor, friend," answered Zarathustra, "there is nothing of this that you speak: there is no devil and no hell. Your soul will be dead even sooner than your body; therefore, fear nothing more!"

The man looked up distrustfully. "If you speak the truth," he said, "I lose nothing when I lose my life. I am not much more than an animal which has been taught to dance by blows and a few meager morsels."

"Not at all," said Zarathustra, "you have made danger your calling; there is nothing contemptible in that. Now you perish by your calling: therefore I will bury you with my own hands."

When Zarathustra had said this the dying one did not reply further; but he moved his hand as if he sought the hand of Zarathustra in gratitude.

Prologue (7) Zarathustra 7

Meanwhile the evening came on, and the market-place was veiled in darkness. Then the people dispersed, for even curiosity and terror become fatigued. However Zarathustra still sat beside the dead man on the ground, absorbed in thought so that he forgot the time. At last it became night, and a cold wind blew upon the lonely one. Then Zarathustra arose and said to his heart:

Truly, a fine catch of fish has Zarathustra made to-day! It is not a man he has caught, but a corpse.

Uncanny is human existence and as yet without meaning: a buffoon can become a man's fate and fatality.

I want to teach men the meaning of their existence, which is the over-man, the lightning out of the dark cloud of man.

But I am still far from them, and my sense speaks not to their senses. To men I am still something between a fool and a corpse.

Dark is the night, Dark are the ways of Zarathustra. Come, you cold and stiff companion! I will carry you to the place where I may bury you with my own hands.

Prologue (8) Zarathustra 8

When Zarathustra had said this to his heart, he put the corpse on his shoulders and set out on his way. He had not gone a hundred steps, when a man crept up to him and whispered in his ear - and behold it was the buffoon from the tower. "Leave this town, O Zarathustra," he said, "there are too many here who hate you. The good and just hate you, and call you their enemy and despiser; the believers in the true faith hate you, and call you a danger to the multitude. It was lucky for you that you were laughed at; and truly you spoke like a buffoon. It was your good fortune to associate with the dead dog; by so humiliating yourself you have saved your life for today. But leave this town, - or tomorrow I shall jump over you, a living man over a dead one." And when he had said this, the buffoon vanished; But Zarathustra went on through the dark streets.

At the gate of the town the gravediggers met him: they shone their torch on his face, and, recognising Zarathustra, they greatly mocked him. "Zarathustra is carrying away the dead dog: a fine thing that Zarathustra has become a grave-digger! For our hands are too clean for this roast. Will Zarathustra rob the devil of his mouthful? Well then, good luck with your meal! If only the devil were not a better thief than Zarathustra! - he will steal them both, he will eat them both!" And they laughed and put their heads together.

Zarathustra said nothing but went on his way. When he had gone on for two hours, past forests and swamps, he heard too much of the hungry howling of the wolves, and he himself became hungry. So he stopped at a lonely house in which a light was burning.

"Hunger attacks me," said Zarathustra, "like a robber. Among forests and swamps my hunger attacks me, and late in the night.

"My hunger has strange moods. Often it comes to me only after a meal, and today it did not come at all; where has it been?"

And with that, Zarathustra knocked at the door of the house. An old man appeared, who carried a light, and asked: "Who comes to me and

my bad sleep?"

"A living man and a dead one," said Zarathustra. "Give me something to eat and drink, I forgot about it during the day. He that feeds the hungry refreshes his own soul, thus speaks wisdom."

The old man went back in, but returned shortly and offered Zarathustra bread and wine. "A bad country for the hungry," he said; "that is why I live here. Animals and men come to me, the hermit. But bid your companion eat and drink also, he is wearier than you are." Zarathustra replied: "My companion is dead; I should hardly be able to persuade him." "I don't care," said the old man peevishly; "Whoever knocks at my door must take what I offer him. Eat and be off!"-

Thereafter Zarathustra again went on for two hours, trusting the path and the light of the stars: for he was used to walking at night, and loved to look into the face of all that sleeps. When morning dawned, however, Zarathustra found himself in a thick forest, and he did not see a path anywhere. So he put the dead man in a hollow tree - for he wanted to protect him from the wolves - and he himself lay down on the ground and moss, his head beneath the tree. And soon he fell asleep, tired in body but with a tranquil soul.

Prologue (9) Zarathustra 9

Zarathustra slept a long time and not only the rosy dawn passed over his face, but also the morning. At last, however, his eyes opened: amazed, he gazed into the forest and the stillness; amazed, he gazed into himself. Then he arose quickly, like a seafarer who all at once sees the land, and he rejoiced, for he saw a new truth. And he spoke thus to his heart:

A light has dawned upon me: I need companions - living ones, not dead companions and corpses, which I carry with me wherever I wish.

But I need living companions, who will follow me because they want to follow themselves - wherever I want. A light has dawned upon me. Not to the people is Zarathustra to speak, but to companions! Zarathustra shall not become a shephard and a sheepdog to the herd!

To lure many from the herd - for that I have come. The people and the herd shall be angry with me: Zarathustra wants to be called a robber by the herdsmen.

I say herdsmen, but they call themselves the good and just. I say herdsmen, but they call themselves the believers in the true faith.

Behold the good and just! Whom do they hate most? The one who breaks their tables of values, the breaker, the lawbreaker; he, however, is the creator.

Behold the believers of all beliefs! Whom do they hate most? The one who breaks up their tables of values, the breaker, the lawbreaker; he, however, is the creator.

Companions, the creator seeks, not corpses, not herds and believers. Fellow creators the creator seeks - those who write new values on new tables.

Companions, the creator seeks, and fellow harvesters; for with everything is ripe for the harvest. But he lacks the hundred sickles: so he plucks the ears of corn and is annoyed.

Companions, the creator seeks, and such as know how to whet their sickles. They will they be called destroyers, and despisers of good and evil. But they are the harvesters and rejoicers.

Fellow-creators, Zarathustra seeks; fellow harvesters and fellow rejoicers, Zarathustra seeks: what has he to do with herds and shepherds and corpses!

And you, my first companion, farewell! I have buried you well in your hollow tree; I have hidden you from the wolves.

But I part from you; the time has arrived. Between rosy dawn and rosy dawn there came to me a new truth.

I am not to be a shepherd, I am not to be a gravedigger. No more will I speak to the people; for the last time have I spoken to the dead.

I will join the creators, the harvesters, and the rejoicers: I will show them the rainbow and all the steps to the overman.

I will sing my song to the hermits; to the lonesome and the twosome I will sing my song; and to whoever still has ears for the unheard, I will make his heart heavy with my happiness.

I go towards my goal, I follow my course; over those who hesitate and lag behind I will leap. Thus may my going be their down going-down!

Prologue (10) Zarathustra 10

Zarathustra said this to his heart when the sun stood high at noon.

Then he looked inquiringly up high, for he heard above him the sharp call of a bird. And Behold! An eagle swept through the air in wide circles, and on it hung a serpent, not like a prey, but like a friend: for it kept itself coiled round the eagle's neck.

"They are my animals," said Zarathustra, and rejoiced in his heart.

"The proudest animal under the sun and the wisest animal under the sun, - they have come to search for me.

They want to know whether Zarathustra still lives. Truly, do I still live?

I have found it more dangerous among men than among animals; on dangerous paths walks Zarathustra. May my animals lead me!

When Zarathustra had said this, he remembered the words of the saint in the forest, sighed and spoke thus to his heart:

"I wish I were wiser! I wish I were wise from the very heart, like my serpent!

But I am asking the impossible. So I ask my pride that it always go along with my wisdom!

And if my wisdom should some day leave me - Ah, how it loves to fly away! - then may my pride fly with my folly!"

Thus began Zarathustra's down-going.

THUS SPOKE ZARATHUSTRA

FIRST PART

Part 1, (1) Zarathustra THE THREE METAMORPHOSES

Three metamorphoses of the spirit do I name to you: how the spirit becomes a camel, the camel a lion, and the lion at last a child.

Many heavy things are there for the spirit, the strong weight-bearing spirit in which reverence dwells: for the heavy and the heaviest are what its strength longs for.

What is heavy? so asks the weight-bearing spirit; then it kneels down like the camel, and wants to be well loaded.

What is the heaviest thing, you heroes? asks the weight-bearing spirit, that I may take it upon me and rejoice in my strength.

Is it not this: To humble oneself in order to hurt one's pride? To let one's folly shine in order to mock one's wisdom?

Or is it this: To desert our cause when it celebrates its triumph? To climb high mountains to tempt the tempter?

Or is it this: To feed on the acorns and grass of knowledge, and for the sake of truth to suffer hunger of soul?

Or is it this: To be sick and send away comforters, and make friends with the deaf, who never hear what you wish?

Or is it this: To wade into dirty water when it is the water of truth, and not repelling cold frogs and hot toads?

Or is it this: To love those who despise us, and give one's hand to the phantom when it is going to frighten us?

All these heaviest things the weight-bearing spirit takes upon itself: and like the camel, which, when burdened, speeds into the wilderness, so the spirit speeds into its wilderness.

But in the loneliest wilderness the second metamorphosis happens: here the spirit becomes a lion; it will seize freedom, and become master in its own wilderness.

Here it seeks its last master: it will fight him, and its last God; for victory it will struggle with the great dragon.

What is the great dragon which the spirit is no longer inclined to call Lord and God? "You shall," is what great dragon is called. But the spirit of the lion says, "I will."

"You shall," lies in its path, sparkling with gold - a beast covered with scales; and on every scale glitters a golden, "You shall!"

The values of a thousand years glitter on those scales, and thus speaks the mightiest of all dragons: "All the values of all things - glitter on me.

All values have already been created, and all created values - do I represent. Truly, there shall be no 'I will' any more. Thus speaks the dragon.

My brothers, why is there need of the lion in the spirit? Why is it not enough the beast of burden, which renounces and is reverent?

To create new values - that, even the lion cannot yet accomplish: but to create itself freedom for new creating - that can the might of the lion do.

To create itself freedom, and give a holy No even to duty: for that, my brothers, there is need of the lion.

To assume the right to new values - that is the most formidable assumption for a weight-bearing and reverent spirit. Truly, to such a spirit it is a theft, and the work of a beast of prey.

It once loved "You Shall" as its most sacred: now is it forced to find illusion and arbitrariness even in the holiest things, that it may capture freedom from its love: the lion is needed for this capture.

But tell me, my brothers, what the child can do, which even the lion

could not do? Why must the predatory lion still become a child?

Innocence is the child, and forgetting, a new beginning, a game, a self-propelling wheel, a first movement, a sacred Yes.

For the game of creating, my brothers, a sacred "yes" to life is needed: the spirit now wills *its own* will; the one who had lost the world now attains *its own* world.

Three metamorphoses of the spirit have I told you: how the spirit became a camel, the camel a lion, and the lion at last a child. -

Thus spoke Zarathustra. And at that time he staying in the town which is called The Motley Cow.

Part 1, (2) Zarathustra THE ACADEMIC CHAIRS OF VIRTUE

People recommended to Zarathustra a wise man, as one who could discourse well about sleep and virtue: greatly was he honoured and rewarded for it, and all the youths sat before his chair. To him went Zarathustra, and sat among the youths before his chair. And thus spoke the wise man:

Be respectful and bashful in presence of sleep! That is the first thing! And avoid all who sleep badly and stay awake at night!

Even the thief is bashful in presence of sleep: he always steals softly through the night. Shameless, however, is the night-watchman; shamelessly he carries his horn.

No small art is it to sleep: it is necessary for that purpose to keep awake all day.

Ten times a day must you overcome yourself: that causes wholesome weariness, and is opium for the soul.

Ten times must you reconcile again with yourself; for overcoming is bitterness, and the unreconciled ones sleep badly.

Ten truths must you find during the day; otherwise you will seek truth during the night, and your soul will stay hungry.

Ten times must you laugh during the day, and be cheerful; otherwise your stomach, the father of affliction and gloom, will disturb you in the night.

Few people know it, but one must have all the virtues in order to sleep well. Shall I bear false witness? Shall I commit adultery?

Shall I crave for my neighbour's maid? All that would bother a good sleep.

And even if one has all the virtues, there is still one thing needful: to send the virtues themselves to sleep at the right time. That they may not quarrel with one another, the pretty little women! And not quarrel about you, you unhappy man!

Peace with God and your neighbor: so desires good sleep. And peace also with your neighbour's devil! Otherwise it will haunt you in the night.

Honor to the authorities, and obedience, and also to the crooked authorities! So desires good sleep. How can I help it, if power likes to walk on crooked legs?

He who leads his sheep to the greenest pasture, shall always be for me the best shepherd: that goes well with good sleep.

I do not desire many honors, nor great treasures: they excite the spleen. But one sleeps badly without a good name and a little treasure.

The company of a few is more welcome to me than evil company: but they must come and go at the right time. That goes well with good sleep.

Also, the poor in spirit greatly please me: they promote sleep. Blessed are they, especially if one always tell them that they are right.

Thus passes the day of the virtuous. When night comes, then I take good care not to summon sleep. It dislikes to be summoned - sleep, the lord of the virtues!

Instead I think of what I have done and thought during the day. Ruminating, patient as a cow, I ask myself: What were your ten overcomings?

And what were the ten reconciliations, and the ten truths, and the ten laughs with which my heart enjoyed itself?

Thus pondering, while being cradled and rocked by forty thoughts, it overtakes me all at once - sleep, the unsummoned, the lord of the virtues.

Sleep taps on my eye, and it turns heavy. Sleep touches my mouth, and it remains open.

Truly, on soft soles does it come to me, the dearest of thieves, and steals from me my thoughts: stupid do I then stand, like this academic chair.

But not much longer do I stand: I am already lying down. -

When Zarathustra heard the wise man thus speak, he laughed in his heart: for a light had dawned upon him. And thus spoke he to his heart:

This wise man seems to be a fool with his forty thoughts: but I believe he knows well how to sleep.

Happy even is he who lives near this wise man! Such sleep is contagious - even through a thick wall it is contagious.

There is even magic in his professorial chair. And not in vain did the youths sit before the preacher of virtue.

His wisdom is to keep awake in order to sleep well. And truly, if life had no sense, and I had to choose nonsense, this would be the most desirable nonsense for me also.

Now I know well what people sought formerly above all else when they sought teachers of virtue. Good sleep they sought for themselves, and opiate virtues to promote it!

To all those much praised sages of the academic chairs, wisdom was sleep without dreams: they knew no higher significance of life.

Even at present, to be sure, there are some like this preacher of virtue, and not always so honorable: but their time is past. And not much longer do they stand: already they are lying down.

Blessed are those sleepy men: for they soon shall drop off. -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 1, (3) Zarathustra ON BELIEVERS IN AN AFTERWORLD

Once on a time, Zarathustra also cast his fancy beyond man, like all believers in an afterworld. The work of a suffering and tortured God, the world then seemed to me.

The dream and fiction of a god, the world then seemed to me; colored smoke before the eyes of a discontented god.

Good and evil, and joy and pain, and I and you - colored smoke did they seem to me before creative eyes. The creator wished to look away from himself; so he created the world.

Drunken joy it is for the sufferer to look away from his suffering and forget himself. Drunken joy and self-forgetting, did the world once seem to me.

This world, eternally imperfect, image of an eternal contradiction and imperfect image - a drunken joy to its imperfect creator: thus did the world once seem to me.

Thus did I also once cast my delusion beyond man, like all the believers in an afterworld. Beyond man, indeed?

Ah, you brothers, that god whom I created was man-made and madness, like all gods!

Human was he, and only a poor fragment of a human and ego. Out of my own ashes and glow it came to me, that phantom. And truly, it came not to me from the beyond!

What happened, my brothers? I surpassed myself, the suffering one; I carried my own ashes to the mountain; a brighter flame I contrived for myself. And Behold, then the phantom withdrew from me!

To me, the convalescent, it would now be suffering and torment to believe in such phantoms: suffering it would now be to me, and humiliation. Thus speak I to believers in an afterworld.

Suffering it was, and impotence - that created all afterworlds; and the brief madness of bliss, which is experienced only by those who suffer most deeply.

Weariness, which seeks to get to the ultimate with one leap, with a death-leap; a poor ignorant weariness, unwilling even to will any longer: that created all gods and afterworlds.

Believe me, my brothers! It was the body which despaired of the body - it groped with the fingers of the deluded spirit at the ultimate walls.

Believe me, my brothers! It was the body which despaired of the earth - it heard the belly of existence speaking to it.

It sought to get through these ultimate walls with its head - and not only with its head - into "the other world."

But that "other world" is well concealed from man, that dehumanized, inhuman world, which is a celestial nothingness; and the belly of existence does not speak to humans at all, except as a human.

Truly, all being is difficult to demonstrate and prove, and hard to make it speak. Tell me, you brothers, is not the strangest of all things best demonstrated?

Yes, this I, with its contradiction and confusion, speaks most honestly of its being - this creating, willing, valuing ego, which is the measure and value of things.

And this most honest existence, the I - it speaks of the body, and still wants the body, even when it poetizes and raves and flutters with broken wings.

Always more honestly learns it to speak, this I; and the more it learns, the more does it find titles and honors for the body and the earth.

A new pride my I taught me, and that I teach to men: no longer to thrust one's head into the sand of heavenly things, but to carry it freely, a terrestrial head, which creates a meaning for the earth!

A new will I teach to men: to choose that path which man has followed blindly, and to approve of it - and no longer to slink aside from it, like the sick and dying!

The sick and dying - it was they who despised the body and the earth, and invented the heavenly world, and the redeeming drops of blood; but even those sweet and dismal poisons they borrowed from the body and the earth!

From their misery they sought escape, and the stars were too far for them. Then they sighed: "Would that there were heavenly paths by which to sneak into another existence and into happiness!" Then they contrived for themselves their secret ways and bloody potions!

Beyond the sphere of their body and this earth they now fancied themselves transported, these ungrateful ones. But to what did they owe the convulsion and rapture of their transport? To their bodies and this earth.

Gentle is Zarathustra to the sickly. Truly, he is not angry at their ways of consolation and ingratitude. May they become convalescents and overcomers, and create higher bodies for themselves!

Neither is Zarathustra angry at a convalescent who looks tenderly on his delusions, and at midnight sneaks round the grave of his God; but even his tears indicate to me sickness and a sick body.

Many sickly ones have there always been among those who invent fables and long for God; violently they hate the discerning ones, and that youngest of virtues, which is called "honesty".

They always gaze backward toward dark ages: then, indeed, were delusion and faith something different: the delirium of reason was likeness to God, and doubt was sin.

Too well do I know those godlike men: they insist on being believed in, and that doubt is sin. Too well, also, do I know what they themselves most believe in.

Truly, not in afterworlds and redemptive drops of blood, but in the body do they also believe most; and their own body is for them the thing-in-itself.

But it is a sickly thing to them, and gladly would they get out of their skin. Therefore they listen to the preachers of death, and themselves preach afterworlds.

Listen rather, my brothers, to the voice of the healthy body; it is a more honest and pure voice.

More honestly and purely speaks the healthy body, perfect and squared-off: it speaks of the meaning of the earth.

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 1, (4) Zarathustra THE DESPISERS OF THE BODY

To the despisers of the body I want to speak. I would not have them learn and teach differently, but merely say farewell to their own bodies - and thus become silent.

"Body am I, and soul" - so says the child. And why should one not speak like children?

But the awakened and the knowing say: "Body am I entirely, and nothing more; and soul is only a word for something about the body."

The body is a great intelligence, a multiplicity with one sense, a war and a peace, a herd and a shepherd.

An instrument of your body is also your little intelligence, my brother, which you call "spirit" - a little instrument and toy of your great intelligence.

"I," you say, and are proud of that word. But greater is that in which you do not wish to believe - your body with its great intelligence; it does not say "I," but does "I."

What the sense feels, what the spirit knows, never has its end in itself. But sense and spirit would persuade you that they are the end of all things: that is how vain they are.

Instruments and toys are sense and spirit: behind them there is still the self. The self also seeks with the eyes of the senses, it also listens with the ears of the spirit.

Always the self listens and seeks; it compares, overpowers, conquers, and destroys. It rules, and is also the ruler of the "I".

Behind your thoughts and feelings, my brother, stands a mighty ruler, an unknown sage - it is called the subconscious self; it dwells in your body, it is your body.

There is more reason, sanity and intelligence in your body than in your best wisdom. And who knows why your body requires precisely your best wisdom?

Your subconscious self laughs at your "I", and its bold leaps. "What are these leaps and flights of thought to me?" it says to itself. "A detour to

my purpose. I am the leading-string of the ego, and the prompter of its thoughts."

The subconscious self says to the "I": "Feel pain here!" Then the "I" suffers, and thinks how it might end its suffering - and that is why it is made to think.

The subconscious self says to the "I": "Feel desire or pleasure or joy here!" Then the "I" is happy, and thinks how it might often be happy again - and that is why it is made to think.

I want to speak to the despisers of the body. It is their respect and esteem that produces their despising. What is it that created respecting and esteeming and despising and worth and will?

The creative subconscious self created for itself respecting and esteeming and despising, it created for itself joy and sorrow and pain. The creative body created spirit as a hand of its will.

Even in your folly and despising you each serve your self, you despisers of the body. I tell you, your very self wants to die, and turns away from life.

No longer can your subconscious self do that which it desires most: to create beyond itself. That is what it desires most; that is all its fervour.

But it is now too late to do so: so your self wishes to go under, you despisers of the body.

Your subconscious self wants to go under, to perish; and that is why you have you become despisers of the body. For you are no longer able to create beyond yourselves.

And therefore are you now angry with life and with the earth. An unconscious envy speaks out of the squinting glance of your contempt.

I will not follow you, you despisers of the body! For me you are not a bridge to the overman! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 1, (5) Zarathustra JOYS AND PASSIONS

My brother, when you have a virtue, and it is your own virtue, you have it in common with no one.

To be sure, you would call it by name and caress it; you would pull its ears and amuse yourself with it.

And behold, you have its name in common with the people, and have become one of the people and the herd with your virtue!

It is better for you to say: "Inexpressible is it, and nameless, that which is agony and sweetness to my soul, and also the hunger of my belly."

Let your virtue be too high for the familiarity of names, and if you must speak of it, be not ashamed to stammer about it.

Then speak and stammer: "This is my good, this do I love, it pleases me entirely, only this way do I want the good.

Not as the law of a God do I desire it, not as a human law or a human need do I want it; it shall not be a signpost for me to over-earths and paradises.

An earthly virtue is what I love: it has little prudence, and least of all the reason and wisdom of everyone.

But that bird built its nest beside me: therefore, I love and cherish it - now it sits beside me on its golden eggs."

Thus should you stammer, and praise your virtue.

Once you had passions and called them evil. But now you have only your virtues: they grew out of your passions.

You set your highest goal in the heart of those passions: then they became your virtues and joys.

And though you were of the race of the hot-tempered, or of the lustful, or of the fanatical, or the vengeful;

in the end, all your passions became virtues, and all your devils, angels.

Once you had wild dogs in your cellar: but they changed at last into birds and charming singers.

Out of your poisons you brewed soothing ointments for yourself; you milked your cow of sorrow - now you drink the sweet milk of her udder.

And nothing evil grows out of you any longer, unless it be the evil that grows out of the conflict of your virtues.

My brother, if you are fortunate, then you will have one virtue and no more: thus you go more easily over the bridge.

To have many virtues is a distinction, but it is a hard fate; and many a one has gone into the desert and killed himself, because he was weary of being the battle and battlefield of virtues.

My brother, are war and battle evil? Necessary, however, is this evil; necessary are envy and distrust and slander among the virtues.

Behold how each of your virtues wants the highest place; each wants your whole spirit to be its herald, each wants your whole power, in wrath, hatred, and love.

Each virtue is jealous of every other, and jealousy is a dreadful thing. Even virtues can perish of jealousy.

He whom the flames of jealousy surround, at last, like the scorpion, turns the poisoned sting against himself.

Ah! my brother, have you never seen a virtue slander and stab itself?

Man is something that must be overcome: and therefore shall you love your virtues, - for you will perish by them.-

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 1, (6) Zarathustra THE PALE CRIMINAL

You do not mean to slay, you judges and sacrificers, until the animal has bowed its head? Behold. the pale criminal has bowed his head: out of his eye speaks the great contempt.

"My ego is something which is to be overcome: my ego is to me the great contempt of man": that is what his eyes say.

When he judged himself - that was his supreme moment; let not the exalted one relapse again into his baseness!

There is no salvation for him who thus suffers from himself, unless it be speedy death.

Your slaying, you judges, shall be pity, and not revenge; and in that you slay, see to it that you yourselves justify life!

It is not enough that you should reconcile with him whom you slay. Let your sorrow be love to the overman: thus will you justify your own survival!

"Enemy" shall you say but not "villain," "invalid" shall you say but not "wretch," "fool" shall you say but not "sinner."

And you, red judge, if you would say audibly all you have done in thought, then would everyone cry: "Away with the nastiness and the virulent reptile!"

But one thing is the thought, another thing is the deed, and another thing is the idea of the deed. The wheel of causality does not roll between them.

An idea made this pale man pale. Adequate was he for his deed when he did it, but the idea of it, he could not endure when it was done.

Evermore did he now see himself as the doer of one deed. Madness, I

call this: the exception reversed itself to the rule in him.

The streak of chalk bewitches the hen; the stroke he struck bewitched his weak reason. Madness after the deed, I call this.

Listen, you judges! There is another madness besides, and it is before the deed. Ah! you have not gone deep enough into this soul!

Thus speaks the red judge: "Why did this criminal commit murder? He meant to rob." I tell you, however, that his soul wanted blood, not booty: he thirsted for the happiness of the knife!

But his weak reason understood not this madness, and it persuaded him. "What matter about blood!" it said; "wish you not, at least, to make booty thereby? Or take revenge?"

And he listened to his weak reason: like lead lay its words upon him - thereupon he robbed when he murdered. He did not mean to be ashamed of his madness.

And now once more lies the lead of his guilt upon him, and once more is his weak reason so benumbed, so paralyzed, and so dull.

Could he only shake his head, then would his burden roll off; but who shakes that head?

What is this man? A mass of diseases that reach out into the world through the spirit; there they want to get their prey.

What is this man? A coil of wild serpents that are seldom at peace among themselves - so they go forth apart and seek prey in the world.

Look at that poor body! What it suffered and craved, the poor soul interpreted to itself - it interpreted it as murderous desire, and eagerness for the happiness of the knife.

Him who now turns sick, the evil overtakes which is now the evil: he seeks to cause pain with that which causes him pain. But there have been other ages, and another evil and good.

Once was doubt evil, and the will to Self. Then the invalid became a heretic or sorcerer; as heretic or sorcerer he suffered, and sought to cause suffering.

But this will not enter your ears; it hurts your good people, you tell me. But what does it matter to me about your good people!

Many things in your good people cause me disgust, and truly, not their evil. I would that they had a madness by which they succumbed, like this pale criminal!

Truly, I would that their madness were called truth, or fidelity, or justice: but they have their virtue in order to live long, and in wretched self-complacency.

I am a railing alongside the torrent; whoever is able to grasp me may

grasp me! Your crutch, however, I am not. -
Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 1, (7) Zarathustra READING AND WRITING

Of all that is written, I love only what a person has written with his blood. Write with blood, and you will find that blood is spirit.

It is no easy task to understand unfamiliar blood; I hate the reading idlers.

He who knows the reader, does nothing more for the reader. Another century of readers - and spirit itself will stink.

Every one being allowed to learn to read, ruins in the long run not only writing but also thinking.

Once spirit was God, then it became man, and now it even becomes the rabble.

He that writes in blood and aphorisms does not want to be read, but learnt by heart.

In the mountains the shortest way is from peak to peak, but for that route you must have long legs. Aphorisms should be peaks, and those spoken to should be big and tall.

The atmosphere rare and pure, danger near and the spirit full of a joyful wickedness: thus are things well matched.

I want to have goblins about me, for I am courageous. The courage which scares away ghosts, creates for itself goblins - it wants to laugh.

I no longer feel in common with you; the very cloud which I see beneath me, the blackness and heaviness at which I laugh - that is your thunder-cloud.

You look aloft when you long for exaltation; and I look downward because I am exalted.

Who among you can at the same time laugh and be exalted?

He who climbs on the highest mountains, laughs at all tragic plays and tragic realities.

Courageous, unconcerned, scornful, coercive - so wisdom wishes us; she is a woman, and ever loves only a warrior.

You tell me, "Life is hard to bear." But for what purpose should you have your pride in the morning and your resignation in the evening?

Life is hard to bear: but do not affect to be so delicate! We are all of us fine beasts of burden, male and female asses.

What have we in common with the rose-bud, which trembles because a drop of dew has formed upon it?

It is true we love life; not because we are used to life, but because we are used to loving.

There is always some madness in love. But there is always, also, some method in madness.

And to me also, who appreciate life, the butterflies, and soap-bubbles, and whatever is like them among us, seem most to enjoy happiness.

To see these light, foolish, pretty, lively little sprites flit about - that moves Zarathustra to tears and songs.

I should only believe in a God that would know how to dance.

And when I saw my devil, I found him serious, thorough, profound, solemn: he was the spirit of gravity - through him all things fall.

Not by wrath, but by laughter, do we slay. Come, let us slay the spirit of gravity!

I learned to walk; since then have I let myself run. I learned to fly; since then I do not need pushing in order to move from a spot.

Now am I light, now do I fly; now do I see myself under myself. Now there dances a God in me.-

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 1, (8) Zarathustra THE TREE ON THE HILL

Zarathustra's eye had perceived that a certain youth avoided him. And as he walked alone one evening over the hills surrounding the town called "The Motley Cow," behold, there he found the youth sitting leaning against a tree, and gazing with wearied look into the valley. Zarathustra thereupon laid hold of the tree beside which the youth sat, and spoke thus:

"If I wished to shake this tree with my hands, I should not be able to do so.

But the wind, which we see not, troubles and bends it as it tilts. We are sorest bent and troubled by invisible hands."

Thereupon the youth arose disconcerted, and said: "I hear Zarathustra,

and just now was I thinking of him!" Zarathustra answered:

"Why are you frightened on that account? - But it is the same with man as with the tree.

The more he seeks to rise into the height and light, the more vigorously do his roots struggle earthward, downward, into the dark and deep - into the evil."

"Yes, into the evil!" cried the youth. "How is it possible that you have discovered my soul?"

Zarathustra smiled, and said: "Many a soul one will never discover, unless one first invent it."

"Yes, into the evil!" cried the youth once more.

"you said the truth, Zarathustra. I trust myself no longer since I sought to rise into the height, and nobody trusts me any longer; how does that happen?

I change too quickly: my to-day refutes my yesterday. I often overleap the steps when I clamber; for so doing, none of the steps pardons me.

When aloft, I find myself always alone. No one speaks to me; the frost of solitude makes me tremble. What do I seek on the height?

My contempt and my longing increase together; the higher I clamber, the more do I despise him who clambers. What does he seek on the height?

How ashamed I am of my clambering and stumbling! How I mock at my violent panting! How I hate him who flies! How tired I am on the height!"

Here the youth was silent. And Zarathustra contemplated the tree beside which they stood, and spoke thus:

"This tree stands lonely here on the hills; it has grown up high above man and beast.

And if it wanted to speak, it would have none who could understand it: so high has it grown.

Now it waits and waits, - for what does it wait? It dwells too close to the seat of the clouds; it waits perhaps for the first lightning?"

When Zarathustra had said this, the youth called out with violent gestures: "Yes, Zarathustra, you speak the truth. My destruction I longed for, when I desired to be on the height, and you are the lightning for which I waited! Behold. what have I been since you have appeared among us? It is my envy of you that has destroyed me!" - Thus spoke the youth, and wept bitterly. Zarathustra, however, put his arm about him, and led the youth away with him.

And when they had walked a while together, Zarathustra began to

Speak thus:

It rends my heart. Better than your words express it, your eyes tell me all your danger.

As yet you are not free; you still seek freedom. Too unslept has your seeking made you, and too wakeful.

On the open height would you be; for the stars thirsts your soul. But your bad impulses also thirst for freedom.

Your wild dogs want liberty; they bark for joy in their cellar when your spirit endeavors to open all prison doors.

Still are you a prisoner - it seems to me - who devises liberty for himself: ah! sharp becomes the soul of such prisoners, but also deceitful and wicked.

It is still necessary for the liberated spirit to purify himself. Much of the prison and the mould still remains in him: pure has his eye still to become.

Yes, I know your danger. But by my love and hope I appeal to you: cast not your love and hope away!

Noble you feel yourself still, and noble others also feel you still, though they bear you a grudge and cast evil looks. Know this, that to everybody a noble one stands in the way.

Also to the good, a noble one stands in the way: and even when they call him a good man, they want thereby to put him aside.

The new, would the noble man create, and a new virtue. The old, wants the good man, and that the old should be conserved.

But it is not the danger of the noble man to turn a good man, but lest he should become an arrogant boor, a mocker, or a destroyer.

Ah! I have known noble ones who lost their highest hope. And then they slandered all high hopes.

Then lived they shamelessly in temporary pleasures, and beyond the day had hardly an aim.

"Spirit is also voluptuousness," - said they. Then broke the wings of their spirit; and now it creeps about, and defiles where it gnaws.

Once they thought of becoming heroes; but sensualists are they now. A trouble and a terror is the hero to them.

But by my love and hope I appeal to you: cast not away the hero in your soul! Maintain holy your highest hope! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 1, (9) Zarathustra THE PREACHERS OF DEATH

There are preachers of death: and the earth is full of those to whom renunciation life must be preached.

Full is the earth of the superfluous; marred is life by the many-too-many. May they be lured out of this life by the "life eternal"!

"The yellow ones": so are called the preachers of death, or "the black ones." But I will show them to you in other colors besides.

There are the terrible ones who carry about in themselves the beast of prey, and have no choice except lusts or self-laceration. And even their lusts are self-laceration.

They have not yet become men, those terrible ones: may they preach desistance from life, and pass away themselves!

There are the spiritually decaying ones: hardly are they born when they begin to die, and long for doctrines of weariness and renunciation.

They would rather be dead, and we should approve of their wish! Let us beware of awakening those dead ones, and of damaging those living coffins!

They meet an invalid, or an old man, or a corpse - and immediately they say: "Life is refuted!"

But they only are refuted, and their eye, which sees only one aspect of existence.

Shrouded in thick melancholy, and eager for the little casualties that bring death: thus do they wait, and clench their teeth.

Or else, they grasp at candy, and mock at their childishness thereby: they cling to their straw of life, and mock at their still clinging to it.

Their wisdom speaks thus: "A fool, he who remains alive; but so far are we fools! And that is the most foolish thing in life!"

"Life is only suffering": so say others, and lie not. Then see to it that you cease! See to it that the life ceases which is only suffering!

And let this be the teaching of your virtue: "you shall slay yourself! you shall steal away from yourself!" -

"Lust is sin," - so say some who preach death - "let us go apart and beget no children!"

"Giving birth is troublesome," - say others - "why still give birth? One bears only the unfortunate!" And they also are preachers of death.

"Pity is necessary," - so says a third party. "Take what I have! Take

what I am! So much less does life bind me!"

Were they consistently pitiful, then would they make their neighbor sick of life. To be wicked - that would be their true goodness.

But they want to be rid of life; what care they if they bind others still faster with their chains and gifts!-

And you also, to whom life is rough labor and disquiet, are you not very tired of life? Are you not very ripe for the sermon of death?

All you to whom rough labor is dear, and the rapid, new, and strange - you put up with yourselves badly; your diligence is flight, and the will to self-forgetfulness.

If you believed more in life, then would you devote yourselves less to the momentary. But for waiting, you have not enough of capacity in you - nor even for idling!

Everywhere resounds the voices of those who preach death; and the earth is full of those to whom death has to be preached.

Or "life eternal"; it is all the same to me - if only they pass away quickly! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 1, (10) Zarathustra WAR AND WARRIORS

By our best enemies we do not want to be spared, nor by those either whom we love from the very heart. So let me tell you the truth!

My brothers in war! I love you from the very heart. I am, and was ever, your counterpart. And I am also your best enemy. So let me tell you the truth!

I know the hatred and envy of your hearts. you are not great enough not to know of hatred and envy. Then be great enough not to be ashamed of them!

And if you cannot be saints of knowledge, then, I pray you, be at least its warriors. They are the companions and forerunners of such saint-hood.

I see many soldiers; could I but see many warriors! "Uniform" one calls what they wear; may that which it hides not be uniform!

You shall be those whose eyes ever seek for an enemy - for your enemy. And with some of you there is hatred at first sight.

Your enemy shall you seek; your war shall you wage, and for the sake of your thoughts! And if your thoughts succumb, your uprightness shall still shout triumph thereby!

You shall love peace as a means to new wars - and the short peace more than the long.

You I advise not to work, but to fight. You I advise not to peace, but to victory. Let your work be a fight, let your peace be a victory!

One can only be silent and sit peacefully when one has bow and arrow; otherwise one chatters and quarrels. Let your peace be a victory!

You say it is the good cause which sanctifies even war? I say to you: it is the good war which hallows every cause.

War and courage have done more great things than charity. Not your sympathy, but your bravery has thus far saved the victims.

"What is good?" you ask. To be brave is good. Let the little girls say: "To be good is what is pretty, and at the same time touching."

They call you heartless: but your heart is true, and I love the bashfulness of your goodwill. you are ashamed of your flow, and others are ashamed of their ebb.

You are ugly? Well then, my brothers, take the sublime about you, the mantle of the ugly!

And when your soul becomes great, then does it become high-spirited, and in your sublimeness there is wickedness. I know you.

In wickedness the high-spirited man and the weakling meet. But they misunderstand one another. I know you.

You shall only have enemies to be hated, but not enemies to be despised. you must be proud of your enemies; then, the successes of your enemies are also your successes.

Resistance - that is the distinction of the slave. Let your distinction be obedience. Let your commanding itself be obeying!

To the good warrior sounds "you shall" more pleasant than "I will." And all that is dear to you, you shall first have it commanded to you.

Let your love to life be love to your highest hope; and let your highest hope be the highest thought of life!

Your highest thought, however, you shall have it commanded to you by me - and it is this: man is something that is to be surpassed.

So live your life of obedience and of war! What matter about long life! What warrior wishes to be spared!

I spare you not, I love you from my very heart, my brothers in war! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 1, (11) Zarathustra THE NEW IDOL

Somewhere there are still peoples and herds, but not with us, my brothers: here there are states.

A state? What is that? Well! open now your ears to me, for now will I say to you my word concerning the death of peoples.

State is the name of the coldest of all cold monsters. Coldly lies it also; and this lie creeps from its mouth: "I, the state, am the people."

It is a lie! Creators were they who created peoples, and hung a faith and a love over them: thus they served life.

Destroyers, are they who lay traps for many, and call it the state: they hang a sword and a hundred cravings over them.

Where there is still a people, there the state is not understood, but hated as the evil eye, and as sin against laws and customs.

This sign I give to you: every people speaks its language of good and evil: this its neighbor understands not. Its language has it devised for itself in laws and customs.

But the state lies in all languages of good and evil; and whatever it says it lies; and whatever it has it has stolen.

False is everything in it; with stolen teeth it bites, the biting one. False are even its bowels.

Confusion of language of good and evil; this sign I give to you as the sign of the state. Truly, the will to death, indicates this sign! Truly, it beckons to the preachers of death!

Many too many are born: for the superfluous ones was the state devised!

See just how it entices them to it, the many-too-many! How it swallows and chews and rechews them!

"On earth there is nothing greater than I: it is I who am the regulating finger of God." - thus roars the monster. And not only the long-eared and short-sighted fall upon their knees!

Ah! even in your ears, you great souls, it whispers its gloomy lies! Ah! it finds out the rich hearts which willingly lavish themselves!

Yes, it finds you out too, you conquerors of the old God! Weary you became of the conflict, and now your weariness serves the new idol!

Heroes and honorable ones, it would rather set up around it, the new idol! Gladly it basks in the sunshine of good consciences, - the cold monster!

Everything will it give you, if you worship it, the new idol: thus it purchases the gleam of your virtue, and the glance of your proud eyes.

It seeks to allure by means of you, the many-too-many! Yes, a hellish artifice has here been devised, a death-horse jingling with the trappings of divine honors!

Yes, a dying for many has here been devised, which glorifies itself as life: truly, a hearty service to all preachers of death!

The state, I call it, where all are poison-drinkers, the good and the bad: the state, where all lose themselves, the good and the bad: the state, where the slow suicide of all - is called "life."

Just see these superfluous ones! They steal the works of the inventors and the treasures of the wise. Culture, they call their theft - and everything becomes sickness and trouble to them!

Just see these superfluous ones! Sick are they always; they vomit their bile and call it a newspaper. They devour one another, and cannot even digest themselves.

Just see these superfluous ones! Wealth they acquire and become poorer thereby. Power they seek for, and above all, the lever of power, much money - these impotent ones!

See them clamber, these nimble apes! They clamber over one another, and thus scuffle into the mud and the abyss.

Towards the throne they all strive: it is their madness - as if happiness sat on the throne! Often sits filth on the throne. - and often also the throne on filth.

Madmen they all seem to me, and clambering apes, and too eager. Badly smells their idol to me, the cold monster: badly they all smell to me, these idolaters.

My brothers, will you suffocate in the fumes of their snouts and appetites! Better break the windows and jump into the open air!

Go away from the bad odor! Withdraw from the idolatry of the superfluous!

Go away from the bad odor! Withdraw from the steam of these human sacrifices!

Open still remains the earth for great souls. There are still many empty seats for the lonesome and the twosome, fanned by the fragrance of silent seas.

Open still remains a free life for great souls. Truly, he who possesses

little is so much the less possessed: praised be a little poverty!

There, where the state ceases - there only commences the man who is not superfluous: there commences the song of the necessary ones, the single and irreplaceable melody.

There, where the state ceases - pray look there, my brothers! Do you not see it, the rainbow and the bridges of the overman? -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 1, (12) Zarathustra THE FLIES IN THE MARKET-PLACE

Flee, my friend, into your solitude! I see you deafened with the noise of the great men, and stung all over with the stings of the little ones.

Admirably do forest and rock know how to be silent with you. Resemble again the tree which you love, the broad-branched one - silently and attentively it overhangs the sea.

Where solitude ends, there begins the market-place; and where the market-place begins, there begins also the noise of the great actors, and the buzzing of the poison-flies.

In the world even the best things are worthless without those who represent them: those showmen, the people call great men.

Little, do the people understand what is great - that is to say, the creating agency. But they have a taste for all showmen and actors of great things.

Around the inventors of new values revolves the world: - invisibly it revolves. But around the actors revolve the people and the glory: such is the course of things.

Spirit, has the actor, but little conscience of the spirit. He believes always in that which he believes most strongly - in himself!

Tomorrow he has a new belief, and the day after, one still newer. Sharp perceptions has he, like the people, and changeable humours.

To upset - that means with him to prove. To drive mad - that means with him to convince. And blood is counted by him as the best of all arguments.

A truth which only glides into sensitive ears, he calls a lie and nothing. Truly, he believes only in gods that make a great noise in the world!

Full of ceremonial clowns is the market-place, - and the people glory in

their great men! These are for them the masters of the hour.

But the hour presses them; so they press you. And also from you they want Yes or No. Alas. you would set your chair between For and Against?

On account of those absolute and impatient ones, be not jealous, you lover of truth! Never yet did truth cling to the arm of an absolute one.

On account of those abrupt ones, return into your security: only in the market-place is one assailed by Yes? or No?

Slow is the experience of all deep fountains: long have they to wait until they know what has fallen into their depths.

Away from the market-place and from fame takes place all that is great: away from the market-Place and from fame have ever dwelt the devisers of new values.

Flee, my friend, into your solitude: I see you stung all over by the poisonous flies. Flee there, where a rough, strong breeze blows!

Flee into your solitude! you have lived too closely to the small and the pitiable. Flee from their invisible vengeance! Towards you they have nothing but vengeance.

Raise no longer an arm against them! Innumerable are they, and it is not your lot to shoo flies.

Innumerable are the small and pitiable ones; and of many a proud structure, rain-drops and weeds have been the ruin.

You are not stone; but already have you become hollow by the numerous drops. you will yet break and burst by the numerous drops.

Exhausted I see you, by poisonous flies; bleeding I see you, and torn at a hundred spots; and your pride will not even upbraid.

Blood they would have from you in all innocence; blood their bloodless souls crave for - and they sting, therefore, in all innocence.

But you, profound one, you suffer too profoundly even from small wounds; and ere you had recovered, the same poison-worm crawled over your hand.

Too proud are you to kill these sweet-tooths. But take care lest it be your fate to suffer all their poisonous injustice!

They buzz around you also with their praise: obtrusiveness is their praise. They want to be close to your skin and your blood.

They flatter you, as one flatters a God or devil; they whimper before you, as before a God or devil; What does it come to! Flatterers are they, and whimperers, and nothing more.

Often, also, do they show themselves to you as amiable ones. But that has ever been the prudence of the cowardly. Yes! the cowardly are wise!

They think much about you with their circumscribed souls - you are always suspected by them! Whatever is much thought about is at last thought suspicious.

They punish you for all your virtues. They pardon you in their inmost hearts only - for your errors.

Because you are gentle and of upright character, you say: "Blameless are they for their small existence." But their circumscribed souls think: "Blamable is all great existence."

Even when you are gentle towards them, they still feel themselves despised by you; and they repay your beneficence with secret maleficence.

Your silent pride is always counter to their taste; they rejoice if once you be humble enough to be frivolous.

What we recognize in a man, we also irritate in him. Therefore be on your guard against the small ones!

In your presence they feel themselves small, and their baseness gleams and glows against you in invisible vengeance.

Saw you not how often they became dumb when you approached them, and how their energy left them like the smoke of an extinguishing fire?

Yes, my friend, the bad conscience are you of your neighbor; for they are unworthy of you. Therefore they hate you, and would rather suck your blood.

Your neighbor will always be poisonous flies; what is great in you - that itself must make them more poisonous, and always more fly-like.

Flee, my friend, into your solitude - and there, where a rough strong breeze blows. It is not your lot to shoo flies. -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 1, (13) Zarathustra CHASTITY

I love the forest. It is bad to live in cities: there, there are too many of the lustful.

Is it not better to fall into the hands of a murderer than into the dreams of a lustful woman?

And just look at these men: their eye says it - they know nothing better on earth than to lie with a woman.

Filth is at the bottom of their souls; and Alas. if their filth has still spirit in it!

Would that you were perfect - at least as animals! But to animals belongs innocence.

Do I counsel you to slay your instincts? I counsel you to innocence in your instincts.

Do I counsel you to chastity? Chastity is a virtue with some, but with many almost a vice.

These are continent, to be sure: but doggish lust looks enviously out of all that they do.

Even into the heights of their virtue and into their cold spirit does this creature follow them, with its discord.

And how nicely can doggish lust beg for a piece of spirit, when a piece of flesh is denied it!

You love tragedies and all that breaks the heart? But I am distrustful of your doggish lust.

You have too cruel eyes, and you look wantonly towards the sufferers. Has not your lust just disguised itself and taken the name of fellow-suffering?

And also this parable give I to you: Not a few who meant to cast out their devil, went thereby into the swine themselves.

To whom chastity is difficult, it is to be dissuaded: lest it become the road to hell - to filth and lust of soul.

Do I speak of filthy things? That is not the worst thing for me to do.

Not when the truth is filthy, but when it is shallow, does the discerning one go unwillingly into its waters.

Truly, there are chaste ones from their very nature; they are gentler of heart, and laugh better and more often than you.

They laugh also at chastity, and ask: "What is chastity?"

Is chastity not folly? But the folly came to us, and not we to it.

We offered that guest harbor and heart: now it dwells with us - let it stay as long as it will!" -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

"One is always too many about me" - thinks the anchorite. "Always once one - that makes two in the long run!"

I and me are always too earnestly in conversation: how could it be endured, if there were not a friend?

The friend of the hermit is always the third one: the third one is the cork which prevents the conversation of the two sinking into the depth.

Ah! there are too many depths for all hermits. Therefore, do they long so much for a friend and for his elevation.

Our faith in others betrays wherein we would rather have faith in ourselves. Our longing for a friend is our betrayer.

And often with our love we want merely to overleap envy. And often we attack and make ourselves enemies, to conceal that we are vulnerable.

"Be at least my enemy!" - thus speaks the true reverence, which does not venture to solicit friendship.

If one would have a friend, then must one also be willing to wage war for him: and in order to wage war, one must be capable of being an enemy.

One ought still to honor the enemy in one's friend. can you go nigh to your friend, and not go over to him?

In one's friend one shall have one's best enemy. you shall be closest to him with your heart when you withstand him.

You would wear no raiment before your friend? It is in honor of your friend that you show yourself to him as you art? But he wishes you to the devil on that account!

He who makes no secret of himself shocks: so much reason have you to fear nakedness! Indeed, if you were gods, you could then be ashamed of clothing!

You can not adorn yourself fine enough for your friend; for you shall be to him an arrow and a longing for the overman.

Saw you ever your friend asleep - to know how he looks? What is usually the countenance of your friend? It is your own countenance, in a coarse and imperfect mirror.

Saw you ever your friend asleep? Were you not dismayed at your friend looking so? O my friend, man is something that has to be surpassed.

In divining and keeping silence shall the friend be a master: not everything must you wish to see. your dream shall disclose to you what your friend does when awake.

Let your pity be a divining: to know first if your friend wants pity.

Perhaps he loves in you the unmoved eye, and the look of eternity.

Let your pity for your friend be hid under a hard shell; you shall bite out a tooth upon it. Thus will it have delicacy and sweetness.

Are you pure air and solitude and bread and medicine to your friend? Many a one cannot loosen his own fetters, but is nevertheless his friend's emancipator.

Are you a slave? Then you can not be a friend. are you a tyrant? Then you can not have friends.

Far too long has there been a slave and a tyrant concealed in woman. On that account woman is not yet capable of friendship: she knows only love.

In woman's love there is injustice and blindness to all she does not love. And even in woman's conscious love, there is still always surprise and lightning and night, along with the light.

As yet woman is not capable of friendship: women are still cats and birds. Or at the best, cows.

As yet woman is not capable of friendship. But tell me, you men, who of you is capable of friendship?

Oh! your poverty, you men, and your sordidness of soul! As much as you give to your friend, will I give even to my foe, and will not have become poorer thereby.

There is comradeship: may there be friendship!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 1, (15) Zarathustra THE THOUSAND AND ONE GOALS

Many lands saw Zarathustra, and many peoples: thus he discovered the good and bad of many peoples. No greater power did Zarathustra find on earth than good and bad.

No people could live without first valuing; if a people will maintain itself, however, it must not value as its neighbor values.

Much that passed for good with one people was regarded with scorn and contempt by another: thus I found it. Much found I here called bad, which was there decked with purple honors.

Never did the one neighbor understand the other: ever did his soul marvel at his neighbour's delusion and wickedness.

A table of excellencies hangs over every people. Behold. it is the table of their triumphs; Behold. it is the voice of their Will to Power.

It is laudable, what they think hard; what is indispensable and hard they call good; and what relieves in the direst distress, the unique and hardest of all, - they extol as holy.

Whatever makes them rule and conquer and shine, to the dismay and envy of their neighbor, they regard as the high and foremost thing, the test and the meaning of all else.

Truly, my brother, if you knew but a people's need, its land, its sky, and its neighbor, then would you divine the law of its surmountings, and why it climbs up that ladder to its hope.

"Always shall you be the foremost and prominent above others: no one shall your jealous soul love, except a friend" - that made the soul of a Greek thrill: thereby went he his way to greatness.

"To speak truth, and be skillful with bow and arrow" - so seemed it alike pleasing and hard to the people from whom comes my name - the name which is alike pleasing and hard to me.

"To honor father and mother, and from the root of the soul to do their will" - this table of surmounting hung another people over them, and became powerful and permanent thereby.

"To have fidelity, and for the sake of fidelity to risk honor and blood, even in evil and dangerous courses" - teaching itself so, another people mastered itself, and thus mastering itself, became pregnant and heavy with great hopes.

Truly, men have given to themselves all their good and bad. Truly, they took it not, they found it not, it came not to them as a voice from heaven.

Values did man only assign to things in order to maintain himself - he created only the significance of things, a human significance! Therefore, calls he himself "man," that is, the valuator.

Valuing is creating: hear it, you creating ones! Valuation itself is the treasure and jewel of the valued things.

Through valuation only is there value; and without valuation the nut of existence would be hollow. Hear it, you creating ones!

Change of values - that is, change of the creating ones. Always does he destroy who has to be a creator.

Creating ones were first of all peoples, and only in late times individuals; truly, the individual himself is still the latest creation.

Peoples once hung over them tables of the good. Love which would rule and love which would obey, created for themselves such tables.

Older is the pleasure in the herd than the pleasure in the ego: and as long as the good conscience is for the herd, the bad conscience only says: ego.

Truly, the crafty ego, the loveless one, that seeks its advantage in the advantage of many - it is not the origin of the herd, but its ruin.

Loving ones, was it always, and creating ones, that created good and bad. Fire of love glows in the names of all the virtues, and fire of wrath.

Many lands saw Zarathustra, and many peoples: no greater power did Zarathustra find on earth than the creations of the loving ones - "good" and "bad" are they called.

Truly, a prodigy is this power of praising and blaming. Tell me, you brothers, who will master it for me? Who will put a fetter upon the thousand necks of this animal?

A thousand goals have there been thus far, for a thousand peoples have there been. Only the fetter for the thousand necks is still lacking; there is lacking the one goal. As yet humanity has not a goal.

But pray tell me, my brothers, if the goal of humanity be still lacking, is there not also still lacking - humanity itself? -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 1, (16) Zarathustra NEIGHBOR-LOVE

You crowd around your neighbor, and have fine words for it. But I say to you: your neighbor-love is your bad love of yourselves.

You flee to your neighbor from yourselves, and would rather make a virtue thereof: but I fathom your "unselfishness."

The you is older than the I; the you has been consecrated, but not yet the I: so man presses nigh to his neighbor.

Do I advise you to neighbor-love? Rather do I advise you to neighbor-flight and to furthest love!

Higher than love to your neighbor is love to the furthest and future ones; higher still than love to men, is love to things and phantoms.

The phantom that runs on before you, my brother, is fairer than you; why do you not give to it your flesh and your bones? But you fear, and run to your neighbor.

You cannot endure it with yourselves, and do not love yourselves

sufficiently: so you seek to mislead your neighbor into love, and would rather gild yourselves with his error.

Would that you could not endure it with any kind of near ones, or their neighbor; then would you have to create your friend and his overflowing heart out of yourselves.

You call in a witness when you want to speak well of yourselves; and when you have misled him to think well of you, you also think well of yourselves.

Not only does he lie, who speaks contrary to his knowledge, but more so, he who speaks contrary to his ignorance. And thus speak you of yourselves in your intercourse, and belie your neighbor with yourselves.

Thus says the fool: "Association with men spoils the character, especially when one has none."

The one goes to his neighbor because he seeks himself, and the other because he would rather lose himself. Your bad love to yourselves makes solitude a prison to you.

The furthest ones are they who pay for your love to the near ones; and when there are but five of you together, a sixth must always die.

I love not your festivals either: too many actors found I there, and even the spectators often behaved like actors.

Not the neighbor do I teach you, but the friend. Let the friend be the festival of the earth to you, and a foretaste of the overman.

I teach you the friend and his overflowing heart. But one must know how to be a sponge, if one would be loved by over-flowing hearts.

I teach you the friend in whom the world stands complete, a capsule of the good, - the creating friend, who has always a complete world to bestow.

And as the world unrolled itself for him, so rolls it together again for him in rings, as the growth of good through evil, as the growth of purpose out of chance.

Let the future and the furthest be the motive of your today; in your friend shall you love the overman as your motive.

My brothers, I advise you not to neighbor-love - I advise you to furthest love! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 1, (17) Zarathustra THE WAY OF THE CREATING ONE

Would you go into isolation, my brother? would you seek the way to yourself? Tarry yet a little and listen to me.

"He who seeks may easily get lost himself. All isolation is wrong": so say the herd. And long did you belong to the herd.

The voice of the herd will still echo in you. And when you say, "I have no longer a conscience in common with you," then will it be a plaint and a pain.

Behold, that pain itself did the same conscience produce; and the last gleam of that conscience still glows on your affliction.

But you would go the way of your affliction, which is the way to yourself? Then show me your authority and your strength to do so!

Are you a new strength and a new authority? A first motion? A self-rolling wheel? can you also compel stars to revolve around you?

Alas. there is so much lusting for loftiness! There are so many convulsions of the ambitions! Show me that you are not a lusting and ambitious one!

Alas. there are so many great thoughts that do nothing more than the bellows: they inflate, and make emptier than ever.

Free, do you call yourself? your ruling thought would I hear of, and not that you have escaped from a yoke.

Are you one entitled to escape from a yoke? Many a one has cast away his final worth when he has cast away his servitude.

Free from what? What does that matter to Zarathustra! Clearly, however, shall your eye show to me: free for what?

can you give to yourself your bad and your good, and set up your will as a law over you? can you be judge for yourself, and avenger of your law?

Terrible is aloneness with the judge and avenger of one's own law. Thus is a star projected into desert space, and into the icy breath of aloneness.

To-day suffer you still from the multitude, you individual; to-day have you still your courage unabated, and your hopes.

But one day will the solitude weary you; one day will your pride yield, and your courage quail. you will one day cry: "I am alone!"

One day will you see no longer your loftiness, and see too closely your lowliness; your sublimity itself will frighten you as a phantom. you will one day cry: "All is false!"

There are feelings which seek to slay the lonesome one; if they do not succeed, then must they themselves die! But are you capable of it - to be

a murderer?

have you ever known, my brother, the word "disdain"? And the anguish of your justice in being just to those that disdain you?

You force many to think differently about you; that, charge they heavily to your account. you came nigh to them, and yet went past: for that they never forgive you.

You go beyond them: but the higher you rise, the smaller does the eye of envy see you. Most of all, however, is the flying one hated.

"How could you be just to me!" - must you say - "I choose your injustice as my allotted portion.

Injustice and filth cast they at the lonesome one: but, my brother, if you would be a star, you must shine for them none the less on that account!

And be on your guard against the good and just! They would rather crucify those who devise their own virtue - they hate the lonesome ones.

Be on your guard, also, against holy simplicity! All is unholy to it that is not simple; rather, likewise, would it play with the fire - of the fagot and stake.

And be on your guard, also, against the assaults of your love! Too readily does the recluse reach his hand to anyone who meets him.

To many a one may you not give your hand, but only your paw; and I wish your paw also to have claws.

But the worst enemy you can meet, will you yourself always be; you waylay yourself in caverns and forests.

You lonesome one, you go the way to yourself! And past yourself and your seven devils leads your way!

A heretic will you be to yourself, and a wizard and a soothsayer, and a fool, and a doubter, and a reprobate, and a villain.

Ready must you be to burn yourself in your own flame; how could you become new if you have not first become ashes!

You lonesome one, you go the way of the creating one: a God will you create for yourself out of your seven devils!

You lonesome one, you go the way of the loving one: you love yourself, and on that account despise you yourself, as only the loving ones despise.

To create, desires the loving one, because he despises! What knows he of love who has not been obliged to despise just what he loved!

With your love, go into your isolation, my brother, and with your creating; and late only will justice limp after you.

With my tears, go into your isolation, my brother. I love him who seeks to create beyond himself, and thus succumbs. -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 1, (18) Zarathustra OLD AND YOUNG WOMEN

Why steal you along so furtively in the twilight, Zarathustra? And what hide you so carefully under your mantle?

Is it a treasure that has been given you? Or a child that has been born you? Or go you yourself on a thief's errand, you friend of the evil?-

Truly, my brother, said Zarathustra, it is a treasure that has been given me: it is a little truth which I carry.

But it is naughty, like a young child; and if I hold not its mouth, it screams too loudly.

As I went on my way alone today, at the hour when the sun declines, there met me an old woman, and she spoke thus to my soul:

"Much has Zarathustra spoken also to us women, but never spoke he to us concerning woman."

And I answered her: "Concerning woman, one should only talk to men."

"Talk also to me of woman," said she; "I am old enough to forget it presently."

And I obliged the old woman and spoke thus to her:

Everything in woman is a riddle, and everything in woman has one solution - it is called pregnancy.

Man is for woman a means: the purpose is always the child. But what is woman for man?

Two different things wants the true man: danger and diversion. Therefore wants he woman, as the most dangerous plaything.

Man shall be trained for war, and woman for the recreation of the warrior: all else is folly.

Too sweet fruits - these the warrior likes not. Therefore likes he woman; - bitter is even the sweetest woman.

Better than man does woman understand children, but man is more childish than woman.

In the true man there is a child hidden: it wants to play. Up then, you women, and discover the child in man!

A plaything let woman be, pure and fine like the precious stone, illumined with the virtues of a world not yet come.

Let the beam of a star shine in your love! Let your hope say: "May I bear the overman!"

In your love let there be valour! With your love shall you assail him who inspires you with fear!

In your love be your honor! Little does woman understand otherwise about honor. But let this be your honor: always to love more than you are loved, and never be the second.

Let man fear woman when she loves: then makes she every sacrifice, and everything else she regards as worthless.

Let man fear woman when she hates: for man in his innermost soul is merely evil; woman, however, is mean.

Whom hates woman most? - Thus spoke the iron to the loadstone: "I hate you most, because you attract, but are too weak to draw to you."

The happiness of man is, "I will." The happiness of woman is, "He will."

"Behold. Behold. now has the world become perfect!" - thus thinks every woman when she obeys with all her love.

Obey, must the woman, and find a depth for her surface. Surface is woman's soul, a mobile, stormy film on shallow water.

Man's soul, however, is deep, its current gushes in subterranean caverns: woman surmises its force, but comprehends it not.-

Then answered me the old woman: "Many fine things has Zarathustra said, especially for those who are young enough for them.

Strange! Zarathustra knows little about woman, and yet he is right about them! does this happen, because with women nothing is impossible?

And now accept a little truth by way of thanks! I am old enough for it!

Swaddle it up and hold its mouth: otherwise it will scream too loudly, the little truth."

"Give me, woman, your little truth!" said I. And thus spoke the old woman:

"you go to women? Do not forget your whip!" -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 1, (19) Zarathustra THE BITE OF THE ADDER

One day had Zarathustra fallen asleep under a fig-tree, owing to the heat, with his arm over his face. And there came an adder and bit him in

the neck, so that Zarathustra screamed with pain. When he had taken his arm from his face he looked at the serpent; and then did it recognize the eyes of Zarathustra, wriggled awkwardly, and tried to get away. "Not at all," said Zarathustra, "as yet have you not received my thanks! you have awakened me in time; my journey is yet long." "your journey is short," said the adder sadly; "my poison is fatal." Zarathustra smiled. "When did ever a dragon die of a serpent's poison?" - said he. "But take your poison back! you are not rich enough to present it to me." Then fell the adder again on his neck, and licked his wound.

When Zarathustra once told this to his disciples they asked him: "And what, O Zarathustra, is the moral of your story?" And Zarathustra answered them thus:

The destroyer of morality, the good and just call me: my story is immoral.

When, however, you have an enemy, then return him not good for evil: for that would abash him. But prove that he has done something good to you.

And rather be angry than abash any one! And when you are cursed, it pleases me not that you should then desire to bless. Rather curse a little also!

And should a great injustice befall you, then do quickly five small ones besides. Hideous to behold is he on whom injustice presses alone.

Did you ever know this? Shared injustice is half justice. And he who can bear it, shall take the injustice upon himself!

A small revenge is more human than no revenge at all. And if the punishment be not also a right and an honor to the transgressor, I do not like your punishing.

Nobler is it to own oneself in the wrong than to establish one's right, especially if one be in the right. Only, one must be rich enough to do so.

I do not like your cold justice; out of the eye of your judges there always glances the executioner and his cold steel.

Tell me: where find we justice, which is love with seeing eyes?

Devise me, then, the love which not only bears all punishment, but also all guilt!

Devise me, then, the justice which acquits everyone except the judge!

And would you hear this likewise? To him who seeks to be just from the heart, even the lie becomes philanthropy.

But how could I be just from the heart! How can I give everyone his own! Let this be enough for me: I give to everyone my own.

Finally, my brothers, guard against doing wrong to any anchorite.

How could an hermit forget! How could he requite!

Like a deep well is an anchorite. Easy is it to throw in a stone: if it should sink to the bottom, however, tell me, who will bring it out again?

Guard against injuring the anchorite! If you have done so, however, well then, kill him also! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 1, (20) Zarathustra CHILD AND MARRIAGE

I have a question for you alone, my brother: like a sounding-lead, cast I this question into your soul, that I may know its depth.

You are young, and desire child and marriage. But I ask you: are you a man entitled to desire a child?

Are you the victorious one, the self-conqueror, the ruler of your passions, the master of your virtues? Thus do I ask you.

Or does the animal speak in your wish, and necessity? Or isolation? Or discord in you?

I would have your victory and freedom long for a child. Living monuments shall you build to your victory and emancipation.

Beyond yourself shall you build. But first of all must you be built yourself, rectangular in body and soul.

Not only onward shall you propagate yourself, but upward! For that purpose may the garden of marriage help you!

A higher body shall you create, a first movement, a spontaneously rolling wheel - a creating one shall you create.

Marriage: so call I the will of the twain to create the one that is more than those who created it. The reverence for one another, as those exercising such a will, call I marriage.

Let this be the significance and the truth of your marriage. But that which the many-too-many call marriage, those superfluous ones - ah, what shall I call it?

Ah, the poverty of soul in the twain! Ah, the filth of soul in the twain! Ah, the pitiable self-complacency in the twain!

Marriage they call it all; and they say their marriages are made in heaven.

Well, I do not like it, that heaven of the superfluous! No, I do not like them, those animals tangled in the heavenly toils!

Far from me also be the God who limps there to bless what he has not matched!

Laugh not at such marriages! What child has not had reason to weep over its parents?

Worthy did this man seem, and ripe for the meaning of the earth: but when I saw his wife, the earth seemed to me a home for madcaps.

Yes, I would that the earth shook with convulsions when a saint and a goose mate with one another.

This one went forth in quest of truth as a hero, and at last got for himself a small decked-up lie: his marriage he calls it.

That one was reserved in intercourse and chose choicely. But one time he spoilt his company for all time: his marriage he calls it.

Another sought a handmaid with the virtues of an angel. But all at once he became the handmaid of a woman, and now would he need also to become an angel.

Careful, have I found all buyers, and all of them have astute eyes. But even the most astute of them buys his wife in a sack.

Many short follies - that is called love by you. And your marriage puts an end to many short follies, with one long stupidity.

Your love to woman, and woman's love to man - ah, would that it were sympathy for suffering and veiled deities! But generally two animals alight on one another.

But even your best love is only an enraptured simile and a painful ardour. It is a torch to light you to loftier paths.

Beyond yourselves shall you love some day! Then learn first of all to love. And on that account you had to drink the bitter cup of your love.

Bitterness is in the cup even of the best love; thus does it cause longing for the overman; thus does it cause thirst in you, the creating one!

Thirst in the creating one, arrow and longing for the overman: tell me, my brother, is this your will to marriage?

Holy call I such a will, and such a marriage. -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 1, (21) Zarathustra VOLUNTARY DEATH

Many die too late, and some die too early. Yet strange sounds the precept: "Die at the right time!"

Die at the right time: so teaches Zarathustra.

To be sure, he who never lives at the right time, how could he ever die at the right time? Would that he might never be born! - Thus do I advise the superfluous ones.

But even the superfluous ones make much ado about their death, and even the hollowest nut wants to be cracked.

Every one regards dying as a great matter: but as yet death is not a festival. Not yet have people learned to inaugurate the finest festivals.

The consummating death I show to you, which becomes a stimulus and promise to the living.

His death, dies the consummating one triumphantly, surrounded by hoping and promising ones.

Thus should one learn to die; and there should be no festival at which such a dying one does not consecrate the oaths of the living!

Thus to die is best; the next best, however, is to die in battle, and sacrifice a great soul.

But to the fighter equally hateful as to the victor, is your grinning death which steals nigh like a thief, - and yet comes as master.

My death, praise I to you, the voluntary death, which comes to me because I want it.

And when shall I want it? - He that has a goal and an heir, wants death at the right time for the goal and the heir.

And out of reverence for the goal and the heir, he will hang up no more withered wreaths in the sanctuary of life.

Truly, not the rope-makers will I resemble: they lengthen out their cord, and thereby go ever backward.

Many a one, also, waxes too old for his truths and triumphs; a toothless mouth has no longer the right to every truth.

And whoever wants to have fame, must take leave of honor betimes, and practise the difficult art of - going at the right time.

One must discontinue being feasted upon when one tastes best: that is known by those who want to be long loved.

Sour apples are there, no doubt, whose lot is to wait until the last day of autumn: and at the same time they become ripe, yellow, and shrivelled.

In some ages the heart first, and in others the spirit. And some are hoary in youth, but the late young keep long young.

To many men life is a failure; a poison-worm gnaws at their heart. Then let them see to it that their dying is all the more a success.

Many never become sweet; they rot even in the summer. It is

cowardice that holds them fast to their branches.

Far too many live, and far too long hang they on their branches. Would that a storm came and shook all this rottenness and worm-eatenness from the tree!

Would that there came preachers of speedy death! Those would be the appropriate storms and agitators of the trees of life! But I hear only slow death preached, and patience with all that is "earthly."

Ah! you preach patience with what is earthly? This earthly is it that has too much patience with you, you blasphemers!

Truly, too early died that Hebrew whom the preachers of slow death honor: and to many has it proved a calamity that he died too early.

As yet had he known only tears, and the melancholy of the Hebrews, together with the hatred of the good and just - the Hebrew Jesus: then was he seized with the longing for death.

Had he but remained in the wilderness, and far from the good and just! Then, perhaps, would he have learned to live, and love the earth - and laughter also!

Believe it, my brothers! He died too early; he himself would have disavowed his doctrine had he attained to my age! Noble enough was he to disavow!

But he was still immature. Immaturely loves the youth, and immaturely also hates the man and earth. Confined and awkward are still his soul and the wings of his spirit.

But in man there is more of the child than in the youth, and less of melancholy: better understands he about life and death.

Free for death, and free in death; a holy Naysayer, when there is no longer time for Yes: thus understands he about death and life.

That your dying may not be a reproach to man and the earth, my friends: that do I solicit from the honey of your soul.

In your dying shall your spirit and your virtue still shine like an evening after-glow around the earth: otherwise your dying has been unsatisfactory.

Thus will I die myself, that you friends may love the earth more for my sake; and earth will I again become, to have rest in her that bore me.

Truly, a goal had Zarathustra; he threw his ball. Now be you friends the heirs of my goal; to you throw I the golden ball.

Best of all, do I see you, my friends, throw the golden ball! And so tarry I still a little while on the earth - pardon me for it!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 1, (22) Zarathustra THE BESTOWING VIRTUE

1.

When Zarathustra had taken leave of the town to which his heart was attached, the name of which is "The Pied Cow," there followed him many people who called themselves his disciples, and kept him company. Thus came they to a crossroads. Then Zarathustra told them that he now wanted to go alone; for he was fond of going alone. His disciples, however, presented him at his departure with a staff, on the golden handle of which a serpent twined round the sun. Zarathustra rejoiced on account of the staff, and supported himself thereon; then spoke he thus to his disciples:

Tell me, pray: how came gold to the highest value? Because it is uncommon, and unprofiting, and beaming, and soft in lustre; it always bestows itself.

Only as image of the highest virtue came gold to the highest value. Goldlike, beams the glance of the bestower. Gold-lustre makes peace between moon and sun.

Uncommon is the highest virtue, and unprofiting, beaming is it, and soft of lustre: a bestowing virtue is the highest virtue.

Truly, I divine you well, my disciples: you strive like me for the bestowing virtue. What should you have in common with cats and wolves?

It is your thirst to become sacrifices and gifts yourselves: and therefore have you the thirst to accumulate all riches in your soul.

Insatiably strives your soul for treasures and jewels, because your virtue is insatiable in desiring to bestow.

You constrain all things to flow towards you and into you, so that they shall flow back again out of your fountain as the gifts of your love.

Truly, an appropriator of all values must such bestowing. love become; but healthy and holy, call I this selfishness.-

Another selfishness is there, an all-too-poor and hungry kind, which would always steal - the selfishness of the sick, the sickly selfishness.

With the eye of the thief it looks upon all that is lustrous; with the craving of hunger it measures him who has abundance; and ever does it prowl round the tables of bestowers.

Sickness speaks in such craving, and invisible degeneration; of a sickly

body, speaks the larcenous craving of this selfishness.

Tell me, my brother, what do we think bad, and worst of all? Is it not degeneration? - And we always suspect degeneration when the bestowing soul is lacking.

Upward goes our course from genera on to super-genera. But a horror to us is the degenerating sense, which says: "All for myself."

Upward soars our sense: thus is it a simile of our body, a simile of an elevation. Such similes of elevations are the names of the virtues.

Thus goes the body through history, a becomer and fighter. And the spirit - what is it to the body? Its fights' and victories' herald, its companion and echo.

Similes, are all names of good and evil; they do not speak out, they only hint. A fool who seeks knowledge from them!

Give heed, my brothers, to every hour when your spirit would speak in similes: there is the origin of your virtue.

Elevated is then your body, and raised up; with its delight, enraptures it the spirit; so that it becomes creator, and valuer, and lover, and everything's benefactor.

When your heart overflows broad and full like the river, a blessing and a danger to the lowlanders: there is the origin of your virtue.

When you are exalted above praise and blame, and your will would command all things, as a loving one's will: there is the origin of your virtue.

When you despise pleasant things, and the effeminate couch, and cannot couch far enough from the effeminate: there is the origin of your virtue.

When you are willers of one will, and when that change of every need is needful to you: there is the origin of your virtue.

Truly, a new good and evil is it! Truly, a new deep murmuring, and the voice of a new fountain!

Power is it, this new virtue; a ruling thought is it, and around it a subtle soul: a golden sun, with the serpent of knowledge around it.

2.

Here paused Zarathustra awhile, and looked lovingly on his disciples. Then he continued to speak thus - and his voice had changed:

Remain true to the earth, my brothers, with the power of your virtue! Let your bestowing love and your knowledge be devoted to be the meaning of the earth! Thus do I pray and appeal to you.

Let it not fly away from the earthly and beat against eternal walls with its wings! Ah, there has always been so much flown-away virtue!

Lead, like me, the flown-away virtue back to the earth - yes, back to body and life: that it may give to the earth its meaning, a human meaning!

A hundred times thus far has spirit as well as virtue flown away and blundered. Alas. in our body dwells still all this delusion and blundering: body and will has it there become.

A hundred times thus far has spirit as well as virtue attempted and erred. Yes, an attempt has man been. Alas, much ignorance and error has become embodied in us!

Not only the rationality of millennia - also their madness, breaks out in us. Dangerous is it to be an heir.

Still fight we step by step with the giant Chance, and over all mankind has thus far ruled nonsense, the lack-of-sense.

Let your spirit and your virtue be devoted to the sense of the earth, my brothers: let the value of everything be determined anew by you! Therefore shall you be fighters! Therefore shall you be creators!

Intelligently does the body purify itself; attempting with intelligence it exalts itself; to the discerners all impulses sanctify themselves; to the exalted the soul becomes joyful.

Physician, heal yourself: then will you also heal your patient. Let it be his best cure to see with his eyes him who makes himself whole.

A thousand paths are there which have never yet been trodden; a thousand salubrities and hidden islands of life. Unexhausted and undiscovered is still man and man's world.

Awake and listen, you lonesome ones! From the future come winds with stealthy pinions, and to fine ears good tidings are proclaimed.

You lonesome ones of today, you seceding ones, you shall one day be a people: out of you who have chosen yourselves, shall a chosen people arise: - and out of it the overman.

Truly, a place of healing shall the earth become! And already is a new odor diffused around it, a salvation-bringing odor - and a new hope!

3.

When Zarathustra had spoken these words, he paused, like one who had not said his last word; and long did he balance the staff doubtfully in his hand. At last he spoke thus - and his voice had changed:

I now go alone, my disciples! you also now go away, and alone! So will I have it.

Truly, I advise you: depart from me, and guard yourselves against Zarathustra! And better still: be ashamed of him! Perhaps he has deceived you.

The man of knowledge must be able not only to love his enemies, but also to hate his friends.

One pays back a teacher badly if one remain merely a scholar. And why will you not pluck at my wreath?

You venerate me; but what if your veneration should some day collapse? Take heed lest a statue crush you!

You say, you believe in Zarathustra? But of what account is Zarathustra! you are my believers: but of what account are all believers!

You had not yet sought yourselves: then did you find me. So do all believers; therefore all belief is of so little account.

Now do I bid you lose me and find yourselves; and only when you have all denied me, will I return to you.

Truly, with other eyes, my brothers, shall I then seek my lost ones; with another love shall I then love you.

And once again shall you have become friends to me, and children of one hope: then will I be with you for the third time, to celebrate the great noontide with you.

And it is the great noontide, when man is in the middle of his course between animal and overman, and celebrates his advance to the evening as his highest hope: for it is the advance to a new morning.

At such time will the down-goer bless himself, that he should be an over-goer; and the sun of his knowledge will be at noontide.

"Dead are all the Gods: now do we desire the overman to live." - Let this be our final will at the great noontide! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

THUS SPOKE ZARATHUSTRA

SECOND PART

Part 2, (1) Zarathustra THE CHILD WITH THE MIRROR

AFTER this Zarathustra returned again into the mountains to the solitude of his cave, and withdrew himself from men, waiting like a sower who has scattered his seed. His soul, however, became impatient and full of longing for those whom he loved: because he had still much to give them. For this is hardest of all: to close the open hand out of love, and keep modest as a giver.

Thus passed with the lonesome one months and years; his wisdom

meanwhile increased, and caused him pain by its abundance.

One morning, however, he awoke ere the rosy dawn, and having meditated long on his couch, at last spoke thus to his heart:

Why did I startle in my dream, so that I awoke? Did not a child come to me, carrying a mirror?

"O Zarathustra" - said the child to me - "look at yourself in the mirror!"

But when I looked into the mirror, I shrieked, and my heart throbbed: for not myself did I see therein, but a devil's grimace and derision.

Truly, all too well do I understand the dream's portent and monition: my doctrine is in danger; tares want to be called wheat!

My enemies have grown powerful and have disfigured the likeness of my doctrine, so that my dearest ones have to blush for the gifts that I gave them.

Lost are my friends; the hour has come for me to seek my lost ones!-

With these words Zarathustra started up, not however like a person in anguish seeking relief, but rather like a seer and a singer whom the spirit inspires. With amazement did his eagle and serpent gaze upon him: for a coming bliss overspread his countenance like the rosy dawn.

What has happened to me, my animals? - said Zarathustra. Am I not transformed? has not bliss come to me like a whirlwind?

Foolish is my happiness, and foolish things will it speak: it is still too young - so have patience with it!

Wounded am I by my happiness: all sufferers shall be physicians to me!

To my friends can I again go down, and also to my enemies! Zarathustra can again speak and bestow, and show his best love to his loved ones!

My impatient love overflows in streams, - down towards sunrise and sunset. Out of silent mountains and storms of affliction, rushes my soul into the valleys.

Too long have I longed and looked into the distance. Too long has solitude possessed me: thus have I unlearned to keep silence.

Utterance have I become altogether, and the brawling of a brook from high rocks: downward into the valleys will I hurl my speech.

And let the stream of my love sweep into unfrequented channels! How should a stream not finally find its way to the sea!

Indeed, there is a lake in me, sequestered and self-sufficing; but the stream of my love bears this along with it, down - to the sea!

New paths do I tread, a new speech comes to me; tired have I become - like all creators - of the old tongues. No longer will my spirit walk on worn-out soles.

Too slowly runs all speaking for me: - into your chariot, O storm, do I leap! And even you will I whip with my spite!

Like a cry and an huzza will I traverse wide seas, till I find the Happy Isles where my friends sojourn;-

And my enemies among them! How I now love everyone to whom I may but speak! Even my enemies pertain to my bliss.

And when I want to mount my wildest horse, then does my spear always help me up best: it is my foot's ever ready servant:-

The spear which I hurl at my enemies! How grateful am I to my enemies that I may at last hurl it!

Too great has been the tension of my cloud: between laughters of lightnings will I cast hail-showers into the depths.

Violently will my breast then heave; violently will it blow its storm over the mountains: thus comes its assuagement.

Truly, like a storm comes my happiness, and my freedom! But my enemies shall think that the evil one roars over their heads.

Yes, you also, my friends, will be alarmed by my wild wisdom; and perhaps you will flee from it, along with my enemies.

Ah, that I knew how to lure you back with shepherds' flutes! Ah, that my lioness wisdom would learn to roar softly! And much have we already learned with one another!

My wild wisdom became pregnant on the lonesome mountains; on the rough stones did she bear the youngest of her young.

Now runs she foolishly in the arid wilderness, and seeks and seeks the soft sward - my old, wild wisdom!

On the soft sward of your hearts, my friends! - on your love, would she rather couch her dearest one! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 2, (2) Zarathustra IN THE HAPPY ISLES

THE figs fall from the trees, they are good and sweet; and in falling the red skins of them break. A north wind am I to ripe figs.

Thus, like figs, do these doctrines fall for you, my friends: imbibe now their juice and their sweet substance! It is autumn all around, and clear sky, and afternoon.

Behold, what fullness is around us! And out of the midst of

superabundance, it is delightful to look out upon distant seas.

Once did people say God, when they looked out upon distant seas; now, however, have I taught you to say, overman.

God is a conjecture: but I do not wish your conjecturing to reach beyond your creating will.

Could you create a God? - Then, I pray you, be silent about all gods! But you could well create the overman.

Not perhaps you yourselves, my brothers! But into fathers and forefathers of the overman could you transform yourselves: and let that be your best creating!-

God is a conjecture: but I should like your conjecturing restricted to the conceivable.

Could you conceive a God? - But let this mean Will to Truth to you, that everything be transformed into the humanly conceivable, the humanly visible, the humanly sensible! Your own discernment shall you follow out to the end!

And what you have called the world shall but be created by you: your reason, your likeness, your will, your love, shall it itself become! And truly, for your bliss, you discerning ones!

And how would you endure life without that hope, you discerning ones? Neither in the inconceivable could you have been born, nor in the irrational.

But that I may reveal my heart entirely to you, my friends: if there were gods, how could I endure it to be no God! Therefore there are no gods.

Yes, I have drawn the conclusion; now, however, does it draw me.-

God is a conjecture: but who could drink all the bitterness of this conjecture without dying? Shall his faith be taken from the creating one, and from the eagle his flights into eagle-heights?

God is a thought - it makes all the straight crooked, and all that stands reel. What? Time would be gone, and all the perishable would be but a lie?

To think this is giddiness and vertigo to human limbs, and even vomiting to the stomach: truly, the reeling sickness do I call it, to conjecture such a thing.

Evil do I call it and misanthropic: all that teaching about the one, and the plenum, and the unmoved, and the sufficient, and the imperishable!

All the imperishable - that's but a simile, and the poets lie too much.-

But of time and of becoming shall the best similes speak: a praise shall they be, and a justification of all perishableness!

Creating - that is the great salvation from suffering, and life's

alleviation. But for the creator to appear, suffering itself is needed, and much transformation.

Yes, much bitter dying must there be in your life, you creators! Thus are you advocates and justifiers of all perishableness.

For the creator himself to be the new-born child, he must also be willing to be the child-bearer, and endure the pangs of the child-bearer.

Truly, through a hundred souls went I my way, and through a hundred cradles and birth-throes. Many a farewell have I taken; I know the heart-breaking last hours.

But so wills it my creating Will, my fate. Or, to tell you it more candidly: just such a fate - wills my Will.

All feeling suffers in me, and is in prison: but my willing ever comes to me as my emancipator and comforter.

Willing emancipates: that is the true doctrine of will and emancipation - so teaches you Zarathustra.

No longer willing, and no longer valuing, and no longer creating! Ah, that that great debility may ever be far from me!

And also in discerning do I feel only my will's procreating and evolving delight; and if there be innocence in my knowledge, it is because there is will to procreation in it.

Away from God and gods did this will allure me; what would there be to create if there were - gods!

But to man does it ever impel me anew, my fervent creative will; thus impels it the hammer to the stone.

Ah, you men, within the stone slumbers an image for me, the image of my visions! Ah, that it should slumber in the hardest, ugliest stone!

Now rags my hammer ruthlessly against its prison. From the stone fly the fragments: what's that to me?

I will complete it: for a shadow came to me - the stillest and lightest of all things once came to me!

The beauty of the overman came to me as a shadow. Ah, my brothers! Of what account now are - the gods to me! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 2, (3) Zarathustra THE PITIFUL

MY FRIENDS, there has arisen a satire on your friend: "Behold

Zarathustra! Walks he not among us as if among animals?"

But it is better said in this wise: "The discerning one walks among men as among animals."

Man himself is to the discerning one: the animal with red cheeks.

How has that happened to him? Is it not because he has had to be ashamed too oft?

O my friends! Thus speaks the discerning one: shame, shame, shame - that is the history of man!

And on that account does the noble one enjoin on himself not to abash: bashfulness does he enjoin himself in presence of all sufferers.

Truly, I like them not, the merciful ones, whose bliss is in their pity: too destitute are they of bashfulness.

If I must be pitiful, I dislike to be called so; and if I be so, it is preferably at a distance.

Preferably also do I shroud my head, and flee, before being recognized: and thus do I bid you do, my friends!

May my destiny ever lead unafflicted ones like you across my path, and those with whom I may have hope and repast and honey in common!

Truly, I have done this and that for the afflicted: but something better did I always seem to do when I had learned to enjoy myself better.

Since humanity came into being, man has enjoyed himself too little: that alone, my brothers, is our original sin!

And when we learn better to enjoy ourselves, then do we unlearn best to give pain to others, and to contrive pain.

Therefore do I wash the hand that has helped the sufferer; therefore do I wipe also my soul.

For in seeing the sufferer suffering - thereof was I ashamed on account of his shame; and in helping him, sorely did I wound his pride.

Great obligations do not make grateful, but revengeful; and when a small kindness is not forgotten, it becomes a gnawing worm.

"Be shy in accepting! Distinguish by accepting!" - thus do I advise those who have naught to bestow.

I, however, am a bestower: willingly do I bestow as friend to friends. Strangers, however, and the poor, may pluck for themselves the fruit from my tree: thus does it cause less shame.

Beggars, however, one should entirely do away with! Truly, it annoys one to give to them, and it annoys one not to give to them.

And likewise sinners and bad consciences! Believe me, my friends: the sting of conscience teaches one to sting.

The worst things, however, are the petty thoughts. Truly, better to have done evilly than to have thought pettily!

To be sure, you say: "The delight in petty evils spurs one many a great evil deed." But here one should not wish to be sparing.

Like a boil is the evil deed: it itches and irritates and breaks forth - it speaks honorably.

"Behold, I am disease," says the evil deed: that is its honorableness.

But like infection is the petty thought: it creeps and hides, and wants to be nowhere - until the whole body is decayed and withered by the petty infection.

To him however, who is possessed of a devil, I would whisper this word in the ear: "Better for you to rear up your devil! Even for you there is still a path to greatness!"-

Ah, my brothers! One knows a little too much about every one! And many a one becomes transparent to us, but still we can by no means penetrate him.

It is difficult to live among men because silence is so difficult.

And not to him who is offensive to us are we most unfair, but to him who does not concern us at all.

If, however, you have a suffering friend, then be a resting-place for his suffering; like a hard bed, however, a camp-bed: thus will you serve him best.

And if a friend does you wrong, then say: "I forgive you what you have done to me; that you have done it to yourself, however - how could I forgive that!"

Thus speaks all great love: it surpasses even forgiveness and pity.

One should hold fast one's heart; for when one lets it go, how quickly does one's head run away!

Ah, where in the world have there been greater follies than with the pitiful? And what in the world has caused more suffering than the follies of the pitiful?

Woe to all loving ones who have not an elevation which is above their pity!

Thus spoke the devil to me, once on a time: "Even God has his hell: it is his love for man."

And lately, did I hear him say these words: "God is dead: of his pity for man has God died."-

So be you warned against pity: from thence there yet comes to men a heavy cloud! Truly, I understand weather-signs!

But attend also to this word: All great love is above all its pity: for it

seeks - to create what is loved!

"Myself do I offer to my love, and my neighbor as myself" - such is the language of all creators.

All creators, however, are hard. -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 2, (4) Zarathustra THE PRIESTS

AND one day Zarathustra made a sign to his disciples and spoke these words to them:

"Here are priests: but although they are my enemies, pass them quietly and with sleeping swords!

Even among them there are heroes; many of them have suffered too much: - so they want to make others suffer.

Bad enemies are they: nothing is more revengeful than their meekness. And readily does he soil himself who touches them.

But my blood is related to theirs; and I want withal to see my blood honored in theirs."

And when they had passed, a pain attacked Zarathustra; but not long had he struggled with the pain, when he began to speak thus:

It moves my heart for those priests. They also go against my taste; but that is the smallest matter to me, since I am among men.

But I suffer and have suffered with them: prisoners are they to me, and stigmatized ones. He whom they call Saviour put them in fetters:-

In fetters of false values and fatuous words! Oh, that someone would save them from their Saviour!

On an isle they once thought they had landed, when the sea tossed them about; but behold, it was a slumbering monster!

False values and fatuous words: these are the worst monsters for mortals - long slumbers and waits the fate that is in them.

But at last it comes and awakes and devours and engulfs whatever has built tabernacles upon it.

Oh, just look at those tabernacles which those priests have built themselves! Churches, they call their sweet-smelling caves!

Oh, that falsified light, that mustified air! Where the soul - may not fly aloft to its height!

But so enjoins their belief: "On your knees, up the stair, you sinners!"

Truly, rather would I see a shameless one than the distorted eyes of their shame and devotion!

Who created for themselves such caves and penitence-stairs? Was it not those who sought to conceal themselves, and were ashamed under the clear sky?

And only when the clear sky looks again through ruined roofs, and down upon grass and red poppies on ruined walls - will I again turn my heart to the seats of this God.

They called God that which opposed and afflicted them: and truly, there was much hero-spirit in their worship!

And they knew not how to love their God otherwise than by nailing men to the cross!

As corpses they thought to live; in black draped they their corpses; even in their talk do I still feel the evil favor of charnel-houses.

And he who lives close to them lives close to black pools, wherein the toad sings his song with sweet gravity.

Better songs would they have to sing, for me to believe in their Saviour: more! like saved ones would his disciples have to appear to me!

Naked, would I like to see them: for beauty alone should preach penitence. But whom would that disguised affliction convince!

Truly, their saviors themselves came not from freedom and freedom's seventh heaven! Truly, they themselves never trod the carpets of knowledge!

Of defects did the spirit of those saviors consist; but into every defect had they put their illusion, their stop-gap, which they called God.

In their pity was their spirit drowned; and when they swelled and overswelled with pity, there always floated to the surface a great folly.

Eagerly and with shouts drove they their flock over their foot-bridge; as if there were but one foot-bridge to the future! Truly, those shepherds also were still of the flock!

Small spirits and spacious souls had those shepherds: but, my brothers, what small domains have even the most spacious souls thus far been!

Characters of blood did they write on the way they went, and their folly taught that truth is proved by blood.

But blood is the very worst witness to truth; blood taints the purest teaching, and turns it into delusion and hatred of heart.

And when a person goes through fire for his teaching - what does that prove! It is more, truly, when out of one's own burning comes one's own teaching!

Sultry heart and cold head; where these meet, there arises the blusterer,

the "Saviour."

Greater ones, truly, have there been, and higher-born ones, than those whom the people call saviors, those rapturous blusterers!

And by still greater ones than any of the saviors must you be saved, my brothers, if you would find the way to freedom!

Never yet has there been a overman. Naked have I seen both of them, the greatest man and the smallest man:-

All-too-similar are they still to each other. Truly, even the greatest found I - all-too-human! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 2, (5) Zarathustra

THE VIRTUOUS

WITH thunder and heavenly fireworks must one speak to indolent and somnolent senses.

But beauty's voice speaks gently: it appeals only to the most awakened souls.

Gently vibrated and laughed to me to-day my buckler; it was beauty's holy laughing and thrilling.

At you, you virtuous ones, laughed my beauty to-day. And thus came its voice to me: "They want - to be paid besides!"

You want to be paid besides, you virtuous ones! you want reward for virtue, and heaven for earth, and eternity for your to-day?

And now you upbraid me for teaching that there is no reward-giver, nor paymaster? And truly, I do not even teach that virtue is its own reward.

Ah! this is my sorrow: into the basis of things have reward and punishment been insinuated - and now even into the basis of your souls, you virtuous ones!

But like the snout of the boar shall my word grub up the basis of your souls; a ploughshare will I be called by you.

All the secrets of your heart shall be brought to light; and when you lie in the sun, grubbed up and broken, then will also your falsehood be separated from your truth.

For this is your truth: you are too pure for the filth of the words:

vengeance, punishment, recompense, retribution.

You love your virtue as a mother loves her child; but when did one hear of a mother wanting to be paid for her love?

It is your dearest Self, your virtue. The ring's thirst is in you: to reach itself again struggles every ring, and turns itself.

And like the star that goes out, so is every work of your virtue: ever is its light on its way and travelling - and when will it cease to be on its way?

Thus is the light of your virtue still on its way, even when its work is done. Be it forgotten and dead, still its ray of light lives and travels.

That your virtue is your Self, and not an outward thing, a skin, or a cloak: that is the truth from the basis of your souls, you virtuous ones!-

But sure enough there are those to whom virtue means writhing under the lash: and you have listened too much to their crying!

And others are there who call virtue the slothfulness of their vices; and when once their hatred and jealousy relax the limbs, their "justice" becomes lively and rubs its sleepy eyes.

And others are there who are drawn downwards: their devils draw them. But the more they sink, the more ardently glows their eye, and the longing for their God.

Ah! their crying also has reached your ears, you virtuous ones: "What I am not, that, that is God to me, and virtue!"

And others are there who go along heavily and creakingly, like carts taking stones downhill: they talk much of dignity and virtue - their drag they call virtue!

And others are there who are like eight-day clocks when wound up; they tick, and want people to call ticking - virtue.

Truly, in those have I my amusement: wherever I find such clocks I shall wind them up with my mockery, and they shall even whirr thereby!

And others are proud of their modicum of righteousness, and for the sake of it do violence to all things: so that the world is drowned in their unrighteousness.

Ah! how ineptly comes the word "virtue" out of their mouth! And when they say: "I am just," it always sounds like: "I am just - revenged!"

With their virtues they want to scratch out the eyes of their enemies; and they elevate themselves only that they may lower others.

And again there are those who sit in their swamp, and speak thus from among the bulrushes: "Virtue - that is to sit quietly in the swamp.

We bite no one, and go out of the way of him who would bite; and in

all matters we have the opinion that is given us."

And again there are those who love attitudes, and think that virtue is a sort of attitude.

Their knees continually adore, and their hands are eulogies of virtue, but their heart knows naught thereof.

And again there are those who regard it as virtue to say: "Virtue is necessary"; but after all they believe only that policemen are necessary.

And many a one who cannot see men's loftiness, calls it virtue to see their baseness far too well: thus calls he his evil eye virtue.-

And some want to be edified and raised up, and call it virtue: and others want to be cast down, - and likewise call it virtue.

And thus do almost all think that they participate in virtue; and at least everyone claims to be an authority on "good" and "evil."

But Zarathustra came not to say to all those liars and fools: "What do you know of virtue! What could you know of virtue!"-

But that you, my friends, might become weary of the old words which you have learned from the fools and liars:

That you might become weary of the words "reward," "retribution," "punishment," "righteous vengeance."-

That you might become weary of saying: "That an action is good is because it is unselfish."

Ah! my friends! That your very Self be in your action, as the mother is in the child: let that be your formula of virtue!

Truly, I have taken from you a hundred formulae and your virtue's favorite playthings; and now you upbraid me, as children upbraid.

They played by the sea - then came there a wave and swept their playthings into the deep: and now do they cry.

But the same wave shall bring them new playthings, and spread before them new speckled shells!

Thus will they be comforted; and like them shall you also, my friends, have your comforting - and new speckled shells! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 2, (6) Zarathustra THE RABBLE

LIFE is a well of delight; but where the rabble also drink, there all fountains are poisoned.

To everything cleanly am I well disposed; but I hate to see the grinning mouths and the thirst of the unclean.

They cast their eye down into the fountain: and now glances up to me their odious smile out of the fountain.

The holy water have they poisoned with their lustfulness; and when they called their filthy dreams delight, then poisoned they also the words.

Indignant becomes the flame when they put their damp hearts to the fire; the spirit itself bubbles and smokes when the rabble approach the fire.

Mawkish and over-mellow becomes the fruit in their hands: unsteady, and withered at the top, does their look make the fruit-tree.

And many a one who has turned away from life, has only turned away from the rabble: he hated to share with them fountain, flame, and fruit.

And many a one who has gone into the wilderness and suffered thirst with beasts of prey, disliked only to sit at the cistern with filthy camel-drivers.

And many a one who has come along as a destroyer, and as a hailstorm to all cornfields, wanted merely to put his foot into the jaws of the rabble, and thus stop their throat.

And it is not the mouthful which has most choked me, to know that life itself requires enmity and death and torture-crosses:-

But I asked once, and suffocated almost with my question: What? Is the rabble also necessary for life?

Are poisoned fountains necessary, and stinking fires, and filthy dreams, and maggots in the bread of life?

Not my hatred, but my loathing, gnawed hungrily at my life! Ah, often became I weary of spirit, when I found even the rabble spiritual!

And on the rulers turned I my back, when I saw what they now call ruling: to traffic and bargain for power - with the rabble!

Among peoples of a strange language did I dwell, with stopped ears: so that the language of their trafficking might remain strange to me, and their bargaining for power.

And holding my nose, I went morosely through all yesterdays and todays: truly, badly smell all yesterdays and todays of the scribbling rabble!

Like a cripple become deaf, and blind, and dumb - thus have I lived long; that I might not live with the power-rabble, the scribe-rabble, and the pleasure-rabble.

Toilsomely did my spirit mount stairs, and cautiously; alms of delight

were its refreshment; on the staff did life creep along with the blind one.

What has happened to me? How have I freed myself from loathing? Who has rejuvenated my eye? How have I flown to the height where no rabble any longer sit at the wells?

Did my loathing itself create for me wings and fountain-divining powers? Truly, to the loftiest height had I to fly, to find again the well of delight!

Oh, I have found it, my brothers! Here on the loftiest height bubbles up for me the well of delight! And there is a life at whose waters none of the rabble drink with me!

Almost too violently do you flow for me, you fountain of delight! And often emptiest you the goblet again, in wanting to fill it!

And yet must I learn to approach you more modestly: far too violently does my heart still flow towards you:-

My heart on which my summer burns, my short, hot, melancholy, over-happy summer: how my summer heart longs for your coolness!

Past, the lingering distress of my spring! Past, the wickedness of my snowflakes in June! Summer have I become entirely, and summer-noon-tide!

A summer on the loftiest height, with cold fountains and blissful stillness: oh, come, my friends, that the stillness may become more blissful!

For this is our height and our home: too high and steep do we here dwell for all uncleanly ones and their thirst.

Cast but your pure eyes into the well of my delight, my friends! How could it become turbid thereby! It shall laugh back to you with its purity.

On the tree of the future build we our nest; eagles shall bring us lone ones food in their beaks!

Truly, no food of which the impure could be fellow-partakers! Fire, would they think they devoured, and burn their mouths!

Truly, no abodes do we here keep ready for the impure! An ice-cave to their bodies would our happiness be, and to their spirits!

And as strong winds will we live above them, neighbor to the eagles, neighbor to the snow, neighbor to the sun: thus live the strong winds.

And like a wind will I one day blow among them, and with my spirit, take the breath from their spirit: thus wills my future.

Truly, a strong wind is Zarathustra to all low places; and this counsel counsels he to his enemies, and to whatever spits and spews: "Take care not to spit against the wind!" -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 2, (7) Zarathustra THE TARANTULAS

BEHOLD, THIS is the tarantula's den! would you see the tarantula itself? Here hangs its web: touch this, so that it may tremble.

There comes the tarantula willingly: Welcome, tarantula! Black on your back is your triangle and symbol; and I know also what is in your soul.

Revenge is in your soul: wherever you bite, there arises black scab; with revenge, your poison makes the soul giddy!

Thus do I speak to you in parable, you who make the soul giddy, you preachers of equality! Tarantulas are you to me, and secretly revengeful ones!

But I will soon bring your hiding-places to the light: therefore do I laugh in your face my laughter of the height.

Therefore do I tear at your web, that your rage may lure you out of your den of lies, and that your revenge may leap forth from behind your word "justice."

Because, for man to be redeemed from revenge - that is for me the bridge to the highest hope, and a rainbow after long storms.

Otherwise, however, would the tarantulas have it. "Let it be very justice for the world to become full of the storms of our vengeance" - thus do they talk to one another.

"Vengeance will we use, and insult, against all who are not like us" - thus do the tarantula-hearts pledge themselves.

"And 'Will to Equality' - that itself shall henceforth be the name of virtue; and against all that has power will we raise an outcry!"

You preachers of equality, the tyrant-frenzy of impotence cries thus in you for "equality": your most secret tyrant-longings disguise themselves thus in virtue-words!

Fretted conceit and suppressed envy - perhaps your fathers' conceit and envy: in you break they forth as flame and frenzy of vengeance.

What the father has hid comes out in the son; and oft have I found in the son the father's revealed secret.

Inspired ones they resemble: but it is not the heart that inspires them - but vengeance. And when they become subtle and cold, it is not spirit, but envy, that makes them so.

Their jealousy leads them also into thinkers' paths; and this is the sign

of their jealousy - they always go too far: so that their fatigue has at last to go to sleep on the snow.

In all their lamentations sounds vengeance, in all their eulogies is mal-eficence; and being judge seems to them bliss.

But thus do I counsel you, my friends: distrust all in whom the impulse to punish is powerful!

They are people of bad race and lineage; out of their countenances peer the hangman and the sleuth-hound.

Distrust all those who talk much of their justice! Truly, in their souls not only honey is lacking.

And when they call themselves "the good and just," forget not, that for them to be Pharisees, nothing is lacking but - power!

My friends, I will not be mixed up and confounded with others.

There are those who preach my doctrine of life, and are at the same time preachers of equality, and tarantulas.

That they speak in favour of life, though they sit in their den, these poison-spiders, and withdrawn from life - is because they would thereby do injury.

To those would they thereby do injury who have power at present: for with those the preaching of death is still most at home.

Were it otherwise, then would the tarantulas teach otherwise: and they themselves were formerly the best world-maligners and heretic-burners.

With these preachers of equality will I not be mixed up and confounded. For thus speaks justice to me: "Men are not equal."

And neither shall they become so! What would be my love to the over-man, if I spoke otherwise?

On a thousand bridges and piers shall they throng to the future, and always shall there be more war and inequality among them: thus does my great love make me speak!

Inventors of figures and phantoms shall they be in their hostilities; and with those figures and phantoms shall they yet fight with each other the supreme fight!

Good and evil, and rich and poor, and high and low, and all names of values: weapons shall they be, and sounding signs, that life must again and again surpass itself!

Aloft will it build itself with columns and stairs - life itself into remote distances would it gaze, and out towards blissful beauties - therefore does it require elevation!

And because it requires elevation, therefore does it require steps, and variance of steps and climbers! To rise strives life, and in rising to

surpass itself.

And just behold, my friends! Here where the tarantula's den is, rises aloft an ancient temple's ruins - just behold it with enlightened eyes!

Truly, he who here towered aloft his thoughts in stone, knew as well as the wisest ones about the secret of life!

That there is struggle and inequality even in beauty, and war for power and supremacy: that does he here teach us in the plainest parable.

How divinely do vault and arch here contrast in the struggle: how with light and shade they strive against each other, the divinely striving ones.-

Thus, steadfast and beautiful, let us also be enemies, my friends! Divinely will we strive against one another!-

Alas. There has the tarantula bit me myself, my old enemy! Divinely steadfast and beautiful, it has bit me on the finger!

"Punishment must there be, and justice" - so thinks it: "not gratuitously shall he here sing songs in honor of enmity!"

Yes, it has revenged itself! And Alas. now will it make my soul also dizzy with revenge!

That I may not turn dizzy, however, bind me fast, my friends, to this pillar! Rather will I be a pillar-saint than a whirl of vengeance!

Truly, no cyclone or whirlwind is Zarathustra: and if he be a dancer, he is not at all a tarantula-dancer! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 2, (8) Zarathustra THE FAMOUS WISE ONES

THE people have you served and the people's superstition - not the truth! - all you famous wise ones! And just on that account did they pay you reverence.

And on that account also did they tolerate your unbelief, because it was a pleasantry and a by-path for the people. Thus does the master give free scope to his slaves, and even enjoys their presumptuousness.

But he who is hated by the people, as the wolf by the dogs - is the free spirit, the enemy of fetters, the non-adorer, the dweller in the woods.

To hunt him out of his lair - that was always called "sense of right" by the people: on him do they still hound their sharpest-toothed dogs.

"For there the truth is, where the people are! Woe, woe to the seeking ones!" - thus has it echoed through all time.

Your people would you justify in their reverence: that called you "Will to Truth," you famous wise ones!

And your heart has always said to itself: "From the people have I come: from thence came to me also the voice of God."

Stiff-necked and artful, like the ass, have you always been, as the advocates of the people.

And many a powerful one who wanted to run well with the people, has harnessed in front of his horses - a donkey, a famous wise man.

And now, you famous wise ones, I would have you finally throw off entirely the skin of the lion!

The skin of the beast of prey, the speckled skin, and the disheveled locks of the investigator, the searcher, and the conqueror!

Ah! for me to learn to believe in your "conscientiousness," you would first have to break your venerating will.

Conscientious - so call I him who goes into God-forsaken wildernesses, and has broken his venerating heart.

In the yellow sands and burnt by the sun, he doubtless peers thirstily at the isles rich in fountains, where life reposes under shady trees.

But his thirst does not persuade him to become like those comfortable ones: for where there are oases, there are also idols.

Hungry, fierce, lonesome, God-forsaken: so does the lion-will wish itself.

Free from the happiness of slaves, redeemed from deities and adorations, fearless and fear-inspiring, grand and lonesome: so is the will of the conscientious.

In the wilderness have ever dwelt the conscientious, the free spirits, as lords of the wilderness; but in the cities dwell the well-foddered, famous wise ones - the draught-beasts.

For, always do they draw, as asses - the people's carts!

Not that I on that account upbraid them: but serving ones do they remain, and harnessed ones, even though they glitter in golden harness.

And often have they been good servants and worthy of their hire. For thus says virtue: "If you must be a servant, seek him to whom your service is most useful!"

The spirit and virtue of your master shall advance by you being his servant: thus will you yourself advance with his spirit and virtue!"

And truly, you famous wise ones, you servants of the people! you yourselves have advanced with the people's spirit and virtue - and the people by you! To your honor do I say it!

But the people you remain for me, even with your virtues, the people

with purblind eyes - the people who know not what spirit is!

Spirit is life which itself cuts into life: by its own torture does it increase its own knowledge, - did you know that before?

And the spirit's happiness is this: to be anointed and consecrated with tears as a sacrificial victim, - did you know that before?

And the blindness of the blind one, and his seeking and groping, shall yet testify to the power of the sun into which he has gazed, - did you know that before?

And with mountains shall the discerning one learn to build! It is a small thing for the spirit to remove mountains, - did you know that before?

You know only the sparks of the spirit: but you do not see the anvil which it is, and the cruelty of its hammer!

Truly, you know not the spirit's pride! But still less could you endure the spirit's humility, should it ever want to speak!

And never yet could you cast your spirit into a pit of snow: you are not hot enough for that! Thus are you unaware, also, of the delight of its coldness.

In all respects, however, you make too familiar with the spirit; and out of wisdom have you often made an alms-house and a hospital for bad poets.

You are not eagles: thus have you never experienced the happiness of the alarm of the spirit. And he who is not a bird should not camp above abysses.

You seem to me lukewarm ones: but coldly flows all deep knowledge. Ice-cold are the innermost wells of the spirit: a refreshment to hot hands and handlers.

Respectable do you there stand, and stiff, and with straight backs, you famous wise ones! - no strong wind or will impels you.

Have you never seen a sail crossing the sea, rounded and inflated, and trembling with the violence of the wind?

Like the sail trembling with the violence of the spirit, does my wisdom cross the sea - my wild wisdom!

But you servants of the people, you famous wise ones - how could you go with me!-

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 2, (9) Zarathustra THE NIGHT-SONG

'TIS night: now do all gushing fountains speak louder. And my soul also is a gushing fountain.

'Tis night: now only do all songs of the loving ones awake. And my soul also is the song of a loving one.

Something unappeased, unappeasable, is within me; it longs to find expression. A craving for love is within me, which speaks itself the language of love.

Light am I: ah, that I were night! But it is my lonesomeness to be girt with light!

Ah, that I were dark and nightly! How would I suck at the breasts of light!

And you yourselves would I bless, you twinkling starlets and glow-worms aloft! - and would rejoice in the gifts of your light.

But I live in my own light, I drink again into myself the flames that break forth from me.

I know not the happiness of the receiver; and oft have I dreamt that stealing must be more blessed than receiving.

It is my poverty that my hand never ceases bestowing; it is my envy that I see waiting eyes and the brightened nights of longing.

Oh, the misery of all bestowers! Oh, the darkening of my sun! Oh, the craving to crave! Oh, the violent hunger in satiety!

They take from me: but do I yet touch their soul? There is a gap between giving and receiving; and the smallest gap has finally to be bridged over.

A hunger arises out of my beauty: I should like to injure those I illumine; I should like to rob those I have gifted: - thus do I hunger for wickedness.

Withdrawing my hand when another hand already stretches out to it; hesitating like the cascade, which hesitates even in its leap: - thus do I hunger for wickedness!

Such revenge does my abundance think of such mischief wells out of my lonesomeness.

My happiness in bestowing died in bestowing; my virtue became weary of itself by its abundance!

He who ever bestows is in danger of losing his shame; to him who ever dispenses, the hand and heart become callous by very dispensing.

My eye no longer overflows for the shame of suppliants; my hand has become too hard for the trembling of filled hands.

Whence have gone the tears of my eye, and the down of my heart? Oh, the lonesomeness of all bestowers! Oh, the silence of all shining ones!

Many suns circle in desert space: to all that is dark do they speak with their light - but to me they are silent.

Oh, this is the hostility of light to the shining one: unpityingly does it pursue its course.

Unfair to the shining one in its innermost heart, cold to the suns: - thus travels every sun.

Like a storm do the suns pursue their courses: that is their travelling. Their inexorable will do they follow: that is their coldness.

Oh, you only is it, you dark, nightly ones, that extract warmth from the shining ones! Oh, you only drink milk and refreshment from the light's udders!

Ah, there is ice around me; my hand burns with the iciness! Ah, there is thirst in me; it pants after your thirst!

'Tis night: alas, that I have to be light! And thirst for the nightly! And lonesomeness!

'Tis night: now does my longing break forth in me as a fountain, - for speech do I long.

'Tis night: now do all gushing fountains speak louder. And my soul also is a gushing fountain.

'Tis night: now do all songs of loving ones awake. And my soul also is the song of a loving one. -

Thus sang Zarathustra.

Part 2, (10) Zarathustra THE DANCE-SONG

ONE evening went Zarathustra and his disciples through the forest; and when he sought for a well, behold, he lighted upon a green meadow peacefully surrounded by trees and bushes, where maidens were dancing together. As soon as the maidens recognized Zarathustra, they ceased dancing; Zarathustra, however, approached them with friendly mien and spoke these words:

Cease not your dancing, you lovely maidens! No game-spoiler has come to you with evil eye, no enemy of maidens.

God's advocate am I with the devil: he, however, is the spirit of gravity. How could I, you light-footed ones, be hostile to divine dances? Or to

maidens' feet with fine ankles?

To be sure, I am a forest, and a night of dark trees: but he who is not afraid of my darkness, will find banks full of roses under my cypresses.

And even the little God may he find, who is dearest to maidens: beside the well lies he quietly, with closed eyes.

Truly, in broad daylight did he fall asleep, the sluggard! Had he perhaps chased butterflies too much?

Upbraid me not, you beautiful dancers, when I chasten the little God somewhat! He will cry, certainly, and weep - but he is laughable even when weeping!

And with tears in his eyes shall he ask you for a dance; and I myself will sing a song to his dance:

A dance-song and satire on the spirit of gravity my supreme, most powerful devil, who is said to be "lord of the world."-

And this is the song that Zarathustra sang when Cupid and the maidens danced together:

Of late did I gaze into your eye, O Life! And into the unfathomable did I there seem to sink.

But you pulled me out with a golden angle; derisively did you laugh when I called you unfathomable.

"Such is the language of all fish," said you; "what they do not fathom is unfathomable.

But changeable am I only, and wild, and altogether a woman, and no virtuous one:

Though I be called by you men the 'profound one,' or the 'faithful one,' 'the eternal one,' 'the mysterious one.'

But you men endow us always with your own virtues - alas, you virtuous ones!"

Thus did she laugh, the unbelievable one; but never do I believe her and her laughter, when she speaks evil of herself.

And when I talked face to face with my wild Wisdom, she said to me angrily: "you will, you crave, you love; on that account alone do you praise Life!"

Then had I almost answered indignantly and told the truth to the angry one; and one cannot answer more indignantly than when one "tells the truth" to one's Wisdom.

For thus do things stand with us three. In my heart do I love only Life - and truly, most when I hate her!

But that I am fond of Wisdom, and often too fond, is because she reminds me very strongly of Life!

She has her eye, her laugh, and even her golden angle-rod: am I responsible for it that both are so alike?

And when once Life asked me: "Who is she then, this Wisdom?" - then said I eagerly: "Ah, yes! Wisdom!

One thirsts for her and is not satisfied, one looks through veils, one grasps through nets.

Is she beautiful? What do I know! But the oldest carps are still lured by her.

Changeable is she, and wayward; often have I seen her bite her lip, and pass the comb against the grain of her hair.

Perhaps she is wicked and false, and altogether a woman; but when she speaks ill of herself, just then does she seduce most."

When I had said this to Life, then laughed she maliciously, and shut her eyes. "Of whom do you speak?" said she. "Perhaps of me?

And if you were right - is it proper to say that in such wise to my face! But now, pray, speak also of your Wisdom!"

Ah, and now have you again opened your eyes, O beloved Life! And into the unfathomable have I again seemed to sink. -

Thus sang Zarathustra. But when the dance was over and the maidens had departed, he became sad.

"The sun has been long set," said he at last, "the meadow is damp, and from the forest comes coolness.

An unknown presence is about me, and gazes thoughtfully. What! you live still, Zarathustra?

Why? Wherefore? Whereby? where? Where? How? Is it not folly still to live?-

Ah, my friends; the evening is it which thus interrogates in me. Forgive me my sadness!

Evening has come on: forgive me that evening has come on!"

Thus sang Zarathustra.

Part 2, (11) Zarathustra THE GRAVE-SONG

"YONDER is the grave-island, the silent isle; yonder also are the graves of my youth. There will I carry an evergreen wreath of life."

Resolving thus in my heart, did I sail over the sea.-

Oh, you sights and scenes of my youth! Oh, all you gleams of love, you

divine fleeting gleams! How could you perish so soon for me! I think of you to-day as my dead ones.

From you, my dearest dead ones, comes to me a sweet savor, heart-opening and melting. Truly, it convulses and opens the heart of the lone seafarer.

Still am I the richest and most to be envied - I, the most lonesome one! For I have possessed you, and you possess me still. Tell me: to whom has there ever fallen such rosy apples from the tree as have fallen to me?

Still am I your love's heir and heritage, blooming to your memory with many-hued, wild-growing virtues, O you dearest ones!

Ah, we were made to remain close to each other, you kindly strange marvels; and not like timid birds did you come to me and my longing - no, but as trusting ones to a trusting one!

Yes, made for faithfulness, like me, and for fond eternities, must I now name you by your faithlessness, you divine glances and fleeting gleams: no other name have I yet learnt.

Truly, too early did you die for me, you fugitives. Yet did you not flee from me, nor did I flee from you: innocent are we to each other in our faithlessness.

To kill me, did they strangle you, you singing birds of my hopes! Yes, at you, you dearest ones, did malice ever shoot its arrows - to hit my heart!

And they hit it! Because you were always my dearest, my possession and my possessedness: on that account had you to die young, and far too early!

At my most vulnerable point did they shoot the arrow - namely, at you, whose skin is like down - or more like the smile that had at a glance!

But this word will I say to my enemies: What is all manslaughter in comparison with what you have done to me!

Worse evil did you do to me than all manslaughter; the irretrievable did you take from me: - thus do I speak to you, my enemies!

Slew you not my youth's visions and dearest marvels! My playmates took you from me, the blessed spirits! To their memory do I deposit this wreath and this curse.

This curse upon you, my enemies! Have you not made my eternal short, as a tone had away in a cold night! Scarcely, as the twinkle of divine eyes, did it come to me - as a fleeting gleam!

Thus spoke once in a happy hour my purity: "Divine shall everything be to me."

Then did you haunt me with foul phantoms; ah, where has that happy hour now fled!

"All days shall be holy to me" - so spoke once the wisdom of my youth: truly, the language of a joyous wisdom!

But then did you enemies steal my nights, and sold them to sleepless torture: ah, where has that joyous wisdom now fled?

Once did I long for happy auspices: then did you lead an owl-monster across my path, an adverse sign. Ah, where did my tender longing then flee?

All loathing did I once vow to renounce: then did you change my close ones and nearest ones into ulcerations. Ah, where did my noblest vow then flee?

As a blind one did I once walk in blessed ways: then did you cast filth on the blind one's course: and now is he disgusted with the old footpath.

And when I performed my hardest task, and celebrated the triumph of my victories, then did you make those who loved me call out that I then grieved them most.

Truly, it was always your doing: you embittered to me my best honey, and the diligence of my best bees.

To my charity have you ever sent the most impudent beggars; around my sympathy have you ever crowded the incurably shameless. Thus have you wounded the faith of my virtue.

And when I offered my holiest as a sacrifice, immediately did your "piety" put its fatter gifts beside it: so that my holiest suffocated in the fumes of your fat.

And once did I want to dance as I had never yet danced: beyond all heavens did I want to dance. Then did you seduce my favorite minstrel.

And now has he struck up an awful, melancholy air; alas, he tooted as a mournful horn to my ear!

Murderous minstrel, instrument of evil, most innocent instrument! Already did I stand prepared for the best dance: then did you slay my rapture with your tones!

Only in the dance do I know how to speak the parable of the highest things: - and now has my grandest parable remained unspoken in my limbs!

Unspoken and unrealized has my highest hope remained! And there have perished for me all the visions and consolations of my youth!

How did I ever bear it? How did I survive and surmount such wounds? How did my soul rise again out of those sepulchers?

Yes, something invulnerable, unburi-able is with me, something that

would rend rocks asunder: it is called my Will. Silently does it proceed, and unchanged throughout the years.

Its course will it go upon my feet, my old Will; hard of heart is its nature and invulnerable.

Invulnerable am I only in my heel. Ever live you there, and are like yourself, you most patient one! Ever have you burst all shackles of the tomb!

In you still lives also the unrealisedness of my youth; and as life and youth sit you here hopeful on the yellow ruins of graves.

Yes, you are still for me the demolisher of all graves: Hail to you, my Will! And only where there are graves are there resurrections. -

Thus sang Zarathustra.

Part 2, (12) Zarathustra SELF-SURPASSING

"WILL to Truth" do you call it, you wisest ones, that which impells you and makes you ardent?

Will for the thinkableness of all being: thus do I call your will!

All being would you make thinkable: for you doubt with good reason whether it be already thinkable.

But it shall accommodate and bend itself to you! So wills your will. Smooth shall it become and subject to the spirit, as its mirror and reflection.

That is your entire will, you wisest ones, as a Will to Power; and even when you speak of good and evil, and of estimates of value.

You would still create a world before which you can bow the knee: such is your ultimate hope and ecstasy.

The ignorant, to be sure, the people - they are like a river on which a boat floats along: and in the boat sit the estimates of value, solemn and disguised.

Your will and your valuations have you put on the river of becoming; it betrays to me an old Will to Power, what is believed by the people as good and evil.

It was you, you wisest ones, who put such guests in this boat, and gave them pomp and proud names - you and your ruling Will!

Onward the river now carries your boat: it must carry it. A small matter if the rough wave foams and angrily resists its keel!

It is not the river that is your danger and the end of your good and evil, you wisest ones: but that Will itself, the Will to Power - the unexhausted, procreating life-will.

But that you may understand my gospel of good and evil, for that purpose will I tell you my gospel of life, and of the nature of all living things.

The living thing did I follow; I walked in the broadest and narrowest paths to learn its nature.

With a hundred-faced mirror did I catch its glance when its mouth was shut, so that its eye might speak to me. And its eye spoke to me.

But wherever I found living things, there heard I also the language of obedience. All living things are obeying things.

And this heard I secondly: Whatever cannot obey itself, is commanded. Such is the nature of living things.

This, however, is the third thing which I heard - namely, that commanding is more difficult than obeying. And not only because the commander bears the burden of all obeyers, and because this burden readily crushes him:-

An attempt and a risk seemed all commanding to me; and whenever it commands, the living thing risks itself thereby.

Yes, even when it commands itself, then also must it atone for its commanding. Of its own law must it become the judge and avenger and victim.

How does this happen! So did I ask myself. What persuades the living thing to obey, and command, and even be obedient in commanding?

Listen now to my word, you wisest ones! Test it seriously, whether I have crept into the heart of life itself, and into the roots of its heart!

Wherever I found a living thing, there found I Will to Power; and even in the will of the servant found I the will to be master.

That to the stronger the weaker shall serve - to this persuades he his will who would be master over a still weaker one. That delight alone he is unwilling to forego.

And as the lesser surrenders himself to the greater that he may have delight and power over the least of all, so does even the greatest surrender himself, and stakes - life, for the sake of power.

It is the surrender of the greatest to run risk and danger, and play dice for death.

And where there is sacrifice and service and love-glances, there also is the will to be master. By by-ways does the weaker then slink into the fortress, and into the heart of the mightier one - and there steals power.

And this secret spoke Life herself to me. "Behold," said she, "I am that which must ever surpass itself.

To be sure, you call it will to procreation, or impulse towards a goal, towards the higher, remoter, more manifold: but all that is one and the same secret.

Rather would I succumb than disown this one thing; and truly, where there is succumbing and leaf-falling, behold, there does Life sacrifice itself - for power!

That I have to be struggle, and becoming, and purpose, and cross-purpose - ah, he who divines my will, divines well also on what crooked paths it has to tread!

Whatever I create, and however much I love it, - soon must I be adverse to it, and to my love: so wills my will.

And even you, discerning one, are only a path and footstep of my will: truly, my Will to Power walks even on the feet of your Will to Truth!

He certainly did not hit the truth who shot at it the formula: "Will to existence": that will - does not exist!

For what is not, cannot will; that, however, which is in existence - how could it still strive for existence!

Only where there is life, is there also will: not, however, Will to Life, but - so I teach you - Will to Power!

Much is reckoned higher than life itself by the living one; but out of the very reckoning speaks - the Will to Power!"-

Thus did Life once teach me: and thereby, you wisest ones, do I solve you the riddle of your hearts.

Truly, I say to you: good and evil which would be everlasting - it does not exist! Of its own accord must it ever surpass itself anew.

With your values and formulae of good and evil, you exercise power, you valuing ones: and that is your secret love, and the sparkling, trembling, and overflowing of your souls.

But a stronger power grows out of your values, and a new surpassing: by it breaks egg and egg-shell.

And he who has to be a creator in good and evil - truly, he has first to be a destroyer, and break values in pieces.

Thus does the greatest evil pertain to the greatest good: that, however, is the creating good.-

Let us speak thereof, you wisest ones, even though it be bad. To be silent is worse; all suppressed truths become poisonous.

And let everything break up which - can break up by our truths! Many a house is still to be built! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 2, (13) Zarathustra THE SUBLIME ONES

CALM is the bottom of my sea: who would guess that it hides droll monsters!

Unmoved is my depth: but it sparkles with swimming enigmas and laughter.

A sublime one saw I today, a solemn one, a penitent of the spirit: Oh, how my soul laughed at his ugliness!

With upraised breast, and like those who draw in their breath: thus did he stand, the sublime one, and in silence:

Overhung with ugly truths, the spoil of his hunting, and rich in torn raiment; many thorns also hung on him - but I saw no rose.

Not yet had he learned laughing and beauty. Gloomy did this hunter return from the forest of knowledge.

From the fight with wild beasts returned he home: but even yet a wild beast gazes out of his seriousness - an unconquered wild beast!

As a tiger does he ever stand, on the point of springing; but I do not like those strained souls; ungracious is my taste towards all those self-engrossed ones.

And you tell me, friends, that there is to be no dispute about taste and tasting? But all life is a dispute about taste and tasting!

Taste: that is weight at the same time, and scales and weigher; and alas for every living thing that would live without dispute about weight and scales and weigher!

Should he become weary of his sublimeness, this sublime one, then only will his beauty begin - and then only will I taste him and find him savoury.

And only when he turns away from himself will he overleap his own shadow - and truly! into his sun.

Far too long did he sit in the shade; the cheeks of the penitent of the spirit became pale; he almost starved on his expectations.

Contempt is still in his eye, and loathing hides in his mouth. To be sure, he now rests, but he has not yet taken rest in the sunshine.

As the ox ought he to do; and his happiness should smell of the earth, and not of contempt for the earth.

As a white ox would I like to see him, which, snorting and lowing, walks before the plough-share: and his lowing should also laud all that is earthly!

Dark is still his countenance; the shadow of his hand dances upon it. Overshadowed is still the sense of his eye.

His deed itself is still the shadow upon him: his doing obscures the doer. Not yet has he overcome his deed.

To be sure, I love in him the shoulders of the ox: but now do I want to see also the eye of the angel.

Also his hero-will has he still to unlearn: an exalted one shall he be, and not only a sublime one: - the ether itself should raise him, the will-less one!

He has subdued monsters, he has solved enigmas. But he should also redeem his monsters and enigmas; into heavenly children should he transform them.

As yet has his knowledge not learned to smile, and to be without jealousy; as yet has his gushing passion not become calm in beauty.

Truly, not in satiety shall his longing cease and disappear, but in beauty! Gracefulness belongs to the munificence of the magnanimous.

His arm across his head: thus should the hero repose; thus should he also surmount his repose.

But precisely to the hero is beauty the hardest thing of all. Unattainable is beauty by all ardent wills.

A little more, a little less: precisely this is much here, it is the most here.

To stand with relaxed muscles and with unharnessed will: that is the hardest for all of you, you sublime ones!

When power becomes gracious and descends into the visible - I call such condescension, beauty.

And from no one do I want beauty so much as from you, you powerful one: let your goodness be your last self-conquest.

All evil do I accredit to you: therefore do I desire of you the good.

Truly, I have often laughed at the weaklings, who think themselves good because they have crippled paws!

The virtue of the pillar shall you strive after: more beautiful does it ever become, and more graceful - but internally harder and more sustaining - the higher it rises.

Yes, you sublime one, one day shall you also be beautiful, and hold up the mirror to your own beauty.

Then will your soul thrill with divine desires; and there will be adoration even in your vanity!

For this is the secret of the soul: when the hero has abandoned it, then only approaches it in dreams - the super-hero. -
Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 2, (14) Zarathustra THE LAND OF CULTURE

TOO far did I fly into the future: a horror seized upon me.

And when I looked around me, Behold. there time was my sole contemporary.

Then did I fly backwards, homewards - and always faster. Thus did I come to you: you present-day men, and into the land of culture.

For the first time brought I an eye to see you, and good desire: truly, with longing in my heart did I come.

But how did it turn out with me? Although so alarmed - I had yet to laugh! Never did my eye see anything so motley-coloured!

I laughed and laughed, while my foot still trembled, and my heart as well. "Here indeed, is the home of all the paint-pots," - said I.

With fifty patches painted on faces and limbs - so sat you there to my astonishment, you present-day men!

And with fifty mirrors around you, which flattered your play of colours, and repeated it!

Truly, you could wear no better masks, you present-day men, than your own faces! Who could - recognise you!

Written all over with the characters of the past, and these characters also pencilled over with new characters - thus have you concealed yourselves well from all decipherers!

And though one be a trier of the reins, who still believes that you have reins! Out of colours you seem to be baked, and out of glued scraps.

All times and peoples gaze divers-coloured out of your veils; all customs and beliefs speak divers-coloured out of your gestures.

He who would strip you of veils and wrappers, and paints and gestures, would just have enough left to scare the crows.

Truly, I myself am the scared crow that once saw you naked, and without paint; and I flew away when the skeleton ogled at me.

Rather would I be a day-labourer in the underworld, and among the shades of the by-gone! - Fatter and fuller than you, are indeed the underworldlings!

This, yes this, is bitterness to my bowels, that I can neither endure you naked nor clothed, you present-day men!

All that is un-homelike in the future, and whatever makes strayed birds shiver, is truly more homelike and familiar than your "reality."

For thus speak you: "Real are we wholly, and without faith and superstition": thus do you plume yourselves - Alas. even without plumes!

Indeed, how would you be able to believe, you divers-coloured ones! - you who are pictures of all that has ever been believed!

Perambulating refutations are you, of belief itself, and a dislocation of all thought. Unbelievable ones: thus do I call you, you real ones!

All periods prate against one another in your spirits; and the dreams and pratings of all periods were even realer than your awakesness!

Unfruitful are you: therefore do you lack belief. But he who had to create, had always his presaging dreams and astral premonitions - and believed in believing!-

Half-open doors are you, at which grave-diggers wait. And this is your reality: "Everything deserves to perish."

Alas, how you stand there before me, you unfruitful ones; how lean your ribs! And many of you surely have had knowledge thereof.

Many a one has said: "There has surely a God filched something from me secretly whilst I slept? Truly, enough to make a girl for himself from that!

"Amazing is the poverty of my ribs!" thus has spoken many a present-day man.

Yes, you are laughable to me, you present-day men! And especially when you marvel at yourselves!

And woe to me if I could not laugh at your marvelling, and had to swallow all that is repugnant in your platters!

As it is, however, I will make lighter of you, since I have to carry what is heavy; and what matter if beetles and May-bugs also alight on my load!

Truly, it shall not on that account become heavier to me! And not from you, you present-day men, shall my great weariness arise.-

Ah, where shall I now ascend with my longing! From all mountains do I look out for fatherlands and motherlands.

But a home have I found nowhere: unsettled am I in all cities, and de-camping at all gates.

Alien to me, and a mockery, are the present-day men, to whom of late my heart impelled me; and exiled am I from fatherlands and motherlands.

Thus do I love only my children's land, the undiscovered in the remotest sea: for it do I bid my sails search and search.

to my children will I make amends for being the child of my fathers: and to all the future - for this present-day! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 2, (15) Zarathustra IMMACULATE PERCEPTION

WHEN yester-eve the moon arose, then did I fancy it about to bear a sun: so broad and teeming did it lie on the horizon.

But it was a liar with its pregnancy; and sooner will I believe in the man in the moon than in the woman.

To be sure, little of a man is he also, that timid night-reveller. Truly, with a bad conscience does he stalk over the roofs.

For he is desirous and jealous, the monk in the moon; envious of the earth, and all the joys of lovers.

No, I like him not, that tom-cat on the roofs! Hateful to me are all that slink around half-closed windows!

Piously and silently does he stalk along on the star-carpet: - but I like no light-treading human feet, on which not even a spur jingles.

Every honest one's step speaks; the cat however, steals along over the ground. Behold. cat-like does the moon come along, and dishonestly.-

This parable speak I to you sentimental dissemblers, to you, the "pure discerners!" You do I call - envious ones!

Also you love the earth, and the earthly: I have divined you well! - but shame is in your love, and a bad conscience - you are like the moon!

To despise the earthly has your spirit been persuaded, but not your bowels: these, however, are the strongest in you!

And now is your spirit ashamed to be at the service of your bowels, and goes in by-ways and lying ways to escape its own shame.

"That would be the highest thing for me" - so says your lying spirit to itself - "to gaze upon life without desire, and not like the dog, with hanging-out tongue:

To be happy in gazing: with dead will, free from the grip and greed of selfishness - cold and ashy-grey all over, but with intoxicated moon-eyes!

That would be the dearest thing to me" - thus does the seduced one seduce himself, - "to love the earth as the moon loves it, and with the eye

only to feel its beauty.

And this do I call immaculate perception of all things: to want nothing else from them, but to be allowed to lie before them as a mirror with a hundred facets."-

Oh, you sentimental dissemblers, you envious ones! you lack innocence in your desire: and now do you defame desiring on that account!

Truly, not as creators, as procreators, or as jubilators do you love the earth!

Where is innocence? Where there is will to procreation. And he who seeks to create beyond himself, has for me the purest will.

Where is beauty? Where I must will with my whole Will; where I will love and perish, that an image may not remain merely an image.

Loving and perishing: these have rhymed from eternity. Will to love: that is to be ready also for death. Thus do I speak to you cowards!

But now does your emasculated ogling profess to be "contemplation!" And that which can be examined with cowardly eyes is to be christened "beautiful!" Oh, you violators of noble names!

But it shall be your curse, you immaculate ones, you pure discerners, that you shall never bring forth, even though you lie broad and teeming on the horizon!

Truly, you fill your mouth with noble words: and we are to believe that your heart overflows, you cozeners?

But my words are poor, contemptible, stammering words: gladly do I pick up what falls from the table at your repasts.

Yet still can I say therewith the truth - to dissemblers! Yes, my fish-bones, shells, and prickly leaves shall - tickle the noses of dissemblers!

Bad air is always about you and your repasts: your lascivious thoughts, your lies, and secrets are indeed in the air!

Dare only to believe in yourselves - in yourselves and in your inward parts! He who does not believe in himself always lies.

A God's mask have you hung in front of you, you "pure ones": into a God's mask has your execrable coiling snake crawled.

Truly you deceive, you "contemplative ones!" Even Zarathustra was once the dupe of your godlike exterior; he did not divine the serpent's coil with which it was stuffed.

A God's soul, I once thought I saw playing in your games, you pure discerners! No better arts did I once dream of than your arts!

Serpents' filth and evil odour, the distance concealed from me: and that a lizard's craft prowled thereabouts lasciviously.

But I came close to you: then came to me the day, - and now comes it to

you, - at an end is the moon's love affair!

See there! Surprised and pale does it stand - before the rosy dawn!

For already she comes, the glowing one, - her love to the earth comes!
Innocence, and creative desire, is all solar love!

See there, how she comes impatiently over the sea! Do you not feel the
thirst and the hot breath of her love?

At the sea would she suck, and drink its depths to her height: now rises
the desire of the sea with its thousand breasts.

Kissed and sucked would it be by the thirst of the sun; vapour would it
become, and height, and path of light, and light itself!

Truly, like the sun do I love life, and all deep seas.

And this means to me knowledge: all that is deep shall ascend - to my
height! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 2, (16) Zarathustra SCHOLARS

WHEN I lay asleep, then did a sheep eat at the ivy-wreath on my head,
- it ate, and said thereby: "Zarathustra is no longer a scholar."

It said this, and went away clumsily and proudly. A child told it to me.

I like to lie here where the children play, beside the ruined wall, among
thistles and red poppies.

A scholar am I still to the children, and also to the thistles and red pop-
pies. Innocent are they, even in their wickedness.

But to the sheep I am no longer a scholar: so wills my lot-blessings
upon it!

For this is the truth: I have departed from the house of the scholars,
and the door have I also slammed behind me.

Too long did my soul sit hungry at their table: not like them have I got
the knack of investigating, as the knack of nut-cracking.

Freedom do I love, and the air over fresh soil; rather would I sleep on
ox-skins than on their honours and dignities.

I am too hot and scorched with my own thought: often is it ready to
take away my breath. Then have I to go into the open air, and away from
all dusty rooms.

But they sit cool in the cool shade: they want in everything to be merely
spectators, and they avoid sitting where the sun burns on the steps.

Like those who stand in the street and gape at the passers-by: thus do they also wait, and gape at the thoughts which others have thought.

Should one lay hold of them, then do they raise a dust like flour-sacks, and involuntarily: but who would divine that their dust came from corn, and from the yellow delight of the summer fields?

When they give themselves out as wise, then do their petty sayings and truths chill me: in their wisdom there is often an odour as if it came from the swamp; and truly, I have even heard the frog croak in it!

Clever are they - they have dexterous fingers: what does my simplicity pretend to beside their multiplicity! All threading and knitting and weaving do their fingers understand: thus do they make the hose of the spirit!

Good clockworks are they: only be careful to wind them up properly! Then do they indicate the hour without mistake, and make a modest noise thereby.

Like millstones do they work, and like pestles: throw only seed-corn to them! - they know well how to grind corn small, and make white dust out of it.

They keep a sharp eye on one another, and do not trust each other the best. Ingenious in little artifices, they wait for those whose knowledge walks on lame feet, - like spiders do they wait.

I saw them always prepare their poison with precaution; and always did they put glass gloves on their fingers in doing so.

They also know how to play with false dice; and so eagerly did I find them playing, that they perspired thereby.

We are alien to each other, and their virtues are even more repugnant to my taste than their falsehoods and false dice.

And when I lived with them, then did I live above them. Therefore did they take a dislike to me.

They want to hear nothing of anyone walking above their heads; and so they put wood and earth and rubbish between me and their heads.

Thus did they deafen the sound of my tread: and least have I thus far been heard by the most learned.

All mankind's faults and weaknesses did they put between themselves and me: - they call it "false ceiling" in their houses.

But nevertheless I walk with my thoughts above their heads; and even should I walk on my own errors, still would I be above them and their heads.

For men are not equal: so speaks justice. And what I will, they may not will! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 2, (17) Zarathustra POETS

"SINCE I have known the body better" - said Zarathustra to one of his disciples - "the spirit has only been to me symbolically spirit; and all the 'imperishable' - that is also but a simile."

"So have I heard you say once before," answered the disciple, "and then you added: 'But the poets lie too much.' Why didst you say that the poets lie too much?"

"Why?" said Zarathustra. "you ask why? I do not belong to those who may be asked after their Why."

Is my experience but of yesterday? It is long ago that I experienced the reasons for my opinions.

Should I not have to be a cask of memory, if I also wanted to have my reasons with me?

It is already too much for me even to retain my opinions; and many a bird flies away.

And sometimes, also, do I find a fugitive creature in my dovecote, which is alien to me, and trembles when I lay my hand upon it.

But what did Zarathustra once say to you? That the poets lie too much? - But Zarathustra also is a poet.

Do you believe that he there spoke the truth? Why do you believe it?"

The disciple answered: "I believe in Zarathustra." But Zarathustra shook his head and smiled.-

Belief does not sanctify me, said he, least of all the belief in myself.

But granting that someone did say in all seriousness that the poets lie too much: he was right - we do lie too much.

We also know too little, and are bad learners: so we are obliged to lie.

And which of us poets has not adulterated his wine? Many a poisonous hotchpotch has evolved in our cellars: many an indescribable thing has there been done.

And because we know little, therefore are we pleased from the heart with the poor in spirit, especially when they are young women!

And even of those things are we desirous, which old women tell one another in the evening. This do we call the eternally feminine in us.

And as if there were a special secret access to knowledge, which chokes

up for those who learn anything, so do we believe in the people and in their "wisdom."

This, however, do all poets believe: that whoever pricks up his ears when lying in the grass or on lonely slopes, learns something of the things that are between heaven and earth.

And if there come to them tender emotions, then do the poets always think that nature herself is in love with them:

And that she steals to their ear to whisper secrets into it, and amorous flatteries: of this do they plume and pride themselves, before all mortals!

Ah, there are so many things between heaven and earth of which only the poets have dreamed!

And especially above the heavens: for all gods are poet-symbolisations, poet-sophistications!

Truly, ever are we drawn aloft - that is, to the realm of the clouds: on these do we set our gaudy puppets, and then call them gods and Supermen:-

Are not they light enough for those chairs! - all these gods and Supermen?-

Ah, how I am weary of all the inadequate that is insisted on as actual! Ah, how I am weary of the poets!

When Zarathustra so spoke, his disciple resented it, but was silent. And Zarathustra also was silent; and his eye directed itself inwardly, as if it gazed into the far distance. At last he sighed and drew breath.-

I am of today and heretofore, said he thereupon; but something is in me that is of the morrow, and the day following, and the hereafter.

I became weary of the poets, of the old and of the new: superficial are they all to me, and shallow seas.

They did not think sufficiently into the depth; therefore their feeling did not reach to the bottom.

Some sensation of voluptuousness and some sensation of tedium: these have as yet been their best contemplation.

Ghost-breathing and ghost-whisking, seems to me all the jingle-jangling of their harps; what have they known thus far of the fervour of tones!-

They are also not pure enough for me: they all muddle their water that it may seem deep.

And rather would they thereby prove themselves reconcilers: but mediaries and mixers are they to me, and half-and-half, and impure!-

Ah, I cast indeed my net into their sea, and meant to catch good fish; but always did I draw up the head of some ancient God.

Thus did the sea give a stone to the hungry one. And they themselves may well originate from the sea.

Certainly, one finds pearls in them: thereby they are the more like hard molluscs. And instead of a soul, I have often found in them salt slime.

They have learned from the sea also its vanity: is not the sea the peacock of peacocks?

Even before the ugliest of all buffaloes does it spread out its tail; never does it tire of its lace-fan of silver and silk.

Disdainfully does the buffalo glance thereat, close to the sand with its soul, closer still to the thicket, closest, however, to the swamp.

What is beauty and sea and peacock-splendour to it! This parable I speak to the poets.

Truly, their spirit itself is the peacock of peacocks, and a sea of vanity!

Spectators seeks the spirit of the poet - should they even be buffaloes!-

But of this spirit became I weary; and I see the time coming when it will become weary of itself.

Yes, changed have I seen the poets, and their glance turned towards themselves.

Penitents of the spirit have I seen appearing; they grew out of the poets. -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 2, (18) Zarathustra GREAT EVENTS

THERE is an isle in the sea - not far from the Happy Isles of Zarathustra - on which a volcano ever smokes; of which isle the people, and especially the old women among them, say that it is placed as a rock before the gate of the underworld; but that through the volcano itself the narrow way leads downwards which conducts to this gate.

Now about the time that Zarathustra sojourned on the Happy Isles, it happened that a ship anchored at the isle on which stands the smoking mountain, and the crew went ashore to shoot rabbits. About the noon-tide hour, however, when the captain and his men were together again, they saw suddenly a man coming towards them through the air, and a voice said distinctly: "It is time! It is the highest time!" But when the figure was nearest to them (it flew past quickly, however, like a shadow, in the direction of the volcano), then did they recognise with the greatest

surprise that it was Zarathustra; for they had all seen him before except the captain himself, and they loved him as the people love: in such wise that love and awe were combined in equal degree.

"Behold," said the old helmsman, "there goes Zarathustra to hell!"

About the same time that these sailors landed on the fire-isle, there was a rumour that Zarathustra had disappeared; and when his friends were asked about it, they said that he had gone on board a ship by night, without saying where he was going.

Thus there arose some uneasiness. After three days, however, there came the story of the ship's crew in addition to this uneasiness - and then did all the people say that the devil had taken Zarathustra. His disciples laughed, sure enough, at this talk; and one of them said even: "Sooner would I believe that Zarathustra has taken the devil." But at the bottom of their hearts they were all full of anxiety and longing: so their joy was great when on the fifth day Zarathustra appeared among them.

And this is the account of Zarathustra's interview with the fire-dog:

The earth, said he, has a skin; and this skin has diseases. One of these diseases, for example, is called "man."

And another of these diseases is called "the fire-dog": concerning him men have greatly deceived themselves, and let themselves be deceived.

To fathom this mystery did I go over the sea; and I have seen the truth naked, truly! barefooted up to the neck.

Now do I know how it is concerning the fire-dog; and likewise concerning all the spouting and subversive devils, of which not only old women are afraid.

"Up with you, fire-dog, out of your depth!" cried I, "and confess how deep that depth is! Whence comes that which you snort up?"

You drink copiously at the sea: that does your embittered eloquence betray! In sooth, for a dog of the depth, you take your nourishment too much from the surface!

At the most, I regard you as the ventriloquist of the earth: and ever, when I have heard subversive and spouting devils speak, I have found them like you: embittered, mendacious, and shallow.

You understand how to roar and obscure with ashes! you are the best braggarts, and have sufficiently learned the art of making dregs boil.

Where you are, there must always be dregs at hand, and much that is spongy, hollow, and compressed: it wants to have freedom.

'Freedom' you all roar most eagerly: but I have unlearned the belief in 'great events,' when there is much roaring and smoke about them.

And believe me, friend Hullabaloo! The greatest events - are not our

noisiest, but our stillest hours.

Not around the inventors of new noise, but around the inventors of new values, does the world revolve; inaudibly it revolves.

And just own to it! Little had ever taken place when your noise and smoke passed away. What, if a city did become a mummy, and a statue lay in the mud!

And this do I say also to the overthrowers of statues: It is certainly the greatest folly to throw salt into the sea, and statues into the mud.

In the mud of your contempt lay the statue: but it is just its law, that out of contempt, its life and living beauty grow again!

With diviner features does it now arise, seducing by its suffering; and truly! it will yet thank you for overthrowing it, you subverters!

This counsel, however, do I counsel to kings and churches, and to all that is weak with age or virtue - let yourselves be overthrown! That you may again come to life, and that virtue - may come to you!-"

Thus spoke I before the fire-dog: then did he interrupt me sullenly, and asked: "Church? What is that?"

"Church?" answered I, "that is a kind of state, and indeed the most mendacious. But remain quiet, you dissembling dog! you surely know your own species best!

Like yourself the state is a dissembling dog; like you does it like to speak with smoke and roaring - to make believe, like you, that it speaks out of the heart of things.

For it seeks by all means to be the most important creature on earth, the state; and people think it so."

When I had said this, the fire-dog acted as if mad with envy. "What!" cried he, "the most important creature on earth? And people think it so?" And so much vapour and terrible voices came out of his throat, that I thought he would choke with vexation and envy.

At last he became calmer and his panting subsided; as soon, however, as he was quiet, I said laughingly:

"you are angry, fire-dog: so I am in the right about you!

And that I may also maintain the right, hear the story of another fire-dog; he speaks actually out of the heart of the earth.

Gold does his breath exhale, and golden rain: so does his heart desire. What are ashes and smoke and hot dregs to him!

Laughter flits from him like a variegated cloud; adverse is he to your gargling and spewing and grips in the bowels!

The gold, however, and the laughter - these does he take out of the heart of the earth: for, that you may know it, - the heart of the earth is of

gold."

When the fire-dog heard this, he could no longer endure to listen to me. Abashed did he draw in his tail, said "bow-wow!" in a cowed voice, and crept down into his cave.-

Thus told Zarathustra. His disciples, however, hardly listened to him: so great was their eagerness to tell him about the sailors, the rabbits, and the flying man.

"What am I to think of it!" said Zarathustra. "Am I indeed a ghost?

But it may have been my shadow. you have surely heard something of the Wanderer and his Shadow?

One thing, however, is certain: I must keep a tighter hold of it; otherwise it will spoil my reputation."

And once more Zarathustra shook his head and wondered. "What am I to think of it!" said he once more.

"Why did the ghost cry: 'It is time! It is the highest time!'

For what is it then - the highest time?" -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 2, (19) Zarathustra THE SOOTHSAYER

"-AND I saw a great sadness come over mankind. The best turned weary of their works.

A doctrine appeared, a faith ran beside it: 'All is empty, all is alike, all has been!'

And from all hills there re-echoed: 'All is empty, all is alike, all has been!'

To be sure we have harvested: but why have all our fruits become rotten and brown? What was it fell last night from the evil moon?

In vain was all our labour, poison has our wine become, the evil eye has singed yellow our fields and hearts.

Arid have we all become; and fire falling upon us, then do we turn dust like ashes: - yes, the fire itself have we made weary.

All our fountains have dried up, even the sea has receded. All the ground tries to gape, but the depth will not swallow!

'Alas. where is there still a sea in which one could be drowned?' so sounds our plaint - across shallow swamps.

Truly, even for dying have we become too weary; now do we keep

awake and live on - in sepulchres."

Thus did Zarathustra hear a soothsayer speak; and the foreboding touched his heart and transformed him. Sorrowfully did he go about and wearily; and he became like to those of whom the soothsayer had spoken.-

Truly, said he to his disciples, a little while, and there comes the long twilight. Alas, how shall I preserve my light through it!

That it may not smother in this sorrowfulness! To remoter worlds shall it be a light, and also to remotest nights!

Thus did Zarathustra go about grieved in his heart, and for three days he did not take any meat or drink: he had no rest, and lost his speech. At last it came to pass that he fell into a deep sleep. His disciples, however, sat around him in long night-watches, and waited anxiously to see if he would awake, and speak again, and recover from his affliction.

And this is the discourse that Zarathustra spoke when he awoke; his voice, however, came to his disciples as from afar:

Hear, I pray you, the dream that I dreamed, my friends, and help me to divine its meaning!

A riddle is it still to me, this dream; the meaning is hidden in it and engaged, and does not yet fly above it on free pinions.

All life had I renounced, so I dreamed. Night-watchman and grave-guardian had I become, aloft, in the lone mountain-fortress of Death.

There did I guard his coffins: full stood the musty vaults of those trophies of victory. Out of glass coffins did vanquished life gaze upon me.

The odour of dust-covered eternities did I breathe: sultry and dust-covered lay my soul. And who could have aired his soul there!

Brightness of midnight was ever around me; lonesomeness cowered beside her; and as a third, death-rattle stillness, the worst of my female friends.

Keys did I carry, the rustiest of all keys; and I knew how to open with them the most creaking of all gates.

Like a bitterly angry croaking ran the sound through the long corridors when the leaves of the gate opened: ungraciously did this bird cry, unwillingly was it awakened.

But more frightful even, and more heart-strangling was it, when it again became silent and still all around, and I alone sat in that malignant silence.

Thus did time pass with me, and slip by, if time there still was: what do I know thereof! But at last there happened that which awoke me.

Thrice did there peal peals at the gate like thunders, thrice did the vaults resound and howl again: then did I go to the gate.

Alpa! cried I, who carries his ashes to the mountain? Alpa! Alpa! who carries his ashes to the mountain?

And I pressed the key, and pulled at the gate, and exerted myself. But not a finger's-breadth was it yet open:

Then did a roaring wind tear the folds apart: whistling, whizzing, and piercing, it threw to me a black coffin.

And in the roaring and whistling and whizzing, the coffin burst open, and spouted out a thousand peals of laughter.

And a thousand caricatures of children, angels, owls, fools, and child-sized butterflies laughed and mocked, and roared at me.

Fearfully was I terrified thereby: it prostrated me. And I cried with horror as I ne'er cried before.

But my own crying awoke me: - and I came to myself.-

Thus did Zarathustra relate his dream, and then was silent: for as yet he knew not the interpretation thereof. But the disciple whom he loved most arose quickly, seized Zarathustra's hand, and said:

"your life itself interprets to us this dream, O Zarathustra!

Are you not yourself the wind with shrill whistling, which bursts open the gates of the fortress of Death?

Are you not yourself the coffin full of many-hued malices and angel-caricatures of life?

Truly, like a thousand peals of children's laughter comes Zarathustra into all sepulchres, laughing at those night-watchmen and grave-guardians, and whoever else rattles with sinister keys.

With your laughter will you frighten and prostrate them: fainting and recovering will you demonstrate your power over them.

And when the long twilight comes and the mortal weariness, even then will you not disappear from our firmament, you advocate of life!

New stars have you made us see, and new nocturnal glories: truly, laughter itself have you spread out over us like a many-hued canopy.

Now will children's laughter ever from coffins flow; now will a strong wind ever come victoriously to all mortal weariness: of this you are yourself the pledge and the prophet!

Truly, they themselves didst you dream, your enemies: that was your sorest dream.

But as you awoke from them and came to yourself, so shall they awaken from themselves - and come to you!

Thus spoke the disciple; and all the others then thronged around

Zarathustra, grasped him by the hands, and tried to persuade him to leave his bed and his sadness, and return to them. Zarathustra, however, sat upright on his couch, with an absent look. Like one returning from long foreign sojourn did he look on his disciples, and examined their features; but still he knew them not. When, however, they raised him, and set him upon his feet, behold, all on a sudden his eye changed; he understood everything that had happened, stroked his beard, and said with a strong voice:

"Well! this has just its time; but see to it, my disciples, that we have a good repast; and without delay! Thus do I mean to make amends for bad dreams!

The soothsayer, however, shall eat and drink at my side: and truly, I will yet show him a sea in which he can drown himself!" -

Thus spoke Zarathustra. Then did he gaze long into the face of the disciple who had been the dream-interpreter, and shook his head.-

Part 2, (20) Zarathustra REDEMPTION

WHEN Zarathustra went one day over the great bridge, then did the cripples and beggars surround him, and a hunchback spoke thus to him:

"Behold, Zarathustra! Even the people learn from you, and acquire faith in your teaching: but for them to believe fully in you, one thing is still needful - you must first of all convince us cripples! Here have you now a fine selection, and truly, an opportunity with more than one forelock! The blind can you heal, and make the lame run; and from him who has too much behind, could you well, also, take away a little; - that, I think, would be the right method to make the cripples believe in Zarathustra!"

Zarathustra, however, answered thus to him who so spoke: When one takes his hump from the hunchback, then does one take from him his spirit - so do the people teach. And when one gives the blind man eyes, then does he see too many bad things on the earth: so that he curses him who healed him. He, however, who makes the lame man run, inflicts upon him the greatest injury; for hardly can he run, when his vices run away with him - so do the people teach concerning cripples. And why should not Zarathustra also learn from the people, when the people learn from Zarathustra?

It is, however, the smallest thing to me since I have been among men, to see one person lacking an eye, another an ear, and a third a leg, and that others have lost the tongue, or the nose, or the head.

I see and have seen worse things, and divers things so hideous, that I should neither like to speak of all matters, nor even keep silent about some of them: namely, men who lack everything, except that they have too much of one thing - men who are nothing more than a big eye, or a big mouth, or a big belly, or something else big, - reversed cripples, I call such men.

And when I came out of my solitude, and for the first time passed over this bridge, then I could not trust my eyes, but looked again and again, and said at last: "That is an ear! An ear as big as a man!" I looked still more attentively - and actually there did move under the ear something that was pitifully small and poor and slim. And in truth this immense ear was perched on a small thin stalk - the stalk, however, was a man! If one used a magnifying glass one could even recognize an envious tiny face; also, that a bloated little soul was dangling from the stalk. The people told me, however, that the big ear was not only a man, but a great man, a genius. But I never believed in the people when they spoke of great men - and I hold to my belief that it was a reversed cripple, who had too little of everything, and too much of one thing.

When Zarathustra had spoken thus to the hunchback, and to those of whom the hunchback was the mouthpiece and advocate, then did he turn to his disciples in profound dejection, and said:

Truly, my friends, I walk among men as among the fragments and limbs of human beings!

This is the terrible thing to my eye, that I find man broken up, and scattered about, as on a battle - and butcher-ground.

And when my eye flies from the present to the bygone, it finds ever the same: fragments and limbs and fearful chances - but no men!

The present and the bygone upon earth - ah! my friends - that is my most unbearable trouble; and I should not know how to live, if I were not a seer of what is to come.

A seer, a purposer, a creator, a future itself, and a bridge to the future - and Alas. also as it were a cripple on this bridge: all that is Zarathustra.

And you also asked yourselves often: "Who is Zarathustra to us? What shall he be called by us?" And like me, did you give yourselves questions for answers.

Is he a promiser? Or a fulfiller? A conqueror? Or an inheritor? A harvest? Or a ploughshare? A physician? Or a healed one?

Is he a poet? Or a genuine one? An emancipator? Or a subjugator? A good one? Or an evil one?

I walk among men as the fragments of the future: that future which I contemplate.

And it is all my poetisation and aspiration to compose and collect into unity what is fragment and riddle and fearful chance.

And how could I endure to be a man, if man were not also the composer, and riddle-reader, and redeemer of chance!

To redeem what is past, and to transform every "It was" into "Thus would I have it!" - that only do I call redemption!

Will - so is the emancipator and joy-bringer called: thus have I taught you, my friends! But now learn this likewise: the Will itself is still a prisoner.

Willing emancipates: but what is that called which still putts the emancipator in chains?

"It was": thus is the Will's teeth-gnashing and loneliest tribulation called. Impotent towards what has been done - it is a malicious spectator of all that is past.

Not backward can the Will will; that it cannot break time and time's desire - that is the Will's loneliest tribulation.

Willing emancipates: what does Willing itself devise in order to get free from its tribulation and mock at its prison?

Ah, a fool becomes every prisoner! Foolishly delivers itself also the imprisoned Will.

That time does not run backward - that is its animosity: "That which was": so is the stone which it cannot roll called.

And thus does it roll stones out of animosity and ill-humour, and takes revenge on whatever does not, like it, feel rage and ill-humour.

Thus did the Will, the emancipator, become a torturer; and on all that is capable of suffering it takes revenge, because it cannot go backward.

This, yes, this alone is revenge itself: the Will's antipathy to time, and its "It was."

Truly, a great folly dwells in our Will; and it became a curse to all humanity, that this folly acquired spirit!

The spirit of revenge: my friends, that has thus far been man's best contemplation; and where there was suffering, it was claimed there was always penalty.

"Penalty," so calls itself revenge. With a lying word it feigns a good conscience.

And because in the willer himself there is suffering, because he cannot

will backwards - thus was Willing itself, and all life, claimed - to be penalty!

And then did cloud after cloud roll over the spirit, until at last madness preached: "Everything perishes, therefore everything deserves to perish!"

"And this itself is justice, the law of time - that he must devour his children:" thus did madness preach.

"Morally are things ordered according to justice and penalty. Oh, where is there deliverance from the flux of things and from the 'existence' of penalty?" Thus did madness preach.

"Can there be deliverance when there is eternal justice? Alas, unrollable is the stone, 'It was': eternal must also be all penalties!" Thus did madness preach.

"No deed can be annihilated: how could it be undone by the penalty! This, this is what is eternal in the 'existence' of penalty, that existence also must be eternally recurring deed and guilt!

Unless the Will should at last deliver itself, and Willing become non-Willing-:" but you know, my brothers, this fabulous song of madness!

Away from those fabulous songs did I lead you when I taught you: "The Will is a creator."

All "It was" is a fragment, a riddle, a fearful chance - until the creating Will says to it: "But thus would I have it."-

Until the creating Will says to it: "But thus do I will it! Thus shall I will it!"

But did it ever speak thus? And when does this take place? has the Will been unharnessed from its own folly?

has the Will become its own deliverer and joy-bringer? has it unlearned the spirit of revenge and all teeth-gnashing?

And who has taught it reconciliation with time, and something higher than all reconciliation?

Something higher than all reconciliation must the Will will which is the Will to Power-: but how does that take place? Who has taught it also to will backwards?

-But at this point in his discourse it chanced that Zarathustra suddenly paused, and looked like a person in the greatest alarm. With terror in his eyes did he gaze on his disciples; his glances pierced as with arrows their thoughts and arrear-thoughts. But after a brief space he again laughed, and said soothingly:

"It is difficult to live among men, because silence is so difficult - especially for a babbler." -

Thus spoke Zarathustra. The hunchback, however, had listened to the

conversation and had covered his face during the time; but when he heard Zarathustra laugh, he looked up with curiosity, and said slowly:

"But why does Zarathustra speak otherwise to us than to his disciples?"

Zarathustra answered: "What is there to be wondered at! With hunchbacks one May well speak in a hunchbacked way!"

"Very good," said the hunchback; "and with pupils one may well tell tales out of school.

But why does Zarathustra speak otherwise to his pupils - than to himself?"-

Part 2, (21) Zarathustra MANLY PRUDENCE

NOT the height, it is the declivity that is terrible!

The declivity, where the gaze shoots downwards, and the hand grasps upwards. There does the heart become giddy through its double will.

Ah, friends, do you divine also my heart's double will?

This, this is my declivity and my danger, that my gaze shoots towards the summit, and my hand would rather clutch and lean - on the depth!

To man clings my will; with chains do I bind myself to man, because I am pulled upwards to the overman: for there does my other will tend.

And therefore do I live blindly among men, as if I knew them not: that my hand may not entirely lose belief in firmness.

I know not you men: this gloom and consolation is often spread around me.

I sit at the gateway for every rogue, and ask: Who wishes to deceive me?

This is my first manly prudence, that I allow myself to be deceived, so as not to be on my guard against deceivers.

Ah, if I were on my guard against man, how could man be an anchor to my ball! Too easily would I be pulled upwards and away!

This providence is over my fate, that I have to be without foresight.

And he who would not languish among men, must learn to drink out of all glasses; and he who would keep clean among men, must know how to wash himself even with dirty water.

And thus spoke I often to myself for consolation: "Courage! Cheer up! old heart! An unhappiness has failed to befall you: enjoy that as your - happiness!"

This, however, is my other manly prudence: I am more forbearing to the vain than to the proud.

Is not wounded vanity the mother of all tragedies? Where, however, pride is wounded, there grows up something better than pride.

That life may be fair to behold, its game must be well played; for that purpose, however, it needs good actors.

Good actors have I found all the vain ones: they play, and wish people to be fond of beholding them - all their spirit is in this wish.

They represent themselves, they invent themselves; in their neighbourhood I like to look upon life - it cures of melancholy.

Therefore am I forbearing to the vain, because they are the physicians of my melancholy, and keep me attached to man as to a drama.

And further, who conceives the full depth of the modesty of the vain man! I am favourable to him, and sympathetic on account of his modesty.

From you would he learn his belief in himself; he feeds upon your glances, he eats praise out of your hands.

Your lies does he even believe when you lie favourably about him: for in its depths sighs his heart: "What am I?"

And if that be the true virtue which is unconscious of itself - well, the vain man is unconscious of his modesty!-

This is, however, my third manly prudence: I am not put out of conceit with the wicked by your timorousness.

I am happy to see the marvels the warm sun hatches: tigers and palms and rattlesnakes.

Also among men there is a beautiful brood of the warm sun, and much that is marvellous in the wicked.

In truth, as your wisest did not seem to me so very wise, so found I also human wickedness below the fame of it.

And oft did I ask with a shake of the head: Why still rattle, you rattlesnakes?

Truly, there is still a future even for evil! And the warmest south is still undiscovered by man.

How many things are now called the worst wickedness, which are only twelve feet broad and three months long! Some day, however, will greater dragons come into the world.

For that the overman may not lack his dragon, the super-dragon that is worthy of him, there must still much warm sun glow on moist virgin forests!

Out of your wild cats must tigers have evolved, and out of your

poison-toads, crocodiles: for the good hunter shall have a good hunt!

And truly, you good and just! In you there is much to be laughed at, and especially your fear of what has thus far been called "the devil!"

So alien are you in your souls to what is great, that to you the overman would be frightful in his goodness!

And you wise and knowing ones, you would flee from the solar-glow of the wisdom in which the overman joyfully baths his nakedness!

You highest men who have come within my ken! this is my doubt of you, and my secret laughter: I suspect you would call my overman - a devil!

Ah, I became tired of those highest and best ones: from their "height" did I long to be up, out, and away to the overman!

A horror came over me when I saw those best ones naked: then there grew for me the pinions to soar away into distant futures.

Into more distant futures, into more southern souths than ever artist dreamed of: there, where gods are ashamed of all clothes!

But disguised do I want to see you, you neighbours and fellowmen, and well-attired and vain and estimable, as "the good and just;"-

And disguised will I myself sit among you - that I may mistake you and myself: for that is my last manly prudence. -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 2, (22) Zarathustra THE STILLEST HOUR

WHAT has happened to me, my friends? you see me troubled, driven forth, unwillingly obedient, ready to go - alas, to go away from you!

Yes, once more must Zarathustra retire to his solitude: but unjoyously this time does the bear go back to his cave!

What has happened to me? Who orders this? - Ah, my angry mistress wishes it so; she spoke to me. Have I ever named her name to you?

Yesterday towards evening there spoke to me my stillest hour: that is the name of my terrible mistress.

And thus did it happen - for everything must I tell you, that your heart may not harden against the suddenly departing one!

Do you know the terror of him who falls asleep?-

To the very toes he is terrified, because the ground gives way under him, and the dream begins.

This do I speak to you in parable. Yesterday at the stillest hour did the ground give way under me: the dream began.

The hour-hand moved on, the timepiece of my life drew breath - never did I hear such stillness around me, so that my heart was terrified.

Then was there spoken to me without voice: "you know it, Zarathustra?"-

And I cried in terror at this whispering, and the blood left my face: but I was silent.

Then was there once more spoken to me without voice: "you know it, Zarathustra, but you do not speak it!"-

And at last I answered, like one defiant: "Yes, I know it, but I will not speak it!"

Then was there again spoken to me without voice: "you will not, Zarathustra? Is this true? Conceal yourself not behind your defiance!"-

And I wept and trembled like a child, and said: "Ah, I would indeed, but how can I do it! Exempt me only from this! It is beyond my power!"

Then was there again spoken to me without voice: "What matter about yourself, Zarathustra! Speak your word, and succumb!"

And I answered: "Ah, is it my word? Who am I? I await the worthier one; I am not worthy even to succumb by it."

Then was there again spoken to me without voice: "What matter about yourself? you are not yet humble enough for me. Humility has the hardest skin."-

And I answered: "What has not the skin of my humility endured! At the foot of my height do I dwell: how high are my summits, no one has yet told me. But well do I know my valleys."

Then was there again spoken to me without voice: "O Zarathustra, he who has to remove mountains removes also valleys and plains."-

And I answered: "As yet has my word not removed mountains, and what I have spoken has not reached man. I went, indeed, to men, but not yet have I attained to them."

Then was there again spoken to me without voice: "What know you thereof! The dew falls on the grass when the night is most silent."-

And I answered: "They mocked me when I found and walked in my own path; and certainly did my feet then tremble.

And thus did they speak to me: you forgot the path before, now do you also forget how to walk!"

Then was there again spoken to me without voice: "What matter about their mockery! you are one who have unlearned to obey: now shall you command!"

Know you not who is most needed by all? He who commands great things.

To execute great things is difficult: but the more difficult task is to command great things.

This is your most unpardonable obstinacy: you have the power, and you will not rule."-

And I answered: "I lack the lion's voice for all commanding."

Then was there again spoken to me as a whispering: "It is the stillest words which bring the storm. Thoughts that come with doves' footsteps guide the world.

O Zarathustra, you shall go as a shadow of that which is to come: thus will you command, and in commanding go foremost."-

And I answered: "I am ashamed."

Then was there again spoken to me without voice: "you must yet become a child, and be without shame.

The pride of youth is still upon you; late have you become young: but he who would become a child must surmount even his youth."-

And I considered a long while, and trembled. At last, however, did I say what I had said at first. "I will not."

Then did a laughing take place all around me. Alas, how that laughing lacerated my bowels and cut into my heart!

And there was spoken to me for the last time: "O Zarathustra, your fruits are ripe, but you are not ripe for your fruits!

So must you go again into solitude: for you shall yet become mellow."-

And again was there a laughing, and it fled: then did it become still around me, as with a double stillness. I lay, however, on the ground, and the sweat flowed from my limbs.

-Now have you heard all, and why I have to return into my solitude. Nothing have I kept hidden from you, my friends.

But even this have you heard from me, who is still the most reserved of men - and will be so!

Ah, my friends! I should have something more to say to you! I should have something more to give to you! Why do I not give it? Am I then a niggard?-

When, however, Zarathustra had spoken these words, the violence of his pain, and a sense of the nearness of his departure from his friends came over him, so that he wept aloud; and no one knew how to console him. In the night, however, he went away alone and left his friends.

THIRD PART

"You look aloft when you long for exaltation, and I look downward

because I am exalted.

"Who among you can at the same time laugh and be exalted?

"He who climbs on the highest mountains, laughs at all tragic plays and tragic realities." - ZARATHUSTRA, I., "Reading and Writing."

THUS SPOKE ZARATHUSTRA

THIRD PART

Part 3, (1) Zarathustra THE WANDERER

THEN, when it was about midnight, Zarathustra went his way over the ridge of the isle, that he might arrive early in the morning at the other coast; because there he meant to embark. For there was a good roadstead there, in which foreign ships also liked to anchor: those ships took many people with them, who wished to cross over from the Happy Isles. So when Zarathustra thus ascended the mountain, he thought on the way of his many solitary wanderings from youth onwards, and how many mountains and ridges and summits he had already climbed.

I am a wanderer and mountain-climber, said he to his heart. I love not the plains, and it seems I cannot long sit still.

And whatever may still overtake me as fate and experience - a wandering will be therein, and a mountain-climbing: in the end one experiences only oneself.

The time is now past when accidents could befall me; and what could now fall to my lot which would not already be my own!

It returns only, it comes home to me at last - my own Self, and such of it as has been long abroad, and scattered among things and accidents.

And one thing more do I know: I stand now before my last summit, and before that which has been longest reserved for me. Ah, my hardest path must I ascend! Ah, I have begun my loneliest wandering!

He, however, who is of my nature does not avoid such an hour: the hour that says to him: Now only do you go the way to your greatness! Summit and abyss - these are now comprised together!

You go the way to your greatness: now has it become your last refuge, what was thus far your last danger!

You go the way to your greatness: it must now be your best courage that there is no longer any path behind you!

You go the way to your greatness: here shall no one steal after you!

Your foot itself has effaced the path behind you, and over it stands written: Impossibility.

And if all ladders henceforth fail you, then must you learn to mount upon your own head: how could you mount upward otherwise?

Upon your own head, and beyond your own heart! Now must the gentlest in you become the hardest.

He who has always much-indulged himself, sickens at last by his much-indulgence. Praises on what makes hardy! I do not praise the land where butter and honey - flow!

To learn to look away from oneself, is necessary in order to see many things. - this hardness is needed by every mountain-climber.

He, however, who is obtrusive with his eyes as a discerner, how can he ever see more of anything than its foreground!

But you, O Zarathustra, would view the ground of everything, and its background: thus must you mount even above yourself - up, upwards, until you have even your stars under you!

Yes! To look down upon myself, and even upon my stars: that only would I call my summit, that has remained for me as my last summit!-

Thus spoke Zarathustra to himself while ascending, comforting his heart with harsh maxims: for he was sore at heart as he had never been before. And when he had reached the top of the mountain-ridge, behold, there lay the other sea spread out before him; and he stood still and was long silent. The night, however, was cold at this height, and clear and starry.

I recognise my destiny, said he at last, sadly. Well! I am ready. Now has my last lonesomeness begun.

Ah, this sombre, sad sea, below me! Ah, this sombre nocturnal vexation! Ah, fate and sea! To you must I now go down!

Before my highest mountain do I stand, and before my longest wandering: therefore must I first go deeper down than I ever ascended:

-Deeper down into pain than I ever ascended, even into its darkest flood! So wills my fate. Well! I am ready.

Whence come the highest mountains? so did I once ask. Then did I learn that they come out of the sea.

That testimony is inscribed on their stones, and on the walls of their summits. Out of the deepest must the highest come to its height. -

Thus spoke Zarathustra on the ridge of the mountain where it was cold: when, however, he came into the vicinity of the sea, and at last stood alone among the cliffs, then had he become weary on his way, and more eager than ever before.

Everything as yet sleeps, said he; even the sea sleeps. Drowsily and strangely does its eye gaze upon me.

But it breaths warmly - I feel it. And I feel also that it dreams. It tosses about dreamily on hard pillows.

Hark! Hark! How it groans with evil recollections! Or evil expectations?

Ah, I am sad along with you, you dusky monster, and angry with myself even for your sake.

Ah, that my hand has not strength enough! Gladly, indeed, would I free you from evil dreams! -

And while Zarathustra thus spoke, he laughed at himself with melancholy and bitterness. What! Zarathustra, said he, will you even sing consolation to the sea?

Ah, you amiable fool, Zarathustra, you too-blindly confiding one! But thus have you ever been: ever have you approached confidently all that is terrible.

Every monster would you caress. A whiff of warm breath, a little soft tuft on its paw: - and immediately were you ready to love and lure it.

Love is the danger of the loneliest one, love to anything, if it only live! Laughable, truly, is my folly and my modesty in love! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra, and laughed thereby a second time. Then, however, he thought of his abandoned friends - and as if he had done them a wrong with his thoughts, he upbraided himself because of his thoughts. And forthwith it came to pass that the laughter wept - with anger and longing wept Zarathustra bitterly.

Part 3, (2) Zarathustra THE VISION AND THE ENIGMA

1.

WHEN it got abroad among the sailors that Zarathustra was on board the ship - for a man who came from the Happy Isles had gone on board along with him, - there was great curiosity and expectation. But Zarathustra kept silent for two days, and was cold and deaf with sadness; so that he neither answered looks nor questions. On the evening of the second day, however, he again opened his ears, though he still kept silent: for there were many curious and dangerous things to be heard on board the ship, which came from afar, and was to go still further.

Zarathustra, however, was fond of all those who make distant voyages, and dislike to live without danger. And Behold. when listening, his own tongue was at last loosened, and the ice of his heart broke. Then did he begin to speak thus:

To you, the daring venturers and adventurers, and whoever has embarked with cunning sails upon frightful seas,-

To you the enigma-intoxicated, the twilight-enjoyers, whose souls are allured by flutes to every treacherous gulf:

-For you dislike to grope at a thread with cowardly hand; and where you can divine, there do you hate to calculate-

To you only do I tell the enigma that I saw - the vision of the lonest one.-

Gloomily walked I lately in corpse-coloured twilight - gloomily and sternly, with compressed lips. Not only one sun had set for me.

A path which ascended daringly among boulders, an evil, lonesome path, which neither herb nor shrub any longer cheered, a mountain-path, crunched under the daring of my foot.

Mutely marching over the scornful clinking of pebbles, trampling the stone that let it slip: thus did my foot force its way upwards.

Upwards: - in spite of the spirit that drew it downwards, towards the abyss, the spirit of gravity, my devil and archenemy.

Upwards: - although it sat upon me, half-dwarf, half-mole; paralysed, paralysing; dripping lead in my ear, and thoughts like drops of lead into my brain.

"O Zarathustra," it whispered scornfully, syllable by syllable, "you stone of wisdom! you threw yourself high, but every thrown stone must - fall!

O Zarathustra, you stone of wisdom, you sling-stone, you star-destroyer! yourself threw you so high, - but every thrown stone - must fall!

Condemned of yourself, and to your own stoning: O Zarathustra, far indeed threw you your stone - but upon yourself will it recoil!"

Then was the dwarf silent; and it lasted long. The silence, however, oppressed me; and to be thus in pairs, one is truly loner than when alone!

I ascended, I ascended, I dreamt, I thought, - but everything oppressed me. A sick one did I resemble, whom bad torture wearies, and a worse dream reawakens out of his first sleep.-

But there is something in me which I call courage: it has thus far slain for me every dejection. This courage at last bade me stand still and say: "Dwarf! You! Or I!"-

For courage is the best slayer, - courage which attacks: for in every attack there is sound of triumph.

Man, however, is the most courageous animal: thereby has he overcome every animal. With sound of triumph has he overcome every pain; human pain, however, is the sorest pain.

Courage slays also giddiness at abysses: and where does man not stand at abysses! Is not seeing itself - seeing abysses?

Courage is the best slayer: courage slays also fellow-suffering. Fellow-suffering, however, is the deepest abyss: as deeply as man looks into life, so deeply also does he look into suffering.

Courage, however, is the best slayer, courage which attacks: it slays even death itself; for it says: "Was that life? Well! Once more!"

In such speech, however, there is much sound of triumph. He who has ears to hear, let him hear. -

2.

"Halt, dwarf!" said I. "Either I - or you! I, however, am the stronger of the two: - you know not my abysmal thought! It - could you not endure!"

Then happened that which made me lighter: for the dwarf sprang from my shoulder, the prying sprite! And it squatted on a stone in front of me. There was however a gateway just where we halted.

"Look at this gateway! Dwarf!" I continued, "it has two faces. Two roads come together here: these has no one yet gone to the end of.

This long lane backwards: it continues for an eternity. And that long lane forward - that is another eternity.

They are antithetical to one another, these roads; they directly abut on one another: - and it is here, at this gateway, that they come together. The name of the gateway is inscribed above: 'This Moment.'

But should one follow them further - and ever further and further on, think you, dwarf, that these roads would be eternally antithetical?"-

"Everything straight lies," murmured the dwarf, contemptuously. "All truth is crooked; time itself is a circle."

"you spirit of gravity!" said I wrathfully, "do not take it too lightly! Or I shall let you squat where you squattest, Haltfoot, - and I carried you high!"

"Observe," continued I, "This Moment! From the gateway, This Moment, there runs a long eternal lane backwards: behind us lies an eternity.

Must not whatever can run its course of all things, have already run along that lane? Must not whatever can happen of all things have already happened, resulted, and gone by?

And if everything has already existed, what think you, dwarf, of This Moment? Must not this gateway also - have already existed?

And are not all things closely bound together in such wise that This Moment draws all coming things after it? Consequently - itself also?

For whatever can run its course of all things, also in this long lane outward - must it once more run!-

And this slow spider which creeps in the moonlight, and this moonlight itself, and you and I in this gateway whispering together, whispering of eternal things - must we not all have already existed?

-And must we not return and run in that other lane out before us, that long weird lane - must we not eternally return?"-

Thus did I speak, and always more softly: for I was afraid of my own thoughts, and arrear-thoughts. Then, suddenly did I hear a dog howl near me.

Had I ever heard a dog howl thus? My thoughts ran back. Yes! When I was a child, in my most distant childhood:

-Then did I hear a dog howl thus. And saw it also, with hair bristling, its head upwards, trembling in the stillest midnight, when even dogs believe in ghosts:

-So that it excited my commiseration. For just then went the full moon, silent as death, over the house; just then did it stand still, a glowing globe - at rest on the flat roof, as if on some one's property:-

Thereby had the dog been terrified: for dogs believe in thieves and ghosts. And when I again heard such howling, then did it excite my commiseration once more.

Where was now the dwarf? And the gateway? And the spider? And all the whispering? Had I dreamt? Had I awakened? between rugged rocks did I suddenly stand alone, dreary in the dreariest moonlight.

But there lay a man! And there! The dog leaping, bristling, whining - now did it see me coming - then did it howl again, then did it cry: - had I ever heard a dog cry so for help?

And truly, what I saw, the like had I never seen. A young shepherd did I see, writhing, choking, quivering, with distorted countenance, and with a heavy black serpent hanging out of his mouth.

Had I ever seen so much loathing and pale horror on one countenance? He had perhaps gone to sleep? Then had the serpent crawled into his throat - there had it bitten itself fast.

My hand pulled at the serpent, and pulled: - in vain! I failed to pull the serpent out of his throat. Then there cried out of me: "Bite! Bite!

Its head off! Bite!" - so cried it out of me; my horror, my hatred, my

loathing, my pity, all my good and my bad cried with one voice out of me.-

You daring ones around me! you venturers and adventurers, and whoever of you have embarked with cunning sails on unexplored seas! you enigma-enjoyers!

Solve to me the enigma that I then beheld, interpret to me the vision of the loneliest one!

For it was a vision and a foresight: - what did I then behold in parable? And who is it that must come some day?

Who is the shepherd into whose throat the serpent thus crawled? Who is the man into whose throat all the heaviest and blackest will thus crawl?

-The shepherd however bit as my cry had admonished him; he bit with a strong bite! Far away did he spit the head of the serpent: - and sprang up.-

No longer shepherd, no longer man - a transfigured being, a light-surrounded being, that laughed! Never on earth laughed a man as he laughed!

O my brothers, I heard a laughter which was no human laughter, - and now gnaws a thirst at me, a longing that is never allayed.

My longing for that laughter gnaws at me: oh, how can I still endure to live! And how could I endure to die at present! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 3, (3) Zarathustra INVOLUNTARY BLISS

WITH such enigmas and bitterness in his heart did Zarathustra sail over the sea. When, however, he was four day-journeys from the Happy Isles and from his friends, then had he surmounted all his pain: - triumphantly and with firm foot did he again accept his fate. And then talked Zarathustra in this wise to his exulting conscience:

Alone am I again, and like to be so, alone with the pure heaven, and the open sea; and again is the afternoon around me.

On an afternoon did I find my friends for the first time; on an afternoon, also, did I find them a second time: - at the hour when all light becomes stiller.

For whatever happiness is still on its way between heaven and earth,

now seeks for lodging a luminous soul: with happiness has all light now become stiller.

O afternoon of my life! Once did my happiness also descend to the valley that it might seek a lodging: then did it find those open hospitable souls.

O afternoon of my life! What did I not surrender that I might have one thing: this living plantation of my thoughts, and this dawn of my highest hope!

Companions did the creating one once seek, and children of his hope: and behold, it turned out that he could not find them, except he himself should first create them.

Thus am I in the midst of my work, to my children going, and from them returning: for the sake of his children must Zarathustra perfect himself.

For in one's heart one loves only one's child and one's work; and where there is great love to oneself, then is it the sign of pregnancy: so have I found it.

Still are my children verdant in their first spring, standing close to one another, and shaken in common by the winds, the trees of my garden and of my best soil.

And truly, where such trees stand beside one another, there are Happy Isles!

But one day will I take them up, and put each by itself alone: that it may learn lonesomeness and defiance and prudence.

Gnarled and crooked and with flexible hardness shall it then stand by the sea, a living lighthouse of unconquerable life.

Yonder where the storms rush down into the sea, and the snout of the mountain drinks water, shall each on a time have his day and night watches, for his testing and recognition.

Recognised and tested shall each be, to see if he be of my type and lineage: - if he be master of a long will, silent even when he speaks, and giving in such wise that he takes in giving:-

-So that he may one day become my companion, a fellow-creator and fellow-enjoyer with Zarathustra: - such a one as writes my will on my tables, for the fuller perfection of all things.

And for his sake and for those like him, must I perfect myself: therefore do I now avoid my happiness, and present myself to every misfortune - for my final testing and recognition.

And truly, it were time that I went away; and the wanderer's shadow and the longest tedium and the stillest hour - have all said to me: "It is

the highest time!"

The word blew to me through the keyhole and said "Come!" The door sprang subtly open to me, and said "Go!"

But I lay enchained to my love for my children: desire spread this snare for me - the desire for love - that I should become the prey of my children, and lose myself in them.

Desiring - that is now for me to have lost myself. I possess you, my children! In this possessing shall everything be assurance and nothing desire.

But brooding lay the sun of my love upon me, in his own juice stewed Zarathustra, - then did shadows and doubts fly past me.

For frost and winter I now longed: "Oh, that frost and winter would again make me crack and crunch!" sighed I: - then arose icy mist out of me.

My past burst its tomb, many pains buried alike woke up: - fully slept had they merely, concealed in corpse-clothes.

So called everything to me in signs: "It is time!" But I - heard not, until at last my abyss moved, and my thought bit me.

Ah, abysmal thought, which are my thought! When shall I find strength to hear you burrowing, and no longer tremble?

To my very throat throbs my heart when I hear them burrowing! your muteness even is like to strangle me, you abysmal mute one!

As yet have I never ventured to call you up; it has been enough that I - have carried you about with me! As yet have I not been strong enough for my final lion-wantonness and playfulness.

Sufficiently formidable to me has your weight ever been: but one day shall I yet find the strength and the lion's voice which will call you up!

When I shall have surmounted myself therein, then will I surmount myself also in that which is greater; and a victory shall be the seal of my perfection!-

Meanwhile do I sail along on uncertain seas; chance flatters me, smooth-tongued chance; forward and backward do I gaze-, still see I no end.

As yet has the hour of my final struggle not come to me - or does it come to me perhaps just now? Truly, with insidious beauty do sea and life gaze upon me round about:

O afternoon of my life! O happiness before eventide! O haven upon high seas! O peace in uncertainty! How I distrust all of you!

Truly, distrustful am I of your insidious beauty! Like the lover am I, who distrusts too sleek smiling.

As he pushes the best-beloved before him - tender even in severity, the jealous one-, so do I push this blissful hour before me.

Away with you, you blissful hour! With you has there come to me an involuntary bliss! Ready for my severest pain do I here stand: - at the wrong time have you come!

Away with you, you blissful hour! Rather harbour there - with my children! Hasten! and bless them before eventide with my happiness!

There, already approaches eventide: the sun sinks. Away - my happiness! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra. And he waited for his misfortune the whole night; but he waited in vain. The night remained clear and calm, and happiness itself came closer and closer to him. Towards morning, however, Zarathustra laughed to his heart, and said mockingly: "Happiness runs after me. That is because I do not run after women. Happiness, however, is a woman."

Part 3, (4) Zarathustra BEFORE SUNRISE

O HEAVEN above me, you pure, you deep heaven! you abyss of light! Gazing on you, I tremble with divine desires.

Up to your height to toss myself - that is my depth! In your purity to hide myself - that is my innocence!

The God veils his beauty: thus hide you your stars. you speak not: thus proclaim you your wisdom to me.

Mute over the raging sea have you risen for me to-day; your love and your modesty make a revelation to my raging soul.

In that you came to me beautiful, veiled in your beauty, in that you spoke to me mutely, obvious in your wisdom:

Oh, how could I fail to divine all the modesty of your soul! Before the sun didst you come to me - the loneliest one.

We have been friends from the beginning: to us are grief, gruesomeness, and ground common; even the sun is common to us.

We do not speak to each other, because we know too much-: we keep silent to each other, we smile our knowledge to each other.

Are you not the light of my fire? have you not the sister-soul of my insight?

Together did we learn everything; together did we learn to ascend

beyond ourselves to ourselves, and to smile uncloudedly:-

-Uncloudedly to smile down out of luminous eyes and out of miles of distance, when under us constraint and purpose and guilt stream like rain.

And wandered I alone, for what did my soul hunger by night and in labyrinthine paths? And climbed I mountains, whom did I ever seek, if not you, upon mountains?

And all my wandering and mountain-climbing: a necessity was it merely, and a makeshift of the unhandy one: - to fly only, wants my entire will, to fly into you!

And what have I hated more than passing clouds, and whatever taints you? And my own hatred have I even hated, because it tainted you!

The passing clouds I detest - those stealthy cats of prey: they take from you and me what is common to us - the vast unbounded Yes - and Amen - saying.

These mediators and mixers we detest - the passing clouds: those half-and-half ones, that have neither learned to bless nor to curse from the heart.

Rather will I sit in a tub under a closed heaven, rather will I sit in the abyss without heaven, than see you, you luminous heaven, tainted with passing clouds!

And oft have I longed to pin them fast with the jagged gold-wires of lightning, that I might, like the thunder, beat the drum upon their kettle-bellies:-

-An angry drummer, because they rob me of your yes and Amen! - you heaven above me, you pure, you luminous heaven! you abyss of light! - because they rob you of my yes and Amen.

For rather will I have noise and thunders and tempest-blasts, than this discreet, doubting cat-repose; and also among men do I hate most of all the soft-treaders, and half-and-half ones, and the doubting, hesitating, passing clouds.

And "he who cannot bless shall learn to curse!" - this clear teaching dropt to me from the clear heaven; this star stands in my heaven even in dark nights.

I, however, am a blesser and a Yes-sayer, if you be but around me, you pure, you luminous heaven! you abyss of light! - into all abysses do I then carry my beneficent Yes-saying.

A blesser have I become and a Yes-sayer: and therefore strove I long and was a striver, that I might one day get my hands free for blessing.

This, however, is my blessing: to stand above everything as its own

heaven, its round roof, its azure bell and eternal security: and blessed is he who thus bless!

For all things are baptized at the font of eternity, and beyond good and evil; good and evil themselves, however, are but fugitive shadows and damp afflictions and passing clouds.

Truly, it is a blessing and not a blasphemy when I teach that "above all things there stands the heaven of chance, the heaven of innocence, the heaven of hazard, the heaven of wantonness."

"Of Hazard" - that is the oldest nobility in the world; that gave I back to all things; I emancipated them from bondage under purpose.

This freedom and celestial serenity did I put like an azure bell above all things, when I taught that over them and through them, no "eternal Will" - wills.

This wantonness and folly did I put in place of that Will, when I taught that "In everything there is one thing impossible - rationality!"

A little reason, to be sure, a germ of wisdom scattered from star to star - this heaven is mixed in all things: for the sake of folly, wisdom is mixed in all things!

A little wisdom is indeed possible; but this blessed security have I found in all things, that they prefer - to dance on the feet of chance.

O heaven above me! you pure, you lofty heaven! This is now your purity to me, that there is no eternal reason-spider and reason-cobweb:-

-That you are to me a dancing-floor for divine chances, that you are to me a table of the Gods, for divine dice and dice-players!-

But you blush? Have I spoken unspeakable things? Have I abused, when I meant to bless you?

Or is it the shame of being two of us that makes you blush! - Do you bid me go and be silent, because now - day comes?

The world is deep: - and deeper than ever the day could read. Not everything may be uttered in presence of day. But day comes: so let us part!

O heaven above me, you modest one! you glowing one! O you, my happiness before sunrise! The day comes: so let us part! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

1.

WHEN Zarathustra was again on the continent, he did not go straight-way to his mountains and his cave, but made many wanderings and questionings, and ascertained this and that; so that he said of himself jestingly: "Behold, a river that flows back to its source in many windings!" For he wanted to learn what had taken place among men during the interval: whether they had become greater or smaller. And once, when he saw a row of new houses, he marvelled, and said:

"What do these houses mean? Truly, no great soul put them up as its simile!

Did perhaps a silly child take them out of its toy-box? Would that another child put them again into the box!

And these rooms and chambers - can men go out and in there? They seem to be made for silk dolls; or for dainty-eaters, who perhaps let others eat with them."

And Zarathustra stood still and meditated. At last he said sorrowfully: "There has everything become smaller!

Everywhere do I see lower doorways: he who is of my type can still go through them, but - he must stoop!

Oh, when shall I arrive again at my home, where I shall no longer have to stoop - shall no longer have to stoop before the small ones!" - And Zarathustra sighed, and gazed into the distance.-

The same day, however, he gave his discourse on the dwarfing virtue.

2.

I pass through this people and keep my eyes open: they do not forgive me for not envying their virtues.

They bite at me, because I say to them that for small people, small virtues are necessary - and because it is hard for me to understand that small people are necessary!

Here am I still like a cock in a strange farm-yard, at which even the hens peck: but on that account I am not unfriendly to the hens.

I am courteous towards them, as towards all small annoyances; to be prickly towards what is small, seems to me wisdom for hedgehogs.

They all speak of me when they sit around their fire in the evening - they speak of me, but no one thinks - of me!

This is the new stillness which I have experienced: their noise around me spreads a mantle over my thoughts.

They shout to one another: "What is this gloomy cloud about to do to us? Let us see that it does not bring a plague upon us!"

And recently did a woman seize upon her child that was coming to me:

"Take the children away," cried she, "such eyes scorch children's souls."

They cough when I speak: they think coughing an objection to strong winds - they divine nothing of the boisterousness of my happiness!

"We have not yet time for Zarathustra" - so they object; but what matter about a time that "has no time" for Zarathustra?

And if they should altogether praise me, how could I go to sleep on their praise? A girdle of spines is their praise to me: it scratches me even when I take it off.

And this also did I learn among them: the praiser does as if he gave back; in truth, however, he wants more to be given him!

Ask my foot if their lauding and luring strains please it! Truly, to such measure and ticktack, it likes neither to dance nor to stand still.

To small virtues would they rather lure and laud me; to the ticktack of small happiness would they rather persuade my foot.

I pass through this people and keep my eyes open; they have become smaller, and ever become smaller: - the reason thereof is their doctrine of happiness and virtue.

For they are moderate also in virtue, - because they want comfort. With comfort, however, moderate virtue only is compatible.

To be sure, they also learn in their way to stride on and stride forward: that, I call their hobbling. - Thereby they become a hindrance to all who are in haste.

And many of them go forward, and look backwards thereby, with stiffened necks: those do I like to run up against.

Foot and eye shall not lie, nor give the lie to each other. But there is much lying among small people.

Some of them will, but most of them are willed. Some of them are genuine, but most of them are bad actors.

There are actors without knowing it among them, and actors without intending it-, the genuine ones are always rare, especially the genuine actors.

Of man there is little here: therefore do their women masculinise themselves. For only he who is man enough, will - save the woman in woman.

And this hypocrisy found I worst among them, that even those who command feign the virtues of those who serve.

"I serve, you serve, we serve" - so chants here even the hypocrisy of the rulers - and Alas. if the first lord be only the first servant!

Ah, even upon their hypocrisy did my eyes' curiosity alight; and well did I divine all their fly - happiness, and their buzzing around sunny window-panes.

So much kindness, so much weakness do I see. So much justice and pity, so much weakness.

Round, fair, and considerate are they to one another, as grains of sand are round, fair, and considerate to grains of sand.

Modestly to embrace a small happiness - that do they call "submission"! and at the same time they peer modestly after a new small happiness.

In their hearts they want simply one thing most of all: that no one hurt them. Thus do they anticipate every one's wishes and do well to every one.

That, however, is cowardice, though it be called "virtue."

And when they chance to speak harshly, those small people, then do I hear therein only their hoarseness - every draught of air makes them hoarse.

Shrewd indeed are they, their virtues have shrewd fingers. But they lack fists: their fingers do not know how to creep behind fists.

Virtue for them is what makes modest and tame: therewith have they made the wolf a dog, and man himself man's best domestic animal.

"We set our chair in the midst" - so says their smirking to me - "and as far from dying gladiators as from satisfied swine."

That, however, is - mediocrity, though it be called moderation. -

3.

I pass through this people and let fall many words: but they know neither how to take nor how to retain them.

They wonder why I came not to revile venery and vice; and truly, I came not to warn against pickpockets either!

They wonder why I am not ready to abet and whet their wisdom: as if they had not yet enough of wiseacres, whose voices grate on my ear like slate-pencils!

And when I call out: "Curse all the cowardly devils in you, that would rather whimper and fold the hands and adore" - then do they shout: "Zarathustra is godless."

And especially do their teachers of submission shout this; - but precisely in their ears do I love to cry: "Yes! I am Zarathustra, the godless!"

Those teachers of submission! Wherever there is aught puny, or sickly, or scabby, there do they creep like lice; and only my disgust prevents me from cracking them.

Well! This is my sermon for their ears: I am Zarathustra the godless, who says: "Who is more godless than I, that I may enjoy his teaching?"

I am Zarathustra the godless: where do I find my equal? And all those are my equals who give to themselves their Will, and divest themselves

of all submission.

I am Zarathustra the godless! I cook every chance in my pot. And only when it has been quite cooked do I welcome it as my food.

And truly, many a chance came imperiously to me: but still more imperiously did my Will speak to it, - then did it lie imploringly upon its knees-

-Imploring that it might find home and heart with me, and saying flatteringly: "See, O Zarathustra, how friend only comes to friend!"-

But why talk I, when no one has my ears! And so will I shout it out to all the winds:

You ever become smaller, you small people! you crumble away, you comfortable ones! you will yet perish-

-By your many small virtues, by your many small omissions, and by your many small submissions!

Too tender, too yielding: so is your soil! But for a tree to become great, it seeks to twine hard roots around hard rocks!

Also what you omit weaves at the web of all the human future; even your naught is a cobweb, and a spider that lives on the blood of the future.

And when you take, then is it like stealing, you small virtuous ones; but even among knaves honour says that "one shall only steal when one cannot rob."

"It gives itself" - that is also a doctrine of submission. But I say to you, you comfortable ones, that it takes to itself, and will ever take more and more from you!

Ah, that you would renounce all half-willing, and would decide for idleness as you decide for action!

Ah, that you understood my word: "Do ever what you will - but first be such as can will.

Love ever your neighbour as yourselves - but first be such as love themselves-

-Such as love with great love, such as love with great contempt!" Thus speaks Zarathustra the godless.-

But why talk I, when no one has my ears! It is still an hour too early for me here.

My own forerunner am I among this people, my own cockcrow in dark lanes.

But their hour comes! And there comes also mine! Hourly do they become smaller, poorer, unfruitfuller, - poor herbs! poor earth!

And soon shall they stand before me like dry grass and prairie, and

truly, weary of themselves - and panting for fire, more than for water!

O blessed hour of the lightning! O mystery before noontide! - Running fires will I one day make of them, and heralds with flaming tongues:-

-Herald shall they one day with flaming tongues: It comes, it is close, the great noontide!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 3, (6) Zarathustra ON THE OLIVE-MOUNT WINTER, a bad guest, sits with me at home; blue are my hands with his friendly hand-shaking.

I honour him, that bad guest, but gladly leave him alone. Gladly do I run away from him; and when one runs well, then one escapes him!

With warm feet and warm thoughts do I run where the wind is calm - to the sunny corner of my olive-mountain.

There do I laugh at my stern guest, and am still fond of him; because he clears my house of flies, and quiets many little noises.

For he suffers it not if a gnat wants to buzz, or even two of them; also the lanes makes he lonesome, so that the moonlight is afraid there at night.

A hard guest is he, - but I honour him, and do not worship, like the tenderlings, the pot-bellied fire-idol.

Better even a little teeth-chattering than idol-adoration! - so wills my nature. And especially have I a grudge against all ardent, steaming, steamy fire-idols.

Him whom I love, I love better in winter than in summer; better do I now mock at my enemies, and more heartily, when winter sits in my house.

Heartily, truly, even when I creep into bed:- there, still laughs and wantons my hidden happiness; even my deceptive dream laughs.

I, a - creeper? Never in my life did I creep before the powerful; and if ever I lied, then did I lie out of love. Therefore am I glad even in my winter-bed.

A poor bed warms me more than a rich one, for I am jealous of my poverty. And in winter she is most faithful to me.

With a wickedness do I begin every day: I mock at the winter with a cold bath: on that account grumbles my stern house-mate.

Also do I like to tickle him with a wax-taper, that he may finally let the

heavens emerge from ashy-grey twilight.

For especially wicked am I in the morning: at the early hour when the pail rattles at the well, and horses neigh warmly in grey lanes:-

Impatiently do I then wait, that the clear sky may finally dawn for me, the snow-bearded winter-sky, the hoary one, the white-head,-

-The winter-sky, the silent winter-sky, which often stifles even its sun!

Did I perhaps learn from it the long clear silence? Or did it learn it from me? Or has each of us devised it himself?

Of all good things the origin is a thousandfold, - all good roguish things spring into existence for joy: how could they always do so - for once only!

A good roguish thing is also the long silence, and to look, like the winter-sky, out of a clear, round-eyed countenance:-

-Like it to stifle one's sun, and one's inflexible solar will: truly, this art and this winter-roguishness have I learned well!

My best-loved wickedness and art is it, that my silence has learned not to betray itself by silence.

Clattering with diction and dice, I outwit the solemn assistants: all those stern watchers, shall my will and purpose elude.

That no one might see down into my depth and into my ultimate will - for that purpose did I devise the long clear silence.

Many a shrewd one did I find: he veiled his countenance and made his water muddy, that no one might see therethrough and thereunder.

But precisely to him came the shrewder distrusters and nut-crackers: precisely from him did they fish his best-concealed fish!

But the clear, the honest, the transparent - these are for me the wisest silent ones: in them, so profound is the depth that even the clearest water does not - betray it.-

You snow-bearded, silent, winter-sky, you round-eyed whitehead above me! Oh, you heavenly simile of my soul and its wantonness!

And must I not conceal myself like one who has swallowed gold - lest my soul should be ripped up?

Must I not wear stilts, that they may overlook my long legs - all those enviers and injurers around me?

Those dingy, fire-warmed, used-up, green-tinted, ill-natured souls - how could their envy endure my happiness!

Thus do I show them only the ice and winter of my peaks - and not that my mountain winds all the solar girdles around it!

They hear only the whistling of my winter-storms: and know not that I also travel over warm seas, like longing, heavy, hot south-winds.

They commiserate also my accidents and chances: - but my word says: "Suffer the chance to come to me: innocent is it as a little child!"

How could they endure my happiness, if I did not put around it accidents, and winter-privations, and bear-skin caps, and enmantling snowflakes!

-If I did not myself commiserate their pity, the pity of those enviers and injurers!

-If I did not myself sigh before them, and chatter with cold, and patiently let myself be swathed in their pity!

This is the wise waggish-will and good-will of my soul, that it conceals not its winters and glacial storms; it conceals not its chilblains either.

To one man, lonesomeness is the flight of the sick one; to another, it is the flight from the sick ones.

Let them hear me chattering and sighing with winter-cold, all those poor squinting knaves around me! With such sighing and chattering do I flee from their heated rooms.

Let them sympathise with me and sigh with me on account of my chilblains: "At the ice of knowledge will he yet freeze to death!" - so they mourn.

Meanwhile do I run with warm feet hither and there on my olive-mountain: in the sunny corner of my olive-mountain do I sing, and mock at all pity. -

Thus sang Zarathustra.

Part 3, (7) Zarathustra ON PASSING-BY

THUS slowly wandering through many peoples and divers cities, did Zarathustra return by round-about roads to his mountains and his cave. And behold, thereby came he unawares also to the gate of the great city. Here, however, a foaming fool, with extended hands, sprang forward to him and stood in his way. It was the same fool whom the people called "the ape of Zarathustra:" for he had learned from him something of the expression and modulation of language, and perhaps liked also to borrow from the store of his wisdom. And the fool talked thus to Zarathustra:

O Zarathustra, here is the great city: here have you nothing to seek and everything to lose.

Why would you wade through this mire? Have pity upon your foot!
Spit rather on the gate of the city, and - turn back!

Here is the hell for anchorites' thoughts: here are great thoughts
seethed alive and boiled small.

Here do all great sentiments decay: here may only rattle-boned sensa-
tions rattle!

Smell you not already the shambles and cookshops of the spirit?
Steams not this city with the fumes of slaughtered spirit?

See you not the souls hanging like limp dirty rags? - And they make
newspapers also out of these rags!

Hear you not how spirit has here become a verbal game? Loathsome
verbal swill does it vomit forth! - And they make newspapers also out of
this verbal swill.

They hound one another, and know not where! They inflame one an-
other, and know not why! They tinkle with their pinchbeck, they jingle
with their gold.

They are cold, and seek warmth from distilled waters: they are in-
flamed, and seek coolness from frozen spirits; they are all sick and sore
through public opinion.

All lusts and vices are here at home; but here there are also the virtu-
ous; there is much appointable appointed virtue:-

Much appointable virtue with scribe-fingers, and hardy sitting-flesh
and waiting-flesh, blessed with small breast-stars, and padded, haunch-
less daughters.

There is here also much piety, and much faithful spittle-licking and
spittle-backing, before the God of Hosts.

"From on high," drips the star, and the gracious spittle; for the high,
longs every starless bosom.

The moon has its court, and the court has its moon-calves: to all,
however, that comes from the court do the mendicant people pray, and
all appointable mendicant virtues.

"I serve, you serve, we serve" - so prays all appointable virtue to the
prince: that the merited star may at last stick on the slender breast!

But the moon still revolves around all that is earthly: so revolves also
the prince around what is earthliest of all - that, however, is the gold of
the shopman.

The God of the Hosts of war is not the God of the golden bar; the
prince proposes, but the shopman - disposes!

By all that is luminous and strong and good in you, O Zarathustra! Spit
on this city of shopmen and return back!

Here flows all blood putridly and tepidly and frothily through all veins: spit on the great city, which is the great slum where all the scum froths together!

Spit on the city of compressed souls and slender breasts, of pointed eyes and sticky fingers-

-On the city of the obtrusive, the brazen-faced, the pen-demagogues and tongue-demagogues, the overheated ambitious:-

Where everything maimed, ill-famed, lustful, untrustful, over-mellow, sickly-yellow and seditious, festers perniciously:-

-Spit on the great city and turn back! -

Here, however, did Zarathustra interrupt the foaming fool, and shut his mouth.-

Stop this at once! called out Zarathustra, long have your speech and your species disgusted me!

Why didst you live so long by the swamp, that you yourself had to become a frog and a toad?

Flows there not a tainted, frothy, swamp-blood in your own veins, when you have thus learned to croak and revile?

Why did you not go into the forest? Or why didst you not till the ground? Is the sea not full of green islands?

I despise your contempt; and when you warned me - why didst you not warn yourself?

Out of love alone shall my contempt and my warning bird take wing; but not out of the swamp!-

They call you my ape, you foaming fool: but I call you my grunting-pig, - by your grunting, you spoil even my praise of folly.

What was it that first made you grunt? Because no one sufficiently flattered you: - therefore didst you seat yourself beside this filth, that you might have cause for much grunting,-

-That you might have cause for much vengeance! For vengeance, you vain fool, is all your foaming; I have divined you well!

But your fools'-word injures me, even when you are right! And even if Zarathustra's word were a hundred times justified, you would ever - do wrong with my word!

Thus spoke Zarathustra. Then did he look on the great city and sighed, and was long silent. At last he spoke thus:

I loathe also this great city, and not only this fool. Here and there - there is nothing to better, nothing to worsen.

Woe to this great city! - And I would that I already saw the pillar of fire in which it will be consumed!

For such pillars of fire must precede the great noontide. But this has its time and its own fate.-

This precept, however, give I to you, in parting, you fool: Where one can no longer love, there should one - pass by! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra, and passed by the fool and the great city.

Part 3, (8) Zarathustra THE APOSTATES

1.

AH, Is everything already withered and grey which but lately stood green and many-hued on this meadow! And how much honey of hope did I carry hence into my beehives!

Those young hearts have already all become old - and not old even! only weary, ordinary, comfortable: - they declare it: "We have again become pious."

Of late did I see them run forth at early morn with valorous steps: but the feet of their knowledge became weary, and now do they malign even their morning valour!

Truly, many of them once lifted their legs like the dancer; to them winked the laughter of my wisdom: - then did they bethink themselves. Just now have I seen them bent down - to creep to the cross.

Around light and liberty did they once flutter like gnats and young poets. A little older, a little colder: and already are they mystifiers, and mumblers and mollicoddles.

Did perhaps their hearts despond, because lonesomeness had swallowed me like a whale? Did their ear perhaps listen yearningly-long for me in vain, and for my trumpet-notes and herald-calls?

-Ah! Ever are there but few of those whose hearts have persistent courage and exuberance; and in such remains also the spirit patient. The rest, however, are cowardly.

The rest: these are always the great majority, the common-place, the superfluous, the far-too many - those all are cowardly!-

Him who is of my type, will also the experiences of my type meet on the way: so that his first companions must be corpses and buffoons.

His second companions, however - they will call themselves his believers, - will be a living host, with much love, much folly, much unbearded veneration.

To those believers shall he who is of my type among men not bind his heart; in those spring-times and many-hued meadows shall he not believe, who knows the fickle faint-hearted human species!

Could they do otherwise, then would they also will otherwise. The half-and-half spoil every whole. That leaves become withered, - what is there to lament about that!

Let them go and fall away, O Zarathustra, and do not lament! Better even to blow among them with rustling winds,-

-Blow among those leaves, O Zarathustra, that everything withered may run away from you the faster! -

2.

"We have again become pious" - so do those apostates confess; and some of them are still too pusillanimous thus to confess.

to them I look into the eye, - before them I say it to their face and to the blush on their cheeks: you are those who again pray!

It is however a shame to pray! Not for all, but for you, and me, and whoever has his conscience in his head. For you it is a shame to pray!

You know it well: the faint-hearted devil in you, which would rather fold its arms, and place its hands in its bosom, and take it easier: - this faint-hearted devil persuades you that "there is a God!"

Thereby, however, do you belong to the light-dreading type, to whom light never permits repose: now must you daily thrust your head deeper into obscurity and vapour!

And truly, you choose the hour well: for just now do the nocturnal birds again fly abroad. The hour has come for all light-dreading people, the vesper hour and leisure hour, when they do not - "take leisure."

I hear it and smell it: it has come - their hour for hunt and procession, not indeed for a wild hunt, but for a tame, lame, snuffling, soft-treaders', soft-prayers' hunt,-

-For a hunt after susceptible simpletons: all mouse-traps for the heart have again been set! And whenever I lift a curtain, a night-moth rushes out of it.

Did it perhaps squat there along with another night-moth? For everywhere do I smell small concealed communities; and wherever there are closets there are new devotees therein, and the atmosphere of devotees.

They sit for long evenings beside one another, and say: "Let us again become like little children and say, 'good God!'" - ruined in mouths and stomachs by the pious confectioners.

Or they look for long evenings at a crafty, lurking cross-spider, that preaches prudence to the spiders themselves, and teaches that "under

crosses it is good for cobweb-spinning!"

Or they sit all day at swamps with angle-rods, and on that account think themselves profound; but whoever fishes where there are no fish, I do not even call him superficial!

Or they learn in godly-gay style to play the harp with a hymn-poet, who would rather harp himself into the heart of young girls: - for he has tired of old girls and their praises.

Or they learn to shudder with a learned semi-madcap, who waits in darkened rooms for spirits to come to him - and the spirit runs away entirely!

Or they listen to an old roving howl - and growl-piper, who has learned from the sad winds the sadness of sounds; now pips he as the wind, and preaches sadness in sad strains.

And some of them have even become night-watchmen: they know now how to blow horns, and go about at night and awaken old things which have long fallen asleep.

Five words about old things did I hear yesternight at the garden-wall: they came from such old, sorrowful, arid night-watchmen.

"For a father he cars not sufficiently for his children: human fathers do this better!" -

"He is too old! He now cars no more for his children," - answered the other night-watchman.

"has he then children? No one can prove it unless he himself prove it! I have long wished that he would for once prove it thoroughly."

"Prove? As if he had ever proved anything! Proving is difficult to him; he lays great stress on one's believing him."

"Ay! Ay! Belief saves him; belief in him. That is the way with old people! So it is with us also!" -

-Thus spoke to each other the two old night-watchmen and light-scarers, and tooted thereupon sorrowfully on their horns: so did it happen yesternight at the garden-wall.

To me, however, did the heart writhe with laughter, and was like to break; it knew not where to go, and sunk into the midriff.

Truly, it will be my death yet - to choke with laughter when I see asses drunken, and hear night-watchmen thus doubt about God.

has the time not long since passed for all such doubts? Who may nowadays awaken such old slumbering, light-shunning things!

With the old Deities has it long since come to an end: - and truly, a good joyful Deity-end had they!

They did not "begloom" themselves to death - that do people fabricate!

On the contrary, they - laughed themselves to death once on a time!

That took place when the ungodliest utterance came from a God himself - the utterance: "There is but one God! you shall have no other gods before me!" -

-An old grim-beard of a God, a jealous one, forgot himself in such wise:-

And all the gods then laughed, and shook upon their thrones, and exclaimed: "Is it not just divinity that there are gods, but no God?"

He that has an ear let him hear. -

Thus talked Zarathustra in the city he loved, which is surnamed "The Pied Cow." For from here he had but two days to travel to reach once more his cave and his animals; his soul, however, rejoiced unceasingly on account of the closeness of his return home.

Part 3, (9) Zarathustra THE RETURN HOME

O LONESOMENESS! My home, lonesomeness! Too long have I lived wildly in wild remoteness, to return to you without tears!

Now threaten me with the finger as mothers threaten; now smile upon me as mothers smile; now say just: "Who was it that like a whirlwind once rushed away from me?" -

-Who when departing called out: 'Too long have I sat with lonesomeness; there have I unlearned silence!' That have you learned now - surely?

O Zarathustra, everything do I know; and that you were more forsaken among the many, you unique one, than you ever were with me!

One thing is forsakenness, another matter is lonesomeness: that have you now learned! And that among men you will ever be wild and strange:

-Wild and strange even when they love you: for above all they want to be treated indulgently!

Here, however, are you at home and house with yourself; here can you utter everything, and unbosom all motives; nothing is here ashamed of concealed, congealed feelings.

Here do all things come caressingly to your talk and flatter you: for they want to ride upon your back. On every simile do you here ride to every truth.

Uprightly and openly may you here talk to all things: and truly, it sounds as praise in their ears, for one to talk to all things - directly!

Another matter, however, is forsakenness. For, do you remember, O Zarathustra? When your bird screamed overhead, when you stood in the forest, irresolute, ignorant where to go, beside a corpse:-

-When you spoke: 'Let my animals lead me! More dangerous have I found it among men than among animals!' - That was forsakenness!

And do you remember, O Zarathustra? When you sat in your isle, a well of wine giving and granting among empty buckets, bestowing and distributing among the thirsty:

-Until at last you alone sat thirsty among the drunken ones, and wailed nightly: 'Is taking not more blessed than giving? And stealing yet more blessed than taking?' - That was forsakenness!

And do you remember, O Zarathustra? When your stillest hour came and drove you forth from yourself, when with wicked whispering it said: 'Speak and succumb!'-

-When it disgusted you with all your waiting and silence, and discouraged your humble courage: That was forsakenness!"-

O lonesomeness! My home, lonesomeness! How blessedly and tenderly speaks your voice to me!

We do not question each other, we do not complain to each other; we go together openly through open doors.

For all is open with you and clear; and even the hours run here on lighter feet. For in the dark, time weighs heavier upon one than in the light.

Here fly open to me all beings' words and word-cabinets: here all being wants to become words, here all becoming wants to learn of me how to talk.

Down there, however - all talking is in vain! There, forgetting and passing-by are the best wisdom: that have I learned now!

He who would understand everything in man must handle everything. But for that I have too clean hands.

I do not like even to inhale their breath; Alas. that I have lived so long among their noise and bad breaths!

O blessed stillness around me! O pure odours around me! How from a deep breast this stillness fetches pure breath! How it hearkens, this blessed stillness!

But down there - there speaks everything, there is everything mis-heard. If one announce one's wisdom with bells, the shopmen in the market-place will out-jingle it with pennies!

Everything among them talks; no one knows any longer how to understand. Everything falls into the water; nothing falls any longer into deep wells.

Everything among them talks, nothing succeeds any longer and accomplishes itself. Everything cackles, but who will still sit quietly on the nest and hatch eggs?

Everything among them talks, everything is out-talked. And that which yesterday was still too hard for time itself and its tooth, hangs today, outchamped and outchewed, from the mouths of the men of today.

Everything among them talks, everything is betrayed. And what was once called the secret and secrecy of profound souls, belongs to-day to the street-trumpeters and other butterflies.

O human hubbub, you wonderful thing! you noise in dark streets! Now are you again behind me: - my greatest danger lies behind me!

In indulging and pitying lay ever my greatest danger; and all human hubbub wishes to be indulged and tolerated.

With suppressed truths, with fool's hand and befooled heart, and rich in petty lies of pity: - thus have I ever lived among men.

Disguised did I sit among them, ready to misjudge myself that I might endure them, and willingly saying to myself: "you fool, you do not know men!"

One unlearns men when one lives among them: there is too much foreground in all men - what can far-seeing, far-longing eyes do there!

And, fool that I was, when they misjudged me, I indulged them on that account more than myself, being habitually hard on myself, and often even taking revenge on myself for the indulgence.

Stung all over by poisonous flies, and hollowed like the stone by many drops of wickedness: thus did I sit among them, and still said to myself: "Innocent is everything petty of its pettiness!"

Especially did I find those who call themselves "the good," the most poisonous flies; they sting in all innocence, they lie in all innocence; how could they - be just towards me!

He who lives among the good - pity teaches him to lie. Pity makes stifling air for all free souls. For the stupidity of the good is unfathomable.

To conceal myself and my riches - that did I learn down there: for everyone did I still find poor in spirit. It was the lie of my pity, that I knew in every one.

-That I saw and scented in every one, what was enough of spirit for

him, and what was too much!

Their stiff wise men: I call them wise, not stiff - thus did I learn to slur over words.

The grave-diggers dig for themselves diseases. Under old rubbish rest bad vapours. One should not stir up the marsh. One should live on mountains.

With blessed nostrils do I again breathe mountain-freedom. Freed at last is my nose from the smell of all human hubbub!

With sharp breezes tickled, as with sparkling wine, sneezes my soul - sneezes, and shouts self-congratulatingly: "Health to you!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 3, (10) Zarathustra THE THREE EVIL THINGS

1.

IN MY dream, in my last morning-dream, I stood today on a promontory - beyond the world; I held a pair of scales, and weighed the world.

Alas, that the rosy dawn came too early to me: she glowed me awake, the jealous one! Jealous is she always of the glows of my morning-dream.

Measurable by him who has time, weighable by a good weigher, attainable by strong pinions, divivable by divine nutcrackers: thus did my dream find the world:-

My dream, a bold sailor, half-ship, half-hurricane, silent as the butterfly, impatient as the falcon: how had it the patience and leisure to-day for world-weighing!

Did my wisdom perhaps speak secretly to it, my laughing, wide-awake day-wisdom, which mocks at all "infinite worlds"? For it says: "Where force is, there becomes number the master: it has more force."

How confidently did my dream contemplate this finite world, not new-fangledly, not old-fangledly, not timidly, not entreatingly:-

-As if a big round apple presented itself to my hand, a ripe golden apple, with a coolly-soft, velvety skin: - thus did the world present itself to me:-

-As if a tree nodded to me, a broad-branched, strong-willed tree, curved as a recline and a foot-stool for weary travellers: thus did the world stand on my promontory:-

-As if delicate hands carried a casket towards me - a casket open for the

delectation of modest adoring eyes: thus did the world present itself before me today:-

-Not riddle enough to scare human love from it, not solution enough to put to sleep human wisdom: - a humanly good thing was the world to me to-day, of which such bad things are said!

How I thank my morning-dream that I thus at today's dawn, weighed the world! As a humanly good thing did it come to me, this dream and heart-comforter!

And that I may do the like by day, and imitate and copy its best, now will I put the three worst things on the scales, and weigh them humanly well.-

He who taught to bless taught also to curse: what are the three best cursed things in the world? These will I put on the scales.

Voluptuousness, passion for power, and selfishness: these three things have thus far been best cursed, and have been in worst and falsest repute - these three things will I weigh humanly well.

Well! Here is my promontory, and there is the sea - it rolls hither to me, shaggily and fawningly, the old, faithful, hundred-headed dog-monster that I love!-

Well! Here will I hold the scales over the weltering sea: and also a witness do I choose to look on - you, the anchorite-tree, you, the strong-odoured, broad-arched tree that I love!-

On what bridge goes the now to the hereafter? By what constraint does the high stoop to the low? And what enjoins even the highest still - to grow upwards?-

Now stand the scales poised and at rest: three heavy questions have I thrown in; three heavy answers carries the other scale.

2.

Voluptuousness: to all hair-shirted despisers of the body, a sting and stake; and, cursed as "the world," by all the believers in an afterworld: for it mocks and befools all erring, misinferring teachers.

Voluptuousness: to the rabble, the slow fire at which it is burnt; to all wormy wood, to all stinking rags, the prepared heat and stew furnace.

Voluptuousness: to free hearts, a thing innocent and free, the garden-happiness of the earth, all the future's thanks-overflow to the present.

Voluptuousness: only to the withered a sweet poison; to the lion-willed, however, the great cordial, and the reverently saved wine of wines.

Voluptuousness: the great symbolic happiness of a higher happiness and highest hope. For to many is marriage promised, and more than

marriage,-

-To many that are more unknown to each other than man and woman:
- and who has fully understood how unknown to each other are man and woman!

Voluptuousness: - but I will have hedges around my thoughts, and even around my words, lest swine and libertine should break into my gardens!-

Passion for power: the glowing scourge of the hardest of the heart-hard; the cruel torture reserved for the cruellest themselves; the gloomy flame of living pyres.

Passion for power: the wicked gadfly which is mounted on the vainest peoples; the scorner of all uncertain virtue; which rides on every horse and on every pride.

Passion for power: the earthquake which breaks and upbreaks all that is rotten and hollow; the rolling, rumbling, punitive demolisher of whited sepulchres; the flashing interrogative-sign beside premature answers.

Passion for power: before whose glance man creeps and crouches and drudges, and becomes lower than the serpent and the swine: - until at last great contempt cries out of him-,

Passion for power: the terrible teacher of great contempt, which preaches to their face to cities and empires: "Away with you!" - until a voice cries out of themselves: "Away with me!"

Passion for power: which, however, mounts alluringly even to the pure and lonesome, and up to self-satisfied elevations, glowing like a love that paint Part purple felicities alluringly on earthly heavens.

Passion for power: but who would call it passion, when the height longs to stoop for power! Truly, nothing sick or diseased is there in such longing and descending!

That the lonesome height may not forever remain lonesome and self-sufficing; that the mountains may come to the valleys and the winds of the heights to the plains:-

Oh, who could find the right prename and honouring name for such longing! "Bestowing virtue" - thus did Zarathustra. once name the unnamable.

And then it happened also, - and truly, it happened for the first time! - that his word blessed selfishness, the wholesome, healthy selfishness, that springs from the powerful soul:-

-From the powerful soul, to which the high body appertains, the handsome, triumphing, refreshing body, around which everything becomes a

mirror:

-The pliant, persuasive body, the dancer, whose symbol and epitome is the self-enjoying soul. Of such bodies and souls the self-enjoyment calls itself "virtue."

With its words of good and bad does such self-enjoyment shelter itself as with sacred groves; with the names of its happiness does it banish from itself everything contemptible.

Away from itself does it banish everything cowardly; it says: "Bad - that is cowardly!" Contemptible seem to it the ever-solicitous, the sighing, the complaining, and whoever pick up the most trifling advantage.

It despises also all bitter-sweet wisdom: for truly, there is also wisdom that blooms in the dark, a night-shade wisdom, which ever sighs: "All is vain!"

Shy distrust is regarded by it as base, and everyone who wants oaths instead of looks and hands: also all over-distrustful wisdom, - for such is the mode of cowardly souls.

Baser still it regards the obsequious, doggish one, who immediately lies on his back, the submissive one; and there is also wisdom that is submissive, and doggish, and pious, and obsequious.

Hateful to it altogether, and a loathing, is he who will never defend himself, he who swallows down poisonous spittle and bad looks, the all-too-patient one, the all-endurer, the all-satisfied one: for that is the mode of slaves.

Whether they be servile before gods and divine spurnings, or before men and stupid human opinions: at all kinds of slaves does it spit, this blessed selfishness!

Bad: thus does it call all that is spirit-broken, and sordidly-servile - constrained, blinking eyes, depressed hearts, and the false submissive style, which kisses with broad cowardly lips.

And spurious wisdom: so does it call all the wit that slaves, and hoary-headed and weary ones affect; and especially all the cunning, spurious-witted, curious-witted foolishness of priests!

The spurious wise, however, all the priests, the world-weary, and those whose souls are of feminine and servile nature - oh, how has their game all along abused selfishness!

And precisely that was to be virtue and was to be called virtue - to abuse selfishness! And "selfless" - so did they wish themselves with good reason, all those world-weary cowards and cross-spiders!

But to all those comes now the day, the change, the sword of judgment, the great noontide: then shall many things be revealed!

And he who proclaims the ego wholesome and holy, and selfishness blessed, truly, he, the prognosticator, speaks also what he knows: "Behold, it comes, it is night, the great noontide!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 3, (11) Zarathustra THE SPIRIT OF GRAVITY

1.

MY MOUTHPIECE - is of the people: too coarsely and cordially do I talk for Angora rabbits. And still stranger sounds my word to all ink-fish and pen-foxes.

My hand - is a fool's hand: woe to all tables and walls, and whatever has room for fool's sketching, fool's scrawling!

My foot - is a horse-foot; therewith do I trample and trot over stick and stone, in the fields up and down, and am bedevilled with delight in all fast racing.

My stomach - is surely an eagle's stomach? For it prefers lamb's flesh. Certainly it is a bird's stomach.

Nourished with innocent things, and with few, ready and impatient to fly, to fly away - that is now my nature: why should there not be something of bird-nature therein!

And especially that I am hostile to the spirit of gravity, that is bird-nature: - truly, deadly hostile, supremely hostile, originally hostile! Oh, where has my hostility not flown and misflown!

Thereof could I sing a song - - and will sing it: though I be alone in an empty house, and must sing it to my own ears.

Other singers are there, to be sure, to whom only the full house makes the voice soft, the hand eloquent, the eye expressive, the heart wakeful: - those do I not resemble. -

2.

He who one day teaches men to fly will have shifted all landmarks; to him will all landmarks themselves fly into the air; the earth will he christen anew - as "the light body."

The ostrich runs faster than the fastest horse, but it also thrusts its head heavily into the heavy earth: thus is it with the man who cannot yet fly.

Heavy to him are earth and life, and so wills the spirit of gravity! But he who would become light, and be a bird, must love himself: - thus do I

teach.

Not, to be sure, with the love of the side and infected, for with them stinks even self-love!

One must learn to love oneself - thus do I teach - with a wholesome and healthy love: that one may endure to be with oneself, and not go roving about.

Such roving about christens itself "brotherly love"; with these words has there thus far been the best lying and dissembling, and especially by those who have been burdensome to every one.

And truly, it is no commandment for today and tomorrow to learn to love oneself. Rather is it of all arts the finest, subtlest, last and most patient.

For to its possessor is all possession well concealed, and of all treasure-pits one's own is last excavated - so causes the spirit of gravity.

Almost in the cradle are we apportioned with heavy words and worths: "good" and "evil" - so calls itself this dowry. For the sake of it we are forgiven for living.

And therefore suffers one little children to come to one, to forbid them betimes to love themselves - so causes the spirit of gravity.

And we - we bear loyally what is apportioned to us, on hard shoulders, over rugged mountains! And when we sweat, then do people say to us: "Yes, life is hard to bear!"

But man himself only is hard to bear! The reason thereof is that he carries too many extraneous things on his shoulders. Like the camel kneels he down, and lets himself be well laden.

Especially the strong weight-bearing man in whom reverence resides. Too many extraneous heavy words and worths loads he upon himself - then seems life to him a desert!

And truly! Many a thing also that is our own is hard to bear! And many internal things in man are like the oyster - repulsive and slippery and hard to grasp;-

So that an elegant shell, with elegant adornment, must plead for them. But this art also must one learn: to have a shell, and a fine appearance, and sagacious blindness!

Again, it deceives about many things in man, that many a shell is poor and pitiable, and too much of a shell. Much concealed goodness and power is never dreamt of; the choicest dainties find no tasters!

Women know that, the choicest of them: a little fatter a little leaner - oh, how much fate is in so little!

Man is difficult to discover, and to himself most difficult of all; often

lies the spirit concerning the soul. So causes the spirit of gravity.

He, however, has discovered himself who says: This is my good and evil: therewith has he silenced the mole and the dwarf, who say: "Good for all, evil for all."

Truly, neither do I like those who call everything good, and this world the best of all. Those do I call the all-satisfied.

All-satisfiedness, which knows how to taste everything, - that is not the best taste! I honour the refractory, fastidious tongues and stomachs, which have learned to say "I" and "Yes" and "No."

To chew and digest everything, however - that is the genuine swine-nature! Ever to say YE-A - that has only the ass learned, and those like it!-

Deep yellow and hot red - so wants my taste - it mixes blood with all colours. He, however, who whitewashes his house, betrays to me a whitewashed soul.

With mummies, some fall in love; others with phantoms: both alike hostile to all flesh and blood - oh, how repugnant are both to my taste! For I love blood.

And there will I not reside and abide where everyone spits and spews: that is now my taste, - rather would I live among thieves and perjurers. Nobody carries gold in his mouth.

Still more repugnant to me, however, are all lick-spittles; and the most repugnant animal of man that I found, did I christen "parasite": it would not love, and would yet live by love.

Unhappy do I call all those who have only one choice: either to become evil beasts, or evil beast-tamers. Among such would I not build my tabernacle.

Unhappy do I also call those who have ever to wait, - they are repugnant to my taste - all the toll-gatherers and traders, and kings, and other landkeepers and shopkeepers.

Truly, I learned waiting also, and thoroughly so, - but only waiting for myself. And above all did I learn standing and walking and running and leaping and climbing and dancing.

This however is my teaching: he who wishes one day to fly, must first learn standing and walking and running and climbing and dancing: - one does not fly into flying!

With rope-ladders learned I to reach many a window, with nimble legs did I climb high masts: to sit on high masts of perception seemed to me no small bliss;-

-To flicker like small flames on high masts: a small light, certainly, but

a great comfort to cast-away sailors and ship-wrecked ones!

By divers ways and windings did I arrive at my truth; not by one ladder did I mount to the height where my eye roves into my remoteness.

And unwillingly only did I ask my way - that was always counter to my taste! Rather did I question and test the ways themselves.

A testing and a questioning has been all my travelling: - and truly, one must also learn to answer such questioning! That, however, - is my taste:

-Neither a good nor a bad taste, but my taste, of which I have no longer either shame or secrecy.

"This - is now my way, - where is yours?" Thus did I answer those who asked me "the way." For the way - it does not exist!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 3, (12) Zarathustra OLD AND NEW TABLES

1.

HERE do I sit and wait, old broken tables around me and also new half-written tables. When comes my hour?

-The hour of my descent, of my down-going: for once more will I go to men.

For that hour do I now wait: for first must the signs come to me that it is my hour - namely, the laughing lion with the flock of doves.

Meanwhile do I talk to myself as one who has time. No one tells me anything new, so I tell myself my own story.

2.

When I came to men, then found I them resting on an old infatuation: all of them thought they had long known what was good and bad for men.

An old wearisome business seemed to them all discourse about virtue; and he who wished to sleep well spoke of "good" and "bad" ere retiring to rest.

This somnolence did I disturb when I taught that no one yet knows what is good and bad: - unless it be the creating one!

-It is he, however, who creates man's goal, and gives to the earth its meaning and its future: he only effects it that aught is good or bad.

And I bade them upset their old academic chairs, and wherever that old infatuation had sat; I bade them laugh at their great moralists, their

saints, their poets, and their saviours.

At their gloomy sages did I bid them laugh, and whoever had sat admonishing as a black scarecrow on the tree of life.

On their great grave-highway did I seat myself, and even beside the carrion and vultures - and I laughed at all their bygone and its mellow decaying glory.

Truly, like penitential preachers and fools did I cry wrath and shame on all their greatness and smallness. Oh, that their best is so very small! Oh, that their worst is so very small! Thus did I laugh.

Thus did my wise longing, born in the mountains, cry and laugh in me; a wild wisdom, truly! - my great pinion-rustling longing.

And oft did it carry me off and up and away and in the midst of laughter; then flew I quivering like an arrow with sun-intoxicated rapture:

-Out into distant futures, which no dream has yet seen, into warmer souths than ever sculptor conceived, - where gods in their dancing are ashamed of all clothes:

(That I may speak in parables and halt and stammer like the poets: and truly I am ashamed that I have still to be a poet!)

Where all becoming seemed to me dancing of gods, and wantoning of gods, and the world unloosed and unbridled and fleeing back to itself:-

-As an eternal self-fleeing and re-seeking of one another of many gods, as the blessed self-contradicting, re-communing, and refraternising with one another of many gods:-

Where all time seemed to me a blessed mockery of moments, where necessity was freedom itself, which played happily with the goad of freedom:-

Where I also found again my old devil and arch-enemy, the spirit of gravity, and all that it created: constraint, law, necessity and consequence and purpose and will and good and evil:-

For must there not be that which is danced over, danced beyond? Must there not, for the sake of the nimble, the nimblest, - be moles and clumsy dwarfs? -

3.

There was it also where I picked up from the path the word "overman," and that man is something that must be surpassed.

-That man is a bridge and not a goal - rejoicing over his noontides and evenings, as advances to new rosy dawns:

-The Zarathustra word of the great noontide, and whatever else I have hung up over men like purple evening-afterglows.

Truly, also new stars did I make them see, along with new nights; and over cloud and day and night, did I spread out laughter like a gay-coloured canopy.

I taught them all my poetisation and aspiration: to compose and collect into unity what is fragment in man, and riddle and fearful chance;-

-As composer, riddle-reader, and redeemer of chance, did I teach them to create the future, and all that has been - to redeem by creating.

The past of man to redeem, and every "It was" to transform, until the Will says: "But so did I will it! So shall I will it-"

-This did I call redemption; this alone taught I them to call redemption.

--

Now do I await my redemption - that I may go to them for the last time.

For once more will I go to men: among them will my sun set; in dying will I give them my choicest gift!

From the sun did I learn this, when it goes down, the exuberant one: gold does it then pour into the sea, out of inexhaustible riches,-

-So that the poorest fisherman rows even with golden oars! For this did I once see, and did not tire of weeping in beholding it. - -

Like the sun will also Zarathustra go down: now sits he here and waits, old broken tables around him, and also new tables - half-written.

4.

Behold, here is a new table; but where are my brothers who will carry it with me to the valley and into hearts of flesh?-

Thus demands my great love to the remotest ones: be not considerate of your neighbour! Man is something that must be surpassed.

There are many divers ways and modes of surpassing: see you to this! But only a buffoon thinks: "man can also be overleapt."

Surpass yourself even in your neighbour: and a right which you can seize upon, shall you not allow to be given you!

What you do can no one do to you again. Behold, there is no requital.

He who cannot command himself shall obey. And many a one can command himself, but still sorely lacks self-obedience!

5.

Thus wishes the type of noble souls: they desire to have nothing gratuitously, least of all, life.

He who is of the populace wishes to live gratuitously; we others, however, to whom life has given itself - we are ever considering what we can best give in return!

And truly, it is a noble dictum which says: "What life promises us, that

promise will we keep - to life!"

One should not wish to enjoy where one does not contribute to the enjoyment. And one should not wish to enjoy!

For enjoyment and innocence are the most bashful things. Neither like to be sought for. One should have them, - but one should rather seek for guilt and pain! -

6.

O my brothers, he who is a firstling is ever sacrificed. Now, however, are we firstlings!

We all bleed on secret sacrificial altars, we all burn and broil in honour of ancient idols.

Our best is still young: this excites old palates. Our flesh is tender, our skin is only lambs' skin: - how could we not excite old idol-priests!

In ourselves dwells he still, the old idol-priest, who broils our best for his banquet. Ah, my brothers, how could firstlings fail to be sacrifices!

But so wishes our type; and I love those who do not wish to preserve themselves, the down-going ones do I love with my entire love: for they go beyond. -

7.

To be true - that can few be! And he who can, will not! Least of all, however, can the good be true.

Oh, those good ones! Good men never speak the truth. For the spirit, thus to be good, is a malady.

They yield, those good ones, they submit themselves; their heart repeats, their soul obeys: he, however, who obeys, does not listen to himself!

All that is called evil by the good, must come together in order that one truth may be born. O my brothers, are you also evil enough for this truth?

The daring venture, the prolonged distrust, the cruel No, the tedium, the cutting-into-the-quick - how seldom do these come together! Out of such seed, however - is truth produced!

Beside the bad conscience has thus far grown all knowledge! Break up, break up, you discerning ones, the old tables!

8.

When the water has planks, when gangways and railings overspan the stream, truly, he is not believed who then says: "All is in flux."

But even the simpletons contradict him. "What?" say the simpletons, "all in flux? Planks and railings are still over the stream!"

"Over the stream all is stable, all the values of things, the bridges and

bearings, all 'good' and 'evil': these are all stable!"-

Comes, however, the hard winter, the stream-tamer, then learn even the wittiest distrust, and truly, not only the simpletons then say: "Should not everything - stand still?"

"Fundamentally stands everything still" - that is an appropriate winter doctrine, good cheer for an unproductive period, a great comfort for winter-sleepers and fireside-loungers.

"Fundamentally stands everything still"-: but contrary to this, preaches the thawing wind!

The thawing wind, a bullock, which is no ploughing bullock - a furious bullock, a destroyer, which with angry horns breaks the ice! The ice however - - breaks gangways!

O my brothers, is not everything at present in flux? Have not all railings and gangways fallen into the water? Who would still hold on to "good" and "evil"?

"Woe to us! Hail to us! The thawing wind blows!" - Thus preach, my brothers, through all the streets!

9.

There is an old illusion - it is called good and evil. Around soothsayers and astrologers has thus far revolved the orbit of this illusion.

Once did one believe in soothsayers and astrologers; and therefore did one believe, "Everything is fate: you shall, for you must!"

Then again did one distrust all soothsayers and astrologers; and therefore did one believe, "Everything is freedom: you can, for you will!"

O my brothers, concerning the stars and the future there has thus far been only illusion, and not knowledge; and therefore concerning good and evil there has thus far been only illusion and not knowledge!

10.

"you shall not rob! you shall not slay!" - such precepts were once called holy; before them did one bow the knee and the head, and take off one's shoes.

But I ask you: Where have there ever been better robbers and slayers in the world than such holy precepts?

Is there not even in all life - robbing and slaying? And for such precepts to be called holy, was not truth itself thereby - slain?

-Or was it a sermon of death that called holy what contradicted and dissuaded from life? - O my brothers, break up, break up for me the old tables!

11.

It is my sympathy with all the past that I see it is abandoned,-

-Abandoned to the favour, the spirit and the madness of every generation that comes, and reinterprets all that has been as its bridge!

A great potentate might arise, an artful prodigy, who with approval and disapproval could strain and constrain all the past, until it became for him a bridge, a harbinger, a herald, and a cock-crowing.

This however is the other danger, and my other sympathy: - he who is of the populace, his thoughts go back to his grandfather, - with his grandfather, however, does time cease.

Thus is all the past abandoned: for it might some day happen for the populace to become master, and drown all time in shallow waters.

Therefore, O my brothers, a new nobility is needed, which shall be the adversary of all populace and potentate rule, and shall inscribe anew the word "noble" on new tables.

For many noble ones are needed, and many kinds of noble ones, for a new nobility! Or, as I once said in parable: "That is just divinity, that there are gods, but no God!"

12.

O my brothers, I consecrate you and point you to a new nobility: you shall become procreators and cultivators and sowers of the future;-

-Truly, not to a nobility which you could purchase like traders with traders' gold; for little worth is all that has its price.

Let it not be your honour henceforth whence you come, but where you go! Your Will and your feet which seek to surpass you - let these be your new honour!

Truly, not that you have served a prince - of what account are princes now! - nor that you have become a bulwark to that which stands, that it may stand more firmly.

Not that your family have become courtly at courts, and that you have learned - gay-coloured, like the flamingo - to stand long hours in shallow pools:

(For ability-to-stand is a merit in courtiers; and all courtiers believe that to blessedness after death pertains - permission-to-sit!)

Nor even that a Spirit called Holy, led your forefathers into promised lands, which I do not praise: for where the worst of all trees grew - the cross, - in that land there is nothing to praise!-

-And truly, wherever this "Holy Spirit" led its knights, always in such campaigns did - goats and geese, and wry-heads and guy-heads run foremost!-

O my brothers, not backward shall your nobility gaze, but outward! Exiles shall you be from all fatherlands and forefather-lands!

Your children's land shall you love: let this love be your new nobility, - the undiscovered in the remotest seas! For it do I bid your sails search and search!

to your children shall you make amends for being the children of your fathers: all the past shall you thus redeem! This new table do I place over you!

13.

"Why should one live? All is vain! To live - that is to thresh straw; to live - that is to burn oneself and yet not get warm.-

Such ancient babbling still passes for "wisdom"; because it is old, however, and smells mustily, therefore is it the more honoured. Even mould ennobles.-

Children might thus speak: they shun the fire because it has burnt them! There is much childishness in the old books of wisdom.

And he who ever "threshes straw," why should he be allowed to rail at threshing! Such a fool one would have to muzzle!

Such persons sit down to the table and bring nothing with them, not even good hunger: - and then do they rail: "All is vain!"

But to eat and drink well, my brothers, is truly no vain art! Break up, break up for me the tables of the never-joyous ones!

14.

"To the clean are all things clean" - thus say the people. I, however, say to you: To the swine all things become swinish!

Therefore preach the visionaries and bowed-heads (whose hearts are also bowed down): "The world itself is a filthy monster."

For these are all unclean spirits; especially those, however, who have no peace or rest, unless they see the world from the backside - the believers in an afterworld!

To those do I say it to the face, although it sound unpleasantly: the world resembles man, in that it has a backside, - so much is true!

There is in the world much filth: so much is true! But the world itself is not therefore a filthy monster!

There is wisdom in the fact that much in the world smells badly: loathing itself creates wings, and fountain-divining powers!

In the best there is still something to loathe; and the best is still something that must be surpassed!-

O my brothers, there is much wisdom in the fact that much filth is in the world! -

15.

Such sayings did I hear pious the believers in an afterworld speak to

their consciences, and truly without wickedness or guile, - although there is nothing more guileful in the world, or more wicked.

"Let the world be as it is! Raise not a finger against it!"

"Let whoever will choke and stab and skin and scrape the people: raise not a finger against it! Thereby will they learn to renounce the world."

"And your own reason - this shall you yourself stifle and choke; for it is a reason of this world, - thereby will you learn yourself to renounce the world."-

-Shatter, shatter, O my brothers, those old tables of the pious! Tatter the maxims of the world-maligners! -

16.

"He who learns much unlearns all violent cravings" - that do people now whisper to one another in all the dark lanes.

"Wisdom wearies, nothing is worthwhile; you shall not crave!" - this new table found I hanging even in the public markets.

Break up for me, O my brothers, break up also that new table! The weary-o'-the-world put it up, and the preachers of death and the jailer: for behold, it is also a sermon for slavery:-

Because they learned badly and not the best, and everything too early and everything too fast; because they ate badly: from thence has resulted their ruined stomach;-

-For a ruined stomach, is their spirit: it persuades to death! For truly, my brothers, the spirit is a stomach!

Life is a well of delight, but to him in whom the ruined stomach speaks, the father of affliction, all fountains are poisoned.

To discern: that is delight to the lion-willed! But he who has become weary, is himself merely "willed"; with him play all the waves.

And such is always the nature of weak men: they lose themselves on their way. And at last asks their weariness: "Why did we ever go on the way? All is indifferent!"

To them sounds it pleasant to have preached in their ears: "Nothing is worthwhile! you shall not will!" That, however, is a sermon for slavery.

O my brothers, a fresh blustering wind comes Zarathustra to all way-weary ones; many noses will he yet make sneeze!

Even through walls blows my free breath, and into prisons and imprisoned spirits!

Willing emancipates: for willing is creating: so do I teach. And only for creating shall you learn!

And also the learning shall you learn only from me, the learning well! - He who has ears let him hear!

17.

There stands the boat - there goes it over, perhaps into vast nothingness - but who wills to enter into this "Perhaps"?

None of you want to enter into the death-boat! How should you then be world-weary ones!

World-weary ones! And have not even withdrawn from the earth! Eager did I ever find you for the earth, amorous still of your own earth-weariness!

Not in vain does your lip hang down: - a small worldly wish still sits thereon! And in your eye - floats there not a cloudlet of unforgotten earthly bliss?

There are on the earth many good inventions, some useful, some pleasant: for their sake is the earth to be loved.

And many such good inventions are there, that they are like woman's breasts: useful at the same time, and pleasant.

You world-weary ones, however! you earth-idlers! You, shall one beat with stripes! With stripes shall one again make you sprightly limbs.

For if you be not invalids, or decrepit creatures, of whom the earth is weary, then are you sly sloths, or dainty, sneaking pleasure-cats. And if you will not again run gaily, then shall you - pass away!

To the incurable shall one not seek to be a physician: thus teaches Zarathustra: - so shall you pass away!

But more courage is needed to make an end than to make a new verse: that do all physicians and poets know well. -

18.

O my brothers, there are tables which weariness framed, and tables which slothfulness framed, corrupt slothfulness: although they speak similarly, they want to be heard differently.-

See this languishing one! Only a span-breadth is he from his goal; but from weariness has he lain down obstinately in the dust, this brave one!

From weariness yawns he at the path, at the earth, at the goal, and at himself: not a step further will he go, - this brave one!

Now glows the sun upon him, and the dogs lick at his sweat: but he lies there in his obstinacy and prefers to languish:-

-A span-breadth from his goal, to languish! Truly, you will have to drag him into his heaven by the hair of his head - this hero!

Better still that you let him lie where he has lain down, that sleep may come to him, the comforter, with cooling patter-rain.

Let him lie, until of his own accord he awakens, - until of his own accord he repudiates all weariness, and what weariness has taught through

him!

Only, my brothers, see that you scare the dogs away from him, the idle skulkers, and all the swarming vermin:-

-All the swarming vermin of the "cultured," that - feast on the sweat of every hero! -

19.

I form circles around me and holy boundaries; ever fewer ascend with me ever higher mountains: I build a mountain-range out of ever holier mountains.-

But wherever you would ascend with me, O my brothers, take care lest a parasite ascend with you!

A parasite: that is a reptile, a creeping, cringing reptile, that tries to fatten on your infirm and sore places.

And this is its art: it divines where ascending souls are weary, in your trouble and dejection, in your sensitive modesty, does it build its loathsome nest.

Where the strong are weak, where the noble are all-too-gentle - there builds it its loathsome nest; the parasite lives where the great have small sore-places.

What is the highest of all species of being, and what is the lowest? The parasite is the lowest species; he, however, who is of the highest species feeds most parasites.

For the soul which has the longest ladder, and can go deepest down: how could there fail to be most parasites upon it?-

-The most comprehensive soul, which can run and stray and rove furthest in itself; the most necessary soul, which out of joy flings itself into chance:-

-The soul in Being, which plunges into Becoming; the possessing soul, which seeks to attain desire and longing:-

-The soul fleeing from itself, which overtakes itself in the widest circuit; the wisest soul, to which folly speaks most sweetly:-

-The soul most self-loving, in which all things have their current and counter-current, their ebb and their flow: - oh, how could the loftiest soul fail to have the worst parasites?

20.

O my brothers, am I then cruel? But I say: What falls, that shall one also push!

Everything of today - it falls, it decays; who would preserve it! But I - I wish also to push it!

Know you the delight which rolls stones into precipitous depths? -

Those men of today, see just how they roll into my depths!

A prelude am I to better players, O my brothers! An example! Do according to my example!

And him whom you do not teach to fly, teach I pray you - to fall faster!

-

21.

I love the brave: but it is not enough to be a swordsman, - one must also know whereon to use swordsmanship!

And often is it greater bravery to keep quiet and pass by, that thereby one may reserve oneself for a worthier foe!

You shall only have foes to be hated; but not foes to be despised: you must be proud of your foes. Thus have I already taught.

For the worthier foe, O my brothers, shall you reserve yourselves: therefore must you pass by many a one,-

-Especially many of the rabble, who din your ears with noise about people and peoples.

Keep your eye clear of their For and Against! There is there much right, much wrong: he who looks on becomes wroth.

Therein viewing, therein hewing - they are the same thing: therefore depart into the forests and lay your sword to sleep!

Go your ways! and let the people and peoples go theirs! - gloomy ways, truly, on which not a single hope glints any more!

Let there the trader rule, where all that still glitters is - traders' gold. It is the time of kings no longer: that which now calls itself the people is unworthy of kings.

See how these peoples themselves now do just like the traders: they pick up the smallest advantage out of all kinds of rubbish!

They lay lures for one another, they lure things out of one another, - that they call "good neighbourliness." O blessed remote period when a people said to itself: "I will be - master over peoples!"

For, my brothers, the best shall rule, the best also wills to rule! And where the teaching is different, there - the best is lacking.

22.

If they had - bread for nothing, Alas. for what would they cry! Their maintainment - that is their true entertainment; and they shall have it hard!

Beasts of prey, are they: in their "working" - there is even plundering, in their "earning" - there is even over-reaching! Therefore shall they have it hard!

Better beasts of prey shall they thus become, subtler, cleverer, more

man-like: for man is the best beast of prey.

All the animals has man already robbed of their virtues: that is why of all animals it has been hardest for man.

Only the birds are still beyond him. And if man should yet learn to fly, Alas. to what height - would his rapacity fly!

23.

Thus would I have man and woman: fit for war, the one; fit for maternity, the other; both, however, fit for dancing with head and legs.

And lost be the day to us in which a measure has not been danced. And false be every truth which has not had laughter along with it!

24.

Your marriage-arranging: see that it be not a bad arranging! you have arranged too hastily: so there follows from that - marriage-breaking!

And better marriage-breaking than marriage-bending, marriage-lying! - Thus spoke a woman to me: "Indeed, I broke the marriage, but first did the marriage break - me!

The badly paired found I ever the most revengeful: they make everyone suffer for it that they no longer run singly.

On that account want I the honest ones to say to one another: "We love each other: let us see to it that we maintain our love! Or shall our pledging be blundering?"

- "Give us a set term and a small marriage, that we may see if we are fit for the great marriage! It is a great matter always to be twain."

Thus do I counsel all honest ones; and what would be my love to the overman, and to all that is to come, if I should counsel and speak otherwise!

Not only to propagate yourselves onwards but upwards - to this, O my brothers, may the garden of marriage help you!

25.

He who has grown wise concerning old origins, behold, he will at last seek after the fountains of the future and new origins.-

O my brothers, not long will it be until new peoples shall arise and new fountains shall rush down into new depths.

For the earthquake - it chokes up many wells, it causes much languishing: but it brings also to light inner powers and secrets.

The earthquake discloses new fountains. In the earthquake of old peoples new fountains burst forth.

And whoever calls out: "Behold, here is a well for many thirsty ones, one heart for many longing ones, one will for many instruments": - around him collects a people, that is to say, many attempting ones.

Who can command, who must obey - that is there attempted! Ah, with what long seeking and solving and failing and learning and re-attempting!

Human society: it is an attempt - so I teach - a long seeking: it seeks however the ruler!-

-An attempt, my brothers! And no "contract"! Destroy, I pray you, destroy that word of the soft-hearted and half-and-half!

26.

O my brothers! With whom lies the greatest danger to the whole human future? Is it not with the good and just?-

-As those who say and feel in their hearts: "We already know what is good and just, we possess it also; woe to those who still seek thereafter!"

And whatever harm the wicked may do, the harm of the good is the most harmful harm!

And whatever harm the world-maligners may do, the harm of the good is the most harmful harm!

O my brothers, into the hearts of the good and just looked someone once on a time, who said: "They are the Pharisees." But people did not understand him.

The good and just themselves were not free to understand him; their spirit was imprisoned in their good conscience. The stupidity of the good is unfathomably wise.

It is the truth, however, that the good must be Pharisees - they have no choice!

The good must crucify him who devises his own virtue! That is the truth!

The second one, however, who discovered their country - the country, heart and soul of the good and just, - it was he who asked: "Whom do they hate most?"

The creator, hate they most, him who breaks the tables and old values, the breaker, - him they call the law-breaker.

For the good - they cannot create; they are always the beginning of the end:-

-They crucify him who writes new values on new tables, they sacrifice to themselves the future - they crucify the whole human future!

The good - they have always been the beginning of the end. -

27.

O my brothers, have you also understood this word? And what I once said of the "last man"? - -

With whom lies the greatest danger to the whole human future? Is it

not with the good and just?

Break up, break up, I pray you, the good and just! - O my brothers, have you understood also this word?

28.

You flee from me? you are frightened? you tremble at this word?

O my brothers, when I enjoined you to break up the good, and the tables of the good, then only did I embark man on his high seas.

And now only comes to him the great terror, the great outlook, the great sickness, the great nausea, the great seasickness.

False shores and false securities did the good teach you; in the lies of the good you were born and bred. Everything has been radically contorted and distorted by the good.

But he who discovered the country of "man," discovered also the country of "man's future." Now shall you be sailors for me, brave, patient!

Keep yourselves up betimes, my brothers, learn to keep yourselves up! The sea storms: many seek to raise themselves again by you.

The sea storms: all is in the sea. Well! Cheer up! you old seaman-hearts!

What of fatherland! There strives our helm where our children's land is! In that direction, stormier than the sea, storms our great longing! -

29.

"Why so hard!" - said to the diamond one day the charcoal; "are we then not near relatives?"-

Why so soft? O my brothers; thus do I ask you: are you then not - my brothers?

Why so soft, so submissive and yielding? Why is there so much negation and abnegation in your hearts? Why is there so little fate in your looks?

And if you will not be fates and inexorable ones, how can you one day - conquer with me?

And if your hardness will not glance and cut and chip to pieces, how can you one day - create with me?

For the creators are hard. And blessedness must it seem to you to press your hand upon millenniums as upon wax,-

-Blessedness to write upon the will of millenniums as upon brass, - harder than brass, nobler than brass. Entirely hard is only the noblest.

This new table, O my brothers, put I up over you: Become hard! -

30.

O you, my Will! you change of every need, my needfulness! Preserve me from all small victories!

You fatedness of my soul, which I call fate! you In-me! Over-me!

Preserve and spare me for one great fate!

And your last greatness, my Will, spare it for your last - that you may be inexorable in your victory! Ah, who has not succumbed to his victory!

Ah, whose eye has not bedimmed in this intoxicated twilight! Ah, whose foot has not faltered and forgotten in victory - how to stand!-

-That I may one day be ready and ripe in the great noon-tide: ready and ripe like the glowing ore, the lightning-bearing cloud, and the swelling milk-udder:-

-Ready for myself and for my most hidden Will: a bow eager for its arrow, an arrow eager for its star:-

-A star, ready and ripe in its noontide, glowing, pierced, blessed, by annihilating sun-arrows:-

-A sun itself, and an inexorable sun-will, ready for annihilation in victory!

O Will, you change of every need, my needfulness! Spare me for one great victory! - -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 3, (13) Zarathustra THE CONVALESCENT

1.

ONE morning, not long after his return to his cave, Zarathustra sprang up from his couch like a madman, crying with a frightful voice, and acting as if someone still lay on the couch who did not wish to rise. Zarathustra's voice also resounded in such a manner that his animals came to him frightened, and out of all the neighbouring caves and lurking-places all the creatures slipped away - flying, fluttering, creeping or leaping, according to their variety of foot or wing. Zarathustra, however, spoke these words:

Up, abysmal thought out of my depth! I am your cock and morning dawn, you overslept reptile: Up! Up! My voice shall soon crow you awake!

Unbind the fetters of your ears: listen! For I wish to hear your! Up! Up! There is thunder enough to make the very graves listen!

And rub the sleep and all the dimness and blindness out of your eyes! Hear me also with your eyes: my voice is a medicine even for those born blind.

And once you are awake, then shall you ever remain awake. It is not my custom to awake great-grandmothers out of their sleep that I may bid them - sleep on!

You stir, stretch yourself, wheezes? Up! Up! Not wheeze, shall you, - but speak to me! Zarathustra calls you, Zarathustra the godless!

I, Zarathustra, the advocate of living, the advocate of suffering, the advocate of the circuit - you do I call, my most abysmal thought!

Joy to me! you come, - I hear your! My abyss speaks, my lowest depth have I turned over into the light!

Joy to me! Come hither! Give me your hand - - ha! let be! aha! - - Disgust, disgust, disgust - - - alas to me!

2.

Hardly, however, had Zarathustra spoken these words, when he fell down as one dead, and remained long as one dead. When however he again came to himself, then was he pale and trembling, and remained lying; and for long he would neither eat nor drink. This condition continued for seven days; his animals, however, did not leave him day nor night, except that the eagle flew forth to fetch food. And what it fetched and foraged, it laid on Zarathustra's couch: so that Zarathustra at last lay among yellow and red berries, grapes, rosy apples, sweet-smelling herb-age, and pine-cones. At his feet, however, two lambs were stretched, which the eagle had with difficulty carried off from their shepherds.

At last, after seven days, Zarathustra raised himself upon his couch, took a rosy apple in his hand, smelt it and found its smell pleasant. Then did his animals think the time had come to speak to him.

"O Zarathustra," said they, "now have you lain thus for seven days with heavy eyes: will you not set yourself again upon your feet?

Step out of your cave: the world waits for you as a garden. The wind plays with heavy fragrance which seeks for you; and all brooks would like to run after you.

All things long for you, since you have remained alone for seven days - step forth out of your cave! All things want to be your physicians!

Did perhaps a new knowledge come to you, a bitter, grievous knowledge? Like leavened dough you lay, your soul arose and swelled beyond all its bounds."

-O my animals, answered Zarathustra, talk on thus and let me listen! It refreshes me so to hear your talk: where there is talk, there is the world as a garden to me.

How charming it is that there are words and tones; are not words and tones rainbows and seeming bridges between the eternally separated?

To each soul belongs another world; to each soul is every other soul a back-world.

Among the most alike does semblance deceive most delightfully: for the smallest gap is most difficult to bridge over.

For me - how could there be an outside-of-me? There is no outside! But this we forget on hearing tones; how delightful it is that we forget!

Have not names and tones been given to things that man may refresh himself with them? It is a beautiful folly, speaking; therewith dances man over everything.

How lovely is all speech and all falsehoods of tones! With tones dances our love on variegated rainbows.-

"O Zarathustra," said then his animals, "to those who think like us, things all dance themselves: they come and hold out the hand and laugh and flee - and return.

Everything goes, everything returns; eternally rolls the wheel of existence. Everything dies, everything blossoms forth again; eternally runs on the year of existence.

Everything breaks, everything is integrated anew; eternally builds itself the same house of existence. All things separate, all things again greet one another; eternally true to itself remains the ring of existence.

Every moment begins existence, around every 'Here' rolls the ball 'There.' The middle is everywhere. Crooked is the path of eternity."-

-O you wags and barrel-organs! answered Zarathustra, and smiled once more, how well do you know what had to be fulfilled in seven days:-

-And how that monster crept into my throat and choked me! But I bit off its head and spat it away from me.

And you - you have made a lyre-lay out of it? Now, however, do I lie here, still exhausted with that biting and spitting-away, still sick with my own salvation.

And you looked on at it all? O my animals, are you also cruel? Did you like to look at my great pain as men do? For man is the cruellest animal.

At tragedies, bull-fights, and crucifixions has he thus far been happiest on earth; and when he invented his hell, behold, that was his heaven on earth.

When the great man cries:- immediately runs the little man there, and his tongue hangs out of his mouth for very lusting. He, however, calls it his "pity."

The little man, especially the poet - how passionately does he accuse life in words! Listen to him, but do not fail to hear the delight which is in

all accusation!

Such accusers of life - them life overcomes with a glance of the eye. "you lovest me?" says the insolent one; "wait a little, as yet have I no time for you."

Towards himself man is the cruellest animal; and in all who call themselves "sinners" and "bearers of the cross" and "penitents," do not overlook the voluptuousness in their complaints and accusations!

And I myself - do, I thereby want to be man's accuser? Ah, my animals, this only have I learned thus far, that for man his most bad is necessary for his best,-

-That all that is most bad is the best power, and the hardest stone for the highest creator; and that man must become better and more bad:-

Not to this torture-stake was I tied, that I know man is bad, - but I cried, as no one has yet cried:

"Ah, that his most bad is so very small! Ah, that his best is so very small!"

The great disgust at man - it strangled me and had crept into my throat: and what the soothsayer had presaged: "All is alike, nothing is worthwhile, knowledge strangles."

A long twilight limped on before me, a fatally weary, fatally intoxicated sadness, which spoke with yawning mouth.

"Eternally he returns, the man of whom you are weary, the small man" - so yawned my sadness, and dragged its foot and could not go to sleep.

A cavern, became the human earth to me; its breast caved in; everything living became to me human dust and bones and mouldering past.

My sighing sat on all human graves, and could no longer arise: my sighing and questioning croaked and choked, and gnawed and nagged day and night:

- "Ah, man returns eternally! The small man returns eternally!"

Naked had I once seen both of them, the greatest man and the smallest man: all too like one another - all too human, even the greatest man!

All too small, even the greatest man! - that was my disgust at man! And the eternal return also of the smallest man! - that was my disgust at all existence!

Ah, Disgust! Disgust! Disgust! - - Thus spoke Zarathustra, and sighed and shuddered; for he remembered his sickness. Then did his animals prevent him from speaking further.

"Do not speak further, you convalescent!" - so answered his animals, "but go out where the world waits for you like a garden.

Go out to the roses, the bees, and the flocks of doves! Especially, however, to the singing-birds, to learn singing from them!

For singing is for the convalescent; the sound ones may talk. And when the sound also want songs, then want they other songs than the convalescent."

"O you wags and barrel-organs, do be silent!" answered Zarathustra, and smiled at his animals. "How well you know what consolation I devised for myself in seven days!

That I have to sing once more - that consolation did I devise for myself, and this convalescence: would you also make another lyre-lay thereof?"

"Do not talk further," answered his animals once more; "rather, you convalescent, prepare for yourself first a lyre, a new lyre!

For behold, O Zarathustra! For your new lays there are needed new lyres.

Sing and bubble over, O Zarathustra, heal your soul with new lays: that you may bear your great fate, which has not yet been any one's fate!

For your animals know it well, O Zarathustra, who you are and must become: behold, you are the teacher of the eternal return, - that is now your fate!

That you must be the first to teach this teaching - how could this great fate not be your greatest danger and infirmity!

Behold, we know what you teach: that all things eternally return, and ourselves with them, and that we have already existed times without number, and all things with us.

You teach that there is a great year of Becoming, a prodigy of a great year; it must, like a sand-glass, ever turn up anew, that it may anew run down and run out:-

-So that all those years are like one another in the greatest and also in the smallest, so that we ourselves, in every great year, are like ourselves in the greatest and also in the smallest.

And if you would now die, O Zarathustra, behold, we know also how you would then speak to yourself: - but your animals beseech you not to die yet!

You would speak, and without trembling, buoyant rather with bliss, for a great weight and worry would be taken from you, you most patient one!-

'Now do I die and disappear,' would you say, 'and in a moment I am nothing. Souls are as mortal as bodies.

But the plexus of causes returns in which I am intertwined, - it will again create me! I myself pertain to the causes of the eternal return.

I come again with this sun, with this earth, with this eagle, with this serpent - not to a new life, or a better life, or a similar life:

-I come again eternally to this identical and selfsame life, in its greatest and its smallest, to teach again the eternal return of all things,-

-To speak again the word of the great noontide of earth and man, to announce again to man the overman.

I have spoken my word. I break down by my word: so wills my eternal fate - as announcer do I succumb!

The hour has now come for the down-goer to bless himself. Thus - ends Zarathustra's down-going.'" - -

When the animals had spoken these words they were silent and waited, so that Zarathustra might say something to them; but Zarathustra did not hear that they were silent. On the contrary, he lay quietly with closed eyes like a person sleeping, although he did not sleep; for he communed just then with his soul. The serpent, however, and the eagle, when they found him silent in such wise, respected the great stillness around him, and prudently retired.

Part 3, (14) Zarathustra THE GREAT LONGING

O MY soul, I have taught you to say "today" as "once on a time" and "formerly," and to dance your measure over every Here and There and Yonder.

O my soul, I delivered you from all by-places, I brushed down from you dust and spiders and twilight.

O my soul, I washed the petty shame and the by-place virtue from you, and persuaded you to stand naked before the eyes of the sun.

With the storm that is called "spirit" did I blow over your surging sea; all clouds did I blow away from it; I strangled even the strangler called "sin."

O my soul, I gave you the right to say No like the storm, and to say yes as the open heaven says Yes: calm as the light you remain, and now walk through denying storms.

O my soul, I restored to you liberty over the created and the uncreated; and who knows, as you know, the voluptuousness of the future?

O my soul, I taught you the contempt which does not come like worm-eating, the great, the loving contempt, which loves most where it

contemns most.

O my soul, I taught you so to persuade that you persuade even the grounds themselves to you: like the sun, which persuades even the sea to its height.

O my soul, I have taken from you all obeying and knee-bending and homage-paying; I have myself given you the names, "Change of need" and "Fate."

O my soul, I have given you new names and gay-coloured playthings, I have called you "Fate" and "the Circuit of circuits" and "the Navel-string of time" and "the Azure bell."

O my soul, to your domain gave I all wisdom to drink all new wines, and also all immemorially old strong wines of wisdom.

O my soul, every sun shed I upon you, and every night and every silence and every longing: - then grew you up for me as a vine.

O my soul, exuberant and heavy do you now stand forth, a vine with swelling udders and full clusters of brown golden grapes:-

-Filled and weighted by your happiness, waiting from superabundance, and yet ashamed of your waiting.

O my soul, there is nowhere a soul which could be more loving and more comprehensive and more extensive! Where could future and past be closer together than with you?

O my soul, I have given you everything, and all my hands have become empty by you: - and now! Now say you to me, smiling and full of melancholy: "Which of us owes thanks?-

-does the giver not owe thanks because the receiver received? Is bestowing not a necessity? Is receiving not - pitying?"

O my soul, I understand the smiling of your melancholy: your overabundance itself now stretches out longing hands!

Your fullness looks forth over raging seas, and seeks and waits: the longing of over-fulness looks forth from the smiling heaven of your eyes!

And truly, O my soul! Who could see your smiling and not melt into tears? The angels themselves melt into tears through the over-graciousness of your smiling.

Your graciousness and over-graciousness, is it which will not complain and weep: and yet, O my soul, longs your smiling for tears, and your trembling mouth for sobs.

"Is not all weeping complaining? And all complaining, accusing?" Thus speak you to yourself; and therefore, O my soul, will you rather smile than pour forth your grief-

-Than in gushing tears pour forth all your grief concerning your

fullness, and concerning the craving of the vine for the vintager and vintage-knife!

But will you not weep, will you not weep forth your purple melancholy, then will you have to sing, O my soul! - Behold, I smile myself, who foretell you this:

-you will have to sing with passionate song, until all seas turn calm to listen to your longing,-

-Until over calm longing seas the bark glides, the golden marvel, around the gold of which all good, bad, and marvellous things frisk:-

-Also many large and small animals, and everything that has light marvellous feet, so that it can run on violet-blue paths,-

-Towards the golden marvel, the spontaneous bark, and its master: he, however, is the vintager who waits with the diamond vintage-knife,-

-your great deliverer, O my soul, the nameless one - for whom future songs only will find names! And truly, already has your breath the fragrance of future songs,-

-Already glow you and dream, already drink you thirstily at all deep echoing wells of consolation, already reposes your melancholy in the bliss of future songs! - -

O my soul, now have I given you all, and even my last possession, and all my hands have become empty by you: - that I bade you sing, behold, that was my last thing to give!

That I bade you sing, - say now, say: which of us now - owes thanks? - Better still, however: sing to me, sing, O my soul! And let me thank you!

-

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 3, (15) Zarathustra THE SECOND DANCE SONG

1.

"INTO your eyes gazed I lately, O Life: gold saw I gleam in your night-eyes, - my heart stood still with delight:

-A golden bark saw I gleam on darkened waters, a sinking, drinking, reblinking, golden swing-bark!

At my dance-frantic foot, do you cast a glance, a laughing, questioning, melting, thrown glance:

Twice only moved you your rattle with your little hands - then did my

feet swing with dance-fury.-

My heels reared aloft, my toes they listened, - you they would know:
has not the dancer his ear - in his toe!

to you did I spring: then fled you back from my bound; and towards
me waved your fleeing, flying tresses round!

Away from you did I spring, and from your snaky tresses: then stood
you there half-turned, and in your eye caresses.

With crooked glances - do you teach me crooked courses; on crooked
courses learn my feet - crafty fancies!

I fear you near, I love you far; your flight allures me, your seeking se-
cures me: - I suffer, but for you, what would I not gladly bear!

For you, whose coldness inflames, whose hatred misleads, whose flight
enchains, whose mockery - pleads:

-Who would not hate you, you great bindress, in-windress, temptress,
seekress, findress! Who would not love you, you innocent, impatient,
wind-swift, child-eyed sinner!

where pull you me now, you paragon and tomboy? And now fool you
me fleeing; you sweet romp do annoy!

I dance after you, I follow even faint traces lonely. Where are you? Give
me your hand! Or your finger only!

Here are caves and thickets: we shall go astray! - Halt! Stand still! See
you not owls and bats in fluttering fray?

You bat! you owl! you would play me foul? Where are we? From the
dogs have you learned thus to bark and howl.

You gnash on me sweetly with little white teeth; your evil eyes shoot
out upon me, your curly little mane from underneath!

This is a dance over stock and stone: I am the hunter, - will you be my
hound, or my chamois anon?

Now beside me! And quickly, wickedly springing! Now up! And over!
- Alas. I have fallen myself overswinging!

Oh, see me lying, you arrogant one, and imploring grace! Gladly
would I walk with you - in some lovelier place!

-In the paths of love, through bushes variegated, quiet, trim! Or there
along the lake, where gold-fishes dance and swim!

You are now a-weary? There above are sheep and sun-set stripes: is it
not sweet to sleep - the shepherd pipes?

You are so very weary? I carry you there; let just your arm sink! And
are you thirsty - I should have something; but your mouth would not
like it to drink!-

-Oh, that cursed, nimble, supple serpent and lurking-witch! Where are

you gone? But in my face do I feel through your hand, two spots and red blotches itch!

I am truly weary of it, ever your sheepish shepherd to be. you witch, if I have thus far sung to you, now shall you - cry to me!

To the rhythm of my whip shall you dance and cry! I forget not my whip? - Not I!" -

2.

Then did Life answer me thus, and kept thereby her fine ears closed:

"O Zarathustra! Crack not so terribly with your whip! you know surely that noise kills thought, - and just now there came to me such delicate thoughts.

We are both of us genuine ne'er-do-wells and ne'er-do-ills. Beyond good and evil found we our island and our green meadow - we two alone! Therefore must we be friendly to each other!

And even should we not love each other from the bottom of our hearts, - must we then have a grudge against each other if we do not love each other perfectly?

And that I am friendly to you, and often too friendly, that know you: and the reason is that I am envious of your Wisdom. Ah, this mad old fool, Wisdom!

If your Wisdom should one day run away from you, ah! then would also my love run away from you quickly." -

Thereupon did Life look thoughtfully behind and around, and said softly: "O Zarathustra, you are not faithful enough to me!

You love me not nearly so much as you say; I know you think of soon leaving me.

There is an old heavy, heavy, booming-clock: it booms by night up to your cave:-

-When you hear this clock strike the hours at midnight, then think you between one and twelve thereon-

-you think thereon, O Zarathustra, I know it - of soon leaving me!"-

"Yes," answered I, hesitatingly, "but you know it also" - And I said something into her ear, in among her confused, yellow, foolish tresses.

"you know that, O Zarathustra? That knows no one - -"

And we gazed at each other, and looked at the green meadow over which the cool evening was just passing, and we wept together. - Then, however, was Life dearer to me than all my Wisdom had ever been. -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

3.

One!

O man! Take heed!

Two!

What says deep midnight's voice indeed?

Three!

"I slept my sleep -

Four!

"From deepest dream I've woke and plead: -

Five!

"The world is deep,

Six!

"And deeper than the day could read.

Seven!

"Deep is its woe -

Eight!

"Joy - deeper still than grief can be:

Nine!

"Woe says: Hence! Go!

Ten!

"But joys all want eternity -

Eleven!

"Want deep profound eternity!"

Twelve!

Part 3, (16) Zarathustra THE SEVEN SEALS

(OR THE yes AND AMEN LAY.)

1.

IF I be a diviner and full of the divining spirit which wanders on high mountain-ridges, between two seas,-

Wanders between the past and the future as a heavy cloud - hostile to sultry plains, and to all that is weary and can neither die nor live:

Ready for lightning in its dark bosom, and for the redeeming flash of light, charged with lightning which say Yes! which laugh Yes! ready for divining flashes of lightning:-

-Blessed, however, is he who is thus charged! And truly, long must he hang like a heavy tempest on the mountain, who shall one day kindle the light of the future!-

Oh, how could I not be ardent for Eternity and for the marriage-ring of rings - the ring of the return?

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I should like to have children, unless it be this woman whom I love: for I love you, O Eternity!

For I love you, O Eternity!

2.

If ever my wrath has burst graves, shifted landmarks, or rolled old shattered tables into precipitous depths:

If ever my scorn has scattered mouldered words to the winds, and if I have come like a besom to cross-spiders, and as a cleansing wind to old charnel-houses:

If ever I have sat rejoicing where old gods lie buried, world-blessing, world-loving, beside the monuments of old world-maligners:-

-For even churches and gods'-graves do I love, if only heaven looks through their ruined roofs with pure eyes; gladly do I sit like grass and red poppies on ruined churches-

Oh, how could I not be ardent for Eternity, and for the marriage-ring of rings - the ring of the return?

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I should like to have children, unless it be this woman whom I love: for I love you, O Eternity!

For I love you, O Eternity!

3.

If ever a breath has come to me of the creative breath, and of the heavenly necessity which compels even chances to dance star-dances:

If ever I have laughed with the laughter of the creative lightning, to which the long thunder of the deed follows, grumblingly, but obediently:

If ever I have played dice with the gods at the divine table of the earth, so that the earth quaked and ruptured, and snorted forth fire-streams:-

-For a divine table is the earth, and trembling with new active dictums and dice-casts of the gods:

Oh, how could I not be ardent for Eternity, and for the marriage-ring of rings - the ring of the return?

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I should like to have children, unless it be this woman whom I love: for I love you, O Eternity!

For I love you, O Eternity!

4.

If ever I have drunk a full draught of the foaming spice - and confection-bowl in which all things are well mixed:

If ever my hand has mingled the furthest with the nearest, fire with spirit, joy with sorrow, and the harshest with the kindest:

If I myself am a grain of the saving salt which makes everything in the confection-bowl mix well:-

-For there is a salt which unites good with evil; and even the vilest is worthy, as spicing and as final over-foaming:-

Oh, how could I not be ardent for Eternity, and for the marriage-ring of rings - the ring of the return?

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I should like to have children, unless it be this woman whom I love: for I love you, O Eternity!

For I love you, O Eternity!

5.

If I be fond of the sea, and all that is sea-like, and fondest of it when it angrily contradicts me:

If the exploring delight be in me, which impels sails to the undiscovered, if the seafarer's delight be in my delight:

If ever my rejoicing has called out: "The shore has vanished, - now has fallen from me the last chain-

The boundless roars around me, far away sparkle for me space and time, - well! cheer up! old heart!"-

Oh, how could I not be ardent for Eternity, and for the marriage-ring of rings - the ring of the return?

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I should like to have children, unless it be this woman whom I love: for I love you, O Eternity!

For I love you, O Eternity!

6.

If my virtue be a dancer's virtue, and if I have often sprung with both feet into golden-emerald rapture:

If my wickedness be a laughing wickedness, at home among rose-banks and hedges of lilies:

-or in laughter is all evil present, but it is sanctified and absolved by its own bliss:-

And if it be my Alpha and Omega that everything heavy shall become light, everybody a dancer, and every spirit a bird: and truly, that is my Alpha and Omega!-

Oh, how could I not be ardent for Eternity, and for the marriage-ring of rings - the ring of the return?

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I should like to have children, unless it be this woman whom I love: for I love you, O Eternity!

For I love you, O Eternity!

7.

If ever I have spread out a tranquil heaven above me, and have flown

into my own heaven with my own pinions:

If I have swum playfully in profound luminous distances, and if my freedom's avian wisdom has come to me:-

-Thus however speaks avian wisdom: - "Behold, there is no above and no below! Throw yourself about, - outward, backward, you light one! Sing! speak no more!

-Are not all words made for the heavy? Do not all words lie to the light ones? Sing! speak no more!"-

Oh, how could I not be ardent for Eternity, and for the marriage-ring of rings - the ring of the return?

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I should like to have children, unless it be this woman whom I love: for I love you, O Eternity!

For I love you, O Eternity!

FOURTH AND LAST PART

Ah, where in the world have there been greater follies than with the pitiful? And what in the world has caused more suffering than the follies of the pitiful?

Woe to all loving ones who have not an elevation which is above their pity!

Thus spoke the devil to me, once on a time: "Ever God has his hell: it is his love for man."

And lately did I hear him say these words: "God is dead: of his pity for man has God died." - ZARATHUSTRA, II., "The Pitiful."

THUS SPOKE ZARATHUSTRA

FOURTH AND LAST PART

Part 4, (1) Zarathustra THE HONEY SACRIFICE

-AND again passed moons and years over Zarathustra's soul, and he heeded it not; his hair, however, became white. One day when he sat on a stone in front of his cave, and gazed calmly into the distance - one there gazes out on the sea, and away beyond sinuous abysses, - then went his animals thoughtfully round about him, and at last set themselves in front of him.

"O Zarathustra," said they, "gaze you out perhaps for your happiness?" - "Of what account is my happiness!" answered he, "I have long ceased to strive any more for happiness, I strive for my work." - "O Zarathustra,"

said the animals once more, "that say you as one who has overmuch of good things. Lie you not in a sky-blue lake of happiness?" - "You wags," answered Zarathustra, and smiled, "how well did you choose the simile! But you know also that my happiness is heavy, and not like a fluid wave of water: it presses me and will not leave me, and is like molten pitch."-

Then went his animals again thoughtfully around him, and placed themselves once more in front of him. "O Zarathustra," said they, "it is consequently for that reason that you yourself always becomes more yellow and darker, although your hair looks white and flaxen? Behold, you sit in your pitch!" - "What do you say, my animals?" said Zarathustra, laughing; "truly I reviled when I spoke of pitch. As it happens with me, so is it with all fruits that turn ripe. It is the honey in my veins that makes my blood thicker, and also my soul stiller." - "So will it be, O Zarathustra," answered his animals, and pressed up to him; "but will you not today ascend a high mountain? The air is pure, and today one sees more of the world than ever." - "Yes, my animals," answered he, "you counsel admirably and according to my heart: I will today ascend a high mountain! But see that honey is there ready to hand, yellow, white, good, ice-cool, golden-comb-honey. For know that when aloft I will make the honey-sacrifice."-

When Zarathustra, however, was aloft on the summit, he sent his animals home that had accompanied him, and found that he was now alone: - then he laughed from the bottom of his heart, looked around him, and spoke thus:

That I spoke of sacrifices and honey-sacrifices, it was merely a ruse in talking and truly, a useful folly! Here aloft can I now speak freer than in front of mountain-caves and anchorites' domestic animals.

What to sacrifice! I squander what is given me, a squanderer with a thousand hands: how could I call that - sacrificing?

And when I desired honey I only desired bait, and sweet mucus and mucilage, for which even the mouths of growling bears, and strange, sulky, evil birds, water:

-The best bait, as huntsmen and fishermen require it. For if the world be as a gloomy forest of animals, and a pleasure-ground for all wild huntsmen, it seems to me rather - and preferably - a fathomless, rich sea;

-A sea full of many-hued fishes and crabs, for which even the gods might long, and might be tempted to become fishers in it, and casters of nets, - so rich is the world in wonderful things, great and small!

Especially the human world, the human sea: - towards it do I now throw out my golden angle-rod and say: Open up, you human abyss!

Open up, and throw to me your fish and shining crabs! With my best bait shall I allure to myself today the strangest human fish!

-My happiness itself do I throw out into all places far and wide between orient, noontide, and occident, to see if many human fish will not learn to hug and tug at my happiness;-

Until, biting at my sharp hidden hooks, they have to come up to my height, the most motley abyss-groundlings, to the wickedest of all fishers of men.

For this am I from the heart and from the beginning - drawing, hither-drawing, upward-drawing, upbringing; a drawer, a trainer, a training-master, who not in vain counselled himself once on a time: "Become what you art!"

Thus may men now come up to me; for as yet do I await the signs that it is time for my down-going; as yet do I not myself go down, as I must do, among men.

Therefore do I here wait, crafty and scornful upon high mountains, no impatient one, no patient one; rather one who has even unlearned patience, - because he no longer "suffers."

For my fate gives me time: it has forgotten me perhaps? Or does it sit behind a big stone and catch flies?

And truly, I am well-disposed to my eternal fate, because it does not hound and hurry me, but leaves me time for merriment and mischief; so that I have to-day ascended this high mountain to catch fish.

Did ever anyone catch fish upon high mountains? And though it be a folly what I here seek and do, it is better so than that down below I should become solemn with waiting, and green and yellow-

-A posturing wrath-snorter with waiting, a holy howl-storm from the mountains, an impatient one that shouts down into the valleys: "Listen, else I will scourge you with the scourge of God!"

Not that I would have a grudge against such wrathful ones on that account: they are well enough for laughter to me! Impatient must they now be, those big alarm-drums, which find a voice now or never!

Myself, however, and my fate - we do not talk to the Present, neither do we talk to the Never: for talking we have patience and time and more than time. For one day must it yet come, and may not pass by.

What must one day come and may not pass by? Our great Hazar, that is to say, our great, remote human-kingdom, the Zarathustra-kingdom of a thousand years - -

How remote may such "remoteness" be? What does it concern me? But on that account it is none the less sure to me-, with both feet stand I

secure on this ground;

-On an eternal ground, on hard primary rock, on this highest, hardest, primary mountain-ridge, to which all winds come, as to the storm-parting, asking Where? and Whence? and where?

Here laugh, laugh, my hearty, healthy wickedness! From high mountains cast down your glittering scorn-laughter! Allure for me with your glittering the finest human fish!

And whatever belongs to me in all seas, my in-and-for-me in all things - fish that out for me, bring that up to me: for that do I wait, the wickedest of all fish-catchers.

Out! out! my fishing-hook! In and down, you bait of my happiness! Drip your sweetest dew, you honey of my heart! Bite, my fishing-hook, into the belly of all black affliction!

Look out, look out, my eye! Oh, how many seas round about me, what dawning human futures! And above me - what rosy red stillness! What unclouded silence!

Part 4, (2) Zarathustra THE CRY OF DISTRESS

THE next day sat Zarathustra again on the stone in front of his cave, whilst his animals roved about in the world outside to bring home new food, - also new honey: for Zarathustra had spent and wasted the old honey to the very last particle. When he thus sat, however, with a stick in his hand, tracing the shadow of his figure on the earth, and reflecting - truly! not upon himself and his shadow, - all at once he startled and shrank back: for he saw another shadow beside his own. And when he hastily looked around and stood up, behold, there stood the soothsayer beside him, the same whom he had once given to eat and drink at his table, the proclaimer of the great weariness, who taught: "All is alike, nothing is worthwhile, the world is without meaning, knowledge strangles." But his face had changed since then; and when Zarathustra looked into his eyes, his heart was startled once more: so much evil announcement and ashy-grey lightning passed over that countenance.

The soothsayer, who had perceived what went on in Zarathustra's soul, wiped his face with his hand, as if he would wipe out the impression; the same did also Zarathustra. And when both of them had thus silently composed and strengthened themselves, they gave each other the hand,

as a token that they wanted once more to recognise each other.

"Welcome hither," said Zarathustra, "you soothsayer of the great weariness, not in vain shall you once have been my messmate and guest. Eat and drink also with me to-day, and forgive it that a cheerful old man sits with you at table!" - "A cheerful old man?" answered the soothsayer, shaking his head, "but whoever you art, or would be, O Zarathustra, you have been here aloft the longest time, - in a little while your bark shall no longer rest on dry land!" - "Do I then rest on dry land?" - asked Zarathustra, laughing. - "The waves around your mountain," answered the soothsayer, "rise and rise, the waves of great distress and affliction: they will soon raise your bark also and carry you away." - Thereupon was Zarathustra silent and wondered. - "Do you still hear nothing?" continued the soothsayer: "does it not rush and roar out of the depth?" - Zarathustra was silent once more and listened: then heard he a long, long cry, which the abysses threw to one another and passed on; for none of them wished to retain it: so evil did it sound.

"you ill announcer," said Zarathustra at last, "that is a cry of distress, and the cry of a man; it may come perhaps out of a black sea. But what does human distress matter to me! My last sin which has been reserved for me, - know you what it is called?"

"Pity!" answered the soothsayer from an overflowing heart, and raised both his hands aloft - "O Zarathustra, I have come that I may seduce you to your last sin!" -

And hardly had those words been uttered when there sounded the cry once more, and longer and more alarming than before - also much nearer. "You hear? You hear, O Zarathustra?" called out the soothsayer, "the cry concerns you, it calls you: Come, come, come; it is time, it is the highest time!" -

Zarathustra was silent thereupon, confused and staggered; at last he asked, like one who hesitates in himself: "And who is it that there calls me?"

"But you know it, certainly," answered the soothsayer warmly, "why do you conceal yourself? It is the higher man that cries for you!"

"The higher man?" cried Zarathustra, horror-stricken: "what wants he? What wants he? The higher man! What wants he here?" - and his skin covered with perspiration.

The soothsayer, however, did not heed Zarathustra's alarm, but listened and listened in the downward direction. When, however, it had been still there for a long while, he looked behind, and saw Zarathustra standing trembling.

"O Zarathustra," he began, with sorrowful voice, "you do not stand there like one whose happiness makes him giddy: you will have to dance lest you tumble down!

But although you should dance before me, and leap all your side-leaps, no one may say to me: 'Behold, here dances the last joyous man!'

In vain would anyone come to this height who sought him here: caves would he find, indeed, and back-caves, hiding-places for hidden ones; but not lucky mines, nor treasure-chambers, nor new gold-veins of happiness.

Happiness - how indeed could one find happiness among such buried-alive and solitary ones! Must I yet seek the last happiness on the Happy Isles, and far away among forgotten seas?

But all is alike, nothing is worthwhile, no seeking is of service, there are no longer any Happy Isles!" - -

Thus sighed the soothsayer; with his last sigh, however, Zarathustra again became serene and assured, like one who has come out of a deep chasm into the light. "No! No! Three times No!" exclaimed he with a strong voice, and stroked his beard - "that do I know better! There are still Happy Isles! Silence thereon, you sighing sorrow-sack!

Cease to splash thereon, you rain-cloud of the forenoon! Do I not already stand here wet with your misery, and drenched like a dog?

Now do I shake myself and run away from you, that I may again become dry: thereat may you not wonder! Do I seem to you discourteous? Here however is my court.

But as regards the higher man: well! I shall seek him at once in those forests: from thence came his cry. Perhaps he is there hard beset by an evil beast.

He is in my domain: therein shall he receive no scathe! And truly, there are many evil beasts about me." -

With those words Zarathustra turned around to depart. Then said the soothsayer: "O Zarathustra, you are a rogue!

I know it well: you would rather be rid of me! Rather would you run into the forest and lay snares for evil beasts!

But what good will it do you? In the evening will you have me again: in your own cave will I sit, patient and heavy like a block - and wait for you!"

"So be it!" shouted back Zarathustra, as he went away: "and what is my in my cave belongs also to you, my guest!

Should you however find honey therein, well! Just lick it up, you growling bear, and sweeten your soul! For in the evening we want both

to be in good spirits;

-In good spirits and joyful, because this day has come to an end! And you yourself shall dance to my lays, as my dancing-bear.

You do not believe this? you shake your head? Well! Cheer up, old bear! But I also - am a soothsayer."

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 4, (3) Zarathustra TALK WITH THE KINGS

1.

ERE Zarathustra had been an hour on his way in the mountains and forests, he saw all at once a strange procession. Right on the path which he was about to descend came two kings walking, bedecked with crowns and purple girdles, and variegated like flamingos: they drove before them a laden ass. "What do these kings want in my domain?" said Zarathustra in astonishment to his heart, and hid himself hastily behind a thicket. When however the kings approached to him, he said half-aloud, like one speaking only to himself: "Strange! Strange! How does this harmonise? Two kings do I see - and only one ass!"

Thereupon the two kings made a halt; they smiled and looked towards the spot whence the voice proceeded, and afterwards looked into each other's faces. "Such things do we also think among ourselves," said the king on the right, "but we do not utter them."

The king on the left, however, shrugged his shoulders and answered: "That may perhaps be a goat-herd. Or an hermit who has lived too long among rocks and trees. For no society at all spoils also good manners."

"Good manners?" replied angrily and bitterly the other king: "what then do we run out of the way of? Is it not 'good manners'? Our 'good society'?"

Better, truly, to live among hermits and goat-herds, than with our gilded, false, over-rouged populace - though it call itself 'good society.'

-Though it call itself 'nobility.' But there all is false and foul, above all the blood - thanks to old evil diseases and worse curers.

The best and dearest to me at present is still a sound peasant, coarse, artful, obstinate and enduring: that is at present the noblest type.

The peasant is at present the best; and the peasant type should be master! But it is the kingdom of the populace - I no longer allow anything to

be imposed upon me. The populace, however - that means, hodgepodge.

Populace-hodgepodge: therein is everything mixed with everything, saint and swindler, gentleman and Jew, and every beast out of Noah's ark.

Good manners! Everything is false and foul with us. No one knows any longer how to reverence: it is that precisely that we run away from. They are fulsome obtrusive dogs; they gild palm-leaves.

This loathing chokes me, that we kings ourselves have become false, draped and disguised with the old faded pomp of our ancestors, show-pieces for the stupidest, the craftiest, and whosoever at present traffics for power.

We are not the first men - and have nevertheless to stand for them: of this imposture have we at last become weary and disgusted.

From the rabble have we gone out of the way, from all those bawlers and scribe-blowflies, from the trader-stench, the ambition-fidgeting, the bad breath:- fie, to live among the rabble;

-Fie, to stand for the first men among the rabble! Ah, loathing! Loathing! Loathing! What does it now matter about us kings!"-

"Your old sickness seizes you," said here the king on the left, "your loathing seizes you, my poor brother. you know, however, that someone hears us."

Immediately thereupon, Zarathustra, who had opened ears and eyes to this talk, rose from his hiding-place, advanced towards the kings, and thus began:

"He who hears to you, he who gladly hears to you, is called Zarathustra.

I am Zarathustra who once said: 'What does it now matter about kings!' Forgive me; I rejoiced when you said to each other: 'What does it matter about us kings!'

Here, however, is my domain and jurisdiction: what may you be seeking in my domain? Perhaps, however, you have found on your way what I seek: namely, the higher man."

When the kings heard this, they beat upon their breasts and said with one voice: "We are recognised!

With the sword of your utterance severest you the thickest darkness of our hearts. you have discovered our distress; for Behold. we are on our way to find the higher man-

-The man that is higher than we, although we are kings. To him do we convey this ass. For the highest man shall also be the highest lord on earth.

There is no sorer misfortune in all human destiny, than when the mighty of the earth are not also the first men. Then everything becomes false and distorted and monstrous.

And when they are even the last men, and more beast than man, then rises and rises the populace in honour, and at last says even the populace-virtue: 'Behold, I alone am virtue!'" -

What have I just heard? answered Zarathustra. What wisdom in kings! I am enchanted, and truly, I have already promptings to make a rhyme thereon:-

-Even if it should happen to be a rhyme not suited for every one's ears. I unlearned long ago to have consideration for long ears. Well then! Well now!

(Here, however, it happened that the ass also found utterance: it said distinctly and with malevolence, Y-E-A.)

'Twas once - methinks year one of our blessed Lord,-

Drunk without wine, the Sybil thus deplored:-

"How ill things go!

Decline! Decline! Ne'er sank the world so low!

Rome now has turned harlot and harlot-stew,

Rome's Caesar a beast, and God - has turned Jew!

2.

With those rhymes of Zarathustra the kings were delighted; the king on the right, however, said: "O Zarathustra, how well it was that we set out to see you!

For your enemies showed us your likeness in their mirror: there looked you with the grimace of a devil, and sneeringly: so that we were afraid of you.

But what good did it do! Always didst you prick us anew in heart and ear with your sayings. Then did we say at last: What does it matter how he look!

We must hear him; him who teaches: 'You shall love peace as a means to new wars, and the short peace more than the long!'

No one ever spoke such warlike words: 'What is good? To be brave is good. It is the good war that sanctifies every cause.'

O Zarathustra, our fathers' blood stirred in our veins at such words: it was like the voice of spring to old wine-casks.

When the swords ran among one another like red-spotted serpents, then did our fathers become fond of life; the sun of every peace seemed to them languid and lukewarm, the long peace, however, made them ashamed.

How they sighed, our fathers, when they saw on the wall brightly furbished, dried-up swords! Like those they thirsted for war. For a sword thirsts to drink blood, and sparkles with desire." - -

-When the kings thus discoursed and talked eagerly of the happiness of their fathers, there came upon Zarathustra no little desire to mock at their eagerness: for evidently they were very peaceable kings whom he saw before him, kings with old and refined features. But he restrained himself. "Well!" said he, "there leads the way, there lies the cave of Zarathustra; and this day is to have a long evening! At present, however, a cry of distress calls me hastily away from you.

It will honour my cave if kings want to sit and wait in it: but, to be sure, you will have to wait long!

Well! What of that! Where does one at present learn better to wait than at courts? And the whole virtue of kings that has remained to them - is it not called to-day: Ability to wait?"

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 4, (4) Zarathustra THE LEECH

AND Zarathustra went thoughtfully on, further and lower down, through forests and past moory bottoms; as it happens, however, to everyone who meditates upon hard matters, he trod thereby unawares upon a man. And behold, there spurted into his face all at once a cry of pain, and two curses and twenty bad invectives, so that in his fright he raised his stick and also struck the trodden one. Immediately afterwards, however, he regained his composure, and his heart laughed at the folly he had just committed.

"Pardon me," said he to the trodden one, who had got up enraged, and had seated himself, "pardon me, and hear first of all a parable.

As a wanderer who dreams of remote things on a lonesome highway, runs unawares against a sleeping dog, a dog which lies in the sun:

-As both of them then start up and snap at each other, like deadly enemies, those two beings mortally frightened - so did it happen to us.

And yet! And yet - how little was lacking for them to caress each other, that dog and that lonesome one! Are they not both - lonesome ones!"

"Whoever you art," said the trodden one, still enraged, "you tread also too close to me with your parable, and not only with your foot!

Behold. am I then a dog?" - And thereupon the sitting one got up, and pulled his naked arm out of the swamp. For at first he had lain outstretched on the ground, hidden and indiscernible, like those who lie in wait for swamp-game.

"But whatever are you about!" called out Zarathustra in alarm, for he saw a deal of blood streaming over the naked arm, - "what has hurt you? has an evil beast bit you, you unfortunate one?"

The bleeding one laughed, still angry, "What matter is it to you!" said he, and was about to go on. "Here am I at home and in my province. Let him question me whoever will: to a dolt, however, I shall hardly answer."

"you are mistaken," said Zarathustra sympathetically, and held him fast; "you are mistaken. Here you are not at home, but in my domain, and therein shall no one receive any hurt.

Call me however what you wilt - I am who I must be. I call myself Zarathustra.

Well! Up there is the way to Zarathustra's cave: it is not far, - will you not attend to your wounds at my home?

It has gone badly with you, you unfortunate one, in this life: first a beast bit you, and then - a man trod upon you!" - -

When however the trodden one had heard the name of Zarathustra he was transformed. "What happens to me!" he exclaimed, "who preoccupies me so much in this life as this one man, namely Zarathustra, and that one animal that lives on blood, the leech?

For the sake of the leech did I lie here by this swamp, like a fisher, and already had my outstretched arm been bitten ten times, when there bits a still finer leech at my blood, Zarathustra himself!

O happiness! O miracle! Praised be this day which enticed me into the swamp! Praised be the best, the most live cupping-glass, that at present lives; praised be the great conscience-leech Zarathustra!" -

Thus spoke the trodden one, and Zarathustra rejoiced at his words and their refined reverential style. "Who are you?" asked he, and gave him his hand, "there is much to clear up and elucidate between us, but already methinks pure clear day is dawning."

"I am the spiritually conscientious one," answered he who was asked, "and in matters of the spirit it is difficult for anyone to take it more rigorously, more restrictedly, and more severely than I, except him from whom I learnt it, Zarathustra himself.

Better know nothing than half-know many things! Better be a fool on one's own account, than a sage on other people's approbation! I - go to

the basis:

-What matter if it be great or small? If it be called swamp or sky? A handbreadth of basis is enough for me, if it be actually basis and ground!

-A handbreadth of basis: thereon can one stand. In the true knowing-knowledge there is nothing great and nothing small."

"Then you are perhaps an expert on the leech?" asked Zarathustra; "and you investigate the leech to its ultimate basis, you conscientious one?"

"O Zarathustra," answered the trodden one, "that would be something immense; how could I presume to do so!

That, however, of which I am master and knower, is the brain of the leech: - that is my world!

And it is also a world! Forgive it, however, that my pride here finds expression, for here I have not my equal. Therefore said I: 'here am I at home.'

How long have I investigated this one thing, the brain of the leech, so that here the slippery truth might no longer slip from me! Here is my domain!

-For the sake of this did I cast everything else aside, for the sake of this did everything else become indifferent to me; and close beside my knowledge lies my black ignorance.

My spiritual conscience requires from me that it should be so - that I should know one thing, and not know all else: they are a loathing to me, all the semi-spiritual, all the hazy, hovering, and visionary.

Where my honesty ceases, there am I blind, and want also to be blind. Where I want to know, however, there want I also to be honest - namely, severe, rigorous, restricted, cruel and inexorable.

Because you once said, O Zarathustra: 'Spirit is life which itself cuts in-to life'; - that led and allured me to your doctrine. And truly, with my own blood have I increased my own knowledge!"

-"As the evidence indicates," broke in Zarathustra; for still was the blood flowing down on the naked arm of the conscientious one. For there had ten leeches bitten into it.

"O you strange fellow, how much does this very evidence teach me - namely, you yourself! And not all, perhaps, might I pour into your rigorous ear!

Well then! We part here! But I would rather find you again. Up there is the way to my cave: to-night shall you there by my welcome guest!

Rather would I also make amends to your body for Zarathustra treading upon you with his feet: I think about that. Just now, however, a cry of distress calls me hastily away from you."

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 4, (5) Zarathustra THE MAGICIAN

1.

WHEN however Zarathustra had gone round a rock, then saw he on the same path, not far below him, a man who threw his limbs about like a maniac, and at last tumbled to the ground on his belly. "Halt!" said then Zarathustra to his heart, "he there must surely be the higher man, from him came that dreadful cry of distress, - I will see if I can help him." When, however, he ran to the spot where the man lay on the ground, he found a trembling old man with fixed eyes; and in spite of all Zarathustra's efforts to lift him and set him again on his feet, it was all in vain. The unfortunate one, also, did not seem to notice that someone was beside him; on the contrary, he continually looked around with moving gestures, like one forsaken and isolated from all the world. At last, however, after much trembling, and convulsion, and curling-himself-up, he began to lament thus:

Who warm'th me, who lov'th me still?
Give ardent fingers!
Give heartening charcoal-warmers!
Prone, outstretched, trembling,
Like him, half dead and cold, whose feet one warm'th-
And shaken, ah! by unfamiliar fevers,
Shivering with sharpened, icy-cold frost-arrows,
By you pursued, my fancy!
Indescribable! Recondite! Sore-frightening!
You huntsman 'hind the cloud-banks!
Now lightning-struck by you,
You mocking eye that me in darkness watches:
-Thus do I lie,
Bend myself, twist myself, convulsed
With all eternal torture,
And smitten
By you, cruellest huntsman,
You unfamiliar - God...
Smite deeper!

Smite yet once more!
Pierce through and rend my heart!
What mean'th this torture
With dull, indented arrows?
Why look'st you hither,
Of human pain not weary,
With mischief-loving, godly flash-glances?
Not murder will you,
But torture, torture?
For why - me torture,
You mischief-loving, unfamiliar God? -
Ha! Ha!
You steal close
In midnight's gloomy hour?...
What will you?
Speak!
You crowd me, pressest-
Ha! now far too closely!
You hear me breathing,
You overhear my heart,
You ever jealous one!
-Of what, pray, ever jealous?
Off! Off!
For why the ladder?
Would you get in?
To heart in-clamber?
To my own most secret
Conceptions in-clamber?
Shameless one! you unknown one! - Thief!
What seek you by your stealing?
What seek you by your hearkening?
What seek you by your torturing?
You torturer!
You - hangman-God!
Or shall I, as the mastiffs do,
Roll me before you?
And cringing, enraptured, frantical,
My tail friendly - waggle!
In vain!
Goad further!

Cruellest goader!
No dog - your game just am I,
Cruellest huntsman!
Your proudest of captives,
You robber 'hind the cloud-banks...
Speak finally!
You lightning-veiled one! you unknown one! Speak!
What will you, highway-ambusher, from - me?
What will you, unfamiliar - God?
What?
Ransom-gold?
How much of ransom-gold?
Solicit much - that bids my pride!
And be concise - that bids my other pride!
Ha! Ha!
Me - want you? me?
-Entire?...
Ha! Ha!
And torture me, fool that you art,
Dead-torture quite my pride?
Give love to me - who warms me still?
Who loves me still?-
Give ardent fingers
Give heartening charcoal-warmers,
Give me, the lonest, the lonest,
The ice (ah! seven-fold frozen ice
For very enemies,
For foes, does make one thirst).
Give, yield to me,
Cruellest foe,
-Yourself! - -
Away!
There fled he surely,
My final, only comrade,
My greatest foe,
My unfamiliar-
My hangman-God!...
-No!
Come you back!
With all of your great tortures!

To me the last of lonesome ones,
Oh, come you back!
All my hot tears in streamlets trickle
Their course to you!
And all my final hearty fervour-
Up-glows to you!
Oh, come you back,
My unfamiliar God! my pain!
My final bliss!

2.

-Here, however, Zarathustra could no longer restrain himself; he took his staff and struck the wailer with all his might. "Stop this," cried he to him with wrathful laughter, "stop this, you stage-player! you false coin-er! you liar from the very heart! I know you well!

I will soon make warm legs to you, you evil magician: I know well how - to make it hot for such as you!"

"Leave off," said the old man, and sprang up from the ground, "strike me no more, O Zarathustra! I did it only for amusement!

That kind of thing belongs to my art. you yourself, I wanted to put to the proof when I gave this performance. And truly, you have well detected me!

But you yourself - have given me no small proof of yourself: you are hard, you wise Zarathustra! Hard strike you with your 'truths,' your cudgel forces from me - this truth!"

"Flatter not," answered Zarathustra, still excited and frowning, "you stage-player from the heart! you are false: why speak you - of truth!

You peacock of peacocks, you sea of vanity; what didst you represent before me, you evil magician; whom was I meant to believe in when you wailed in such wise?"

"The penitent in spirit," said the old man, "it was him - I represented; you yourself once devised this expression-

-The poet and magician who at last turns his spirit against himself, the transformed one who freezes to death by his bad science and conscience.

And just acknowledge it: it was long, O Zarathustra, before you discovered my trick and lie! you believed in my distress when you held my head with both your hands,-

-I heard you lament 'we have loved him too little, loved him too little!' Because I so far deceived you, my wickedness rejoiced in me."

"you may have deceived subtler ones than I," said Zarathustra sternly. "I am not on my guard against deceivers; I have to be without

precaution: so wills my lot.

You, however, - must deceive: so far do I know you! You must ever be equivocal, trivocal, quadrivocal, and quinquivocal! Even what you have now confessed, is not nearly true enough nor false enough for me!

You bad false coiner, how could you do otherwise! your very malady would you whitewash if you showed yourself naked to your physician.

Thus didst you whitewash your lie before me when you said: 'I did so only for amusement!' There was also seriousness therein, you are something of a penitent-in-spirit!

I divine you well: you have become the enchanter of all the world; but for yourself you have no lie or artifice left, - you are disenchanted to yourself!

You have reaped disgust as your one truth. No word in you is any longer genuine, but your mouth is so: that is to say, the disgust that cleaves to your mouth." - -

"Who are you at all!" cried here the old magician with defiant voice, "who dares to speak thus to me, the greatest man now living?" - and a green flash shot from his eye at Zarathustra. But immediately after he changed, and said sadly:

"O Zarathustra, I am weary of it, I am disgusted with my arts, I am not great, why do I dissemble! But you know it well - I sought for greatness!

A great man I wanted to appear, and persuaded many; but the lie has been beyond my power. On it do I collapse.

O Zarathustra, everything is a lie in me; but that I collapse - this my collapsing is genuine!" -

"It honours you," said Zarathustra gloomily, looking down with side-long glance, "it honours you that you sought for greatness, but it betrays you also. you are not great.

You bad old magician, that is the best and the most honest thing I honour in you, that you have become weary of yourself, and have expressed it: 'I am not great.'

Therein do I honour you as a penitent-in-spirit, and although only for the twinkling of an eye, in that one moment were you - genuine.

But tell me, what seek you here in my forests and rocks? And if you have put yourself in my way, what proof of me would you have? -

-Wherein didst you put me to the test?"

Thus spoke Zarathustra, and his eyes sparkled. But the old magician kept silence for a while; then said he: "Did I put you to the test? I - seek only.

O Zarathustra, I seek a genuine one, a right one, a simple one, an

unequivocal one, a man of perfect honesty, a vessel of wisdom, a saint of knowledge, a great man!

Know you it not, O Zarathustra? I seek Zarathustra."

-And here there arose a long silence between them: Zarathustra, however, became profoundly absorbed in thought, so that he shut his eyes. But afterwards coming back to the situation, he grasped the hand of the magician, and said, full of politeness and policy:

"Well! Up there leads the way, there is the cave of Zarathustra. In it may you seek him whom you would rather find.

And ask counsel of my animals, my eagle and my serpent: they shall help you to seek. My cave however is large.

I myself, to be sure - I have as yet seen no great man. That which is great, the acutest eye is at present insensible to it. It is the kingdom of the populace.

Many a one have I found who stretched and inflated himself, and the people cried: 'Behold; a great man!' But what good do all bellows do! The wind comes out at last.

At last bursts the frog which has inflated itself too long: then comes out the wind. To prick a swollen one in the belly, I call good pastime. Hear that, you boys!

Our today is of the popular: who still knows what is great and what is small! Who could there seek successfully for greatness! A fool only: it succeeds with fools.

You seek for great men, you strange fool? Who taught that to you? Is today the time for it? Oh, you bad seeker, why do you - tempt me?" - -

Thus spoke Zarathustra, comforted in his heart, and went laughing on his way.

Part 4, (6) Zarathustra OUT OF SERVICE

NOT long, however, after Zarathustra had freed himself from the magician, he again saw a person sitting beside the path which he followed, namely a tall, black man, with a haggard, pale countenance: this man grieved him exceedingly. "Alas," said he to his heart, "there sits disguised affliction; methinks he is of the type of the priests: what do they want in my domain?

What! Hardly have I escaped from that magician, and must another

necromancer again run across my path,-

-Some sorcerer with laying-on-of-hands, some sombre wonder-worker by the grace of God, some anointed world-maligner, whom, may the devil take!

But the devil is never at the place which would be his right place: he always comes too late, that cursed dwarf and club-foot!"-

Thus cursed Zarathustra impatiently in his heart, and considered how with averted look he might slip past the black man. But behold, it came about otherwise. For at the same moment had the sitting one already perceived him; and not unlike one whom an unexpected happiness overtakes, he sprang to his feet, and went straight towards Zarathustra.

"Whoever you art, you traveller," said he, "help a strayed one, a seeker, an old man, who may here easily come to grief!

The world here is strange to me, and remote; wild beasts also did I hear howling; and he who could have given me protection - he is himself no more.

I was seeking the pious man, a saint and an anchorite, who, alone in his forest, had not yet heard of what all the world knows at present."

"What does all the world know at present?" asked Zarathustra. "Perhaps that the old God no longer lives, in whom all the world once believed?"

"you say it," answered the old man sorrowfully. "And I served that old God until his last hour.

Now, however, am I out of service, without master, and yet not free; likewise am I no longer merry even for an hour, except it be in recollections.

Therefore did I ascend into these mountains, that I might finally have a festival for myself once more, as becomes an old pope and church-father: for know it, that I am the last pope! - a festival of pious recollections and divine services.

Now, however, is he himself dead, the most pious of men, the saint in the forest, who praised his God constantly with singing and mumbling.

He himself found I no longer when I found his cot - but two wolves found I therein, which howled on account of his death, - for all animals loved him. Then did I haste away.

Had I thus come in vain into these forests and mountains? Then did my heart determine that I should seek another, the most pious of all those who believe not in God-, my heart determined that I should seek Zarathustra!"

Thus spoke the hoary man, and gazed with keen eyes at him who

stood before him. Zarathustra however seized the hand of the old pope and regarded it a long while with admiration.

"Behold. you venerable one," said he then, "what a fine and long hand! That is the hand of one who has ever dispensed blessings. Now, however, does it hold fast him whom you seek, me, Zarathustra.

It is I, the ungodly Zarathustra, who says: 'Who is ungodlier than I, that I may enjoy his teaching?'" -

Thus spoke Zarathustra, and penetrated with his glances the thoughts and arrear-thoughts of the old pope. At last the latter began:

"He who most loved and possessed him has now also lost him most:-

-Behold, I myself am surely the most godless of us at present? But who could rejoice at that!" -

"-you served him to the last?" asked Zarathustra thoughtfully, after a deep silence, "you know how he died? Is it true what they say, that sympathy choked him;

-That he saw how man hung on the cross, and could not endure it; - that his love to man became his hell, and at last his death?" - -

The old pope however did not answer, but looked aside timidly, with a painful and gloomy expression.

"Let him go," said Zarathustra, after prolonged meditation, still looking the old man straight in the eye.

"Let him go, he is gone. And though it honours you that you speak only in praise of this dead one, yet you know as well as I who he was, and that he went curious ways."

"To speak before three eyes," said the old pope cheerfully (he was blind of one eye), "in divine matters I am more enlightened than Zarathustra himself - and may well be so.

My love served him long years, my will followed all his will. A good servant, however, knows everything, and many a thing even which a master hides from himself.

He was a hidden God, full of secrecy. Truly, he did not come by his son otherwise than by secret ways. At the door of his faith stands adultery.

Whoever extols him as a God of love, does not think highly enough of love itself. Did not that God want also to be judge? But the loving one loves irrespective of reward and requital.

When he was young, that God out of the Orient, then was he harsh and revengeful, and built himself a hell for the delight of his favourites.

At last, however, he became old and soft and mellow and pitiful, more like a grandfather than a father, but most like a tottering old grandmother.

There did he sit shrivelled in his chimney-corner, fretting on account of his weak legs, world-weary, will-weary, and one day he suffocated of his all-too-great pity." - -

"you old pope," said here Zarathustra interposing, "have you seen that with your eyes? It could well have happened in that way: in that way, and also otherwise. When gods die they always die many kinds of death.

Well! At all events, one way or other - he is gone! He was counter to the taste of my ears and eyes; worse than that I should not like to say against him.

I love everything that looks bright and speaks honestly. But he - you know it, indeed, you old priest, there was something of your type in him, the priest-type - he was equivocal.

He was also indistinct. How he raged at us, this wrath-snorter, because we understood him badly! But why did he not speak more clearly?

And if the fault lay in our ears, why did he give us ears that heard him badly? If there was dirt in our ears, well! who put it in them?

Too much miscarried with him, this potter who had not learned thoroughly! That he took revenge on his pots and creations, however, because they turned out badly - that was a sin against good taste.

There is also good taste in piety: this at last said: 'Away with such a God! Better to have no God, better to set up destiny on one's own account, better to be a fool, better to be God oneself!'"

"What do I hear!" said then the old pope, with intent ears; "O Zarathustra, you are more pious than you believe, with such an unbelief! Some god in you has converted you to your ungodliness.

Is it not your piety itself which no longer lets you believe in a God? And your over-great honesty will yet lead you even beyond good and evil!

Behold, what has been reserved for you? you have eyes and hands and mouth, which have been predestined for blessing from eternity. One does not bless with the hand alone.

Nigh to you, though you profess to be the ungodliest one, I feel a hale and holy odour of long benedictions: I feel glad and grieved thereby.

Let me be your guest, O Zarathustra, for a single night! Nowhere on earth shall I now feel better than with you!"-

"Amen! So shall it be!" said Zarathustra, with great astonishment; "up there leads the way, there lies the cave of Zarathustra.

Gladly, indeed, would I conduct you there myself, you venerable one; for I love all pious men. But now a cry of distress calls me hastily away from you.

In my domain shall no one come to grief; my cave is a good haven. And best of all would I like to put every sorrowful one again on firm land and firm legs.

Who, however, could take your melancholy off your shoulders? For that I am too weak. Long, truly, should we have to wait until someone re-awoke your God for you.

For that old God lives no more: he is indeed dead." -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 4, (7) Zarathustra THE UGLIEST MAN

-AND again did Zarathustra's feet run through mountains and forests, and his eyes sought and sought, but nowhere was he to be seen whom they wanted to see - the sorely distressed sufferer and crier. On the whole way, however, he rejoiced in his heart and was full of gratitude. "What good things," said he, "has this day given me, as amends for its bad beginning! What strange interlocutors have I found!

At their words will I now chew a long while as at good corn; small shall my teeth grind and crush them, until they flow like milk into my soul!"-

When, however, the path again curved round a rock, all at once the landscape changed, and Zarathustra entered into a realm of death. Here bristled aloft black and red cliffs, without any grass, tree, or bird's voice. For it was a valley which all animals avoided, even the beasts of prey, except that a species of ugly, thick, green serpent came here to die when they became old. Therefore the shepherds called this valley: "Serpent-death."

Zarathustra, however, became absorbed in dark recollections, for it seemed to him as if he had once before stood in this valley. And much heaviness settled on his mind, so that he walked slowly and always more slowly, and at last stood still. Then, however, when he opened his eyes, he saw something sitting by the wayside shaped like a man, and hardly like a man, something nondescript. And all at once there came over Zarathustra a great shame, because he had gazed on such a thing. Blushing up to the very roots of his white hair, he turned aside his glance, and raised his foot that he might leave this ill-starred place. Then, however, became the dead wilderness vocal: for from the ground a noise welled

up, gurgling and rattling, as water gurgles and rattles at night through stopped-up water-pipes; and at last it turned into human voice and human speech: - it sounded thus:

"Zarathustra! Zarathustra! Read my riddle! Say, say! What is the revenge on the witness?

I entice you back; here is smooth ice! See to it, see to it, that your pride does not here break its legs!

You think yourself wise, you proud Zarathustra! Read then the riddle, you hard nut-cracker, - the riddle that I am! Say then: who am I!"

-When however Zarathustra had heard these words, - what think you then took place in his soul? Pity overcame him; and he sank down all at once, like an oak that has long withstood many tree-fellers, - heavily, suddenly, to the terror even of those who meant to fell it. But immediately he got up again from the ground, and his countenance became stern.

"I know you well," said he, with a brazen voice, "you are the murderer of God! Let me go.

You could not endure him who beheld you, - who ever beheld you through and through, you ugliest man. you took revenge on this witness!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra and was about to go; but the nondescript grasped at a corner of his garment and began anew to gurgle and seek for words. "Stay," said he at last-

-"Stay! Do not pass by! I have divined what axe it was that struck you to the ground: hail to you, O Zarathustra, that you are again upon your feet!

You have divined, I know it well, how the man feels who killed him, - the murderer of God. Stay! Sit down here beside me; it is not to no purpose.

To whom would I go but to you? Stay, sit down! Do not however look at me! Honour thus - my ugliness!

They persecute me: now are you my last refuge. Not with their hatred, not with their bailiffs; - Oh, such persecution would I mock at, and be proud and cheerful!

has not all success thus far been with the well-persecuted ones? And he who persecutes well learns readily to be obsequent - when once he is - put behind! But it is their pity-

-Their pity is it from which I flee away and flee to you. O Zarathustra, protect me, you, my last refuge, you sole one who divined me:

-you have divined how the man feels who killed him. Stay! And if you

will go, you impatient one, go not the way that I came. That way is bad.

Are you angry with me because I have already racked language too long? Because I have already counselled you? But know that it is I, the ugliest man,

-Who have also the largest, heaviest feet. Where I have gone, the way is bad. I tread all paths to death and destruction.

But that you passed me by in silence, that you blushed - I saw it well: thereby did I know you as Zarathustra.

Every one else would have thrown to me his alms, his pity, in look and speech. But for that - I am not beggar enough: that didst you divine.

For that I am too rich, rich in what is great, frightful, ugliest, most unutterable! your shame, O Zarathustra, honoured me!

With difficulty did I get out of the crowd of the pitiful, - that I might find the only one who at present teaches that 'pity is obtrusive' - yourself, O Zarathustra!

-Whether it be the pity of a God, or whether it be human pity, it is offensive to modesty. And unwillingness to help may be nobler than the virtue that rushes to do so.

That however - namely, pity - is called virtue itself at present by all petty people: - they have no reverence for great misfortune, great ugliness, great failure.

Beyond all these do I look, as a dog looks over the backs of thronging flocks of sheep. They are petty, good-wooled, good-willed, grey people.

As the heron looks contemptuously at shallow pools, with backward-bent head, so do I look at the throng of grey little waves and wills and souls.

Too long have we acknowledged them to be right, those petty people: so we have at last given them power as well; - and now do they teach that 'good is only what petty people call good.'

And 'truth' is at present what the preacher spoke who himself sprang from them, that singular saint and advocate of the petty people, who testified of himself: 'I - am the truth.'

That immodest one has long made the petty people greatly puffed up, - he who taught no small error when he taught: 'I - am the truth.'

has an immodest one ever been answered more courteously? - You, however, O Zarathustra, passed him by, and said: 'No! No! Three times No!'

You warned against his error; you warned - the first to do so - against pity: - not every one, not none, but yourself and your type.

You are ashamed of the shame of the great sufferer; and truly when

you say: 'From pity there comes a heavy cloud; take heed, you men!'

-When you teach: 'All creators are hard, all great love is beyond their pity:' O Zarathustra, how well versed do you seem to me in weather-signs!

You yourself, however, - warn yourself also against your pity! For many are on their way to you, many suffering, doubting, despairing, drowning, freezing ones-

I warn you also against myself. you have read my best, my worst riddle, myself, and what I have done. I know the axe that fells you.

But he - had to die: he looked with eyes which beheld everything, - he beheld men's depths and dregs, all his hidden ignominy and ugliness.

His pity knew no modesty: he crept into my dirtiest corners. This most prying, over-intrusive, over-pitiful one had to die.

He ever beheld me: on such a witness I would have revenge - or not live myself.

The God who beheld everything, and also man: that God had to die! Man cannot endure it that such a witness should live."

Thus spoke the ugliest man. Zarathustra however got up, and prepared to go on: for he felt frozen to the very bowels.

"you nondescript," said he, "you warned me against your path. As thanks for it I praise my to you. Behold, up there is the cave of Zarathustra.

My cave is large and deep and has many corners; there finds he that is most hidden his hiding-place. And close beside it, there are a hundred lurking-places and by-places for creeping, fluttering, and hopping creatures.

You outcast, who have cast yourself out, you will not live among men and men's pity? Well then, do like me! Thus will you learn also from me; only the doer learns.

And talk first and foremost to my animals! The proudest animal and the wisest animal - they might well be the right counsellors for us both!"

--

Thus spoke Zarathustra and went his way, more thoughtfully and slowly even than before: for he asked himself many things, and hardly knew what to answer.

"How poor indeed is man," thought he in his heart, "how ugly, how wheezy, how full of hidden shame!

They tell me that man loves himself. Ah, how great must that self-love be! How much contempt is opposed to it!

Even this man has loved himself, as he has despised himself, - a great

lover methinks he is, and a great despiser.

No one have I yet found who more thoroughly despised himself: even that is elevation. Alas, was this perhaps the higher man whose cry I heard?

I love the great despisers. Man is something that has to be surpassed." -

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Part 4, (8) Zarathustra THE VOLUNTARY BEGGAR

WHEN Zarathustra had left the ugliest man, he was chilled and felt lonesome: for much coldness and lonesomeness came over his spirit, so that even his limbs became colder thereby. When, however, he wandered on and on, uphill and down, at times past green meadows, though also sometimes over wild stony couches where formerly perhaps an impatient brook had made its bed, then he turned all at once warmer and heartier again.

"What has happened to me?" he asked himself, "something warm and living quickens me; it must be in the neighbourhood.

Already am I less alone; unconscious companions and brothers rove around me; their warm breath touches my soul."

When, however, he spied about and sought for the comforters of his lonesomeness, behold, there were cows there standing together on an eminence, whose proximity and smell had warmed his heart. The cows, however, seemed to listen eagerly to a speaker, and took no heed of him who approached. When, however, Zarathustra was quite close to them, then did he hear plainly that a human voice spoke in the midst of the cows, and apparently all of them had turned their heads towards the speaker.

Then ran Zarathustra up speedily and drove the animals aside; for he feared that someone had here met with harm, which the pity of the cows would hardly be able to relieve. But in this he was deceived; for behold, there sat a man on the ground who seemed to be persuading the animals to have no fear of him, a peaceable man and Preacher-on-the-Mount, out of whose eyes kindness itself preached. "What do you seek here?" called out Zarathustra in astonishment.

"What do I here seek?" answered he: "the same that you seek, you mischief-maker; that is to say, happiness upon earth.

To that end, however, I would rather learn of these cows. For I tell you that I have already talked half a morning to them, and just now were they about to give me their answer. Why do you disturb them?

Except we be converted and become as cows, we shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven. For we ought to learn from them one thing: ruminating.

And truly, although a man should gain the whole world, and yet not learn one thing, ruminating, what would it profit him! He would not be rid of his affliction,

-His great affliction: that, however, is at present called disgust. Who has not at present his heart, his mouth and his eyes full of disgust? you also! you also! But behold these cows!"-

Thus spoke the Preacher-on-the-Mount, and turned then his own look towards Zarathustra - for thus far it had rested lovingly on the cows: then, however, he put on a different expression. "Who is this with whom I talk?" he exclaimed, frightened, and sprang up from the ground.

"This is the man without disgust, this is Zarathustra himself, the surmounter of the great disgust, this is the eye, this is the mouth, this is the heart of Zarathustra himself."

And whilst he thus spoke he kissed with overflowing eyes the hands of him with whom he spoke, and behaved altogether like one to whom a precious gift and jewel has fallen unawares from heaven. The cows, however, gazed at it all and wondered.

"Speak not of me, you strange one; you amiable one!" said Zarathustra, and restrained his affection, "speak to me firstly of yourself! are you not the voluntary beggar who once cast away great riches,-

-Who was ashamed of his riches and of the rich, and fled to the poorest to bestow upon them his abundance and his heart? But they received him not."

"But they received me not," said the voluntary beggar, "you know it, indeed. So I went at last to the animals and to those cows."

"Then learned you," interrupted Zarathustra, "how much harder it is to give properly than to take properly, and that bestowing well is an art - the last, subtlest master-art of kindness.

"Especially nowadays," answered the voluntary beggar: "at present, that is to say, when everything low has become rebellious and exclusive and haughty in its manner - in the manner of the populace.

For the hour has come, you know it indeed, for the great, evil, long, slow mob-and-slave-insurrection: it extends and extends!

Now does it provoke the lower classes, all benevolence and petty

giving; and the overrich may be on their guard!

Whoever at present drip, like bulgy bottles out of all-too-small necks: - of such bottles at present one willingly breaks the necks.

Wanton avidity, bilious envy, careworn revenge, populace-pride: all these struck my eye. It is no longer true that the poor are blessed. The kingdom of heaven, however, is with the cows."

"And why is it not with the rich?" asked Zarathustra temptingly, while he kept back the cows which sniffed familiarly at the peaceful one.

"Why do you tempt me?" answered the other. "you know it yourself better even than I. What was it drove me to the poorest, O Zarathustra? Was it not my disgust at the richest?

-At the culprits of riches, with cold eyes and rank thoughts, who pick up profit out of all kinds of rubbish - at this rabble that stinks to heaven,

-At this gilded, falsified populace, whose fathers were pickpockets, or carrion-crows, or rag-pickers, with wives compliant, lewd and forgetful: - for they are all of them not far different from harlots-

Populace above, populace below! What are 'poor' and 'rich' at present! That distinction did I unlearn, - then did I flee away further and ever further, until I came to those cows."

Thus spoke the peaceful one, and puffed himself and perspired with his words: so that the cows wondered anew. Zarathustra, however, kept looking into his face with a smile, all the time the man talked so severely - and shook silently his head.

"you do violence to yourself, you Preacher-on-the-Mount, when you use such severe words. For such severity neither your mouth nor your eye have been given you.

Nor, methinks, has your stomach either: to it all such rage and hatred and foaming-over is repugnant. your stomach wants softer things: you are not a butcher.

Rather seem you to me a plant-eater and a root-man. Perhaps you grind corn. Certainly, however, you are averse to fleshly joys, and you love honey."

"you have divined me well," answered the voluntary beggar, with lightened heart. "I love honey, I also grind corn; for I have sought out what tastes sweetly and makes pure breath:

-Also what requires a long time, a day's-work and a month's-work for gentle idlers and sluggards.

Furthest, to be sure, have those cows carried it: they have devised ruminating and lying in the sun. They also abstain from all heavy thoughts which inflate the heart."

- "Well!" said Zarathustra, "you should also see my animals, my eagle and my serpent, - their like do not at present exist on earth.

Behold, there leads the way to my cave: be tonight its guest. And talk to my animals of the happiness of animals,-

- Until I myself come home. For now a cry of distress calls me hastily away from you. Also, should you find new honey with me, ice-cold, golden-comb-honey, eat it!

Now, however, take leave at once of your cows, you strange one! you amiable one! though it be hard for you. For they are your warmest friends and preceptors!"-

- "One excepted, whom I hold still dearer," answered the voluntary beggar. "you yourself are good, O Zarathustra, and better even than a cow!"

"Away, away with your! You evil flatterer!" cried Zarathustra mischievously, "why do you spoil me with such praise and flattery- honey?"

"Away, away from me!" cried he once more, and heaved his stick at the fond beggar, who, however, ran nimbly away.

Part 4, (9) Zarathustra THE SHADOW

SCARCELY however was the voluntary beggar gone in haste, and Zarathustra again alone, when he heard behind him a new voice which called out: "Stay! Zarathustra! Do wait! It is myself, indeed, O Zarathustra, myself, your shadow!" But Zarathustra did not wait; for a sudden irritation came over him on account of the crowd and the crowding in his mountains. "where has my lonesomeness gone?" spoke he.

"It is truly becoming too much for me; these mountains swarm; my kingdom is no longer of this world; I require new mountains.

My shadow calls me? What matter about my shadow! Let it run after me! I - run away from it."

Thus spoke Zarathustra to his heart and ran away. But the one behind followed after him, so that immediately there were three runners, one after the other - namely, foremost the voluntary beggar, then Zarathustra, and thirdly, and hindmost, his shadow. But not long had they run thus when Zarathustra became conscious of his folly, and shook off with one jerk all his irritation and detestation.

"What!" said he, "have not the most ludicrous things always happened to us old hermits and saints?"

Truly, my folly has grown big in the mountains! Now do I hear six old fools' legs rattling behind one another!

But does Zarathustra need to be frightened by his shadow? Also, me-thinks that after all it has longer legs than mine."

Thus spoke Zarathustra, and, laughing with eyes and entrails, he stood still and turned round quickly - and behold, he almost thereby threw his shadow and follower to the ground, so closely had the latter followed at his heels, and so weak was he. For when Zarathustra scrutinised him with his glance he was frightened as by a sudden apparition, so slender, swarthy, hollow and worn-out did this follower appear.

"Who are you?" asked Zarathustra vehemently, "what do you here? And why call you yourself my shadow? you are not pleasing to me."

"Forgive me," answered the shadow, "that it is I; and if I please you not - well, O Zarathustra! therein do I admire you and your good taste.

A wanderer am I, who have walked long at your heels; always on the way, but without a goal, also without a home: so that truly, I lack little of being the eternally Wandering Jew, except that I am not eternal and not a Jew.

What? Must I ever be on the way? Whirled by every wind, unsettled, driven about? O earth, you have become too round for me!

On every surface have I already sat, like tired dust have I fallen asleep on mirrors and window-panes: everything takes from me, nothing gives; I become thin - I am almost equal to a shadow.

After you, however, O Zarathustra, did I fly and hasten longest; and though I hid myself from you, I was nevertheless your best shadow: wherever you have sat, there sat I also.

With you have I wandered about in the remotest, coldest worlds, like a phantom that voluntarily haunts winter roofs and snows.

With you have I pushed into all the forbidden, all the worst and the furthest: and if there be anything of virtue in me, it is that I have had no fear of any prohibition.

With you have I broken up whatever my heart revered; all boundary-stones and statues have I overthrown; the most dangerous wishes did I pursue, - truly, beyond every crime did I once go.

With you did I unlearn the belief in words and worths and in great names. When the devil casts his skin, does not his name also fall away? It is also skin. The devil himself is perhaps - skin.

'Nothing is true, all is permitted': so said I to myself. Into the coldest water did I plunge with head and heart. Ah, how oft did I stand there naked on that account, like a red crab!

Ah, where have gone all my goodness and all my shame and all my belief in the good! Ah, where is the lying innocence which I once possessed, the innocence of the good and of their noble lies!

Too oft, truly, did I follow close to the heels of truth: then did it kick me on the face. Sometimes I meant to lie, and Behold. then only did I hit - the truth.

Too much has become clear to me: now it does not concern me any more. Nothing lives any longer that I love, - how should I still love myself?

'To live as I incline, or not to live at all': so do I wish; so wishes also the holiest. But Alas. how have I still - inclination?

Have I - still a goal? A haven towards which my sail is set?

A good wind? Ah, he only who knows where he sails, knows what wind is good, and a fair wind for him.

What still remains to me? A heart weary and flippant; an unstable will; fluttering wings; a broken backbone.

This seeking for my home: O Zarathustra, do you know that this seeking has been my home-sickening; it eats me up.

'Where is - my home?' For it do I ask and seek, and have sought, but have not found it. O eternal everywhere, O eternal nowhere, O eternal - in-vain!"

Thus spoke the shadow, and Zarathustra's countenance lengthened at his words. "you are my shadow!" said he at last sadly.

"your danger is not small, you free spirit and wanderer! you have had a bad day: see that a still worse evening does not overtake you!

To such unsettled ones as you, seems at last even a prisoner blessed. Didst you ever see how captured criminals sleep? They sleep quietly, they enjoy their new security.

Beware lest in the end a narrow faith capture you, a hard, rigorous delusion! For now everything that is narrow and fixed seduces and tempts you.

You have lost your goal. Alas, how will you forego and forget that loss? Thereby - have you also lost your way!

You poor rover and rambler, you tired butterfly! will you have a rest and a home this evening? Then go up to my cave!

There leads the way to my cave. And now will I run quickly away from you again. Already lies as it were a shadow upon me.

I will run alone, so that it may again become bright around me. Therefore must I still be a long time merrily upon my legs. In the evening, however, there will be - dancing with me!" - -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 4, (10) Zarathustra NOONTIDE

-AND Zarathustra ran and ran, but he found no one else, and was alone and ever found himself again; he enjoyed and quaffed his solitude, and thought of good things - for hours. About the hour of noontide, however, when the sun stood exactly over Zarathustra's head, he passed an old, bent and gnarled tree, which was encircled round by the ardent love of a vine, and hidden from itself; from this there hung yellow grapes in abundance, confronting the wanderer. Then he felt inclined to quench a little thirst, and to break off for himself a cluster of grapes. When, however, he had already his arm out-stretched for that purpose, he felt still more inclined for something else - namely, to lie down beside the tree at the hour of perfect noontide and sleep.

This Zarathustra did; and no sooner had he laid himself on the ground in the stillness and secrecy of the variegated grass, than he had forgotten his little thirst, and fell asleep. For as the proverb of Zarathustra says: "One thing is more necessary than the other." Only that his eyes remained open: - for they never grew weary of viewing and admiring the tree and the love of the vine. In falling asleep, however, Zarathustra spoke thus to his heart:

"Hush! Hush! has not the world now become perfect? What has happened to me?

As a delicate wind dances invisibly upon parquered seas, light, feather-light, so - dances sleep upon me.

No eye does it close to me, it leaves my soul awake. Light is it, truly, feather-light.

It persuades me, I know not how, it touches me inwardly with a caressing hand, it constrains me. Yes, it constrains me, so that my soul stretches itself out:-

-How long and weary it becomes, my strange soul! has a seventh-day evening come to it precisely at noontide? has it already wandered too long, blissfully, among good and ripe things?

It stretches itself out, long - longer! it lies still, my strange soul. Too many good things has it already tasted; this golden sadness oppresses it, it distorts its mouth.

-As a ship that putts into the calmest cove: - it now draws up to the land, weary of long voyages and uncertain seas. Is not the land more faithful?

As such a ship hugs the shore, tugs the shore: - then it suffices for a spider to spin its thread from the ship to the land. No stronger ropes are required there.

As such a weary ship in the calmest cove, so do I also now repose, close to the earth, faithful, trusting, waiting, bound to it with the lightest threads.

O happiness! O happiness! will you perhaps sing, O my soul? you lie in the grass. But this is the secret, solemn hour, when no shepherd plays his pipe.

Take care! Hot noontide sleeps on the fields. Do not sing! Hush! The world is perfect.

Do not sing, you prairie-bird, my soul! Do not even whisper! Behold - hush! The old noontide sleeps, it moves its mouth: does it not just now drink a drop of happiness-

-An old brown drop of golden happiness, golden wine? Something whisks over it, its happiness laughs. Thus - laughs a God. Hush!-

-'For happiness, how little suffices for happiness!' Thus spoke I once and thought myself wise. But it was a blasphemy: that have I now learned. Wise fools speak better.

The least thing precisely, the gentlest thing, the lightest thing, a lizard's rustling, a breath, a whisk, an eye-glance - little makes up the best happiness. Hush!

-What has befallen me: Hark! has time flown away? Do I not fall? Have I not fallen - hark! into the well of eternity?

-What happens to me? Hush! It stings me - alas - to the heart? To the heart! Oh, break up, break up, my heart, after such happiness, after such a sting!

-What? has not the world just now become perfect? Round and ripe? Oh, for the golden round ring - where does it fly? Let me run after it! Quick!

Hush - -" (and here Zarathustra stretched himself, and felt that he was asleep.)

"Up!" said he to himself, "you sleeper! you noontide sleeper! Well then, up, you old legs! It is time and more than time; many a good stretch of road is still awaiting you-

Now have you slept your fill; for how long a time? A half-eternity! Well then, up now, my old heart! For how long after such a sleep may

you - remain awake?"

(But then did he fall asleep anew, and his soul spoke against him and defended itself, and lay down again) - "Leave me alone! Hush! has not the world just now become perfect? Oh, for the golden round ball!"

"Get up," said Zarathustra, "you little thief, you sluggard! What! Still stretching yourself, yawning, sighing, falling into deep wells?"

Who are you then, O my soul!" (and here he became frightened, for a sunbeam shot down from heaven upon his face.)

"O heaven above me," said he sighing, and sat upright, "you gaze at me? you listen to my strange soul?"

When will you drink this drop of dew that fell down upon all earthly things, - when will you drink this strange soul-

-When, you well of eternity! you joyous, awful, noontide abyss! when will you drink my soul back into you?"

Thus spoke Zarathustra, and rose from his couch beside the tree, as if awakening from a strange drunkenness: and Behold. there stood the sun still exactly above his head. One might, however, rightly infer from there that Zarathustra had not then slept long.

Part 4, (11) Zarathustra The Greeting

IT WAS late in the afternoon only when Zarathustra, after long useless searching and strolling about, again came home to his cave. When, however, he stood over against it, not more than twenty paces from there, the thing happened which he now least of all expected: he heard anew the great cry of distress. And extraordinary! this time the cry came out of his own cave. It was a long, manifold, peculiar cry, and Zarathustra plainly distinguished that it was composed of many voices: although heard at a distance it might sound like the cry out of a single mouth.

Thereupon Zarathustra rushed forward to his cave, and Behold. what a spectacle awaited him after that concert! For there did they all sit together whom he had passed during the day: the king on the right and the king on the left, the old magician, the pope, the voluntary beggar, the shadow, the intellectually conscientious one, the sorrowful soothsayer, and the ass; the ugliest man, however, had set a crown on his head, and had put round him two purple girdles, - for he liked, like all ugly ones, to disguise himself and play the handsome person. In the midst,

however, of that sorrowful company stood Zarathustra's eagle, ruffled and disquieted, for it had been called upon to answer too much for which its pride had not any answer; the wise serpent however hung round its neck.

All this did Zarathustra behold with great astonishment; then however he scrutinised each individual guest with courteous curiosity, read their souls and wondered anew. In the meantime the assembled ones had risen from their seats, and waited with reverence for Zarathustra to speak. Zarathustra however spoke thus:

"You despairing ones! you strange ones! So it was your cry of distress that I heard? And now do I know also where he is to be sought, whom I have sought for in vain today: the higher man:-

-In my own cave sits he, the higher man! But why do I wonder! Have not I myself allured him to me by honey-offerings and artful lure-calls of my happiness?

But it seems to me that you are badly adapted for company: you make one another's hearts fretful, you that cry for help, when you sit here together? There is one that must first come,

-One who will make you laugh once more, a good jovial buffoon, a dancer, a wind, a wild romp, some old fool: - what think you?

Forgive me, however, you despairing ones, for speaking such trivial words before you, unworthy, truly, of such guests! But you do not divine what makes my heart wanton:-

-You yourselves do it, and your aspect, forgive it me! For everyone becomes courageous who beholds a despairing one. To encourage a despairing one - everyone thinks himself strong enough to do so.

To myself have you given this power, - a good gift, my honourable guests! An excellent guest's-present! Well, do not then upbraid when I also offer you something of mine.

This is my empire and my dominion: that which is mine, however, shall this evening and tonight be yours. my animals shall serve you: let my cave be your resting-place!

At house and home with me shall no one despair: in my purlieus do I protect everyone from his wild beasts. And that is the first thing which I offer you: security!

The second thing, however, is my little finger. And when you have that, then take the whole hand also, yes and the heart with it! Welcome here, welcome to you, my guests!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra, and laughed with love and mischief. After this greeting his guests bowed once more and were reverentially silent; the

king on the right, however, answered him in their name.

"O Zarathustra, by the way in which you have given us your hand and your greeting, we recognise you as Zarathustra. you have humbled yourself before us; almost have you hurt our reverence-:

-Who however could have humbled himself as you have done, with such pride? That uplifts us ourselves; a refreshment is it, to our eyes and hearts.

To behold this, merely, gladly would we ascend higher mountains than this. For as eager beholders have we come; we wanted to see what brightens dim eyes.

And Behold. now is it all over with our cries of distress. Now are our minds and hearts open and enraptured. Little is lacking for our spirits to become wanton.

There is nothing, O Zarathustra, that grows more pleasingly on earth than a lofty, strong will: it is the finest growth. An entire landscape refreshes itself at one such tree.

To the pine do I compare him, O Zarathustra, which grows up like you - tall, silent, hardy, solitary, of the best, supplest wood, stately,-

-In the end, however, grasping out for its dominion with strong, green branches, asking weighty questions of the wind, the storm, and whatever is at home on high places;

-Answering more weightily, a commander, a victor! Oh! who should not ascend high mountains to behold such growths?

At your tree, O Zarathustra, the gloomy and ill-constituted also refresh themselves; at your look even the wavering become steady and heal their hearts.

And truly, towards your mountain and your tree do many eyes turn today; a great longing has arisen, and many have learned to ask: 'Who is Zarathustra?'

And those into whose ears you have at any time dripped your song and your honey: all the hidden ones, the lonesome and the twosome, have simultaneously said to their hearts:

'does Zarathustra still live? It is no longer worthwhile to live, everything is indifferent, everything is useless: or else - we must live with Zarathustra!'

'Why does he not come who has so long announced himself?' thus do many people ask; 'has solitude swallowed him up? Or should we perhaps go to him?'

Now does it come to pass that solitude itself becomes fragile and breaks open, like a grave that breaks open and can no longer hold its

dead. Everywhere one sees resurrected ones.

Now do the waves rise and rise around your mountain, O Zarathustra. And however high be your height, many of them must rise up to you: your boat shall not rest much longer on dry ground.

And that we despairing ones have now come into your cave, and already no longer despair: - it is but a prognostic and a presage that better ones are on the way to you,-

-For they themselves are on the way to you, the last remnant of God among men - that is to say, all the men of great longing, of great loathing, of great satiety,

-All who do not want to live unless they learn again to hope - unless they learn from you, O Zarathustra, the great hope!"

Thus spoke the king on the right, and seized the hand of Zarathustra in order to kiss it; but Zarathustra checked his veneration, and stepped back frightened, fleeing as it were, silently and suddenly into the far distance. After a little while, however, he was again at home with his guests, looked at them with clear scrutinising eyes, and said:

"My guests, you higher men, I will speak plain language and plainly with you. It is not for you that I have waited here in these mountains."

("Plain language and plainly?" Good God!" said here the king on the left to himself; "one sees he does not know the good Occidentals, this sage out of the Orient!")

But he means 'blunt language and bluntly' - well! That is not the worst taste in these days!")

"You may, truly, all of you be higher men," continued Zarathustra; "but for me - you are neither high enough, nor strong enough.

For me, that is to say, for the inexorable which is now silent in me, but will not always be silent. And if you appertain to me, still it is not as my right arm.

For he who himself stands, like you, on sickly and tender legs, wishes above all to be treated indulgently, whether he be conscious of it or hide it from himself.

My arms and my legs, however, I do not treat indulgently, I do not treat my warriors indulgently: how then could you be fit for my warfare?

With you I should spoil all my victories. And many of you would tumble over if you but heard the loud beating of my drums.

Moreover, you are not sufficiently beautiful and well-born for me. I require pure, smooth mirrors for my doctrines; on your surface even my own likeness is distorted.

On your shoulders presses many a burden, many a recollection; many

a mischievous dwarf squats in your corners. There is concealed populace also in you.

And though you be high and of a higher type, much in you is crooked and misshapen. There is no smith in the world that could hammer you right and straight for me.

You are only bridges: may higher ones pass over upon you! you signify steps: so do not upbraid him who ascends beyond you into his height!

Out of your seed there may one day arise for me a genuine son and perfect heir: but that time is distant. you yourselves are not those to whom my heritage and name belong.

Not for you do I wait here in these mountains; not with you may I descend for the last time. you have come to me only as a presage that higher ones are on the way to me,-

-Not the men of great longing, of great loathing, of great satiety, and that which you call the remnant of God;

-No! No! Three times No! For others do I wait here in these mountains, and will not lift my foot from thence without them;

-For higher ones, stronger ones, triumphant ones, merrier ones, for such as are built squarely in body and soul: laughing lions must come!

O my guests, you strange ones - have you yet heard nothing of my children? And that they are on the way to me?

Do speak to me of my gardens, of my Happy Isles, of my new beautiful race - why do you not speak to me thereof?

This guests' - present do I solicit of your love, that you speak to me of my children. For them am I rich, for them I became poor: what have I not surrendered.

What would I not surrender that I might have one thing: these children, this living plantation, these life-trees of my will and of my highest hope!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra, and stopped suddenly in his discourse: for his longing came over him, and he closed his eyes and his mouth, because of the agitation of his heart. And all his guests also were silent, and stood still and confounded: except only that the old soothsayer made signs with his hands and his gestures.

FOR at this point the soothsayer interrupted the greeting of Zarathustra and his guests: he pressed forward as one who had no time to lose, seized Zarathustra's hand and exclaimed: "But Zarathustra!

One thing is more necessary than the other, so say you yourself: well, one thing is now more necessary to me than all others.

A word at the right time: didst you not invite me to table? And here are many who have made long journeys. you do not mean to feed us merely with discourses?

Besides, all of you have thought too much about freezing, drowning, suffocating, and other bodily dangers: none of you, however, have thought of my danger, namely, perishing of hunger-

(Thus spoke the soothsayer. When Zarathustra's animals, however, heard these words, they ran away in terror. For they saw that all they had brought home during the day would not be enough to fill the one soothsayer.)

"Likewise perishing of thirst," continued the soothsayer. "And although I hear water splashing here like words of wisdom - that is to say, plenteously and unweariedly, I - want wine!

Not everyone is a born water-drinker like Zarathustra. Neither does water suit weary and withered ones: we deserve wine - it alone gives immediate vigour and improvised health!"

On this occasion, when the soothsayer was longing for wine, it happened that the king on the left, the silent one, also found expression for once. "We took care," said he, "about wine, I, along with my brother the king on the right: we have enough of wine, - a whole ass-load of it. So there is nothing lacking but bread."

"Bread," replied Zarathustra, laughing when he spoke, "it is precisely bread that hermits have not. But man does not live by bread alone, but also by the flesh of good lambs, of which I have two:

-These shall we slaughter quickly, and cook spicily with sage: it is so that I like them. And there is also no lack of roots and fruits, good enough even for the fastidious and dainty, - nor of nuts and other riddles for cracking.

Thus will we have a good repast in a little while. But whoever wishes to eat with us must also give a hand to the work, even the kings. For with Zarathustra even a king may be a cook."

This proposal appealed to the hearts of all of them, save that the voluntary beggar objected to the flesh and wine and spices.

"Just hear this glutton Zarathustra!" said he jokingly: "does one go into caves and high mountains to make such repasts?

Now indeed do I understand what he once taught us: Blessed be moderate poverty! And why he wishes to do away with beggars."

"Be of good cheer," replied Zarathustra, "as I am. Abide by your customs, you excellent one: grind your corn, drink your water, praise your cooking, - if only it make you glad!

I am a law only for my own; I am not a law for all. He, however, who belongs to me must be strong of bone and light of foot,-

-Joyous in fight and feast, no sulker, no John o' Dreams, ready for the hardest task as for the feast, healthy and hale.

The best belongs to my and me; and if it be not given us, then do we take it: - the best food, the purest sky, the strongest thoughts, the fairest women!"-

Thus spoke Zarathustra; the king on the right however answered and said: "Strange! Did one ever hear such sensible things out of the mouth of a wise man?

And truly, it is the strangest thing in a wise man, if over and above, he be still sensible, and not an ass."

Thus spoke the king on the right and wondered; the ass however, with ill-will, said YE-A to his remark. This however was the beginning of that long repast which is called "The Supper" in the history-books. At this there was nothing else spoken of but the higher man.

Part 4, (13) Zarathustra THE HIGHER MAN

1.

WHEN I came to men for the first time, then did I commit the hermit folly, the great folly: I appeared on the market-place.

And when I spoke to all, I spoke to none. In the evening, however, rope-dancers were my companions, and corpses; and I myself almost a corpse.

With the new morning, however, there came to me a new truth: then did I learn to say: "Of what account to me are market-place and populace and populace-noise and long populace-cars!"

You higher men, learn this from me: On the market-place no one believes in higher men. But if you will speak there, very well! The populace, however, blinks: "We are all equal."

"You higher men," - so blinks the populace - "there are no higher men,

we are all equal; man is man, before God - we are all equal!"

Before God! - Now, however, this God has died. Before the populace, however, we will not be equal. you higher men, away from the marketplace!

2.

Before God! - Now however this God has died! you higher men, this God was your greatest danger.

Only since he lay in the grave have you again arisen. Now only comes the great noontide, now only does the higher man become - master!

Have you understood this word, O my brothers? you are frightened: do your hearts turn giddy? does the abyss here yawn for you? does the hell-hound here yelp at you?

Well! Take heart! you higher men! Now only travails the mountain of the human future. God has died: now do we desire - the overman to live.

3.

The most careful ask to-day: "How is man to be maintained?" Zarathustra however asks, as the first and only one: "How is man to be surpassed?"

The overman, I have at heart; that is the first and only thing to me - and not man: not the neighbour, not the poorest, not the sorriest, not the best.-

O my brothers, what I can love in man is that he is an over-going and a down-going. And also in you there is much that makes me love and hope.

In that you have despised, you higher men, that makes me hope. For the great despisers are the great reverers.

In that you have despaired, there is much to honour. For you have not learned to submit yourselves, you have not learned petty policy.

For to-day have the petty people become master: they all preach submission and humility and policy and diligence and consideration and the long et cetera of petty virtues.

Whatever is of the effeminate type, whatever originates from the servile type, and especially the populace-mishmash: - that wishes now to be master of all human destiny - O disgust! Disgust! Disgust!

That asks and asks and never tires: "How is man to maintain himself best, longest, most pleasantly?" Thereby - are they the masters of today.

These masters of today - surpass them, O my brothers - these petty people: they are the overman's greatest danger!

Surpass, you higher men, the petty virtues, the petty policy, the sand-grain considerateness, the ant-hill trumpery, the pitiable

comfortableness, the "happiness of the greatest number"-!

And rather despair than submit yourselves. And truly, I love you, because you know not today how to live, you higher men! For thus do you live - best!

4.

Have you courage, O my brothers? Are you stout-hearted? Not the courage before witnesses, but hermit and eagle courage, which not even a God any longer beholds?

Cold souls, mules, the blind and the drunken, I do not call stout-hearted. He has heart who knows fear, but vanquishes it; who sees the abyss, but with pride.

He who sees the abyss, but with eagle's eyes, - he who with eagle's talons grasps the abyss: he has courage. - -

5.

"Man is evil" - so said to me for consolation, all the wisest ones. Ah, if only it be still true today! For the evil is man's best force.

"Man must become better and eviler" - so do I teach. The evilest is necessary for the overman's best.

It may have been well for the preacher of the petty people to suffer and be burdened by men's sin. I, however, rejoice in great sin as my great consolation.-

Such things, however, are not said for long ears. Every word, also, is not suited for every mouth. These are fine far-away things: at them sheep's claws shall not grasp!

6.

You higher men, think you that I am here to put right what you have put wrong?

Or that I wished henceforth to make snuggest couches for you sufferers? Or show you restless, miswandering, misclimbing ones, new and easier footpaths?

No! No! Three times No! Always more, always better ones of your type shall succumb, - for you shall always have it worse and harder. Thus only-

-Thus only grows man aloft to the height where the lightning strikes and shatters him: high enough for the lightning!

Towards the few, the long, the remote go forth my soul and my seeking: of what account to me are your many little, short miseries!

You do not yet suffer enough for me! For you suffer from yourselves, you have not yet suffered from man. you would lie if you spoke otherwise! None of you suffers from what I have suffered. - -

7.

It is not enough for me that the lightning no longer does harm. I do not wish to conduct it away: it shall learn - to work for me.-

My wisdom has accumulated long like a cloud, it becomes stiller and darker. So does all wisdom which shall one day bear lightning.-

to these men of today will I not be light, nor be called light. Them - will I blind: lightning of my wisdom! put out their eyes!

8.

Do not will anything beyond your power: there is a bad falseness in those who will beyond their power.

Especially when they will great things! For they awaken distrust in great things, these subtle false-coiners and stage-players:-

-Until at last they are false towards themselves, squint-eyed, whited cankers, glossed over with strong words, parade virtues and brilliant false deeds.

Take good care there, you higher men! For nothing is more precious to me, and rarer, than honesty.

Is this today not that of the populace? The populace however knows not what is great and what is small, what is straight and what is honest: it is innocently crooked, it ever lies.

9.

Have a good distrust today you, higher men, you enheartened ones! you open-hearted ones! And keep your reasons secret! For this today is that of the populace.

What the populace once learned to believe without reasons, who could - refute it to them by means of reasons?

And on the market-place one convinces with gestures. But reasons make the populace distrustful.

And when truth has once triumphed there, then ask yourselves with good distrust: "What strong error has fought for it?"

Be on your guard also against the learned! They hate you, because they are unproductive! They have cold, withered eyes before which every bird is unplumed.

Such persons vaunt about not lying: but inability to lie is still far from being love to truth. Be on your guard!

Freedom from fever is still far from being knowledge! Refrigerated spirits I do not believe in. He who cannot lie, does not know what truth is.

10.

If you would go up high, then use your own legs! Do not get

yourselves carried aloft; do not seat yourselves on other people's backs and heads!

You have mounted, however, on horseback? you now ride briskly up to your goal? Well, my friend! But your lame foot is also with you on horseback!

When you reach your goal, when you alight from your horse: precisely on your height, you higher man, - then will you stumble!

11.

You creating ones, you higher men! One is only pregnant with one's own child.

Do not let yourselves be imposed upon or put upon! Who then is your neighbour? Even if you act "for your neighbour" - you still do not create for him!

Unlearn, I pray you, this "for," you creating ones: your very virtue wishes you to have naught to do with "for" and "on account of" and "because." Against these false little words shall you stop your ears.

"For one's neighbour," is the virtue only of the petty people: there it is said "like and like," and "hand washes hand": - they have neither the right nor the power for your self-seeking!

In your self-seeking, you creating ones, there is the foresight and fore-seeing of the pregnant! What no one's eye has yet seen, namely, the fruit - this, shelters and saves and nourishes your entire love.

Where your entire love is, namely, with your child, there is also your entire virtue! Your work, your will is your "neighbour": let no false values impose upon you!

12.

You creating ones, you higher men! Whoever has to give birth is sick; whoever has given birth, however, is unclean.

Ask women: one gives birth, not because it gives pleasure. The pain makes hens and poets cackle.

You creating ones, in you there is much uncleanness. That is because you have had to be mothers.

A new child: oh, how much new filth has also come into the world! Go apart! He who has given birth shall wash his soul!

13.

Be not virtuous beyond your powers! And seek nothing from yourselves opposed to probability!

Walk in the footsteps in which your fathers' virtue has already walked! How would you rise high, if your fathers' will should not rise with you?

He, however, who would be a firstling, let him take care lest he also

become a lastling! And where the vices of your fathers are, there should you not set up as saints!

He whose fathers were inclined for women, and for strong wine and flesh of wildboar swine; what would it be if he demanded chastity of himself?

A folly would it be! Much, truly, does it seem to me for such a one, if he should be the husband of one or of two or of three women.

And if he founded monasteries, and inscribed over their portals: "The way to holiness," - I should still say: What good is it! it is a new folly!

He has founded for himself a penance-house and refuge-house: much good may it do! But I do not believe in it.

In solitude there grows what anyone brings into it - also the brute in one's nature. Thus is solitude inadvisable to many.

has there ever been anything filthier on earth than the saints of the wilderness? Around them was not only the devil loose - but also the swine.

14.

Shy, ashamed, awkward, like the tiger whose spring has failed - thus, you higher men, have I often seen you slink aside. A cast which you made had failed.

But what does it matter, you dice-players! you had not learned to play and mock, as one must play and mock! Do we not ever sit at a great table of mocking and playing?

And if great things have been a failure with you, have you yourselves therefore - been a failure? And if you yourselves have been a failure, has man therefore - been a failure? If man, however, has been a failure: well then! never mind!

15.

The higher its type, always the seldomer does a thing succeed. you higher men here, have you not all - been failures?

Be of good cheer; what does it matter? How much is still possible! Learn to laugh at yourselves, as you ought to laugh!

What wonder even that you have failed and only half-succeeded, you half-shattered ones! does not - man's future strive and struggle in you?

Man's furthest, profoundest, star-highest issues, his prodigious powers - do not all these foam through one another in your vessel?

What wonder that many a vessel shatters! Learn to laugh at yourselves, as you ought to laugh! you higher men, Oh, how much is still possible!

And truly, how much has already succeeded! How rich is this earth in small, good, perfect things, in well-constituted things!

Set around you small, good, perfect things, you higher men. Their

golden maturity heals the heart. The perfect teaches one to hope.

16.

What has thus far been the greatest sin here on earth? Was it not the word of him who said: "Woe to them that laugh now!"

Did he himself find no cause for laughter on the earth? Then he sought badly. A child even finds cause for it.

He - did not love sufficiently: otherwise would he also have loved us, the laughing ones! But he hated and hooted us; wailing and teeth-gnashing did he promise us.

Must one then curse immediately, when one does not love? That - seems to me bad taste. Thus did he, however, this absolute one. He sprang from the populace.

And he himself just did not love sufficiently; otherwise would he have raged less because people did not love him. All great love does not seek love: - it seeks more.

Go out of the way of all such absolute ones! They are a poor sickly type, a populace-type: they look at this life with ill-will, they have an evil eye for this earth.

Go out of the way of all such absolute ones! They have heavy feet and sultry hearts: - they do not know how to dance. How could the earth be light to such ones!

17.

Tortuously do all good things come close to their goal. Like cats they curve their backs, they purr inwardly with their approaching happiness, - all good things laugh.

His step betrays whether a person already walks on his own path: just see me walk! He, however, who comes close to his goal, dances.

And truly, a statue have I not become, not yet do I stand there stiff, stupid and stony, like a pillar; I love fast racing.

And though there be on earth fens and dense afflictions, he who has light feet runs even across the mud, and dances, as upon well-swept ice.

Lift up your hearts, my brothers, high, higher! And do not forget your legs! Lift up also your legs, you good dancers, and better still, if you stand upon your heads!

18.

This crown of the laughter, this rose-garland crown: I myself have put on this crown, I myself have consecrated my laughter. No one else have I found to-day potent enough for this.

Zarathustra the dancer, Zarathustra the light one, who beckons with his pinions, one ready for flight, beckoning to all birds, ready and

prepared, a blissfully light-spirited one:-

Zarathustra the soothsayer, Zarathustra the sooth-laughter, no impatient one, no absolute one, one who loves leaps and side-leaps; I myself have put on this crown!

19.

Lift up your hearts, my brothers, high, higher! And do not forget your legs! Lift up also your legs, you good dancers, and better still if you stand upon your heads!

There are also heavy animals in a state of happiness, there are club-footed ones from the beginning. Curiously do they exert themselves, like an elephant which endeavours to stand upon its head.

Better, however, to be foolish with happiness than foolish with misfortune, better to dance awkwardly than walk lamely. So learn, I pray you, my wisdom, you higher men: even the worst thing has two good reverse sides,-

-Even the worst thing has good dancing-legs: so learn, I pray you, you higher men, to put yourselves on your proper legs!

So unlearn, I pray you, the sorrow-sighing, and all the populace-sadness! Oh, how sad the buffoons of the populace seem to me today! This today, however, is that of the populace.

20.

Do like to the wind when it rushes forth from its mountain-caves: to its own piping will it dance; the seas tremble and leap under its footsteps.

That which gives wings to asses, that which milks the lionesses: - praised be that good, unruly spirit, which comes like a hurricane to all the present and to all the populace,-

-Which is hostile to thistle-heads and puzzle-heads, and to all withered leaves and weeds: - praised be this wild, good, free spirit of the storm, which dances upon fens and afflictions, as upon meadows!

Which hats the consumptive populace-dogs, and all the ill-constituted, sullen brood: - praised be this spirit of all free spirits, the laughing storm, which blows dust into the eyes of all the melanopic and melancholic!

You higher men, the worst thing in you is that you have none of you learned to dance as you ought to dance - to dance beyond yourselves! What does it matter that you have failed!

How many things are still possible! So learn to laugh beyond yourselves! Lift up your hearts, you good dancers, high! higher! And do not forget the good laughter!

This crown of the laughter, this rose-garland crown: to you, my brothers, do I cast this crown! Laughing have I consecrated; you higher men,

learn, I pray you - to laugh!

Part 4, (14) Zarathustra THE SONG OF MELANCHOLY

1.

WHEN Zarathustra spoke these sayings, he stood close to the entrance of his cave; with the last words, however, he slipped away from his guests, and fled for a little while into the open air.

"O pure odours around me," cried he, "O blessed stillness around me! But where are my animals? Hither, hither, my eagle and my serpent!

Tell me, my animals: these higher men, all of them - do they perhaps not smell well? O pure odours around me! Now only do I know and feel how I love you, my animals."

-And Zarathustra said once more: "I love you, my animals!" The eagle, however, and the serpent pressed close to him when he spoke these words, and looked up to him. In this attitude were they all three silent together, and sniffed and sipped the good air with one another. For the air here outside was better than with the higher men.

2.

Hardly, however, had Zarathustra left the cave when the old magician got up, looked cunningly about him, and said: "He is gone!

And already, you higher men - let me tickle you with this complimentary and flattering name, as he himself does - already does my evil spirit of deceit and magic attack me, my melancholy devil,

-Which is an adversary to this Zarathustra from the very heart: forgive it for this! Now does it wish to beseech before you, it has just its hour; in vain do I struggle with this evil spirit.

to all of you, whatever honours you like to assume in your names, whether you call yourselves 'the free spirits' or 'the conscientious,' or 'the penitents of the spirit,' or 'the unfettered,' or 'the great longers,'-

-Unto all of you, who like me suffer from the great loathing, to whom the old God has died, and as yet no new God lies in cradles and swaddling clothes - to all of you is my evil spirit and magic-devil favourable.

I know you, you higher men, I know him, - I know also this fiend whom I love in spite of me, this Zarathustra: he himself often seems to me like the beautiful mask of a saint,

-Like a new strange mummary in which my evil spirit, the melancholy

devil, delights: - I love Zarathustra, so does it often seem to me, for the sake of my evil spirit.-

But already does it attack me and constrain me, this spirit of melancholy, this evening-twilight devil: and truly, you higher men, it has a longing-

-Open your eyes! - it has a longing to come naked, whether male or female, I do not yet know: but it comes, it constrains me, Alas. open your wits!

The day dies out, to all things comes now the evening, also to the best things; hear now, and see, you higher men, what devil - man or woman - this spirit of evening-melancholy is!"

Thus spoke the old magician, looked cunningly about him, and then seized his harp.

3.

In evening's limpid air,
What time the dew's soothings
to the earth downpour,
Invisibly and unheard-
For tender shoe-gear wear
The soothing dews, like all that's kind-gentle-:
Bethink you then, bethink you, burning heart,
How once you thirsted
For heaven's kindly teardrops and dew's down-droppings,
All singed and weary thirsted,
What time on yellow grass-pathways
Wicked, occidental sunny glances
Through sombre trees about you sported,
Blindingly sunny glow-glances, gladly-hurting?
"Of truth the wooer? You?" - so taunted they-
"No! Merely poet!
A brute insidious, plundering, grovelling,
That aye must lie,
That wittingly, wilfully, aye must lie:
For booty lusting,
Motley masked,
Self-hidden, shrouded,
Himself his booty-
He - of truth the wooer?
No! Mere fool! Mere poet!
Just motley speaking,

From mask of fool confusedly shouting,
Circumambling on fabricated word-bridges,
On motley rainbow-arches,
between the spurious heavenly,
And spurious earthly,
Round us roving, round us soaring,-
Mere fool! Mere poet!
He - of truth the wooer?
Not still, stiff, smooth and cold,
Become an image,
A godlike statue,
Set up in front of temples,
As a God's own door-guard:
No! hostile to all such truthfulness-statues,
In every desert homelier than at temples,
With cattish wantonness,
Through every window leaping
Quickly into chances,
Every wild forest a-sniffing,
Greedily-longingly, sniffing,
That you, in wild forests,
'Mong the motley-speckled fierce creatures,
Should rove, sinful-sound and fine-coloured,
With longing lips smacking,
Blessedly mocking, blessedly hellish, blessedly blood-thirsty,
Robbing, skulking, lying - roving: -
Or to eagles like which fixedly,
Long adown the precipice look,
Adown their precipice: - -
Oh, how they whirl down now,
Thereunder, therein,
To ever deeper profoundness whirling!-
Then,
Sudden,
With aim aright,
With quivering flight,
On lambkins pouncing,
Headlong down, sore-hungry,
For lambkins longing,
Fierce 'gainst all lamb-spirits,

Furious-fierce all that look
Sheeplike, or lambeyed, or crisp-woolly,
-Grey, with lambsheep kindliness!
Even thus,
Eaglelike, pantherlike,
Are the poet's desires,
Are your own desires 'neath a thousand guises.
You fool! you poet!
You who all mankind viewed-
So God, as sheep-:
The God to rend within mankind,
As the sheep in mankind,
And in rending laughing -
That, that is your own blessedness!
Of a panther and eagle - blessedness!
Of a poet and fool - the blessedness! - -
In evening's limpid air,
What time the moon's sickle,
Green, between the purple-glowings,
And jealous, steal'th forth:
-Of day the foe,
With every step in secret,
The rosy garland-hammocks
Downsickling, till they've sunken
Down nightwards, faded, downsunken: -
Thus had I sunken one day
From my own truth-insanity,
From my own fervid day-longings,
Of day weary, sick of sunshine,
-Sunk downwards, evenwards, shadowwards:
By one sole trueness
All scorched and thirsty:
-Bethink you still, bethinkst you, burning heart,
How then you thirsted?-
That I should banned be
From all the trueness!
Mere fool! Mere poet!

Part 4, (15) Zarathustra SCIENCE

THUS sang the magician; and all who were present went like birds un-awares into the net of his artful and melancholy voluptuousness. Only the spiritually conscientious one had not been caught: he at once snatched the harp from the magician and called out: "Air! Let in good air! Let in Zarathustra! you make this cave sultry and poisonous, you bad old magician!

You seduce, you false one, you subtle one, to unknown desires and deserts. And alas, that such as you should talk and make ado about the truth!

Alas, to all free spirits who are not on their guard against such magicians! It is all over with their freedom: you teach and tempt back into prisons,-

-you old melancholy devil, out of your lament sounds a lurement: you resemble those who with their praise of chastity secretly invite to voluptuousness!

Thus spoke the conscientious one; the old magician, however, looked about him, enjoying his triumph, and on that account put up with the annoyance which the conscientious one caused him. "Be still!" said he with modest voice, "good songs want to re-echo well; after good songs one should be long silent.

Thus do all those present, the higher men. You, however, have perhaps understood but little of my song? In you there is little of the magic spirit.

"you praise me," replied the conscientious one, "in that you separate me from yourself; very well! But, you others, what do I see? you still sit there, all of you, with lusting eyes:-

You free spirits, where has your freedom gone! you almost seem to me to resemble those who have long looked at bad girls dancing naked: your souls themselves dance!

In you, you higher men, there must be more of that which the magician calls his evil spirit of magic and deceit: - we must indeed be different.

And truly, we spoke and thought long enough together ere. Zarathustra came home to his cave, for me not to be unaware that we are different.

We seek different things even here aloft, you and I. For I seek more security; on that account have I come to Zarathustra. For he is still the most steadfast tower and will-

-Today, when everything totters, when all the earth quakes. You, however, when I see what eyes you make, it almost seems to me that you seek more insecurity,

-More horror, more danger, more earthquake. you long (it almost seems so to me - forgive my presumption, you higher men)-

-You long for the worst and most dangerous life, which frightens me most, - for the life of wild beasts, for forests, caves, steep mountains and labyrinthine gorges.

And it is not those who lead out of danger that please you best, but those who lead you away from all paths, the misleaders. But if such longing in you be actual, it seems to me nevertheless to be impossible.

For fear - that is man's original and fundamental feeling; through fear everything is explained, original sin and original virtue. Through fear there grew also my virtue, that is to say: Science.

For fear of wild animals - that has been longest fostered in man, inclusive of the animal which he conceals and fears in himself: - Zarathustra calls it 'the beast inside.'

Such prolonged ancient fear, at last become subtle, spiritual and intellectual - at present, me thinks, it is called Science."-

Thus spoke the conscientious one; but Zarathustra, who had just come back into his cave and had heard and divined the last discourse, threw a handful of roses to the conscientious one, and laughed on account of his "truths." "Why!" he exclaimed, "what did I hear just now? Truly, it seems to me, you are a fool, or else I myself am one: and quietly and quickly will I Put your 'truth' upside down.

For fear - is an exception with us. Courage, however, and adventure, and delight in the uncertain, in the unattempted - courage seems to me the entire primitive history of man.

The wildest and most courageous animals has he envied and robbed of all their virtues: thus only did he become - man.

This courage, at last become subtle, spiritual and intellectual, this human courage, with eagle's pinions and serpent's wisdom: this, it seems to me, is called at present-"

"Zarathustra!" cried all of them there assembled, as if with one voice, and burst out at the same time into a great laughter; there arose, however, from them as it were a heavy cloud. Even the magician laughed, and said wisely: "Well! It is gone, my evil spirit!

And did I not myself warn you against it when I said that it was a deceiver, a lying and deceiving spirit?

Especially when it shows itself naked. But what can I do with regard to

its tricks! Have I created it and the world?

Well! Let us be good again, and of good cheer! And although Zarathustra looks with evil eye - just see him! he dislikes me:-

-Ere night comes will he again learn to love and laud me; he cannot live long without committing such follies.

He - loves his enemies: this art knows he better than anyone I have seen. But he takes revenge for it - on his friends!"

Thus spoke the old magician, and the higher men applauded him; so that Zarathustra went round, and mischievously and lovingly shook hands with his friends, - like one who has to make amends and apologise to everyone for something. When however he had thereby come to the door of his cave, behold, then had he again a longing for the good air outside, and for his animals, - and wished to steal out.

Part 4, (16) Zarathustra AMONG DAUGHTERS OF THE DESERT

1.

"GO NOT away!" said then the wanderer who called himself Zarathustra's shadow, "abide with us - otherwise the old gloomy affliction might again fall upon us.

Now has that old magician given us of his worst for our good, and Behold. the good, pious pope there has tears in his eyes, and has quite embarked again upon the sea of melancholy.

Those kings may well put on a good air before us still: for that have they learned best of us all at present! Had they however no one to see them, I wager that with them also the bad game would again commence,-

-The bad game of drifting clouds, of damp melancholy, of curtained heavens, of stolen suns, of howling autumn-winds,

-The bad game of our howling and crying for help! Abide with us, O Zarathustra! Here there is much concealed misery that wishes to speak, much evening, much cloud, much damp air!

You have nourished us with strong food for men, and powerful proverbs: do not let the weakly, womanly spirits attack us anew at dessert!

You alone make the air around you strong and clear. Did I ever find anywhere on earth such good air as with you in your cave?

Many lands have I seen, my nose has learned to test and estimate many

kinds of air: but with you do my nostrils taste their greatest delight!

Unless it be, - unless it be-, do forgive an old recollection! Forgive me an old after-dinner song, which I once composed among daughters of the desert:-

For with them was there equally good, clear, Oriental air; there was I furthest from cloudy, damp, melancholy Old-Europe!

Then did I love such Oriental maidens and other blue kingdoms of heaven, over which hang no clouds and no thoughts.

You would not believe how charmingly they sat there, when they did not dance, profound, but without thoughts, like little secrets, like beribboned riddles, like dessert-nuts-

Many-hued and foreign, indeed! but without clouds: riddles which can be guessed: to please such maidens I then composed an after-dinner psalm."

Thus spoke the wanderer who called himself Zarathustra's shadow; and before anyone answered him, he had seized the harp of the old magician, crossed his legs, and looked calmly and sagely around him: - with his nostrils, however, he inhaled the air slowly and questioningly, like one who in new countries tastes new foreign air. Afterward he began to sing with a kind of roaring.

2.

The deserts grow: woe him who does them hide!

-Ha!

Solemnly!

In effect solemnly!

A worthy beginning!

Afric manner, solemnly!

Of a lion worthy,

Or perhaps of a virtuous howl-monkey-

-But it's naught to you,

You friendly damsels dearly loved,

At whose own feet to me,

The first occasion,

To a European under palm-trees,

At seat is now granted. Selah.

Wonderful, truly!

Here do I sit now,

The desert close, and yet I am

So far still from the desert,

Even in naught yet deserted:

That is, I'm swallowed down
 By this the smallest oasis:-
 -It opened up just yawning,
 Its loveliest mouth agape,
 Most sweet-odoured of all mouthlets:
 Then fell I right in,
 Right down, right through - in 'mong you,
 You friendly damsels dearly loved! Selah.
 Hail! hail! to that whale, fishlike,
 If it thus for its guest's convenience
 Made things nice! - (you well know,
 Surely, my learned allusion?)
 Hail to its belly,
 If it had e'er
 A such loveliest oasis-belly
 As this is: though however I doubt about it,
 -With this come I out of Old-Europe,
 That doubt'th more eagerly than does any
 Elderly married woman.
 May the Lord improve it!
 Amen!
 Here do I sit now,
 In this the smallest oasis,
 Like a date indeed,
 Brown, quite sweet, gold-suppurating,
 For rounded mouth of maiden longing,
 But yet still more for youthful, maidlike,
 Ice-cold and snow-white and incisory
 Front teeth: and for such assuredly,
 Pine the hearts all of ardent date-fruits. Selah.
 To the there-named south-fruits now,
 Similar, all-too-similar,
 Do I lie here; by little
 Flying insects
 Round-sniffled and round-played,
 And also by yet littler,
 Foolisher, and peccabler
 Wishes and phantasies,-
 Environed by you,
 You silent, presentientest

Maiden-kittens,
 Dudu and Suleika,
 -Round sphinxed, that into one word
 I may crowd much feeling:
 (Forgive me, O God,
 All such speech-sinning!)
 -Sit I here the best of air sniffing,
 Paradisal air, truly,
 Bright and buoyant air, golden-mottled,
 As goodly air as ever
 From lunar orb downfell-
 Be it by hazard,
 Or supervened it by arrogancy?
 As the ancient poets relate it.
 But doubter, I'm now calling it
 In question: with this do I come indeed
 Out of Europe,
 That doubts more eagerly than does any
 Elderly married woman.
 May the Lord improve it!
 Amen.
 This the finest air drinking,
 With nostrils out-swelled like goblets,
 Lacking future, lacking remembrances,
 Thus do I sit here, you
 Friendly damsels dearly loved,
 And look at the palm-tree there,
 How it, to a dance-girl, like,
 does bow and bend and on its haunches bob,
 -One does it too, when one views it long!-
 To a dance-girl like, who as it seems to me,
 Too long, and dangerously persistent,
 Always, always, just on single leg has stood?
 -Then forgot she thereby, as it seem to me,
 The other leg?
 For vainly I, at least,
 Did search for the amissing
 Fellow-jewel
 -Namely, the other leg-
 In the sanctified precincts,

Nigh her very dearest, very tenderest,
 Flapping and fluttering and flickering skirting.
 Yes, if you should, you beauteous friendly ones,
 Quite take my word:
 She hath, Alas. lost it!
 Hu! Hu! Hu! Hu! Hu!
 It is away!
 For ever away!
 The other leg!
 Oh, pity for that loveliest other leg!
 Where may it now tarry, all-forsaken weeping?
 The lonesomest leg?
 In fear perhaps before a
 Furious, yellow, blond and curled
 Leonine monster? Or perhaps even
 Gnawed away, nibbled badly-
 Most wretched, woeful! woeful! nibbled badly! Selah.
 Oh, weep you not,
 Gentle spirits!
 Weep you not, you
 Date-fruit spirits! Milk-bosoms!
 You sweetwood-heart
 Purselets!
 Weep you no more,
 Pallid Dudu!
 Be a man, Suleika! Bold! Bold!
 -Or else should there perhaps
 Something strengthening, heart-strengthening,
 Here most proper be?
 Some inspiring text?
 Some solemn exhortation?-
 Ha! Up now! honour!
 Moral honour! European honour!
 Blow again, continue,
 Bellows-box of virtue!
 Ha!
 Once more your roaring,
 Your moral roaring!
 As a virtuous lion
 Nigh the daughters of deserts roaring!

-For virtue's out-howl,
You very dearest maidens,
Is more than every
European fervour, European hot-hunger!
And now do I stand here,
As European,
I can't be different, God's help to me!
Amen!
The deserts grow: woe him who does them hide!

Part 4, (17) Zarathustra THE AWAKENING

1.

AFTER the song of the wanderer and shadow, the cave became all at once full of noise and laughter: and since the assembled guests all spoke simultaneously, and even the ass, encouraged thereby, no longer remained silent, a little aversion and scorn for his visitors came over Zarathustra, although he rejoiced at their gladness. For it seemed to him a sign of convalescence. So he slipped out into the open air and spoke to his animals.

"where has their distress now gone?" said he, and already did he himself feel relieved of his petty disgust - "with me, it seems that they have unlearned their cries of distress!

-Though, Alas. not yet their crying." And Zarathustra stopped his ears, for just then did the YE-A of the ass mix strangely with the noisy jubilation of those higher men.

"They are merry," he began again, "and who knows? perhaps at their host's expense; and if they have learned of me to laugh, still it is not my laughter they have learned.

But what matter about that! They are old people: they recover in their own way, they laugh in their own way; my ears have already endured worse and have not become peevish.

This day is a victory: he already yields, he flies, the spirit of gravity, my old arch-enemy! How well this day is about to end, which began so badly and gloomily!

And it is about to end. Already comes the evening: over the sea rides it hither, the good rider! How it bobs, the blessed one, the home-returning

one, in its purple saddles!

The sky gazes brightly thereon, the world lies deep. Oh, all you strange ones who have come to me, it is already worthwhile to have lived with me!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra. And again came the cries and laughter of the higher men out of the cave: then began he anew:

"They bite at it, my bait takes, there departs also from them their enemy, the spirit of gravity. Now do they learn to laugh at themselves: do I hear rightly?

My virile food takes effect, my strong and savoury sayings: and truly, I did not nourish them with flatulent vegetables! But with warrior-food, with conqueror-food: new desires did I awaken.

New hopes are in their arms and legs, their hearts expand. They find new words, soon will their spirits breathe wantonness.

Such food may sure enough not be proper for children, nor even for longing girls old and young. One persuades their bowels otherwise; I am not their physician and teacher.

The disgust departs from these higher men; well! that is my victory. In my domain they become assured; all stupid shame flies away; they empty themselves.

They empty their hearts, good times return to them, they keep holiday and ruminate, - they become thankful.

That do I take as the best sign: they become thankful. Not long will it be ere they devise festivals, and put up memorials to their old joys.

They are convalescents!" Thus spoke Zarathustra joyfully to his heart and gazed outward; his animals, however, pressed up to him, and honoured his happiness and his silence.

2.

All on a sudden however, Zarathustra's ear was frightened: for the cave which had thus far been full of noise and laughter, became all at once still as death; - his nose, however, smelt a sweet-scented vapour and incense-odour, as if from burning pine-cones.

"What happens? What are they about?" he asked himself, and stole up to the entrance, that he might be able unobserved to see his guests. But wonder upon wonder! what was he then obliged to behold with his own eyes!

"They have all of them become pious again, they pray, they are mad!" - said he, and was astonished beyond measure. And indeed! all these higher men, the two kings, the pope out of service, the evil magician, the voluntary beggar, the wanderer and shadow, the old soothsayer, the

spiritually conscientious one, and the ugliest man - they all lay on their knees like children and credulous old women, and worshipped the ass. And just then began the ugliest man to gurgle and snort, as if something unutterable in him tried to find expression; when, however, he had actually found words, Behold. it was a pious, strange litany in praise of the adored and censed ass. And the litany sounded thus:

Amen! And glory and honour and wisdom and thanks and praise and strength be to our God, from everlasting to everlasting!

-The ass, however, here brayed YE-A.

He carried our burdens, he has taken upon him the form of a servant, he is patient of heart and never says No; and he who loves his God chastises him.

-The ass, however, here brayed YE-A.

He speaks not: except that he ever says yes to the world which he created: thus does he extol his world. It is his artfulness that speaks not: thus is he rarely found wrong.

-The ass, however, here brayed YE-A.

Uncomely goes he through the world. Grey is the favourite colour in which he wraps his virtue. has he spirit, then does he conceal it; every one, however, believes in his long ears.

-The ass, however, here brayed YE-A.

What hidden wisdom it is to wear long ears, and only to say yes and never No! has he not created the world in his own image, namely, as stupid as possible?

-The ass, however, here brayed YE-A.

You go straight and crooked ways; it concerns you little what seems straight or crooked to us men. Beyond good and evil is your domain. It is your innocence not to know what innocence is.

-The ass, however, here brayed YE-A.

Behold. how you spurn none from you, neither beggars nor kings. you suffer little children to come to you, and when the bad boys decoy you, then say you simply, YE-A.

-The ass, however, here brayed YE-A.

You love she-asses and fresh figs, you are no food-despiser. A thistle tickles your heart when you chance to be hungry. There is the wisdom of a God therein.

-The ass, however, here brayed YE-A.

Part 4, (18) Zarathustra THE ASS-FESTIVAL

1.

AT THIS place in the litany, however, Zarathustra could no longer control himself; he himself cried out YE-A, louder even than the ass, and sprang into the midst of his maddened guests. "Whatever are you about, you grown-up children?" he exclaimed, pulling up the praying ones from the ground. "Alas, if anyone else, except Zarathustra, had seen you:

Every one would think you the worst blasphemers, or the most very foolish old women, with your new belief!

And you yourself, you old pope, how is it in accordance with you, to adore an ass in such a manner as God?"-

"O Zarathustra," answered the pope, "forgive me, but in divine matters I am more enlightened even than you. And it is right that it should be so.

Better to adore God so, in this form, than in no form at all! Think over this saying, my exalted friend: you will readily divine that in such a saying there is wisdom.

He who said 'God is a Spirit' - made the greatest stride and slide thus far made on earth towards unbelief: such a dictum is not easily amended again on earth!

My old heart leaps and bounds because there is still something to adore on earth. Forgive it, O Zarathustra, to an old, pious pontiff-heart!-"

-"And you," said Zarathustra to the wanderer and shadow, "you call and think yourself a free spirit? And you here practise such idolatry and hierolatrology?"

Worse truly, do you here than with your bad brown girls, you bad, new believer!"

"It is sad enough," answered the wanderer and shadow, "you are right: but how can I help it! The old God lives again, O Zarathustra, you may say what you wilt.

The ugliest man is to blame for it all: he has reawakened him. And if he say that he once killed him, with Gods death is always just a prejudice."

-"And you," said Zarathustra, "you bad old magician, what didst you do! Who ought to believe any longer in you in this free age, when you believe in such divine donkeyism?"

It was a stupid thing that you didst; how could you, a shrewd man, do such a stupid thing!"

"O Zarathustra," answered the shrewd magician, "you are right, it was

a stupid thing, - it was also repugnant to me."

"-And you even," said Zarathustra to the spiritually conscientious one, "consider, and put your finger to your nose! does nothing go against your conscience here? Is your spirit not too cleanly for this praying and the fumes of those devotees?"

"There is something therein," said the spiritually conscientious one, and put his finger to his nose, "there is something in this spectacle which even does good to my conscience.

Perhaps I dare not believe in God: certain it is however, that God seems to me most worthy of belief in this form.

God is said to be eternal, according to the testimony of the most pious: he who has so much time takes his time. As slow and as stupid as possible: thereby can such a one nevertheless go very far.

And he who has too much spirit might well become infatuated with stupidity and folly. Think of yourself, O Zarathustra!

You yourself - truly! even you could well become an ass through superabundance of wisdom.

does not the true sage willingly walk on the most crooked paths? The evidence teaches it, O Zarathustra, - your own evidence!"

"-And you yourself, finally," said Zarathustra, and turned towards the ugliest man, who still lay on the ground stretching up his arm to the ass (for he gave it wine to drink). "Say, you nondescript, what have you been about!

You seem to me transformed, your eyes glow, the mantle of the sublime covers your ugliness: what didst you do?

Is it then true what they say, that you have again awakened him? And why? Was he not for good reasons killed and made away with?

You yourself seem to me awakened: what didst you do? why didst you turn round? Why didst you get converted? Speak, you nondescript!"

"O Zarathustra," answered the ugliest man, "you are a rogue!

Whether he yet lives, or again lives, or is thoroughly dead - which of us both knows that best? I ask you.

One thing however do I know, - from yourself did I learn it once, O Zarathustra: he who wants to kill most thoroughly, laughs.

'Not by wrath but by laughter does one kill' - thus spoke you once, O Zarathustra, you hidden one, you destroyer without wrath, you dangerous saint, - you are a rogue!"

2.

Then, however, did it come to pass that Zarathustra, astonished at such merely roguish answers, jumped back to the door of his cave, and

turning towards all his guests, cried out with a strong voice:

"O you wags, all of you, you buffoons! Why do you dissemble and disguise yourselves before me!

How the hearts of all of you convulsed with delight and wickedness, because you had at last become again like little children - namely, pious,-

-Because you at last did again as children do - namely, prayed, folded your hands and said 'good God'!

But now leave, I pray you, this nursery, my own cave, where today all childishness is carried on. Cool down, here outside, your hot child-wantonness and heart-tumult!

To be sure: except you become as little children you shall not enter into that kingdom of heaven." (And Zarathustra pointed aloft with his hands.)

"But we do not at all want to enter into the kingdom of heaven: we have become men, - so we want the kingdom of earth."

3.

And once more began Zarathustra to speak. "O my new friends," said he, - "you strange ones, you higher men, how well do you now please me,-

-Since you have again become joyful! you have, truly, all blossomed forth: it seems to me that for such flowers as you, new festivals are required.

-A little valiant nonsense, some divine service and ass-festival, some old joyful Zarathustra fool, some blusterer to blow your souls bright.

Forget not this night and this ass-festival, you higher men! That did you devise when with me, that do I take as a good omen, - such things only the convalescents devise!

And should you celebrate it again, this ass-festival, do it from love to yourselves, do it also from love to me! And in remembrance of me!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 4, (19) Zarathustra THE DRUNKEN SONG

1.

MEANWHILE one after another had gone out into the open air, and into the cool, thoughtful night; Zarathustra himself, however, led the ugliest man by the hand, that he might show him his night-world, and the

great round moon, and the silvery water-falls near his cave. There they at last stood still beside one another; all of them old people, but with comforted, brave hearts, and astonished in themselves that it was so well with them on earth; the mystery of the night, however, came closer and closer to their hearts. And anew Zarathustra thought to himself: "Oh, how well do they now please me, these higher men!" - but he did not say it aloud, for he respected their happiness and their silence.-

Then, however, there happened that which in this astonishing long day was most astonishing: the ugliest man began once more and for the last time to gurgle and snort, and when he had at length found expression, Behold. there sprang a question plump and plain out of his mouth, a good, deep, clear question, which moved the hearts of all who listened to him.

"My friends, all of you," said the ugliest man, "what think you? For the sake of this day - I am for the first time content to have lived my entire life.

And that I testify so much is still not enough for me. It is worthwhile living on the earth: one day, one festival with Zarathustra, has taught me to love the earth.

'Was that - life?' will I say to death. 'Well! Once more!'

My friends, what think you? Will you not, like me, say to death: 'Was that - life? For the sake of Zarathustra, well! Once more!'" - -

Thus spoke the ugliest man; it was not, however, far from midnight. And what took place then, think you? As soon as the higher men heard his question, they became all at once conscious of their transformation and convalescence, and of him who was the cause thereof: then did they rush up to Zarathustra, thanking, honouring, caressing him, and kissing his hands, each in his own peculiar way; so that some laughed and some wept. The old soothsayer, however, danced with delight; and though he was then, as some narrators suppose, full of sweet wine, he was certainly still fuller of sweet life, and had renounced all weariness. There are even those who narrate that the ass then danced: for not in vain had the ugliest man previously given it wine to drink. That may be the case, or it may be otherwise; and if in truth the ass did not dance that evening, there nevertheless happened then greater and rarer wonders than the dancing of an ass would have been. In short, as the proverb of Zarathustra says: "What does it matter!"

2.

When, however, this took place with the ugliest man, Zarathustra stood there like one drunken: his glance dulled, his tongue faltered and

his feet staggered. And who could divine what thoughts then passed through Zarathustra's soul? Apparently, however, his spirit retreated and fled in advance and was in remote distances, and as it were "wandering on high mountain-ridges," as it stands written, "between two seas,

-Wandering between the past and the future as a heavy cloud." Gradually, however, while the higher men held him in their arms, he came back to himself a little, and resisted with his hands the crowd of the honouring and caring ones; but he did not speak. All at once, however, he turned his head quickly, for he seemed to hear something: then laid he his finger on his mouth and said: "Come!"

And immediately it became still and mysterious round about; from the depth however there came up slowly the sound of a clock-bell. Zarathustra listened to this, like the higher men; then, however, laid he his finger on his mouth the second time, and said again: "Come! Come! It is getting on to midnight!" - and his voice had changed. But still he had not moved from the spot. Then it became yet stiller and more mysterious, and everything listened, even the ass, and Zarathustra's noble animals, the eagle and the serpent, - likewise the cave of Zarathustra and the big cool moon, and the night itself. Zarathustra, however, laid his hand upon his mouth for the third time, and said:

Come! Come! Come! Let us now wander! It is the hour: let us wander into the night!

3.

You higher men, it is getting on to midnight: then will I say something into your ears, as that old clock-bell says it into my ear,-

-As mysteriously, as frightfully, and as cordially as that midnight clock-bell speaks it to me, which has experienced more than one man:

-Which has already counted the smarting throbbings of your fathers' hearts - ah! ah! how it sighs! how it laughs in its dream! the old, deep, deep midnight!

Hush! Hush! Then is there many a thing heard which may not be heard by day; now however, in the cool air, when even all the tumult of your hearts has become still,-

-Now does it speak, now is it heard, now does it steal into overwakeful, nocturnal souls: ah! ah! how the midnight sighs! how it laughs in its dream!

-Hear you not how it mysteriously, frightfully, and cordially speaks to you, the old deep, deep midnight?

O man, take heed!

4.

Woe to me! where has time gone? Have I not sunk into deep wells? The world sleeps-

Ah! Ah! The dog howls, the moon shins. Rather will I die, rather will I die, than say to you what my midnight-heart now thinks.

Already have I died. It is all over. Spider, why spin you around me? will you have blood? Ah! Ah! The dew falls, the hour comes-

-The hour in which I frost and freeze, which asks and asks and asks: "Who has sufficient courage for it?

-Who is to be master of the world? Who is going to say: Thus shall you flow, you great and small streams!"

-The hour approaches: O man, you higher man, take heed! this talk is for fine ears, for your ears - what says deep midnight's voice indeed?

5.

It carries me away, my soul dances. Day's-work! Day's-work! Who is to be master of the world?

The moon is cool, the wind is still. Ah! Ah! Have you already flown high enough? you have danced: a leg, nevertheless, is not a wing.

You good dancers, now is all delight over: wine has become lees, every cup has become brittle, the sepulchres mutter.

You have not flown high enough: now do the sepulchres mutter: "Free the dead! Why is it so long night? does not the moon make us drunken?"

You higher men, free the sepulchres, awaken the corpses! Ah, why does the worm still burrow? There approaches, there approaches, the hour,-

-There booms the clock-bell, there thrills still the heart, there burrows still the wood-worm, the heart-worm. Ah! Ah! The world is deep!

6.

Sweet lyre! Sweet lyre! I love your tone, your drunken, ranunculine tone! - how long, how far has come to me your tone, from the distance, from the ponds of love!

You old clock-bell, you sweet lyre! Every pain has torn your heart, father-pain, fathers'-pain, forefathers'-pain; your speech has become ripe,-

-Ripe like the golden autumn and the afternoon, like my hermit heart - now say you: The world itself has become ripe, the grape turns brown,

-Now does it wish to die, to die of happiness. you higher men, do you not feel it? There wells up mysteriously an odour,

-A perfume and odour of eternity, a rosy-blessed, brown, gold-wine-odour of old happiness.

-Of drunken midnight-death happiness, which sings: the world is deep, and deeper than the day could read!

7.

Leave me alone! Leave me alone! I am too pure for you. Touch me not! has not my world just now become perfect?

My skin is too pure for your hands. Leave me alone, you dull, doltish, stupid day! Is not the midnight brighter?

The purest are to be masters of the world, the least known, the strongest, the midnight-souls, who are brighter and deeper than any day.

O day, you grope for me? you feel for my happiness? For you am I rich, lonesome, a treasure-pit, a gold chamber?

O world, you want me? Am I worldly for you? Am I spiritual for you? Am I divine for you? But day and world, you are too coarse,-

-Have cleverer hands, grasp after deeper happiness, after deeper unhappiness, grasp after some God; grasp not after me:

-My unhappiness, my happiness is deep, you strange day, but yet am I no God, no God's-hell: deep is its woe.

8.

God's woe is deeper, you strange world! Grasp at God's woe, not at me! What am I! A drunken sweet lyre,-

-A midnight-lyre, a bell-frog, which no one understands, but which must speak before deaf ones, you higher men! For you do not understand me!

Gone! Gone! O youth! O noontide! O afternoon! Now have come evening and night and midnight, - the dog howls, the wind:

-Is the wind not a dog? It whines, it barks, it howls. Ah! Ah! how she sighs! how she laughs, how she wheezes and pants, the midnight!

How she just now speaks soberly, this drunken poetess! has she perhaps overdrunk her drunkenness? has she become overawake? does she ruminate?

-Her woe does she ruminate over, in a dream, the old, deep midnight - and still more her joy. For joy, although woe be deep, joy is deeper still than grief can be.

9.

You grape-vine! Why do you praise me? Have I not cut your! I am cruel, you bleed:- what means your praise of my drunken cruelty?

"Whatever has become perfect, everything mature - wants to die!" so say you. Blessed, blessed be the vintner's knife! But everything immature wants to live: Alas.

Woe says: "Hence! Go! Away, you woe!" But everything that suffers

wants to live, that it may become mature and lively and longing,

-Longing for the further, the higher, the brighter. "I want heirs," so says everything that suffers, "I want children, I do not want myself,"-

Joy, however, does not want heirs, it does not want children, - joy wants itself, it wants eternity, it wants recurrence, it wants everything eternally-like-itself.

Woe says: "Break, bleed, you heart! Wander, you leg! you wing, fly! Onward! upward! you pain!" Well! Cheer up! O my old heart: Woe says: "Hence! Go!"

10.

You higher men, what think you? Am I a soothsayer? Or a dreamer? Or a drunkard? Or a dream-reader? Or a midnight-bell?

Or a drop of dew? Or a fume and fragrance of eternity? Hear you it not? Smell you it not? Just now has my world become perfect, midnight is also mid-day,-

Pain is also a joy, curse is also a blessing, night is also a sun, - go away! or you will learn that a sage is also a fool.

Said you ever yes to one joy? O my friends, then said you yes also to all woe. All things are enlinked, enlaced and enamoured,-

-Wanted you ever once to come twice; said you ever: "you please me, happiness! Instant! Moment!" then wanted you all to come back again!

-All anew, all eternal, all enlinked, enlaced and enamoured, Oh, then did you love the world,-

-You eternal ones, you love it eternally and for all time: and also to woe do you say: Hence! Go! but come back! For joys all want - eternity!

11.

All joy wants the eternity of all things, it wants honey, it wants lees, it wants drunken midnight, it wants graves, it wants grave-tears' consolation, it wants gilded evening-red-

-What does not joy want! it is thirstier, heartier, hungrier, more frightful, more mysterious, than all woe: it wants itself, it bits into itself, the ring's will writhes in it,-

-It wants love, it wants hate, it is over-rich, it bestows, it throws away, it begs for someone to take from it, it thanks the taker, it would rather be hated,-

-So rich is joy that it thirsts for woe, for hell, for hate, for shame, for the lame, for the world, - for this world, Oh, you know it indeed!

You higher men, for you does it long, this joy, this irrepressible, blessed joy - for your woe, you failures! For failures, longs all eternal joy.

For joys all want themselves, therefore do they also want grief! O

happiness, O pain! Oh break, you heart! you higher men, do learn it, that joys want eternity.

-Joys want the eternity of all things, they want deep, profound eternity!
12.

Have you now learned my song? Have you divined what it would say? Well! Cheer up! you higher men, sing now my roundelay!

Sing now yourselves the song, the name of which is "Once more," the signification of which is "Unto all eternity!" - sing, you higher men, Zarathustra's roundelay!

O man! Take heed!

What says deep midnight's voice indeed?

"I slept my sleep-,

"From deepest dream I've woke, and plead:-

"The world is deep,

"And deeper than the day could read.

"Deep is its woe-,

"Joy - deeper still than grief can be:

"Woe says: Hence! Go!

"But joys all want eternity-,

"-Want deep, profound eternity!"

Part 4, (20) Zarathustra THE SIGN

IN THE morning, however, after this night, Zarathustra jumped up from his couch, and, having girded his loins, he came out of his cave glowing and strong, like a morning sun coming out of gloomy mountains.

"you great star," spoke he, as he had spoken once before, "you deep eye of happiness, what would be all your happiness if you had not those for whom you shine!

And if they remained in their chambers whilst you are already awake, and come and bestow and distribute, how would your proud modesty upbraid for it!

Well! they still sleep, these higher men, whilst I am awake: they are not my proper companions! Not for them do I wait here in my mountains.

At my work I want to be, at my day: but they understand not what are the signs of my morning, my step - is not for them the awakening-call.

They still sleep in my cave; their dream still drinks at my drunken songs. The audient ear for me - the obedient ear, is yet lacking in their limbs."

-This had Zarathustra spoken to his heart when the sun arose: then looked he inquiringly aloft, for he heard above him the sharp call of his eagle. "Well!" called he upwards, "thus is it pleasing and proper to me. my animals are awake, for I am awake.

My eagle is awake, and like me honours the sun. With eagle-talons does it grasp at the new light. you are my proper animals; I love you.

But still do I lack my proper men!" -

Thus spoke Zarathustra; then, however, it happened that all on a sudden he became aware that he was flocked around and fluttered around, as if by innumerable birds, - the whizzing of so many wings, however, and the crowding around his head was so great that he shut his eyes. And truly, there came down upon him as it were a cloud, like a cloud of arrows which pours upon a new enemy. But behold, here it was a cloud of love, and showered upon a new friend.

"What happens to me?" thought Zarathustra in his astonished heart, and slowly seated himself on the big stone which lay close to the exit from his cave. But while he grasped about with his hands, around him, above him and below him, and repelled the tender birds, behold, there then happened to him something still stranger: for he grasped thereby unawares into a mass of thick, warm, shaggy hair; at the same time, however, there sounded before him a roar, - a long, soft lion-roar.

"The sign comes," said Zarathustra, and a change came over his heart. And in truth, when it turned clear before him, there lay a yellow, powerful animal at his feet, resting its head on his knee, - unwilling to leave him out of love, and doing like a dog which again finds its old master. The doves, however, were no less eager with their love than the lion; and whenever a dove whisked over its nose, the lion shook its head and wondered and laughed.

When all this went on Zarathustra spoke only a word: "My children are close, my children"-, then he became quite mute. His heart, however, was loosed, and from his eyes there dropped down tears and fell upon his hands. And he took no further notice of anything, but sat there motionless, without repelling the animals further. Then flew the doves to and fro, and perched on his shoulder, and caressed his white hair, and did not tire of their tenderness and joyousness. The strong lion, however, licked always the tears that fell on Zarathustra's hands, and roared and growled shyly. Thus did these animals do.-

All this went on for a long time, or a short time: for properly speaking, there is no time on earth for such things-. Meanwhile, however, the higher men had awakened in Zarathustra's cave, and marshalled themselves for a procession to go to meet Zarathustra, and give him their morning greeting: for they had found when they awakened that he no longer tarried with them. When, however, they reached the door of the cave and the noise of their steps had preceded them, the lion started violently; it turned away all at once from Zarathustra, and roaring wildly, sprang towards the cave. The higher men, however, when they heard the lion roaring, cried all aloud as with one voice, fled back and vanished in an instant.

Zarathustra himself, however, stunned and strange, rose from his seat, looked around him, stood there astonished, inquired of his heart, be-thought himself, and remained alone. "What did I hear?" said he at last, slowly, "what happened to me just now?"

But soon there came to him his recollection, and he took in at a glance all that had taken place between yesterday and to-day. "Here is indeed the stone," said he, and stroked his beard, "on it sat I yester-morn; and here came the soothsayer to me, and here heard I first the cry which I heard just now, the great cry of distress.

O you higher men, your distress was it that the old soothsayer foretold to me yester-morn,-

-Unto your distress did he want to seduce and tempt me: 'O Zarathustra,' said he to me, 'I come to seduce you to your last sin.'

To my last sin?" cried Zarathustra, and laughed angrily at his own words: "what has been reserved for me as my last sin?"

-And once more Zarathustra became absorbed in himself, and sat down again on the big stone and meditated. Suddenly he sprang up,-

"Fellow-suffering! Fellow-suffering with the higher men!" he cried out, and his countenance changed into brass. "Well! That - has had its time!

My suffering and my fellow-suffering - what matter about them! Do I then strive after happiness? I strive after my work!

Well! The lion has come, my children are close, Zarathustra has grown ripe, my hour has come:-

This is my morning, my day begins: arise now, arise, you great noon-tide!" - -

Thus spoke Zarathustra and left his cave, glowing and strong, like a morning sun coming out of gloomy mountains.

THE END

Return to First Page

The Dawn

THE DAWN

by Friedrich Nietzsche "There are many dawns which have yet to shed their light." Rig-Veda

Translated by J. M. Kennedy 1909-1913

Reformatted and modified by Bill Chapko

PREFACE

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Nietzsche's Preface 1886

The Dawn

Preface 1

IN this book we find a " subterrestrial " at work, digging mining, undermining. You can see him, always provided that you have eyes for such deep work, -how he makes his way slowly, cautiously, gently but surely, without showing signs of the weariness that usually accompanies a long privation of light and air. He might even be called happy, despite his labours in the dark. Does it not seem as if some faith were leading him on, some solace recompensing him for his toil ? Or that he himself desires a long period of darkness, an unintelligible, hidden, enigmatic something, knowing as he does that he will in time have his own morning, his own redemption, his own rosy dawn ? Yes, verily he will return : ask him not what he seeks in the depths ; for he himself will tell you, this apparent

Trophonius and subterrestrial, whenever he once again becomes man. One easily unlearns how to hold one's tongue when one has for so long been a mole, and all alone, like him.

The Dawn

Preface 2

Indeed, my indulgent friends, I will tell you here, in this late preface, which might easily have become an obituary or a funeral oration what I sought in the depths below: for I have come back, and I have escaped. Think not that I will urge you to run the same perilous risk ! or that I will urge you on even to the same solitude ! For whoever proceeds on his own path meets nobody : that is the feature of one's "own path." "" No "one comes to Kelp him in his task : he must face everything quite alone danger, bad luck, wickedness, foul weather - He goes his own way ; and, as is only right, meets with bitterness and occasional irritation because he pursues this "own way" of his : for instance, the knowledge that not even his friends can guess who he is and whither he is going, and that they ask themselves now and then : " Well ? Is he really moving at all? Has he still a "path" before him ? " At that time I had undertaken something which could not have been done by everybody : I went down into the deepest depths ; I tunnelled to the very bottom ; I started to investigate and unearth an old faith which for thousands of years we philosophers used to build on as the safest of all foundations which we built on again and again although every previous structure fell in : I began to undermine our faith in morals. But you do not understand me?

The Dawn

Preface 3

So far it is on Good and Evil that we have meditated least profoundly: this was always too dangerous a subject. Conscience, a good reputation, hell, and at times even the police, have not allowed and do not allow of impartiality ; in the presence of morality, as before alt authority, we must not even think, much less speak : here we must obey ! Ever since the

beginning of the world, no authority has permitted itself to be made the subject of criticism ; and to criticise morals to look upon morality as a problem, as problematic what ! was that not is that not immoral ? But morality has at its disposal not only every means of intimidation wherewith to keep itself free from critical hands and instruments of torture: its security lies rather in a certain art of enchantment, in which it is a past master it knows how to "enrapture." It can often paralyse the critical will with a single look, or even seduce it to itself: yes, there are even cases where morality can turn the critical will against itself ; so that then, like the scorpion, it thrusts the sting into its own body. Morality has for ages been an expert in all kinds of devilry in the art of convincing : even at the present day there is no orator who would not turn to it for assistance (only listen to our anarchists, for instance: how morally they speak when they would gladly convince ! In the end they even call themselves "the good and the just"). Morality has shown herself to be the greatest mistress of seduction ever since men began to discourse and persuade on earth and, what concerns us philosophers even more, she is the veritable Circe of the philosophers. Why is it that, from Plato onwards, all the philosophic architects in Europe have built in vain ? that everything which they themselves honestly believed to be aere perennius threatens to subside or is already laid in ruins ? Oh, how wrong is the answer which, even in our own day, rolls glibly off the tongue when this question is asked : " Because they have all neglected the prerequisite, the examination of the foundation, a critique of all reason " that fatal answer made by Kant, who has certainly not thereby attracted us modern philosophers to firmer and less treacherous ground ! (and, one may ask apropos of this, was it not rather strange to demand that an instrument should criticise its own value and effectiveness ? that the intellect itself should " recognise " its own worth, power, and limits ? was it not even just a little ridiculous ?) The right answer would rather have been, that all philosophers, including Kant himself, were building under the seductive influence of morality that they aimed at certainty and "truth" only in appearance; but that in reality their attention was directed towards " majestic moral edifices ? to use once more Kant's innocent mode of expression, who deems it his " less brilliant, but not undeserving " task and work " to level the ground and prepare a solid foundation for the erection of those majestic moral edifices " (Critique of Pure Reason, il 257). Alas ! He did not succeed in his aim, quite the contrary as we must acknowledge to-day. With this exalted aim, Kant was merely a true son of his century, which more than any other may justly be called the

century of exaltation: and this he fortunately continued to be in respect to the more valuable side of this century (with that solid piece of sensuality, for example, which he introduced into his theory of knowledge). He, too, had been bitten by the moral tarantula, Rousseau ; he, too, felt weighing on his soul that moral fanaticism of which another disciple of Rousseau's, Robespierre, felt and proclaimed himself to be the executor : *de fonder sur la terre {empire de la sagesse, de la justice et de la vertu.* (Speech of June 4th, 1794.) On the other hand, with such a French fanaticism in his heart, no one could have cultivated it in a less French, more deep, more thorough and more German manner if the word German is still permissible in this sense than Kant did : in order to make room for his " moral kingdom," he found himself compelled to add to it an indemonstrable world, a logical " beyond " that was why he required his critique of pure reason ! In other words, he would not have wanted it, if he had not deemed one thing to be more important than all the others : to render his moral kingdom unassailable by or, better still, invisible to, reason, for he felt too strongly the vulnerability of a moral order of things in the face of reason. For, when confronted with nature and history, when confronted with the ingrained immorality of nature and history, Kant was, like all good Germans from the earliest times, a pessimist : he believed in morality, not because it is demonstrated through nature and history, but despite its being steadily contradicted by them. To understand this "despite" we should perhaps recall a somewhat similar trait in Luther, that other great pessimist, who once urged it upon his friends with true Lutheran audacity : " If we could conceive by reason alone how that God who shows so much wrath and malignity could be merciful and just what use should we have for faith ? w For, from the earliest times, nothing has ever made a deeper impression upon the German soul, nothing has ever " tempted " it more, than that deduction, the most dangerous of all, which for every true Latin is a sin against the intellect : *credo quia absurdum est.* With it German logic enters for the first time into the history of Christian dogma ; but even to-day, a thousand years later, we Germans of the present, late Germans in every way, catch the scent of truth, a possibility of truth, at the back of the famous fundamental principle of dialectics with which Hegel secured the victory of the German spirit over Europe " contradiction moves the world ; all things contradict themselves." We are pessimists even in logic.

But logical judgments are not the deepest and most fundamental to which the daring of our suspicion descends : the confidence in reason which is inseparable from the validity of these judgments, is, as confidence, a moral phenomenon ... perhaps German pessimism has yet to take its last step ? Perhaps it has once more to draw up its " credo " opposite its "absurdum" in a terrible manner? And if this book is pessimistic even in regard to morals, even above the confidence in morals should it not be a German book for that very reason ? For, in fact, it represents a contradiction, and one which it does not fear : in it confidence in morals is retracted but why ? Out of morality. Or how shall we call that which takes place in it in us ? for our taste inclines to the employment of more modest phrases. But there is no doubt that to us likewise there speaks a " you shall " ; we likewise obey a strict law which is set above us and this is the last cry of morals which is still audible to us, which we too must live : here, if anywhere, are we still men of conscience because, to put the matter in plain words, we will not return to that which we look upon as decayed, outlived, and superseded, we will not return to something " unworthy of belief," whether it be called God, virtue, truth, justice, love of one's neighbour, or what not ; we will not permit ourselves to open up a lying path to old ideals ; we are thoroughly and unalterably opposed to anything that would intercede and mingle with us ; opposed to all forms of present-day faith and Christianity ; opposed to the lukewarmness of all romanticism and fatherlandism ; opposed also to the artistic sense of enjoyment and lack of principle which would gladly make us worship where we no longer believe for we are artists opposed, in short, to all this European feminism (or idealism, if this term be thought preferable) which everlastingly " draws upward," and which in consequence everlastingly " lowers" and " degrades." You, being men of this conscience, we feel that we are related to that German uprightness and piety which dates back thousands of years, although we immoralists and atheists may be the late and uncertain offspring of these virtues yet, we even consider ourselves, in a certain respect, as their heirs, the executors of their inmost will: a pessimistic will, as I have already pointed out, which is not afraid to deny itself, because it denies itself with joy ! In us is consummated, if you desire a formula the autosuppression of morals.

The Dawn

Preface 5

But, after all, why must we proclaim so loudly and with such intensity what we are, what we want, and what we do not want ? Let us look at this more calmly and wisely ; from a higher and more distant point of view. Let us proclaim it, as if among ourselves, in so low a tone that all the world fails to hear it and us ! Above all, however, let us say it slowly... . This preface comes late, but not too late : what, after all, do five or six years matter ? Such a book, and such a problem, are in no hurry ; besides, we are friends of the *lento*, I and my book. I have not been a philologist in vain perhaps I am one yet : a teacher of slow reading. I even come to write slowly. At present it is not only my habit, but even my taste a perverted taste, maybe to write nothing but what will drive to despair everyone who is " in a hurry." For philology is that venerable art which exacts from its followers one thing above all to step to one side, to leave themselves spare moments, to grow silent, to become slow the leisurely art of the goldsmith applied to language : an art which must carry out slow, fine work, and attains nothing if not *lento*. For this very reason philology is now more desirable than ever before ; for this very reason it is the highest attraction and incitement in an age of " work " : that is to say, of haste, of unseemly and immoderate hurry-scurry, which is intent upon " getting things done " at once, even every book, whether old or new. Philology itself, perhaps, will not "get things done" so hurriedly : it teaches how to read well: i.e. slowly, profoundly, attentively, prudently, with inner thoughts, with the mental doors ajar, with delicate fingers and eyes ... my patient friends, this book appeals only to perfect readers and philologists : learn to read me well !

RUTA, NEAR GENOA, Autumn 1
D 886

THE DAWN OF DAY

BOOK I

The Dawn

1

SUBSEQUENT JUDGMENT. All things that endure for a long time are little by little so greatly permeated by reason that their origin in unreason becomes improbable. Does not almost every exact statement of an origin strike us as paradoxical and sacrilegious ? Indeed, does not the true historian constantly contradict ?

The Dawn

2

PREJUDICE OF THE LEARNED. Savants are quite correct in maintaining the proposition that men in all ages believed that they knew what was good and evil, praiseworthy and blamable. But it is a prejudice of the learned to say that we now know it better than any other age.

The Dawn

3

A TIME FOR EVERYTHING. When man assigned a sex to all things, he did not believe that he was merely playing ; but he thought, on the contrary, that he had acquired a profound insight : it was only at a much later period, and then only partly, that he acknowledged the enormity of his error. In the same way, man has attributed a moral relationship to everything that exists, throwing the cloak of ethical significance over the world's shoulders. One day all that will be of just as much value, and no more, as the amount of belief existing to-day in the masculinity or femininity of the sun.

The Dawn

4

AGAINST THE FANCIFUL DISHARMONY OF THE SPHERES. We must once more sweep out of the world all this false grandeur, for it is contrary to the justice that all things about us may claim. And for this reason we must not see or wish the world to be more disharmonic than it is !

The Dawn

5

BE THANKFUL ! The most important result of the past efforts of humanity is that we need no longer go about in continual fear of wild beasts, barbarians, gods, and our own dreams.

The Dawn

6

THE JUGGLER AND HIS COUNTERPART. That which is wonderful in science is contrary to that which is wonderful in the art of the juggler. For the latter would wish to make us believe that we see a very simple causality, where, in reality, an exceedingly complex causality is in operation. Science, on the other hand, forces us to give up our belief in the simple causality exactly where everything looks so easily comprehensible and we are merely the victims of appearances. The simplest things are very "complicated" we can never be sufficiently astonished at them !

The Dawn

7

RECONCEIVING OUR FEELING OF SPACE. Is it real or imaginary things which have built up the greater proportion of man's happiness? It is certain, at all events, that the extent of the distance between the highest point of happiness and the lowest point of unhappiness has been established only with the help of imaginary things. As a consequence, this kind of a conception of space is always, under the influence of science,

becoming smaller and smaller : in the same way as science has taught us, and is still teaching us, to look upon the earth as small yet, to look upon the entire solar system as a mere point.

The Dawn

8

TRANSFIGURATION. Perplexed sufferers, confused dreamers, the hysterically ecstatic here we have the three classes into which Raphael divided mankind. We no longer consider the world in this light and Raphael himself dare not do so : his own eyes would show him a new transfiguration.

The Dawn

9

CONCEPTION OF THE MORALITY OF CUSTOM. In comparison with the mode of life which prevailed among men for thousands of years, we men of the present day are living in a very immoral age : the power of custom has been weakened to a remarkable degree, and the sense of morality is so refined and elevated that we might almost describe it as volatilised. That is why we late comers experience such difficulty in obtaining a fundamental conception of the origin of morality : and even if we do obtain it, our words of explanation stick in our throats, so coarse would they sound if we uttered them ! or to so great an extent would they seem to be a slander upon morality ! Thus, for example, the fundamental clause : morality is nothing else (and, above all, nothing more) than obedience to customs, of whatsoever nature they may be. But customs are simply the traditional way of acting, and valuing. Where there is no tradition there is no morality ; and the less life is governed by tradition, the narrower the circle of morality. The free man is immoral, because it is his will to depend upon himself and not upon tradition : in all the primitive states of humanity " evil " is equivalent to " individual," "free," "arbitrary," "unaccustomed" "unforeseen," "incalculable." In such primitive conditions, always measured by this standard, any action performed not because tradition commands it, but for other reasons (eg. on

account of its individual utility), even for the same reasons as had been formerly established by custom is termed immoral, and is felt to be so even by the very man who performs it, for it has not been done out of obedience to the tradition.

What is tradition ? A higher authority, which is beyond, not because it commands what is useful to us, but merely because it commands. And in what way can this feeling for tradition be distinguished from a general feeling of fear? It is the fear of a higher intelligence which commands, the fear of an incomprehensible power, of something that is more than personal there is superstition in this fear. In primitive times the domain of morality included education and hygienics, marriage, medicine, agriculture, war, speech and silence, the relationship between man and man, and between man and the gods morality required that a man should observe her prescriptions without thinking of himself as individual. Everything, therefore, was originally custom, and whoever wished to raise himself above it, had first of all to make himself a kind of lawgiver and medicine-man, a sort of demi-god in other words, he had to create customs, a dangerous and fearful thing to do I Who is the most moral man ? On the one hand, he who most frequently obeys the law : e.g. he who, like the Brahmins, carries a consciousness of the law about with him wherever he may go, and introduces it into the smallest divisions of time, continually exercising his mind in finding opportunities for obeying the law. On the other hand, he who obeys the law in the most difficult cases. The most moral man is he who makes the greatest sacrifices to morality; but what are the greatest sacrifices? In answering this question several different kinds of morality will be developed : but the distinction between the morality of the most frequent obedience and the morality of the most difficult obedience is of the greatest importance. Let us not be deceived as to the motives of that moral law which requires, as an indication of morality, obedience to custom in the most difficult cases! Self-conquest is required, not by reason of its useful consequences for the individual ; but that custom and tradition may appear to be dominant, in spite of all individual counter desires and advantages. The individual shall sacrifice himself so demands the morality of custom.

On the other hand, those moralists who, like the followers of Socrates, recommend self-control and sobriety to the individual as his greatest possible advantage and the key to his greatest personal happiness, are exceptions and if we ourselves do not think so, this is simply due to our

having been brought up under their influence. They all take a new path, and thereby bring down upon themselves the utmost disapproval of all the representatives of the morality of custom. They sever their connection with the community, as immoralists, and are, in the fullest sense of the word, evil ones. In the same way, every Christian who "(sought, above all things, his own salvation," must have seemed evil to a virtuous Roman of the old school. Wherever a community exists, and consequently also a morality of custom, the feeling prevails that any punishment for the violation of a custom is inflicted, above all, on the community : this punishment is a supernatural punishment, the manifestations and limits of which are so difficult to understand, and are investigated with such superstitious fear. The community can compel any one member of it to make good, either to an individual or to the community itself, any ill consequences which may have followed upon such a member's action. It can also call down a sort of vengeance upon the head of the individual by endeavouring to show that, as the result of his action, a storm of divine anger has burst over the community, but, above all, it regards the guilt of the individual more particularly as its own guilt, and bears the punishment of the isolated individual as its own punishment " Morals," they bewail in their innermost heart, " morals have grown lax, if such deeds as these are possible." And every individual action, every individual mode of thinking, causes dread. It is impossible to determine how much the more select, rare, and original minds must have suffered in the course of time by being considered as evil and dangerous, indeed because they even looked upon themselves as such. Under the dominating influence of the morality of custom, originality of every kind came to acquire a bad conscience ; and even now the sky of the best minds seems to be more overcast by this thought than it need be.

The Dawn

10

COUNTER-MOTION BETWEEN THE SENSE OF MORALITY AND THE SENSE OF CAUSALITY. As the sense of causality increases, so does the extent of the domain of morality decrease : for every time one has been able to grasp the necessary effects, and to conceive them as distinct from all incidentals and chance possibilities (post hoc), one has, at the

same time, destroyed an enormous number of imaginary causalities, which had until now been believed in as the basis of morals the real world is much smaller than the world of our imagination and each time also one casts away a certain amount of one's anxiousness and coercion, and some of our reverence for the authority of custom is lost : morality in general undergoes a diminution. He who, on the other hand, wishes to increase it must know how to prevent results from becoming controllable.

The Dawn

11

MORALS AND MEDICINES OF THE PEOPLE. Everyone is continuously occupied in bringing more or less influence to bear upon the morals which prevail in a community : most of the people bring forward example after example to show the alleged relationship between cause and effect ', guilt and punishment, thus upholding it as well founded and adding to the belief in it. A few make new observations upon the actions and their consequences, drawing conclusions from this and laying down laws ; a smaller number raise objections and allow belief in these things to become weakened. But they are all alike in the crude and unscientific manner in which they set about their work : if it is a question of objections to a law, or examples or observations of it, or of its proof, confirmation, expression or refutation, we always find the material and method entirely valueless, as valueless as the material and form of all popular medicine. Popular medicines and popular morals are closely related, and should not be considered and valued, as is still customary, in so different a way : both are most dangerous and make-believe sciences.

The Dawn

12

CONSEQUENCE AS SUPPLEMENT. Formerly the consequences of an action were considered, not as the result of that action, but a voluntary adjuvant i.e. on the part of God. Can a greater confusion be imagined ? Entirely different practices and means have to be brought into use for

actions and effects !

The Dawn

13

TOWARDS THE NEW EDUCATION OF MANKIND. Help us, all you who are well-disposed and willing to assist, lend your aid in the endeavor to do away with that conception of punishment which has swept over the whole world ! No weed more harmful than this ! It is not only to the consequences of our actions that this conception has been applied and how horrible and senseless it is to confuse cause and effect with cause and punishment ! but worse has followed : the pure accidentally of events has been robbed of its innocence by this execrable manner of interpreting the conception of punishment. Yet, they have even pushed their folly to such extremes that they would have us look upon existence itself as a punishment from which it would appear that the education of mankind had until now been confided to cranky gaolers and hangmen.

The Dawn

14

THE SIGNIFICATION OF MADNESS IN THE HISTORY OF MORALITY. If, despite that formidable pressure of the " morality of custom," under which all human communities lived thousands of years before our own era, and during our own era up to the present day (we ourselves are dwelling in the small world of exceptions, and, as it were, in an evil zone) : if, I say, in spite of all this, new and divergent ideas, valuations, and impulses have made their appearance time after time, this state of things has been brought about only with the assistance of a dreadful associate : it was insanity almost everywhere that paved the way for the new thought and cast off the spell of an old custom and superstition. Do you understand why this had to be done through insanity ? by something which is in both voice and appearance as horrifying and incalculable as the demoniac whims of wind and sea, and consequently calling for like dread and respect ? by something bearing upon it the signs of entire lack of consciousness as clearly as the convulsions

and foam of the epileptic, which appeared to typify the insane person as the mask and speaking-trumpet of some divine being ? by something that inspired even the bearer of the new thought with awe and fear of himself, and that, suppressing all remorse, drove him on to become its prophet and martyr ? Well, in our own time, we continually hear the statement reiterated that genius is tinctured with madness instead of good sense. Men of earlier ages were far more inclined to believe that, wherever traces of insanity showed themselves, a certain proportion of genius and wisdom was likewise present something " divine," as they whispered to one another. More than this, they expressed their opinions on the point with sufficient emphasis. " All the greatest benefits of Greece have sprung from madness," said Plato, setting on record the opinion of the entire ancient world. Let us take a step further: all those superior men, who felt themselves irresistibly urged on to throw off the yoke of some morality or other, had no other resource if they were not really mad than to feign madness, or actually to become insane. And this holds good for innovators in every department of life, and not only in religion and politics. Even the reformer of the poetic metre was forced to justify himself by means of madness. (Thus even down to gentler ages madness remained a kind of convention in poets, of which Solon, for instance, took advantage when urging the Athenians to reconquer Salamis.) "How can one make one's self mad when one is not mad and dare not feign to be so ? " Almost all the eminent men of antiquity have given themselves up to this dreadful mode of reasoning : a secret doctrine of artifices and dietetic jugglery grew up around this subject and was handed down from generation to generation, together with the feeling of the innocence, even sanctity, of such plans and meditations, The means of becoming a medicine-man among the Indians, a saint among Christians of the Middle Ages, an *angekok* among Greenlanders, a Pagee among Brazilians, are the same in essence: senseless fasting, continual abstention from sexual intercourse, isolation in a wilderness, ascending a mountain or a pillar, " sitting on an aged willow that looks out upon a lake," and thinking of absolutely nothing but what may give rise to ecstasy or mental derangements. Who would dare to glance at the desert of the bitterest and most superfluous agonies of spirit, in which probably the most productive men of all ages have pined away ? Who could listen to the sighs of those lonely and troubled minds : " O you heavenly powers, grant me madness ! Madness, that I at length may believe in myself ! Vouchsafe delirium and convulsions, sudden flashes of light and periods of darkness ; frighten me with such shivering and feverishness

as no mortal ever experienced before, with clanging noises and haunting spectres ; let me growl and whine and creep about like a beast, if only I can come to believe in myself! I am devoured by doubt. I have slain the law, and I now dread the law as a living person dreads a corpse. If I am not above the law, I am the most abandoned of wretches. Whence comes this new spirit that dwells within me but from you ? Prove to me, then, that I am one of you nothing but madness will prove it to me." And only too often does such a fervour attain its object : at the very time when Christianity was giving the greatest proof of its fertility in the production of saints and martyrs, believing that it was thus proving itself, Jerusalem contained large lunatic asylums for shipwrecked saints, for those whose last spark of good sense had been quenched by the floods of insanity.

The Dawn

15

IS THE MOST ANCIENT MEANS OF SOLACE. First stage: In every misfortune or discomfort man sees something for which he must make somebody else suffer, no matter who in this way he finds out the amount of power still remaining to him ; and this consoles him. Second stage : In every misfortune or discomfort, man sees a punishment, i.e. an expiation of guilt and the means by which he may get rid of the malicious enchantment of a real or apparent wrong. When he perceives the advantage which misfortune brings with it, he believes he need no longer make another person suffer for it he gives up this kind of satisfaction, because he now has another.

The Dawn

16

FIRST PRINCIPLE OF CIVILISATION. Among savage tribes there is a certain category of customs which appear to aim at nothing but custom. They therefore lay down strict, and, on the whole, superfluous regulations (e.g. the rules of the Kamchadales, which forbid snow to be scraped off the boots with a knife, coal to be stuck on the point of a knife, or a piece of iron to be put into the fire and death to be the portion of

everyone who shall act contrariwise !) Yet these laws serve to keep people continually reminded of the custom, and the imperative necessity on their parts to conform to it : and all this in support of the great principle which stands at the beginning of all civilisation : any custom is better than none.

The Dawn

17

GOODNESS AND MALIGNITY. At first men imposed their own personalities on Nature : everywhere they saw themselves and their like, i.e. their own evil and capricious temperaments, hidden, as it were, behind clouds, thunder-storms, wild beasts, trees, and plants : it was then that they declared Nature was evil. Afterwards there came a time, that of Rousseau, when they sought to distinguish themselves from Nature: they were so tired of each other that they wished to have separate little hiding-places where man and his misery could not penetrate: then they invented " nature is good."

The Dawn

18

THE MORALITY OF VOLUNTARY SUFFERING. What is the highest enjoyment for men living in a state of war in a small community, the existence of which is continually threatened, and the morality of which is the strictest possible ? i.e. for souls which are vigorous, vindictive, malicious, full of suspicion, ready to face the direst events, hardened by privation and morality ? The enjoyment of cruelty : just as, in such souls and in such circumstances, it would be regarded as a virtue to be ingenious and insatiable in cruelty. Such a community would find its delight in performing cruel deeds, casting aside, for once, the gloom of constant anxiety and precaution. Cruelty is one of the most ancient enjoyments at their festivities. As a consequence it is believed that the gods likewise are pleased by the sight of cruelty and rejoice at it and in this way the belief is spread that voluntary suffering, self-chosen martyrdom, has a high signification and value of its own. In the community custom gradually

brings about a practice in conformity with this belief: henceforward people become more suspicious of all exuberant well-being, and more confident as they find themselves in a state of great pain ; they think that the gods may be unfavourable to them on account of happiness, and favourable on account of pain not compassionate ! For compassion is looked upon with contempt, and unworthy of a strong and awe-inspiring soul but agreeable to them, because the sight of human suffering put these gods into good humour and makes them feel powerful, and a cruel mind revels in the sensation of power. It was thus that the 41 most moral man " of the community was considered as such by virtue of his frequent suffering, privation, laborious existence, and cruel mortification not, to repeat it again and again, as a means of discipline or self-control or a desire for individual happiness but as a virtue which renders the evil gods well-disposed towards the community, a virtue which continually wafts up to them the odour of an expiatory sacrifice. All those intellectual leaders of the nations who reached the point of being able to stir up the sluggish though prolific mire of their customs had to possess this factor of voluntary martyrdom as well as insanity in order to obtain belief especially, and above all, as is always the case, belief in themselves ! The more their minds followed new paths, and were consequently tormented by pricks of conscience, the more cruelly they battled against their own flesh, their own desires, and their own health as if they were offering the gods a compensation in pleasure, lest these gods should wax wroth at the neglect of ancient customs and the setting up of new aims.

Let no one be too hasty in thinking that we have now entirely freed ourselves from such a logic of feeling! Let the most heroic souls among us question themselves on this very point. The least step forward in the domain of free thought and individual life has been achieved in all ages to the accompaniment of physical and intellectual tortures: and not only the mere step forward, no ! but every form of movement and, change has rendered necessary innumerable martyrs, throughout the entire course of thousands of years which sought their paths and laid down their foundation-stones, years, however, which we do not think of when we speak about "world-history," that ridiculously small division of mankind's existence. And even in this so-called world-history, which in the main is merely a great deal of noise about the latest novelties, there is no more important theme than the old, old tragedy of the martyrs who tried to move the mire. Nothing has been more dearly bought than the minute portion of human reason and feeling of liberty upon which we

now pride ourselves. But it is this very pride which makes it almost impossible for us to-day to be conscious .of that enormous lapse of time, preceding the period of " world-history " when " morality of custom " held the field, and to consider this lapse of time as the real and decisive epoch that established the character of mankind \ an epoch when suffering was considered as a virtue, cruelty as a virtue, hypocrisy as a virtue, revenge as a virtue, and the denial of the reason as a virtue, whereas, on the other hand, well-being was regarded as a danger, longing for knowledge as a danger, peace as a danger, compassion as a danger : an epoch when being pitied was looked upon as an insult, work as an insult, madness as a divine attribute, and every kind of change as immoral and pregnant with ruin ! You imagine that all this has changed, and that humanity must likewise have changed its character ? Oh, you poor psychologists, learn to know yourselves better !

The Dawn

19

MORALITY AND STUPEFACTION. Custom represents the experiences of men of earlier times in regard to what they considered as useful and harmful ; but the feeling of custom (morality) does not relate to these feelings as such, but to the age, the sanctity, and the unquestioned authority of the custom. Hence this feeling hinders our acquiring new experiences and amending morals : i.e. morality is opposed to the formation of new and better morals : it stupefies.

The Dawn

20

FREE-DOERS AND FREE-THINKERS. Compared with free-thinkers, free-doers are at a disadvantage, because it is evident that men suffer more from the consequences of actions than of thoughts. If we remember, however, that both seek their own satisfaction, and that free-thinkers have already found their satisfaction in reflection upon and utterance of forbidden things, there is no difference in the motives; but in respect of the consequences the issue will be decided against the free-thinker,

provided that it be not judged from the most superficial and vulgar external appearance, >. not as everyone would judge it. We must make up for a good deal of the calumny with which men have covered all those who have, by their actions, broken away from the authority of some custom they are generally called criminals. Everyone who has until now overthrown a law of established morality has always at first been considered as a wicked man : but when it was afterwards found impossible to re-establish the law, and people gradually became accustomed to the change, the epithet was changed by slow degrees. History deals almost exclusively with these wicked men, who later on came to be recognized as good men.

The Dawn

21

"FULFILLMENT OF THE LAW." In cases where the observance of a moral precept has led to different consequence from that expected and promised, and does not bestow upon the moral man the happiness he had hoped for, but leads rather to misfortune and misery, the conscientious and timid man has always his excuse ready: "Something was lacking in the proper carrying out of the law." If the worst comes to the worst, a deeply-suffering and down-trodden humanity will even decree : " It is impossible to carry out the precept faithfully : we are too weak and sinful, and, in the depths of our soul, incapable of morality : consequently we have no claim to happiness and success. Moral precepts and promises have been given for better beings than ourselves."

The Dawn

22

WORKS AND FAITH. Protestant teachers are still spreading the fundamental error that faith only is of consequence, and that works must follow naturally upon faith. This doctrine is certainly not true, but it is so seductive in appearance that it has succeeded in fascinating quite other intellects than that of Luther (e.g. the minds of Socrates and Plato) :

though the plain evidence and experience of our daily life prove the contrary. The most assured knowledge and faith cannot give us either the strength or the dexterity required for action, or the practice in that subtle and complicated mechanism which is a prerequisite for anything to be changed from an idea into action. Then, I say, let us first and foremost have works ! and this means practice! practice! practice! The necessary faith will come later be certain of that !

The Dawn

23

IN WHAT RESPECT WE ARE MOST SUBTLE. By the fact that, for thousands of years, things (nature, tools, property of all kinds) were thought to be alive and to possess souls, and able to hinder and interfere with the designs of man, the feeling of impotence among men has become greater and more frequent than it need have been : for one had to secure one's things like men and beasts, by means of force, compulsion, flattery, treaties, sacrifices and it is here that we may find the origin of the greater number of superstitious customs, i.e. of an important, perhaps paramount and nevertheless wasted and useless division of mankind's activity ! But since the feeling of impotence and fear was so strong, and for such a length of time in a state of constant stimulation', the feeling of power in man has been developed in so subtle a manner that, in this respect, he can compare favourably with the most delicately adjusted balance. This feeling has become his strongest propensity : and the means he discovered for creating it form almost the entire history of culture.

The Dawn

24

THE PROOF OF A PRECEPT. The worth or worthlessness of a recipe that for baking bread, for example is proved, generally speaking, by the result expected coming to pass or not, provided, of course, that the directions given have been carefully followed. The case is different, however, when we come to deal with moral precepts, for here the results cannot be ascertained, interpreted, and divined. These precepts, indeed, are based

upon hypotheses of but little scientific value, the proof or refutation of which by means of results is impossible : but in former ages, when all science was crude and primitive, and when a matter was taken for granted on the smallest evidence, then the worth or worthlessness of a moral recipe was determined as we now determine any other precept : by reference to the results. If the natives of Alaska believe in a command which says : " You shall not throw a bone into the fire or give it to a dog," this will be proved by the warning : " If you do you wilt have no luck when hunting." Yet, in one sense or another, it almost invariably happens that one has " no luck when hunting." - It is no easy matter to refute the worth of the precept in this way, the more so as it is the community, and not the individual, which is regarded as the bearer of the punishment; and, again, some occurrence is almost certain to happen which seems to prove the rule.

The Dawn

25

CUSTOMS AND BEAUTY. In justice to custom it must not be overlooked that, in the case of all those who conform to it whole-heartedly from the very start, the organs of attack and defence, both physical and intellectual, begin to waste away ; i.e. these individuals gradually become more beautiful ! For it is the exercise of these organs and their corresponding spending feelings that brings about ugliness and helps to preserve it. It is for this reason that the old baboon is uglier than the young one, and that the young female baboon most closely resembles man, and is hence the most handsome. Let us draw from this our own conclusions as to the origin of female beauty !

The Dawn

26

ANIMALS AND MORALS. The rules insisted upon in polite society, such, for example, as the avoidance of everything ridiculous, fantastic, presumptuous ; the suppression of one's virtues just as much as of one's most violent desires, the instant bringing of one's self down to the

general level, submitting one's self to etiquette and self-depreciation : all this, generally speaking, is to be found, as a social morality, even in the lowest scale of the animal world and it is only in this low scale that we see the innermost plan of all these amiable precautionary regulations : one wishes to escape from one's pursuers and to be aided in the search for plunder. Hence animals learn to control and to disguise themselves to such an extent that some of them can even adapt the colour of their bodies to that of their surroundings (by means of what is known as the "chromatic function"). Others can simulate death, or adopt the forms and colours of other animals, or of sand, leaves, moss, or fungi (known to English naturalists as "mimicry"),

It is in this way that an individual conceals himself behind the universality of the generic term "man" or "society," or adapts and attaches himself to princes, castes, political parties, current opinions of the time, or his surroundings : and we may easily find the animal equivalent of all those subtle means of making ourselves happy, thankful, powerful, and fascinating. Even that sense of truth, which is at bottom merely the sense of security, is possessed by man in common with the animals : we do not wish to be deceived by others or by ourselves ; we hear with some suspicion the promptings of our own passions, we control ourselves and remain on the watch against ourselves. Now, the animal does all this as well as man ; and in the animal likewise self-control originates in the sense of reality (prudence). In the same way, the animal observes the effects it exercises on the imagination of other beasts : it thus learns to view itself from their position, to consider itself "objectively" ; it has its own degree of self-knowledge. The animal judges the movements of its friends and foes, it learns their peculiarities by heart and acts accordingly : it gives up, once and for all, the struggle against individual animals of certain species, and it likewise recognises, in the approach of certain varieties, whether their intentions are agreeable and peaceful. The beginnings of justice, like those of wisdom in short, everything which we know as the Socratic virtues are of an animal nature: a consequence of those instincts which teach us to search for food and to avoid our enemies. If we remember that the higher man has merely raised and refined himself in the quality of his food and in the conception of what is contrary to his nature, it may not be going too far to describe the entire moral phenomenon as of an animal origin.

THE VALUE OF THE BELIEF IN SUPERHUMAN PASSIONS. The institution of marriage stubbornly upholds the belief that love, although a passion, is nevertheless capable of duration as such, yet, that lasting, lifelong love may be taken as a general rule: By means of the tenacity of a noble belief, in spite of such frequent and almost customary refutations thereby becoming a *pia fraus* marriage has elevated love to a higher rank. Every institution which has conceded to a passion the belief in the duration of the latter > and responsibility for this duration, in spite of the nature of the passion itself, has raised the passion to a higher level : and he who is thenceforth seized with such a passion does not, as formerly, think himself lowered in the estimation of others or brought into danger on that account, but on the contrary believes himself to be raised, both in the opinion of himself and of his equals. Let us recall institutions and customs which, out of the fiery devotion of a moment, have created eternal fidelity ; out of the pleasure of anger, eternal vengeance ; out of despair, eternal mourning; out of a single hasty word, eternal obligation. A great deal of hypocrisy and falsehood came into the world as the result of such transformations ; but each time, too, at the cost of such disadvantages, a new and superhuman conception which elevates mankind

STATE OF MIND AS ARGUMENT. Whence arise? within us a cheerful readiness for action ? such is the question which has greatly occupied the attention of men. The most ancient answer, and one which we still hear, is : God is the cause ; in this way He gives us to understand that He approves of our actions. When, in former ages people consulted the oracles, they did so that they might return home strengthened by this cheerful readiness; and everyone answered the doubts which came to him, if alternative actions suggested themselves, by saying : " I shall do whatever brings about that feeling." They did not decide, in other words, for what was most reasonable, but upon some plan the conception of which

imbued the soul with courage and hope. A cheerful outlook was placed in the scales as an argument and proved to be heavier than reasonableness ; for the state of mind was interpreted in a superstitious manner as the action of a god who promises success ; and who, by this argument, lets his reason speak as the highest reasonableness. Now, let the consequences of such a prejudice be considered when shrewd men, thirsting for power, availed themselves of it and still do so I " Bring about the right state of mind ! " in this way you can do without all arguments and overcome every objection !

The Dawn

29

ACTORS OF VIRTUE AND SIN. Among the ancients who became celebrated for their virtue there were many, it would seem, who acted to themselves, especially the Greeks, who, being actors by nature, must have acted quite unconsciously, seeing no reason why they should not do so. In addition, everyone was striving to outdo someone else's virtue with his own, so why should they not have made use of every artifice to show off their virtues, especially among themselves, if only for the sake of practice ! Of what use was a virtue which one could not display, and which did not know how to display itself ! Christianity put an end to the career of these actors of virtue ; instead it devised the disgusting ostentation and parading of sins : it brought into the world a state of mendacious sinfulness (even at the present day this is considered as *don ton* among orthodox Christians).

The Dawn

30

REFINED CRUELTY AS VIRTUE. Here we have a morality which is based entirely upon our thirst for distinction do not therefore entertain too high an opinion of it ! Indeed, we may well ask what kind of an impulse it is, and what is its fundamental signification ? It is sought, by our appearance, to grieve our neighbour, to arouse his envy, and to awaken his feelings of impotence and degradation ; we endeavour to make him

taste the bitterness of his fate by dropping a little of our honey on his tongue, and, while conferring this supposed benefit on him, looking sharply and triumphantly into his eyes.

Behold such a man, now become humble, and perfect in his humility and seek those for whom, through his humility, he has for a long time been preparing a torture ; for you are sure to find them ! Here is another man who shows mercy towards animate, and is admired for doing so -but there are certain people on whom he wishes to vent his cruelty by this very means. Look at that great artist : the pleasure he enjoyed beforehand in conceiving the envy of the rivals he had outstripped, refused to let his powers lie dormant until he became a great man how many bitter moments in the souls of other men has he asked for as payment for his own greatness ! The nun's chastity : with what threatening eyes she looks Into the faces of other women who live differently from her ! what a vindictive joy shines in those eyes ! The theme is short, and its variations, though they might well be innumerable, could not easily become tiresome for it is still too paradoxical a novelty, and almost a painful one, to affirm that the morality of distinction is nothing, at bottom, but joy in refined cruelty When I say " at bottom," I mean here, every time in the first generation. For, when the habit of some distinguished action becomes hereditary ', its root, so to speak, is not transmitted, but only its fruits (for only feelings, and not thoughts, can become hereditary) : and, if we presuppose that this root is not reintroduced by education, in the second generation the joy in the cruelty is no longer felt : but only pleasure in the habit as such. This joy, however, is the first degree of the " good."

The Dawn

31

PRIDE IN SPIRIT. The pride of man, which strives to oppose the theory of our own descent from animals and establishes a wide gulf between nature and man himself this pride is founded upon a prejudice as to what the mind is ; and this prejudice is relatively recent. In the long pre-historical period of humanity it was supposed that the mind was everywhere, and men did not look upon it as a particular characteristic of their own. Since, on the contrary, everything spiritual (including all impulses, maliciousness, and inclinations) was regarded as common property, and

consequently accessible to everybody, primitive mankind was not ashamed of being descended from animals or trees (the noble races thought themselves honoured by such legends), and saw in the spiritual that which unites us with nature, and not that which severs us from her. Thus man was brought up in modesty and this likewise was the result of a prejudice.

The Dawn

32

THE BRAKE. To suffer morally, and then to learn afterwards that this kind of suffering was founded upon an error, shocks us. For there is a unique consolation in acknowledging, by our suffering, a " deeper world of truth " than any other world, and we would much rather suffer and feel ourselves above reality by doing so (through the feeling that, in this way, we approach nearer to that " deeper world of truth "), than live without suffering and hence without this feeling of the sublime. Thus it is pride, and the habitual fashion of satisfying it, which opposes this new interpretation of morality. What power, then, must we bring into operation to get rid of this brake? Greater pride? A new pride ?

The Dawn

33

THE CONTEMPT OF CAUSES, CONSEQUENCES, AND REALITY. Those unfortunate occurrences which take place at times in the community, such as sudden storms, bad harvests, or plagues, lead members of the community to suspect that offences against custom have been committed, or that new customs must be invented to appease a new demoniac power and caprice. Suspicion and reasoning of this kind, however, evade an inquiry into the real and natural causes, and take the demoniac cause for granted. This is one source of the hereditary perversion of the human intellect ; and the other one follows in its train, for, proceeding on the same principle, people paid much less attention to the real and natural consequences of an action than to the supernatural consequences (the so-called punishments and mercies of the Divinity). It is

commanded, for instance, that certain baths are to be taken at certain times : and the baths are taken, not for the sake of cleanliness, but because the command has been made. We are not taught to avoid the real consequences of dirt, but merely the supposed displeasure of the gods because a bath has been omitted. Under the pressure of superstitious fear, people began to suspect that these ablutions were of much greater importance than they seemed; they ascribed inner and supplementary meanings to them, gradually lost their sense of and pleasure in reality, and finally reality is considered as valuable only to the extent that it is a symbol. Hence a man who is under the influence of the morality of custom comes to despise causes first of all, secondly consequences, and thirdly reality, and weaves all his higher feelings (reverence, sublimity, pride, gratitude, love) into an imaginary world \ the so-called higher world. And even to-day we can see the consequences of this : wherever, and in whatever fashion, man's feelings are raised, that imaginary world is in evidence. It is sad to have to say it ; but for the time being all higher sentiments must be looked upon with suspicion by the man of science, to so great an extent are they intermingled with illusion and extravagance. Not that they need necessarily be suspected per se and forever ; but there is no doubt that, of all the gradual purifications which await humanity, the purification of the higher feelings will be one of the slowest.

The Dawn

34

MORAL FEELINGS AND CONCEPTIONS. It is clear that moral feelings are transmitted in such a way that children perceive in adults violent predilections and aversions for certain actions, and then, like born apes, imitate such likes and dislikes. Later on in life, when they are thoroughly permeated by these acquired and well-practised feelings, they think it a matter of propriety and decorum to provide a kind of justification for these predilections and aversions. These " justifications," however, are in no way connected with the origin or the degree of the feeling : people simply accommodate themselves to the rule that, as rational beings, they must give reasons for their pros and cons, reasons which must be assignable and acceptable into the bargain. Up to this extent the history of the moral feelings is entirely different from the history of moral conceptions. The first-mentioned are powerful before the action, and the latter

especially after it, in view of the necessity for making one's self clear in regard to them.

The Dawn

35

FEELINGS AND THEIR DESCENT FROM JUDGMENTS. " Trust in your feelings ! " But feelings comprise nothing final, original ; feelings are based upon the judgments and valuations which are transmitted to us in the shape of feelings (inclinations, dislikes). The inspiration which springs from a feeling is the grandchild of a judgment often an erroneous judgment ! and certainly not one's own judgment ! Trusting in our feelings simply means obeying our grandfather and grandmother more than the gods within our selves \ our reason and experience.

The Dawn

36

A FOOLISH PIETY, WITH A CONCEALED PURPOSE. What! the inventors of ancient civilisations, the first makers of tools and tape lines, the first builders of vehicles, ships, and houses, the first observers of the laws of the heavens and the multiplication tables is it contended that they were entirely different from the inventors and observers of our own time, and superior to them ? And that the first slow steps forward were of a value which has not been equalled by the discoveries we have made with all our travels and circumnavigations of the earth? It is the voice of prejudice that speaks thus, and argues in this way to depreciate the importance of the modern mind. And yet it is plain to be seen that, in former times, hazard was the greatest of all discoverers and observers and the benevolent prompter of these ingenious ancients, and that, in the case of the most insignificant invention now made, a greater intellect, discipline, and scientific imagination are required than formerly existed throughout long ages.

The Dawn

WRONG CONCLUSIONS FROM USEFULNESS. When we have demonstrated the highest utility of a thing, we have nevertheless made no progress towards an explanation of its origin ; in other words, we can never explain, by mere utility, the necessity of existence. But precisely the contrary opinion has been maintained up to the present time, even in the domain of the most exact science. In astronomy, for example, have we not heard it stated that the (supposed) usefulness of the system of satellites (replacing the light which is diminished in intensity by the greater distance of the sun, in order that the inhabitants of the various celestial bodies should not want for light) was the final object of this system and explained its origin ? Which may remind us of the conclusions of Christopher Colombus: The earth has been created for man, ergo, if there are countries, they must be inhabited. " Is it probable that the sun would throw his rays on nothing, and that the nocturnal vigils of the stars should be wasted upon untravelled seas and unpeopled countries ? "

The Dawn

IMPULSES TRANSFORMED BY MORAL JUDGMENTS. The same impulse, under the impression of the blame cast upon it by custom, develops into the painful feeling of cowardice, or else the pleasurable feeling of humility ', in case a morality, like that of Christianity, has taken it to its heart and called it good. In other words, this instinct will fall under the influence of either a good conscience or a bad one ! In itself, like every instinct, it does not possess either this or indeed any other moral character and name, or even a definite accompanying feeling of pleasure or displeasure ; it does not acquire all these qualities as its second nature until it comes into contact with impulses which have already been baptized as good and evil, or has been recognised as the attribute of beings already weighed and valued by the people from a moral point of view. Thus the ancient conception of envy differed entirely from ours. Hesiod reckons it among the qualities of the good > benevolent Eris, and it was not considered as offensive to attribute some kind of envy even to the gods. This is easy to understand in a state of things inspired mainly by

emulation, but emulation was looked upon as good, and valued accordingly. The Greeks were likewise different from us in the value they set upon hope : they conceived it as blind and deceitful. Hesiod in one of his poems has made a strong reference to it a reference so strong, indeed, that no modern commentator has quite understood it ; for it runs contrary to the modern mind, which has learnt from Christianity to look upon hope as a virtue. Among the Greeks, on the other hand, the portal leading to a knowledge of the future seemed only partly closed, and, in innumerable instances, it was impressed upon them as a religious obligation to inquire into the future, in those cases where we remain satisfied with hope. It thus came about that the Greeks, thanks to their oracles and seers, held hope in small esteem, and even lowered it to the level of an evil and a danger.

The Jews, again, took a different view of anger from that held by us, and sanctified it : hence they have placed the sombre majesty of the wrathful man at an elevation so high that a European cannot conceive it. They moulded their wrathful and holy Jehovah after the images of their wrathful and holy prophets. Compared with them, all the Europeans who have exhibited the greatest wrath are, so to speak, only second-hand creatures.

The Dawn

39

THE PREJUDICE CONCERNING " PURE SPIRIT." Wherever the doctrine of pure spirituality has prevailed, its excesses have resulted in the destruction of the tone of the nerves : it taught that the body should be despised, neglected, or tormented, and that, on account of his impulses, man himself should be tortured and regarded with contempt. It gave rise to gloomy, strained, and downcast souls who, besides, thought they knew the reason of their misery and how it might possibly be relieved ! " It must be in the body ! For it still thrives too well!" such was their conclusion, while the fact was that the body, through its agonies, protested time after time against this never-ending mockery. Finally, a universal and chronic hyper-nervousness seized upon those virtuous representatives of the pure spirit: they learned to recognise joy only in the shape of ecstasies and other preliminary symptoms of insanity and their system

reached its climax when it came to look upon ecstasy as the highest aim of life, and as the standard by which all earthly things must be condemned

The Dawn

40

MEDITATIONS UPON OBSERVANCES. Numerous moral precepts, carelessly drawn from a single event, quickly became incomprehensible ; it was as difficult a matter to deduce their intentions with any degree of certainty as it was to recognise the punishment which was to follow the breaking of the rule. Doubts were even held regarding the order of the ceremonies ; but, while people guessed at random about such matters, the object of their investigations increased in importance, it was precisely the greatest absurdity of an observance that developed into a holy of holies. Let us not think too little of the energy wasted by man in this regard throughout thousands of years, and least of all of the effects of such meditations upon observances ! Here we find ourselves on the wide training-ground of the intellect not only do religions develop and continue to increase within its boundaries : but here also is the venerable, though dreadful, primeval world of science; here grow up the poet, the thinker, the physician, the lawgiver. The dread of the unintelligible, which, in an ambiguous fashion, demanded ceremonies from us, gradually assumed the charm of the intricate, and where man could not unravel he learnt to create.

The Dawn

41

TO DETERMINE THE VALUE OF THE VITA CONTEMPLATIVA. Let us not forget, as men leading a contemplative life, what kind of evil and misfortunes have overtaken the men of the vita activa as the result of contemplation in short, what sort of contra-account the vita activa has to offer us, if we exhibit too much boastfulness before it with respect to our good deeds. It would show us, in the first place, those so-called religious natures, who predominate among the lovers of contemplation and

consequently represent their commonest type. They have at all times acted in such a manner as to render life difficult to practical men, and tried to make them disgusted with it, if possible : to darken the sky, to obliterate the sun, to cast suspicion upon joy, to depreciate hope, to paralyse the active hand all this they knew how to do, just as, for miserable times and feelings, they had their consolations, alms, blessings, and benedictions. In the second place, it can show us the artists, a species of men leading the *vita contemplativa*, rarer than the religious element, but still often to be met with. As beings, these people are usually intolerable, capricious, jealous, violent, quarrelsome: this, however, must be deduced from the joyous and exalting effects of their works.

Thirdly, we have the philosophers, men who unite religious and artistic qualities, combined, however, with a third element, namely, dialectics and the love of controversy. They are the authors of evil in the same sense as the religious men and artists, in addition to which they have wearied many of their fellow-men with their passion for dialectics, though their number has always been very small. Fourthly, the thinkers and scientific workers. They but rarely strove after effects, and contented themselves with silently sticking to their own groove. Thus they brought about little envy and discomfort, and often, as objects of mockery and derision, they served, without wishing to do so, to make life easier for the men of the *vita activa*. Lastly, science ended by becoming of much advantage to all ; and if, on account of this utility ', many of the men who were destined for the *vita activa* are now slowly making their way along the road to science in the sweat of their brow, and not without brain-racking and maledictions, this is not the fault of the crowd of thinkers and scientific workers : it is " self- wrought pain."

The Dawn

42

ORIGIN OF THE *VITA CONTEMPLATIVA*. During barbarous ages, when pessimistic judgments held sway over men and the world, the individual, in the consciousness of his full power, always endeavoured to act in conformity with such judgments, that is to say, he put his ideas into action by means of hunting, robbery, surprise attacks, brutality, and murder : including the weaker forms of such acts, as far as they are

tolerated within the community. When his strength declines, however, and he feels tired, ill, melancholy, or satiated consequently becoming temporarily void of wishes or desires he is a relatively better man, that is to say, less dangerous ; and his pessimistic ideas will now discharge themselves only in words and reflections upon his companions, for example, or his wife, his life, his gods, his judgments will be evil ones. In this frame of mind he develops into a thinker and prophet, or he adds to his superstitions and invents new observances, or mocks his enemies. Whatever he may devise, however, all the productions of his brain will necessarily reflect his frame of mind, such as the increase of fear and weariness, and the lower value he attributes to action and enjoyment. The substance of these productions must correspond to the substance of these poetic, thoughtful, and priestly moods ; the evil judgment must be supreme.

In later years, all those who acted continuously as this man did in those special circumstances i.e. those who gave out pessimistic judgments, and lived a melancholy life, poor in action were called poets, thinkers, priests, or " medicine-men." The general body of men would have liked to disregard such people, because they were not active enough, and to turn them out of the community ; but there was a certain risk in doing so : these inactive men had found out and were following the tracks of superstition and divine power, and no one doubted that they had unknown means of power at their disposal. This was the value which was set upon the ancient race of contemplative natures despised as they were in just the same degree as they were not dreaded ! In such a masked form, in such an ambiguous aspect, with an evil heart and often with a troubled head, did Contemplation make its first appearance on earth : both weak and terrible at the same time, despised in secret, and covered in public with every mark of superstitious veneration. Here, as always, we must say : *pudenda origo* !

The Dawn

43

HOW MANY FORCES MUST NOW BE UNITED IN A THINKER. To rise superior to considerations of the senses, to raise one's self to abstract contemplations : this is what was formerly regarded as elevation ; but

now it is not practicable for us to share the same feelings. Luxuriating in the most shadowy images of words and things ; playing with those invisible, inaudible, imperceptible beings, was considered as existence in another and higher world, a world that sprang from the deep contempt felt for the world which was perceptible to the senses, this seductive and wicked world of ours. " These abstracta no longer mislead us, but they may lead us" with such words men soared aloft. It was not the substance of these intellectual sports, but the sports themselves, which was looked upon as "the higher thing" in the primeval ages of science. Hence we have Plato's admiration for dialectics, and his enthusiastic belief in the necessary relationship of dialectics to the good man who has risen superior to the considerations of his senses. It was not only knowledge that was discovered little by little, but also the different means of acquiring it, the conditions and operations which precede knowledge in man. And it always seemed as if the newly-discovered operation or the newly-experienced condition were not a means of acquiring knowledge, but was even the substance, goal, and sum-total of everything that was worth knowing. What does the thinker require? imagination, inspiration, abstraction, spirituality, invention, presentiment, induction, dialectics, deduction, criticism, ability to collect materials, an impersonal mode of thinking, contemplation, comprehensiveness, and lastly, but not least, justice, and love for everything that exists but each one of these means was at one time considered, in the history of the *vita contemplativa*, as a goal and final purpose, and they all secured for their inventors that perfect happiness which fills the human soul when its final purpose dawns upon it.

The Dawn

44

ORIGIN AND MEANING. Why does this thought come into my mind again and again, always in more and more vivid colours ? that, in former times, investigators, in the course of their search for the origin of things, always thought that they found something which would be of the highest importance for all kinds of action and judgment : indeed, that they even invariably postulated that the salvation of mankind depended upon insight into the origin of things whereas now, on the other hand, the more we examine into origins, the less do they concern our interests: on the contrary, all the valuations and interestedness which we have

placed upon things begin to lose their meaning, the more we retrogress where knowledge is concerned and approach the things themselves. The origin becomes of less significance in proportion as we acquire insight into it ; while things nearest to ourselves, around and within us, gradually begin to manifest their wealth of colours, beauties, enigmas, and diversity of meaning, of which earlier humanity never dreamed. In former ages thinkers used to move furiously about, like wild animals in cages, steadily glaring at the bars which hemmed them in, and at times springing up against them in a vain endeavour to break through them : and happy indeed was he who could look through a gap to the outer world and could fancy that he saw something of what lay beyond and afar off.

The Dawn

45

A TRAGIC TERMINATION TO KNOWLEDGE. Of all the means of exaltation, human sacrifices have at times done most to elevate man. And perhaps the one powerful thought the idea of self-sacrificing humanity might be made to prevail over every other aspiration, and thus to prove the victor over even the most victorious. But to whom should the sacrifice be made? We may already swear that, if ever the constellation of such an idea appeared on the horizon, the knowledge of truth would remain the single but enormous object with which a sacrifice of such a nature would be commensurate because no sacrifice is too great for it. In the meantime the problem has never been expounded as to how far humanity, considered as a whole, could take steps to encourage the advancement of knowledge ; and even less as to what thirst for knowledge could impel humanity to the point of sacrificing itself with the light of an anticipated wisdom in its eyes. When, perhaps, with a view to the advancement of knowledge, we are able to enter into communication with the inhabitants of other stars, and when, during thousands of years, wisdom will have been carried from star to star, the enthusiasm of knowledge may rise to such a dizzy height !

The Dawn

46

DOUBT IN DOUBT. " What a good pillow doubt is for a well-balanced head!" This saying of Montaigne always made Pascal angry, for nobody ever wanted a good pillow so much as he did. Whatever was the matter with him ?

The Dawn

47

WORDS BLOCK UP OUR PATH. Wherever primitive men put down a word, they thought they had made a discovery. How different the case really was ! they had come upon a problem, and, while they thought they had solved it, they had in reality placed an obstacle in the way of its solution. Now, with every new piece of knowledge, we stumble over petrified words and mummified conceptions, and would rather break a leg than a word in doing so.

The Dawn

48

"KNOW THYSELF" IS THE WHOLE OF SCIENCE. Only when man shall have acquired a knowledge of all things will he be able to know himself. For things are but the boundaries of man.

The Dawn

49

THE NEW FUNDAMENTAL FEELING: OUR FINAL CORRUPTIBILITY. In former times people sought to show the feeling of man's greatness by pointing to his divine descent. This, however, has now become a forbidden path, for the ape stands at its entrance, and likewise other fearsome animals, showing their teeth in a knowing fashion, as if to say, No further this way ! Hence people now try the opposite direction : the road along which humanity is proceeding shall stand as

an indication of their greatness and their relationship to God. But alas I this, too, is useless ! At the far end of this path stands the funeral urn of the last man and gravedigger (with the inscription, *Nihil humani a me alienum putd*). To whatever height mankind may have developed and perhaps in the end it will not be so high as when they began I there is as little prospect of their attaining to a higher order as there is for the ant and the earwig to enter into kinship with God and eternity at the end of their career on earth. What is to come will drag behind it that which has passed : why should any little star, or even any little species on that star, form an exception to that eternal drama ? Away with such sentimentalities !

The Dawn

50

BELIEF IN INEBRIATION. Those men who have moments of sublime ecstasy, and who, on ordinary occasions, on account of the contrast and the excessive wearing away of their nervous forces, usually feel miserable and desolate, come to consider such moments as the true manifestation of their real selves, of their " ego," and their misery and dejection, on the other hand, as the effect of the "non-ego" This is why they think of their environment, the age in which they live, and the whole world in which they have their being, with feelings of vindictiveness. This intoxication appears to them as their true life, their actual ego ; and everywhere else they see only those who strive to oppose and prevent this intoxication, whether of an intellectual, moral, religious, or artistic nature. Humanity owes no small part of its evils to these fantastic enthusiasts ; for they are the insatiable sowers of the weed of discontent with one's self and one's neighbour, of contempt for the world and the age, and, above all, of world-lassitude. An entire hell of criminals could not, perhaps, bring about such unfortunate and far-reaching consequences, such heavy and disquieting effects that corrupt earth and sky, as are brought about by that " noble " little community of unbridled, fantastic, half-mad people of geniuses, too who cannot control themselves, or experience any inward joy, until they have lost themselves completely : while, on the other hand, the criminal often gives a proof of his admirable self-control, sacrifice, and wisdom, and thus maintains these qualities in those who fear him. Through him life's sky may at times seem overcast and

threatening, but the atmosphere ever remains brisk and vigorous. Furthermore, these enthusiasts bring their entire strength to bear on the task of imbuing mankind with belief in inebriation as in life itself: a dreadful belief! As savages are now quickly corrupted and ruined by "firewater," so likewise has mankind in general been slowly though thoroughly corrupted by these spiritual " fire-waters " of intoxicating feelings and by those who keep alive the craving for them. It may yet be ruined thereby.

The Dawn

51

SUCH AS WE STILL ARE. " Let us be indulgent to the great one-eyed ! " said Stuart Mill, as if it were necessary to ask for indulgence when we are willing to believe and almost to worship them. I say: Let us be indulgent towards the two-eyed, both great and small ; for, such as we are now, we shall never rise beyond indulgence !

The Dawn

52

WHERE ARE THE NEW PHYSICIANS OF THE SOUL? It is the means of consolation which have stamped life with that fundamental melancholy character in which we now believe: the worst disease of mankind has arisen from the struggle against diseases, and apparent remedies have in the long run brought about worse conditions than those which it was intended to remove by their use. Men, in their ignorance, used to believe that the stupefying and intoxicating means, which appeared to act immediately, the so-called " consolations," were the true healing powers : they even failed to observe that they had often to pay for their immediate relief by a general and profound deterioration in health, that the sick ones had to suffer from the after-effects of the intoxication, then from the absence of the intoxication, and, later on, from a feeling of disquietude, depression, nervous starts, and ill-health. Again, men whose illness had advanced to a certain extent never recovered from it those physicians of the soul, universally believed in and Worshipped as they were, took care of that.

It has been justly said of Schopenhauer that he was one who again took the sufferings of humanity seriously : where is the man who will at length take the antidotes against these sufferings seriously, and who will pillory the unheard-of quackery with which men, even up to our own age, and in the most sublime nomenclature, have been wont to treat the illnesses of their souls ?

The Dawn

53

ABUSE OF THE CONSCIENTIOUS ONES. It is the conscientious, and not the unscrupulous, who have suffered so greatly from exhortations to penitence and the fear of hell, especially if they happened to be men of imagination. In other words, a gloom has been cast over the lives of those who had the greatest need of cheerfulness and agreeable images not only for the sake of their own consolation and recovery from themselves, but that humanity itself might take delight in them and absorb a ray of their beauty. Alas, how much superfluous cruelty and torment have been brought about by those religions which invented sin ! and by those men who, by means of such religions, desired to reach the highest enjoyment of their power !

The Dawn

54

THOUGHTS ON DISEASE. To soothe the imagination of the patient, in order that he may at least no longer keep on thinking about his illness, and thus suffer more from such thoughts than from the complaint itself, which has been the case until now that, it seems to me, is something ! and it is by no means a trifle ! And now do you understand our task ?

The Dawn

55

THE "WAYS." So-called short cuts" have always led humanity to run great risks : on hearing the " glad tidings " that a " short cut " had been found, they always left the straight path and lost their way.

The Dawn

56

THE APOSTATE OF THE FREE SPIRIT. Is there any one, then, who seriously dislikes pious people who hold formally to their belief? Do we not, on the contrary, regard them with silent esteem and pleasure, deeply regretting at the same time that these excellent people do not share our own feelings ? But whence arises that sudden, profound, and unreasonable dislike for the man who, having at one time possessed freedom of spirit, finally becomes a "believer"? In thinking of him we involuntarily experience the sensation of having beheld some loathsome spectacle, which we must quickly efface from our recollection. Should we not turn our backs upon even the most venerated man if we entertained the least suspicion of him in this regard ? Not, indeed, from a moral point of view, but because of sudden disgust and horror ! Whence comes this sharpness of feeling ? Perhaps we shall be given to understand that, at bottom, we are not quite certain of our own selves ? Or that, early in life, we build round ourselves hedges of the most pointed contempt, in order that, when old age makes us weak and forgetful, we may not feel inclined to brush our own contempt away from us? Now, speaking frankly, this suspicion is quite erroneous, and whoever forms it knows nothing of what agitates and determines the free spirit : how little, to him, does the changing of an opinion seem contemptible per se ! On the contrary, how highly he prizes the ability to change an opinion as a rare and valuable distinction, especially if he can retain it far into old age ! And his pride (not his pusillanimity) even reaches so high as to be able to pluck the fruits of the *spernere se sperni* and the *spernere se ipsum* : without his being troubled by the sensation of fear of vain and easy-going men. Furthermore, the doctrine of the innocence of all opinions appears to him to be as certain as the doctrine of the innocence of all actions : how could he act as judge and hangman before the apostate of intellectual liberty ! On the contrary, the sight of such a person would disgust him as much as the sight of a nauseous illness disgusts the physician : the physical

repulsion caused by everything spongy, soft, and suppurating momentarily overcomes reason and the desire to help. Hence our goodwill is overcome by the conception of the monstrous dishonesty which must have gained the upper hand in the apostate from the free spirit : by the conception of a general gnawing which is eating its way down even to the framework of the character.

The Dawn

57

OTHER FEARS, OTHER SAFETIES. Christianity overspread life with a new and unlimited insecurity, thereby creating new safeties, enjoyments and recreations, and new valuations of all things. Our own century denies the existence of this insecurity, and does so with a good conscience, yet it clings to the old habit of Christian certainties, enjoyments, recreations, and valuations ! even in its noblest arts and philosophies. How feeble and worn out must all this now seem, how imperfect and clumsy, how arbitrarily fanatical, and, above all, how uncertain : now that its horrible contrast has been taken away the ever-present fear of the Christian for his eternal salvation !

The Dawn

58

CHRISTIANITY AND THE EMOTIONS. In Christianity we may see a great popular protest against philosophy : the reasoning of the sages of antiquity had withdrawn men from the influence of the emotions, but Christianity would gladly give men their emotions back again. With this aim in view, it denies any moral value to virtue such as philosophers understood it as a victory of the reason over the passions generally condemns every kind of goodness, and calls upon the passions to manifest themselves in their full power and glory : as love of God, fear of God, fanatic belief in God, blind hope in God,

59 ERROR AS A CORDIAL. Let people say what they will, it is nevertheless certain that it was the aim of Christianity to deliver mankind from

the yoke of moral engagements by indicating what it believed to be the shortest way to perfection : exactly in the same manner as a few philosophers thought they could dispense with tedious and laborious dialectics, and the collection of strictly-proved facts, and point out a royal road to truth. It was an error in both cases, but nevertheless a great cordial for those who were worn out and despairing in the wilderness.

The Dawn

60

ALL SPIRIT FINALLY BECOMES VISIBLE. Christianity has assimilated the entire spirituality of an incalculable number of men who were by nature submissive, all those enthusiasts of humiliation and reverence, both refined and coarse. It has in this way freed itself from its own original rustic coarseness of which we are vividly reminded when we look at the oldest image of St. Peter the Apostle and has become a very intellectual religion, with thousands of wrinkles, *arriere-pensees* ', and masks on its face. It has made European humanity more clever, and not only cunning from a theological standpoint. By the spirit which it has thus given to European humanity in conjunction with the power of abnegation, and very often in conjunction with the profound conviction and loyalty of that abnegation it has perhaps chiselled and shaped the most subtle individualities which have ever existed in human society :the individualities of the higher ranks of the Catholic clergy, especially when these priests have sprung from a noble family, and have brought to their work, from the very beginning, the innate grace of gesture, the dominating glance of the 'eye, and beautiful hands and feet. Here the human face acquires that spiritualisation brought about by the continual ebb and flow of two kinds of happiness (the feeling of power and the feeling of submission) after a carefully-planned manner of living has conquered the beast in man. Here an activity, which consists in blessing, forgiving sins, and representing the Almighty, ever keeps alive in the soul, and even in the body, the consciousness of a supreme mission ; here we find that noble contempt concerning the perishable nature of the body, of well-being, and of happiness, peculiar to born soldiers : their pride lies in obedience, a distinctly aristocratic trait; their excuse and their idealism arise from the enormous impossibility of their task. The surpassing beauty and subtleties of these princes of the Church have always proved

to the people the truth of the Church ; a momentary brutalisation of the clergy (such as came about in Luther's time) always tended to encourage the contrary belief. And would it be maintained that this result of beauty and human subtlety, shown in harmony of figure, intellect, and task, would come to an end with religions ? and that nothing higher could be obtained, or even conceived ?

The Dawn

61

THE NEEDFUL SACRIFICE. Those earnest, able, and just men of profound feelings, who are still Christians at heart, owe it to themselves to make one attempt to live for a certain space of time without Christianity. I they owe it to their faith that they should thus for once take up their abode " in the wilderness " if for no other reason than that of being able to pronounce on the question as to whether Christianity is needful. So far, however, they have confined themselves to their own narrow domain and insulted everyone who happened to be outside of it : indeed, they even become highly irritated when it is suggested to them that beyond this little domain of theirs lies the great world, and that Christianity is, after all, only a corner of it ! No ; your evidence on the question will be valueless until you have lived year after year without Christianity, and with the inmost desire to continue to exist without it : until, indeed, you have withdrawn far, far away from it. It is not when your nostalgia urges you back again, but when your judgment, based on a strict comparison, drives you back, that your homecoming has any significance ! Men of coming generations will deal in this manner with all the valuations of the past ; they must be voluntarily lived over again, together with their contraries, in order that such men may finally acquire the right of shifting them.

The Dawn

62

ON THE ORIGIN OF RELIGIONS. How can anyone regard his own opinion of things as a revelation ? This is the problem of the formation of

religions : there has always been some man in whom this phenomenon was possible. A postulate is that such a man already believed in revelations. Suddenly, however, a new idea occurs to him one day, his idea ; and the entire blessedness of a great personal hypothesis, which embraces all existence and the whole world, penetrates with such force into his conscience that he dare not think himself the creator of such blessedness, and he therefore attributes to his God the cause of this new idea and likewise the cause of the cause, believing it to be the revelation of his God. How could a man be the author of so great a happiness ? ask his pessimistic doubts. But other levers are secretly at work : an opinion may be strengthened by one's self if it be considered as a revelation ; and in this way all its hypothetic nature is removed ; the matter is set beyond criticism and even beyond doubt : it is sanctified. It is true that, in this way, a man lowers himself to playing the rôle of "mouthpiece" but his thought will end by being victorious as a divine thought the feeling of finally gaining the victory conquers the feeling of degradation. There is also another feeling in the background : if a man raises his products above himself, and thus apparently detracts from his own worth, there nevertheless remains a kind of joyfulness, paternal love, and paternal pride, which compensates man more than compensates man for everything.

The Dawn

63

HATRED OF ONE'S NEIGHBOUR. Supposing that we felt towards our neighbour as he does himself Schopenhauer calls this compassion, though it would be more correct to call it auto-passion, fellow-feeling we should be compelled to hate him, if, like Pascal, he thought himself hateful. And this was probably the general feeling of Pascal regarding mankind, and also that of ancient Christianity, which, under Nero, was "convicted" of odium generis humani, as Tacitus has recorded.

The Dawn

64

THE BROKEN-HEARTED ONES, Christianity has the instinct of a hunter for finding out all those who may by hook or by crook be driven to despair only a very small number of men can be brought to this despair. Christianity lies in wait for such as those, and pursues them. Pascal made an attempt to find out whether it was not possible, with the help of the very subtlest knowledge, to drive everybody into despair. He failed : to his second despair.

The Dawn

65

BRAHMINISM AND CHRISTIANITY. There are certain precepts for obtaining a consciousness of power : on the one hand, for those who already know how to control themselves, and who are therefore already quite used to the feeling of power ; and, on the other hand, for those who cannot control themselves. Brahminism has given its care to the former type of man ; Christianity to the latter.

The Dawn

66

THE FACULTY OF VISION. During the whole of the Middle Ages, the actual and decisive sign of the highest humanity was that once was capable of having visions that is to say, of having a grave mental trouble. And, in fact, the rules of life of all the higher natures of the Middle Ages (the religiosi) were drawn up with the object of making man capable of vision ! Little wonder, then, that the exaggerated esteem for these half-mad fanatics, so-called men of genius, has continued even to our own days. " They have seen things that others do not see " no doubt! and this fact should inspire us with caution where they are concerned, and not with belief!

The Dawn

67

THE PRICE OF BELIEVERS. He who sets such a value on being believed in has to promise heaven in recompense for this belief: and everyone, even a thief on the Cross, must have suffered from a terrible doubt and experienced crucifixion in every form : otherwise he would not buy his followers so dearly.

The Dawn

68

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN. The whole world still believes in the literary career of the " Holy Ghost," or is still influenced by the effects of this belief: when we look into our Bibles we do so for the purpose of " edifying ourselves," to find a few words of comfort for our misery, be it great or small in short, we read ourselves into it and out of it. But who apart from a few learned men know that it also contains the history of one of the most ambitious and unrelenting souls that ever existed, of a mind full of superstition and cunning : the history of the Apostle Paul? Nevertheless, without this singular history, without the tribulations and passions of such a mind, and of such a soul, there would have been no Christian kingdom ; we should have scarcely have even heard of a little Jewish sect, the founder of which died on the Cross. It is true that, if this history had been understood in time, if we had read, really read, the writings of St. Paul, not as the revelations of the " Holy Ghost," but with honest and independent minds, oblivious of all our personal troubles there were no such readers for fifteen centuries it would have been all up with Christianity long ago : so searchingly do these writings of the Jewish Pascal lay bare the origins of Christianity, just as the French Pascal let us see its destiny and how it will ultimately perish. That the ship of Christianity threw overboard no inconsiderable part of its Jewish ballast, that it was able to sail into the waters of the heathen and actually did do so : this is due to the history of one single man, this apostle who was so greatly troubled in mind and so worthy of pity, but who was also very disagreeable to himself and to others. This man suffered from a fixed idea, or rather a fixed question, an ever-present and ever-burning question : what was the meaning of the Jewish Law ? and, more especially, the fulfilment of this Law ? In his youth he had done his best to satisfy it, thirsting as he did for that highest distinction which the Jews could imagine this people,

which raised the imagination of moral loftiness to a greater elevation than any other people, and which alone succeeded in uniting the conception of a holy God with the idea of sin considered as an offence against this holiness. St. Paul became at once the fanatic defender and guard-of-honour of this God and His Law. Ceaselessly battling against and lying in wait for all transgressors of this Law and those who presumed to doubt it, he was pitiless and cruel towards all evildoers, whom he would gladly have punished in the most rigorous fashion possible.

Now, however, he was aware in his own person of the fact that such a man as himself violent, sensual, melancholy, and malicious in his hatred could not fulfil the Law ; and furthermore, what seemed strangest of all to him, he saw that his boundless craving for power was continually provoked to break it, and that he could not help yielding to this impulse. Was it really " the flesh " which made him a trespasser time and again ? Was it not rather, as it afterwards occurred to him, the Law itself, which continually showed itself to be impossible to fulfil, and seduced men into transgression with an irresistible charm? But at that time he had not thought of this means of escape. As he suggests here and there, he had many things on his conscience hatred, murder, sorcery, idolatry, debauchery, drunkenness, and orgiastic revelry, and to however great an extent he tried to soothe his conscience, and, even more, his desire for power, by the extreme fanaticism of his worship for and defence of the Law, there were times when the thought struck him : " It is all in vain ! The anguish of the unfulfilled Law cannot be overcome," Luther must have experienced similar feelings, when, in his cloister, he endeavoured to become the ideal man of his imagination ; and, as Luther one day began to hate the ecclesiastical ideal, and the Pope, and the saints, and the whole clergy, with a hatred which was all the more deadly as he could not avow it even to himself, an analogous feeling took possession of St. Paul. The Law was the Cross on which he felt himself crucified. How he hated it ! What a grudge he owed it ! How he began to look round on all sides to find a means for its total annihilation, that he might no longer be obliged to fulfil it himself ! And at last a liberating thought, together with a vision which was only to be expected in the case of an epileptic like himself flashed into his mind : to him, the stern upholder of the Law who, in his innermost heart, was tired to death of it there appeared on the lonely path that Christ, with the divine effulgence on His countenance, and Paul heard the words : " Why do you persecute me ? "

What actually took place, then, was this : his mind was suddenly enlightened, and he said to himself: "It is unreasonable to persecute this Jesus Christ ! Here is my means of escape, here is my complete vengeance, here and nowhere else have I the destroyer of the Law in my hands I " The sufferer from anguished pride felt himself restored to health all at once, his moral despair disappeared in the air; for morality itself was blown away, annihilated that is to say, fulfilled, there on the Cross ! Up to that time that ignominious death had seemed to him to be the principal argument against the " Messiah-ship " proclaimed by the followers of the new doctrine : but what if it were necessary for doing away with the Law? The enormous consequences of this thought, of this solution of the enigma, danced before his eyes, and he at once became the happiest of men. The destiny of the Jews, indeed, of all mankind, seemed to him to be intertwined with this instantaneous flash of enlightenment : he held the thought of thoughts, the key of keys, the light of lights ; history would henceforth revolve round him ! For from that time forward he would be the apostle of the annihilation of the Law \ TQ be dead to sin that meant to be dead to the Law also ; to be in the flesh that meant to be under the Law ! To be one with Christ that meant to have become, like Him, the destroyer of the Law ; to be dead with Him that meant likewise to be dead to the Law. Even if it were still possible to sin, it would not at any rate be possible to sin against the Law : "I am above the Law," thinks Paul ; adding, " If I were now to acknowledge the Law again and to submit to it, I should make Christ an accomplice in the sin " ; for the Law was there for the purpose of producing sin and setting it in the foreground, as an emetic produces sickness. God could not have decided upon the death of Christ had it been possible to fulfil the Law without it ; henceforth, not only are all sins expiated, but sin itself is abolished ; henceforth the Law is dead ; henceforth " the flesh " in which it dwelt is dead or at all events dying, gradually wasting away. To live for a short time longer amid this decay ! this is the Christian's fate, until the time when, having become one with Christ, he arises with Him, sharing with Christ the divine glory, and becoming, like Christ, a " Son of God." Then Paul's exaltation was at its height, and with it the importunity of his soul the thought of union with Christ made him lose all shame, all submission, all constraint, and his ungovernable ambition was shown to be revelling in the expectation of divine glories.

Such was the first Christian, the inventor of Christianity! before him there were only a few Jewish sectaries.

The Dawn

69

INIMITABLE. There is an enormous strain and distance between envy and friendship, between self-contempt and pride : the Greek lived in the former, the Christian in the latter.

The Dawn

70

THE USE OF A COARSE INTELLECT. The Christian Church is an encyclopaedia of primitive cults and views of the most varied origin ; and is, in consequence, well adapted to missionary work : in former times she could and still does go wherever she would, and in doing so always found something resembling herself, to which she could assimilate herself and gradually substitute her own spirit for it. It is not to what is Christian in her usages, but to what is universally pagan in them, that we have to attribute the development of this universal religion. Her thoughts, which have their origin at once in the Judaic and in the Hellenic spirit, were able from the very beginning to raise themselves above the exclusiveness and subtleties of races and nations, as above prejudices. Although we may admire the power which makes even the most difficult things coalesce, we must nevertheless not overlook the contemptible qualities of this power the astonishing coarseness and narrowness of the Church's intellect when it was in process of formation, a coarseness which permitted it to accommodate itself to any diet, and to digest contradictions like pebbles.

The Dawn

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THE CHRISTIAN VENGEANCE AGAINST ROME. Perhaps nothing is more fatiguing than the sight of a continual conqueror: for more than

two hundred years the world had seen Rome overcoming one nation after another, the circle was closed, all future seemed to be at an end, everything was done with a view to its lasting for all time, yet, when the Empire built anything it was erected with a view to being *acre perennius*. We, who know only the "melancholy of ruins," can scarcely understand that totally different melancholy of eternal buildings from which men endeavoured to save themselves as best they could with the light-hearted fancy of a Horace, for example. Others sought different consolations for the weariness which was closely akin to despair, against the deadening knowledge that from henceforth all progress of thought and heart would be hopeless, that the huge spider sat everywhere and mercilessly continued to drink all the blood within its reach, no matter where it might spring forth. This mute, century-old hatred of the wearied spectators against Rome, wherever Rome's domination extended, was at length vented in Christianity, which united Rome, "the world," and "sin" into a single conception. The Christians took their revenge on Rome by proclaiming the immediate and sudden destruction of the world; by once more introducing a future for Rome had been able to transform everything into the history of its own past and present a future in which Rome was no longer the most important factor; and by dreaming of the last judgment while the crucified Jew, as the symbol of salvation, was the greatest derision on the superb Roman praetors in the provinces; for now they seemed to be only the symbols of ruin and a "world" ready to perish.

The Dawn

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THE "LIFE AFTER DEATH." Christianity found the idea of punishment in hell in the entire Roman Empire: for the numerous mystic cults have hatched this idea with particular satisfaction as being the most fecund egg of their power. Epicurus thought he could do nothing better for his followers than to tear this belief up by the roots: his triumph found its finest echo in the mouth of one of his disciples, the Roman Lucretius, a poet of a gloomy, though afterwards enlightened, temperament. Alas this triumph had come too soon: Christianity took under its special protection this belief in subterranean horrors, which was already beginning

to die away in the minds of men ; and that was clever of it. For, without this audacious leap into the most complete paganism, how could it have proved itself victorious over the popularity of Mithras and Isis? In this way it managed to bring timorous folk over to its side the most enthusiastic adherents of a new faith ! The Jews, being a people which, like the Greeks, and even in a greater degree than the Greeks, loved and still love life, had not cultivated that idea to any great extent: the thought of final death as the punishment of the sinner, death without resurrection as an extreme menace: this was sufficient to impress these peculiar men, who did not wish to get rid of their bodies, but hoped, with their refined Egypticism, to preserve them forever. (A Jewish martyr, about whom we may read in the Second Book of the Maccabees, would not think of giving up his intestines, which had been torn out : he wanted to have them at the resurrection : quite a Jewish characteristic !)

Thoughts of eternal damnation were far from the minds of the early Christians : they thought they were delivered from death, and awaited a transformation from day to day, but not death. (What a curious effect the first death must have produced on these expectant people ! How many different feelings must have been mingled together astonishment, exultation, doubt, shame, and passion ! Verily, a subject worthy of a great artist !) St. Paul could say nothing better in praise of his Saviour than that he had opened the gates of immortality to everybody he did not believe in the resurrection of those who had not been saved : more than this, by reason of his doctrine of the impossibility of carrying out the Law, and of death considered as a consequence of sin, he even suspected that, up to that time, no one had become immortal (or at all events only a very few, solely owing to special grace and not to any merits of their own) : it was only in his time that immortality had begun to open its gates and only a few of the elect would finally gain admittance, as the pride of the elect cannot help saying.

In other places, where the impulse towards life was not so strong as among the Jews and the Christian Jews, and where the prospect of immortality did not appear to be more valuable than the prospect of a final death, that pagan, yet not altogether un-Jewish addition of Hell became a very useful tool in the hands of the missionaries : then arose the new doctrine that even the sinners and the unsaved are immortal, the doctrine of eternal damnation, which was more powerful than the idea of a final death, which thereafter began to fade away. It was science alone

which could overcome this idea, at the same time brushing aside all other ideas about death and an after-life. We are poorer in one particular : the " life after death " has no further interest for us ! an indescribable blessing, which is as yet too recent to be considered as such throughout the world. And Epicurus is once more triumphant.

The Dawn

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FOR THE " TRUTH " ! " The truth of Christianity was attested by the virtuous lives of the Christians, their firmness in suffering, their unshakable belief, and above all by the spread and increase of the faith in spite of all calamities." That's how you talk even now. How pitiable! Learn, then, that all this proves nothing either in favour of truth or against it ; that truth must be demonstrated differently from conscientiousness, and that the latter is in no respect whatever an argument in favour of the former.

The Dawn

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A CHRISTIAN ARRIERE-PENSEE. Would not this have been a general reservation among Christians of the first century : " It is better to persuade ourselves into the belief that we are guilty rather than that we are innocent ; for it is impossible to ascertain the disposition of so powerful a judge but it is to be feared that he is looking out only for those who are conscious of guilt. Bearing in mind his great power, it is more likely that he will pardon a guilty person than admit that anyone is innocent, in his presence." This was the feeling of poor provincial folk in the presence of the Roman praetor : " He is too proud for us to dare to be innocent." And may not this very sentiment have made its influence felt when the Christians endeavoured to picture to themselves the aspect of the Supreme Judge ?

The Dawn

NEITHER EUROPEAN NOR NOBLE. There is something Oriental and feminine in Christianity, and this is shown in the thought, " Whom the Lord loveth, He chastens " ; for women in the Orient consider castigations and the strict seclusion of their persons from the world as a sign of their husband's love, and complain if these signs of love cease.

The Dawn

IF YOU THINK IT EVIL, YOU MAKE IT EVIL. The passions become evil and malignant when regarded with evil and malignant eyes. It is in this way that Christianity has succeeded in transforming Eros and Aphrodite sublime powers, capable of idealisation into hellish genii and phantom goblins, by means of the pangs which every sexual impulse was made to raise in the conscience of the believers. Is it not a dreadful thing to transform necessary and regular sensations into a source of inward misery, and thus arbitrarily to render interior misery necessary and regular in the case of every man \ Furthermore, this misery remains secret, with the result that it is all the more deeply rooted ; for it is not all men who have the courage, which Shakespeare shows in his sonnets, of making public their Christian gloom on this point.

Must a feeling, then, always be called evil against which we are forced to struggle, which we must restrain even within certain limits, or, in given cases, banish entirely from our minds ? Is it not the habit of vulgar souls always to call an enemy evil ! and must we call Eros an enemy ? The sexual feelings, like the feelings of pity and adoration, possess the particular characteristic that, in their case, one being gratifies another by the pleasure he enjoys it is but rarely that we meet with such a benevolent arrangement in nature. And yet we calumniate and corrupt it all by our bad conscience ! We connect the procreation of man with a bad conscience !

But the outcome of this "devil-ization" of Eros is a mere farce : the " demon " Eros becomes an object of greater interest to mankind than all the angels and saints put together, thanks to the mysterious Mumbo-Jumbo-

ism of the Church in all things erotic : it is due to the Church that love stories, even in our own time, have become the one common interest which appeals to all classes of people with an exaggeration which would be incomprehensible to antiquity, and which will not fail to provoke roars of laughter in coming generations. All our poetising and thinking, from the highest to the lowest, is marked, and more than marked, by the exaggerated importance bestowed upon the love story as the principal item of our existence. Posterity may perhaps, on this account, come to the conclusion that its entire legacy of Christian culture is tainted with narrowness and insanity.

The Dawn

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THE TORTURES OF THE SOUL. The whole world raises a shout of horror at the present day if one man presumes to torture the body of another : the indignation against such a being bursts forth almost spontaneously. Nay ; we tremble even at the very thought of torture being inflicted on a man or an animal, and we undergo unspeakable misery when we hear of such an act having been accomplished. But the same feeling is experienced in a very much lesser degree and extent when it is a question of the tortures of the soul and the dreadfulness of their infliction. Christianity has introduced such tortures on an unprecedented scale, and still continues to preach this kind of martyrdom yet, it even complains innocently of backsliding and indifference when it meets with a state of soul which is free from such agonies. From all this it now results that humanity, in the face of spiritual racks, tortures of the mind, and instruments of punishment, behaves even to-day with the same awesome patience and indecision which it exhibited in former times in the presence of the cruelties practised on the bodies of men or animals. Hell has certainly not remained merely an empty sound ; and a new kind of pity has been devised to correspond to the newly-created fears of hell a horrible and ponderous compassion, until now unknown ; with people " irrevocably condemned to hell," as, for example, the Stony Guest gave Don Juan to understand, and which, during the Christian era, should often have made the very stones weep. Plutarch presents us with a gloomy picture of the state of mind of a superstitious man in pagan times : but this picture pales when compared with that of a Christian of the Middle Ages, who

supposes that nothing can save him from " torments everlasting." Dreadful omens appear to him : perhaps he sees a stork holding a snake in his beak and hesitating to swallow it. Or all nature suddenly becomes pale ; or bright, fiery colours appear across the surface of the earth. Or the ghosts of his dead relations approach him, with features showing traces of dreadful sufferings. Or the dark walls of the room in which the man is sleeping are suddenly lighted up, and there, amidst a yellow flame, he perceives instruments of torture and a motley horde of snakes and devils. Christianity has surely turned this world of ours into a fearful habitation by raising the crucifix in all parts and thereby proclaiming the earth to be a place " where the just man is tortured to death ! " And when the ardour of some great preacher for once disclosed to the public the secret sufferings of the individual, the agonies of the lonely souls, when, for example, Whitefield preached " like a dying man to the dying," now bitterly weeping, now violently stamping his feet, speaking passionately, in abrupt and incisive tones, without fearing to turn the whole force of his attack upon any one individual present, excluding him from the assembly with excessive harshness then indeed did it seem as if the earth were being transformed into a " field of evil." The huge crowds were then seen to act as if seized with a sudden attack of madness : many were in fits of anguish ; others lay unconscious and motionless ; others, again, trembled or rent the air with their piercing shrieks. Everywhere there was a loud breathing, as of half-choked people who were gasping for the breath of life. " Indeed," said an eye-witness once, " almost all the noises appeared to come from people who were dying in the bitterest agony."

Let us never forget that it was Christianity which first turned the death-bed into a bed of agony, and that, by the scenes which took place there, and the terrifying sounds which were made possible there for the first time, it has poisoned the senses and the blood of innumerable witnesses and their children. Imagine the ordinary man who can never efface the recollection of words like these : " Oh, eternity ! Would that I had no soul ! Would that I had never been born ! My soul is damned, damned ; lost forever ! Six days ago you might have helped me. But now all is over. I belong to the devil, and with him I will go down to hell. Break, break, you poor hearts of stone ! You will not break ? What more can be done for hearts of stone ? I am damned that you may be saved ! There he is ! Yes ; there he is ! Come, good devil ! Come ! "

AVENGING JUSTICE. Misfortune and guilt: these two things have been put on one scale by Christianity ; so that, when the misfortune which follows a fault is a serious one, this fault is always judged accordingly to be a very heinous one. But this was not the valuation of antiquity, and that is why Greek tragedy in which misfortune and punishment are discussed at length, and yet in another sense forms part of the great liberators of the mind to an extent which even the ancients themselves could not realise. They remained ingenuous enough not to set up an "adequate relation" between guilt and misfortune. The guilt of their tragic heroes is, indeed, the little pebble that makes them stumble, and on which account they sometimes happen to break an arm or knock out an eye. Upon this the feeling of antiquity made the comment, "Well, he should have gone his way with more caution and less pride." It was reserved for Christianity, however, to say : "Here we have a great misfortune, and behind this great misfortune there must lie a great fault, an equally serious fault though we cannot clearly see it ! If, wretched man, you do not feel it, it is because your heart is hardened and worse than this will happen to you !"

Besides this, antiquity could point to examples of real misfortunes, misfortunes that were pure and innocent ; it was only with the advent of Christianity that all punishment became well-merited punishment : in addition to this it renders the imagination of the sufferer still more suffering, so that the victim, in the midst of his distress, is seized with the feeling that he has been morally reproved and cast away. Poor humanity! The Greeks had a special word to stand for the feeling of indignation which was experienced at the misfortune of another: among Christian peoples this feeling was prohibited and was not permitted to develop ; hence the reason why they have no name for this more virile brother of pity.

A PROPOSAL. If, according to the arguments of Pascal and Christianity, our ego is always hateful, how can we permit and suppose other people, whether God or men, to love it? It would be contrary to all good principles to let ourselves be loved when we know very well that we deserve nothing but hatred not to speak of other repugnant feelings. " But this is the very Kingdom of Grace." Then you look upon your love for your neighbour as a grace? Your pity as a grace? Well, then, if you can do all this, there is no reason why you should not go a step further : love yourselves through grace, and then you will no longer find your God necessary, and the entire drama of the Fall and Redemption of mankind will reach its last act in yourselves !

The Dawn

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THE COMPASSIONATE CHRISTIAN. A Christian's compassion in the presence of his neighbour's suffering has another side to it : viz, his profound suspicion of all the joy of his neighbour, of his neighbour's joy in everything that he wills and is able to do.

The Dawn

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THE SAINT'S HUMANITY. A saint had fallen into the company of believers, and could no longer stand their continually expressed hatred for sin. At last he said to them : " God created all things, except sin : therefore it is no wonder that He does not like it. But man has created sin, and why, then, should he disown this only child of his merely because it is not regarded with a friendly eye by God, its grandfather ? Is that human ? Honour to whom honour is due but one's heart and duty must speak, above all, in favour of the child and only in the second place for the honour of the grandfather ! "

The Dawn

THE THEOLOGICAL ATTACK. "You must arrange that with yourself; for your life is at stake I " Luther it is who suddenly springs upon us with these words and imagines that we feel the knife at our throats. But we throw him off with the words of one higher and more considerate than he : " We need form no opinion in regard to this or that matter, and thus save our souls from trouble. For, by their very nature, the things themselves cannot compel us to express an opinion."

The Dawn

POOR HUMANITY ! A single drop of blood too much or too little in the brain may render our life unspeakably miserable and difficult, and we may suffer more from this single drop of blood than Prometheus from his vulture. But the worst is when we do not know that this drop is causing our sufferings and we think it is " the devil ! " Or " sin ! "

The Dawn

THE PHILOLOGY OF CHRISTIANITY. How little Christianity cultivates the sense of honesty can be inferred from the character of the writings of its learned men. They set out their conjectures as audaciously as if they were dogmas, and are but seldom at a disadvantage in regard to the interpretation of Scripture. Their continual cry is : "I am right, for it is written " and then follows an explanation so shameless and capricious that a philologist, when he hears it, must stand stock-still between anger and laughter, asking himself again and again : Is it possible ? Is it honest ? Is it even decent ?

It is only those who never or always attend church that underestimate the dishonesty with which this subject is still dealt in Protestant pulpits ; in what a clumsy fashion the preacher takes advantage of his security

from interruption ; how the Bible is pinched and squeezed ; and how the people are made acquainted with every form of the art of false reading.

When all is said and done, however, what can be expected from the effects of a religion which, during the centuries when it was being firmly established, enacted that huge philological farce concerning the Old Testament ? I refer to that attempt to tear the Old Testament from the hands of the Jews under the pretext that it contained only Christian doctrines and belonged to the Christians as the true people of Israel, while the Jews had merely arrogated it to themselves without authority. This was followed by a mania of would-be interpretation and falsification, which could not under any circumstances have been allied with a good conscience. However strongly Jewish savants protested, it was everywhere sedulously asserted that the Old Testament alluded everywhere to Christ, and nothing but Christ, more especially His Cross, and thus, wherever reference was made to wood, a rod, a ladder, a twig, a tree, a willow, or a staff, such a reference could not but be a prophecy relating to the wood of the Cross ; even the setting up of the Unicorn and the Brazen Serpent, even Moses stretching forth his hands in prayer, indeed, the very spits on which the Easter lambs were roasted : all these were allusions to the Cross, and, as it were, preludes to it ! Did anyone who kept on asserting these things ever believe in them ? Let it not be forgotten that the Church did not shrink from putting interpolations in the text of the Septuagint (e.g. Ps. xcvi. i o), in order that she might later on make use of these interpolated passages as Christian prophecies. They were engaged in a struggle, and thought of their foes rather than of honesty.

The Dawn

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SUBTLETY IN PENURY. Take care not to laugh at the mythology of the Greeks merely because it so little resembles your own profound metaphysics ! You should admire a people who checked their quick intellect at this point, and for a long time afterwards had tact enough to avoid the danger of scholasticism and hair-splitting superstition.

The Dawn

THE CHRISTIAN INTERPRETERS OF THE BODY. Whatever originates in the stomach, the intestines, the beating of the heart, the nerves, the bile, the seed all those indispositions, debilities, irritations, and the whole contingency of that machine about which we know so little a Christian like Pascal considers it all as a moral and religious phenomenon, asking himself whether God or the devil, good or evil, salvation or damnation, is the cause. Alas for the unfortunate interpreter ! How he must distort and worry his system ! How he must? distort and worry himself in order to gain his point I

The Dawn

THE MORAL MIRACLE. In the domain of morality, Christianity knows of nothing but the miracle : the sudden change in all valuations, the sudden renouncement of all habits, the sudden and irresistible predilection for new things and persons. Christianity looks upon this phenomenon as the work of God, and calls it the act of regeneration, thus giving it a unique and incomparable value. Everything else which is called morality, and which bears no relation to this miracle, becomes in consequence a matter of indifference to the Christian, and indeed, so far as it is a feeling of well-being and pride, an object of fear. The canon of virtue, of the fulfilled law, is established in the New Testament, but in such a way as to be the canon of impossible virtue : men who still aspire to moral perfections must come to understand, in the face of this canon, that they are further and further removed from their aim; they must despair of virtue, and end by throwing themselves at the feet of the Merciful One.

It is only in reaching a conclusion like this that moral efforts on the part of the Christian can still be regarded as possessing any value : the condition that these efforts shall always remain sterile, painful, and melancholy is therefore indispensable ; and it is in this way that those efforts could still avail to bring about that moment of ecstasy when man experiences the " overflow of grace " and the moral miracle. This struggle for morality is, however, not necessary ; for it is by no means uncommon for

this miracle to happen to the sinner at the very moment when he is, so to speak, wallowing in the mire of sin : yes, the leap from the deepest and most abandoned sinfulness into its contrary seems easier, and, as a clear proof of the miracle, even more desirable.

What, for the rest, may be the signification of such a sudden, unreasonable, and irresistible revolution, such a change from the depths of misery into the heights of happiness? (might it be a disguised epilepsy?) This should at all events be considered by alienists, who have frequent opportunities of observing similar "miracles" for example, the mania of murder or suicide. The relatively "more pleasant consequences" in the case of the Christian make no important difference.

The Dawn

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LUTHER, THE GREAT BENEFactor. Luther's most important result is the suspicion which he awakened against the saints and the entire Christian *vita contemplativa* \ only since his day has an unchristian *vita contemplativa* again become possible in Europe, only since then has contempt for laymen and worldly activity ceased. Luther continued to be an honest miner's son even after he had been shut up in a monastery, and there, for lack of other depths and "borings," he descended into himself, and bored terrifying and dark passages through his own depths finally coming to recognise that an introspective and saintly life was impossible to him, and that his innate "activity" in body and soul would end by being his ruin. For a long time, too long, indeed, he endeavoured to find the way to holiness through castigations ; but at length he made up his mind, and said to himself: "There is no real *vita contemplative*!, \ We have been deceived. The saints were no better than the rest of us." This was truly a rustic way of gaining one's case ; but for the Germans of that period it was the only proper way. How edified they felt when they could read in their Lutheran catechism : " Apart from the Ten Commandments there is no work which could find favour in the eyes of God these much-boasted spiritual works of the saints are purely imaginary!"

The Dawn

DOUBT AS SIN. Christianity has done all it possibly could to draw a circle round itself, and has even gone so far as to declare doubt itself to be a sin. We are to be precipitated into faith by a miracle, without the help of reason, after which we are to float in it as the clearest and least equivocal of elements a mere glance at some solid ground, the thought that we exist for some purpose other than floating, the least movement of our amphibious nature : all this is a sin ! Let it be noted that, following this decision, the proofs and demonstration of the faith, and all meditations upon its origin, are prohibited as sinful. Christianity wants blindness and frenzy and an eternal swan-song above the waves under which reason has been drowned !

The Dawn

EGOISM VERSUS EGOISM. How many are there who still come to the conclusion : " Life would be intolerable were there no God ! " Or, as is said in idealistic circles : " Life would be intolerable if its ethical signification were lacking." Hence there must be a God or an ethical signification of existence ! In reality the case stands thus : He who is accustomed to conceptions of this sort does not desire a life without them, hence these conceptions are necessary for him and his preservation but what a presumption it is to assert that everything necessary for my preservation must exist in reality \ As if my preservation were really necessary! What if others held the contrary opinion ? if they did not care to live under the conditions of these two articles of faith, and did not regard life as worth living if they were realised ! And that is the present position of affairs.

The Dawn

THE HONESTY OF GOD. An omniscient and omnipotent God who does

not even take care that His intentions shall be understood by His creatures could He be a God of goodness ? A God, who, for thousands of years, has permitted innumerable doubts and scruples to continue unchecked as if they were of no importance in the salvation of mankind, and who, nevertheless, announces the most dreadful consequences for anyone who mistakes his truth ? Would he not be a cruel god if, being himself in possession of the truth, he could calmly contemplate mankind, in a state of miserable torment, worrying its mind as to what was truth ?

Perhaps, however, he really is a God of goodness, and was unable to express Himself more clearly ? Perhaps he lacked intelligence enough for this ? Or eloquence ? All the worse ! For in such a case he may have been deceived himself in regard to what he calls his " truth," and may not be far from being another " poor, deceived devil ! " Must he not therefore experience all the torments of hell at seeing His creatures suffering so much here below and even more, suffering through all eternity when he himself can neither advise nor help them, except as a deaf and dumb person, who makes all kinds of equivocal signs when his child or his dog is threatened with the most fearful danger ? A distressed believer who argues thus might be pardoned if his pity for the suffering God were greater than his pity for his "neighbours"; for they are his neighbours no longer if that most solitary and primeval being is also the greatest sufferer and stands most in need of consolation.

Every religion shows some traits of the fact that it owes its origin to a state of human intellectuality which was as yet too young and immature : they all make light of the necessity for speaking the truth : as yet they know nothing of the duty of God, the duty of being clear and truthful in His communications with men. No one was more eloquent than Pascal in speaking of the " hidden God " and the reasons why He had to keep Himself hidden, all of which indicates clearly enough that Pascal himself could never make his mind easy on this point : but he speaks with such confidence that one is led to imagine that he must have been let into the secret at some time or other. He seemed to have some idea that the deus absconditus bore a few slight traces of immorality ; and he felt too much ashamed and afraid of acknowledging this to himself: consequently, like a man who is afraid, he spoke as loudly as he could.

The Dawn

AT THE DEATH-BED OF CHRISTIANITY. All truly active men now do without inward Christianity, and the most moderate and thoughtful men of the intellectual middle classes possess only a kind of modified Christianity ; that is, a peculiarly simplified Christianity. A God who, in his love, ordains everything so that it may be best for us, a God who gives us our virtue and our happiness and then takes them away from us, so that everything at length goes on smoothly and there is no reason left why we should take life ill or grumble about it : in short, resignation and modesty raised to the rank of divinities that is the best and most lifelike remnant of Christianity now left to us. It must be remembered, however, that in this way Christianity has developed into a soft moralism : instead of " God, freedom, and immortality," we have now a kind of benevolence and honest sentiments, and the belief that, in the entire universe, benevolence and honest sentiments will finally prevail : this is the euthanasia of Christianity.

The Dawn

WHAT IS TRUTH ? Who will not be pleased with the conclusions which the faithful take such delight in coming to ? " Science cannot be true ; for it denies God. Hence it does not come from God ; and consequently it cannot be true for God is truth." It is not the deduction but the premise which is fallacious. What if God were not exactly truth, and if this were proved ? And if he were instead the vanity, the desire for power, the ambitions, the fear, and the enraptured and terrified folly of mankind ?

The Dawn

REMEDY FOR THE DISPLEASED. Even Paul already believed that some sacrifice was necessary to take away the deep displeasure which God experienced concerning sin : and ever since then Christians have never

ceased to vent the ill-humour which they felt with themselves upon some victim or another whether it was "the world," or " history," or " reason," or joy, or the tranquillity of other men something good, no matter what, had to die for their sins (even if only in effigie) !

The Dawn

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THE HISTORICAL REFUTATION AS THE DECISIVE ONE. Formerly it was sought to prove that there was no God now it is shown how the belief that a God existed could have originated and by what means this belief gained authority and importance : in this way the counterproof that there is no God becomes unnecessary and superfluous. In former times, when the " evidences of the existence of God " which had been brought forward were refuted, a doubt still remained, namely whether better proofs could not be found than those which had just been refuted: at that time the atheists did not understand the art of making a tabula rasa.

The Dawn

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" IN HOC SIGNO VINCES." To whatever degree of progress Europe may have attained in other respects, where religious affairs are concerned it has not yet reached the liberal naivety of the ancient Brahmins, which proves that, in India, four thousand years ago, people meditated more profoundly and transmitted to their descendants more pleasure in meditating than is the case in our own days. For those Brahmins believed in the first place that the priests were more powerful than the gods, and in the second place that it was observances which constituted the power of the priests : as a result of which their poets were never tired of glorifying those observances (prayers, ceremonies, sacrifices, chants, improvised melodies) as the real dispensers of all benefits. Although a certain amount of superstition and poetry was mingled with all this, the principles were true\ A step further, and the gods were cast aside which Europe likewise will have to do before very long ! One more step further, and priests and intermediaries could also be dispensed with and then

Buddha, the teacher of the religion of self-redemption, appeared. How far Europe is still removed from this degree of culture ! When at length all the customs and observances, upon which rests the power of gods, priests, and saviours, shall have been destroyed, when as a consequence morality, in the old sense, will be dead, then there will come ... yet, what will come then ? But let us refrain from speculating ; let us rather make certain that Europe will retrieve that which, in India, amidst this people of thinkers, was carried out thousands of years ago as a commandment of thought !

Scattered among the different nations of Europe there are now from ten to twenty millions of men who no longer " believe in God " is it too much to ask that they should give each other some indication or password? As soon as they recognise each other in this way, they will also make themselves known to each other; and they will immediately become a power in Europe, and, happily, a power among the nations ! among the classes ! between rich and poor ! between those who command, and those who obey ! between the most restless and the most tranquil, tranquillising people !

BOOK II

The Dawn

97

ONE BECOMES MORAL but not because one is moral ! Submission to morals may be due to slavishness or vanity, egoism or resignation, dismal fanaticism or thoughtlessness. It may, again, be an act of despair, such as submission to the authority of a ruler ; but there is nothing moral about it per se.

The Dawn

98

ALTERATIONS IN MORALS. Morals are constantly undergoing changes and transformations, occasioned by successful crimes. (To these, for example, belong all innovations in moral judgments.)

The Dawn

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WHEREIN WE ARE ALL IRRATIONAL. We still continue to draw conclusions from judgments which we consider as false, or doctrines in which we no longer believe, through our feelings.

The Dawn

110

AWAKING FROM A DREAM. Noble and wise men once upon a time believed in the music of the spheres ; there are still noble and wise men who believe in " the moral significance of existence," but there will come a day when this music of the spheres also will no longer be audible to them. They will awake and perceive that their ears have been dreaming.

The Dawn

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OPEN TO DOUBT. To accept a belief simply because it is customary implies that one is dishonest, cowardly, and lazy. Must dishonesty, cowardice, and laziness, therefore, be the primary conditions of morality ?

The Dawn

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THE MOST ANCIENT MORAL JUDGMENTS. What attitude do we assume towards the acts of our neighbour ? In the first place, we consider

how they may benefit ourselves we see them only in this light. It is this effect which we regard as the intention of the acts, and in the end we come to look upon these intentions of our neighbour as permanent qualities in him, and we call him, for example, "a dangerous man." Triple error ! Triple and most ancient mistake ! Perhaps this inheritance comes to us from the animals and their faculty of judgment ! Must not the origin of all morality be sought in these detestable narrow-minded conclusions : " Whatever injures me is evil (something injurious in itself), whatever benefits me is good (beneficial and profitable in itself), whatever injures me once or several times is hostile per se ; whatever benefits me once or several times is friendly per se" O pudenda origo ! Is not this equivalent to interpreting the contemptible, occasional, and often merely accidental relations of another person to us as his primary and most essential qualities, and affirming that towards himself and everyone else he is only capable of such actions as we ourselves have experienced at his hands once or several times ! And is not this thorough folly based upon the most immodest of all mental reservations : namely, that we ourselves must be the standard of what is good, since we determine good and evil ?

The Dawn

103

THERE ARE Two CLASSES OF PEOPLE WHO DENY MORALITY. To deny morality may mean, in the first place, to deny the moral inducements which, men pretend, have urged them on to their actions, which is equivalent to saying that morality merely consists of words and forms, part of that coarse and subtle deceit (especially self-deceit) which is characteristic of mankind, and perhaps more especially of those men who are celebrated for their virtues. In the second place, it may mean our denying that moral judgments are founded on truths. It is admitted in such a case that these judgments are, in fact, the motives of the actions, but that in this way it is really errors as the basis of all moral judgments which urge men on to their moral actions. This is my point of view ; but I should be far from denying that in very many cases a subtle suspicion in accordance with the former point of view i.e. in the spirit of La Rochefoucauld is also justifiable, and in any case of a high general utility. Therefore I deny morality in the same way as I deny alchemy, i.e. I deny its

hypotheses ; but I do not deny that there have been alchemists who believed in these hypotheses and based their actions upon them. I also deny immorality not that innumerable people feel immoral, but that there is any true reason why they should feel so. I should not, of course, deny unless I were a fool - that many actions which are called "immoral should be avoided and resisted;; and in the same way that many which are called moral should be performed and encouraged ; but I hold that in both cases these actions should be performed from motives other than those which have prevailed up to the present time. We must learn anew in order that at last, perhaps very late in the day, we may be able to do something more : feel anew.

The Dawn

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OUR VALUATIONS. All actions may be referred back to valuations, and all valuations are either one's own or adopted, the latter being by far the more numerous. Why do we adopt them ? Through fear, i.e. we think it more advisable to pretend that they are our own, and so well do we accustom ourselves to do so that it at last becomes second nature to us. A valuation of our own, which is the appreciation of a thing in accordance with the pleasure or displeasure it causes us and no one else, is something very rare indeed ! But must not our valuation of our neighbour which is prompted by the motive that we adopt his valuation in most cases proceed from ourselves and by our own decision ? Of course, but then we come to these decisions -during our childhood, and seldom change them. We often remain during our whole lifetime the dupes of our childish and accustomed judgments in our manner of judging our fellowmen (their minds, rank, morality, character, and reprehensibility), and we find it necessary to subscribe to their valuations.

The Dawn

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PSEUDO-EGOISM. The great majority of people, whatever they may think and say about their " egoism," do nothing for their ego all their life

long, but only for a phantom of this ego which has been formed in regard to them by their friends and communicated to them. As a consequence, they all live in a haze of impersonal and half-personal opinions and of arbitrary and, as it were, poetic valuations : the one always in the head of another, and this head, again, in the head of somebody else a queer world of phantoms which manages to give itself a rational appearance ! This haze of opinions and habits grows in extent and lives almost independently of the people it surrounds ; it is it which gives rise to the immense effect of general judgments on "man" - all those men, who do not know themselves, believe in a bloodless abstraction which they call "man," i.e. in a fiction ; and every change caused in this abstraction by the judgments of powerful individualities (such as princes and philosophers) produces an extraordinary and irrational effect on the great majority, for the simple reason that not a single individual with this haze can oppose a real ego, an ego which is accessible to and fathomed by himself, to the universal pale fiction, which he could thereby destroy.

The Dawn

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AGAINST DEFINITIONS OF MORAL AIMS. On all sides we now hear the aim of morals defined as the preservation and advancement of humanity; but this is merely the expression of a wish to have a formula and nothing more. Preservation wherein ? advancement whither ? These are questions which must at once be asked. Is not the most essential point, the answer to this wherein and whither ? left out of the formula ? What results from this, so far as our own actions and duties are concerned, which is not already tacitly and instinctively understood ? Can we sufficiently understand from this formula whether we must prolong as far as possible the existence of the human race, or bring about the greatest possible de-animalisation of man ? How different the means, i.e. the practical morals, would have to be in the two cases ! Supposing that the greatest possible rationality were given to mankind, this certainly would not guarantee the longest possible existence for them ! Or supposing that their " greatest happiness " was thought to be the answer to the questions put, do we thereby mean the highest degree of happiness which a few individuals might attain, or an incalculable, though finally attainable, average state of happiness for all ? And why should morality be the way to

it ? Has not morality, considered as a whole, opened up so many sources of displeasure as to lead us to think that man up to the present, with every new refinement of morality, has become more and more discontented with himself, with his neighbour, and with his own lot ? Has not the most moral of men until now believed that the only justifiable state of mankind in the face of morals is that of the deepest misery ?

The Dawn

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OUR RIGHT TO OUR FOLLY. How must we act ? Why must we act ? So far as the coarse and immediate needs of the individual are concerned, it is easy to answer these questions, but the more we enter upon the more important and more subtle domains of action, the more does the problem become uncertain and the more arbitrary its solution. An arbitrary decision, however, is the very thing that must be excluded here, thus commands the authority of morals: an obscure uneasiness and awe must relentlessly guide man in those very actions the objects and means of which he cannot at once perceive, This authority of morals undermines our thinking faculty in regard to those things concerning which it might be dangerous to think wrongly, it is in this way, at all events, that morality usually justifies itself to its accusers. Wrong in this place means dangerous; but dangerous to whom? It is not, as a rule, the danger of the doer of the action which the supporters of authoritative morals have in view, but their own danger ; the loss which their power and influence might undergo if the right to act according to their own greater or lesser reason, however wilfully and foolishly, were accorded to all men. They on their part make unhesitating use of their right to arbitrariness and folly, they even command in cases where it is hardly possible, or at all events very difficult, to answer the questions, " How must they act, why must they act ? " And if the reason of mankind grows with such extraordinary slowness that it was often possible to deny its growth during the whole course of humanity, what is more to blame for this than this solemn presence, even omnipresence, of moral commands, which do not even permit the individual question of how and why to be asked at all ? Have we not been educated precisely in such a way as to make us feel pathetic, and thus to obscure our vision at the very time when our reason should be able to see as clearly and calmly as possible i.e. in all higher

and more important circumstances ?

The Dawn

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SOME THESES. We should not give the individual, in so far as he desires his own happiness, any precepts or recommendations as to the road leading to happiness ; for individual happiness arises from particular laws that are unknown to anybody, and such a man will only be hindered or obstructed by recommendations which come to him from outside sources. Those precepts which are called moral are in reality directed against individuals, and do not by any means make for the happiness of such individuals. The relationship of these precepts to the " happiness and well-being of mankind " is equally slight, for it is quite impossible to assign a definite conception to these words, and still less can they be employed as guiding stars on the dark sea of moral aspirations. It is a prejudice to think that morality is more favourable to the development of the reason than immorality. It is erroneous to suppose that the unconscious aim in the development of every conscious being (namely, animal, man, humanity, etc.) is its " greatest happiness " : on the contrary, there is a particular and incomparable happiness to be attained at every stage of our development, one that is neither high nor low, but quite an individual happiness. Evolution does not make happiness its goal ; it aims merely at evolution, and nothing else. It is only if humanity had a universally recognised goal that we could propose to do this or that : for the time being there is no such goal. It follows that the pretensions of morality should not be brought into any relationship with mankind : this would be merely childish and irrational. It is quite another thing to recommend a goal to mankind : this goal would then be something that would depend upon our own will and pleasure. Provided that mankind in general agreed to adopt such a goal, it could then impose a moral law upon itself, a law which would, at all events, be imposed by their own free will. Up to now, however, the moral law has had to be placed above our own free will: strictly speaking, men did not wish to impose this law upon themselves ; they wished to take it from somewhere, to discover it, or to let themselves be commanded by it from somewhere.

SELF-CONTROL AND MODERATION, AND THEIR FINAL MOTIVE. I find not more than six essentially different methods for combating the vehemence of an impulse. First of all, we may avoid the occasion for satisfying the impulse, weakening and mortifying it by refraining from satisfying it for long and ever-lengthening periods. Secondly, we may impose a severe and regular order upon ourselves in regard to the satisfying of our appetites. By thus regulating the impulse and limiting its ebb and flow to fixed periods, we may obtain intervals in which it ceases to disturb us ; and by beginning in this way we may perhaps be able to pass on to the first method. In the third place, we may deliberately give ourselves over to an unrestrained and unbounded gratification of the impulse in order that we may become disgusted with it, and to obtain by means of this very disgust a command over the impulse: provided, of course, that we do not imitate the rider who rides his horse to death and breaks his own neck in doing so. For this, unhappily, is generally the outcome of the application of this third method.

In the fourth place, there is an intellectual trick, which consists in associating the idea of the gratification so firmly with some painful thought, that after a little practice the thought of gratification is itself immediately felt as a very painful one. (For example, when the Christian accustoms himself to think of the presence and scorn of the devil in the course of sensual enjoyment, or everlasting punishment in hell for revenge by murder ; or even merely of the contempt which he will meet with from those of his fellow-men whom he most respects, if he steals a sum of money, or if a man has often checked an intense desire for suicide by thinking of the grief and self-reproaches of his relations and friends, and has thus succeeded in balancing himself upon the edge of life : for, after some practice, these ideas follow one another in his mind like cause and effect.) Among instances of this kind may be mentioned the cases of Lord Byron and Napoleon, in whom the pride of man revolted and took offence at the preponderance of one particular passion over the collective attitude and order of reason. From this arises the habit and joy of tyrannising over the craving and making it, as it were, gnash its teeth. " I will not be a slave of any appetite," wrote Byron in his diary. In the fifth place, we may bring about a dislocation of our powers by imposing upon

ourselves a particularly difficult and fatiguing task, or by deliberately submitting to some new charm and pleasure in order thus to turn our thoughts and physical powers into other channels. It comes to the same thing if we temporarily favour another impulse by affording it numerous opportunities of gratification, and thus rendering it the squanderer of the power which would otherwise be commandeered, so to speak, by the tyrannical impulse. A few, perhaps, will be able to restrain the particular passion which aspires to domination by granting their other known passions a temporary encouragement and license in order that they may devour the food which the tyrant wishes for himself alone.

In the sixth and last place, the man who can stand it, and thinks it reasonable to weaken and subdue his entire physical and psychical organisation, likewise, of course, attains the goal of weakening a single violent instinct ; as, for example, those who starve their sensuality and at the same time their vigour, and often destroy their reason into the bargain, such as the ascetics. Hence, shunning the opportunities, regulating the impulse, bringing about satiety and disgust in the impulse, associating a painful idea (such as that of discredit, disgust, or offended pride), then the dislocation of one's forces, and finally general debility and exhaustion : these are the six methods. But the will to combat the violence of a craving is beyond our power, equally with the method we adopt and the success we may have in applying it. In all this process our intellect is rather merely the blind instrument of another rival craving, whether it be the impulse to repose, or the fear of disgrace and other evil consequences, or love. While " we " thus imagine that we are complaining of the violence of an impulse, it is at bottom merely one impulse which is complaining of another, i.e. the perception of the violent suffering which is being caused us presupposes that there is another equally or more violent impulse, and that a struggle is impending in which our intellect must take part.

The Dawn

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THAT WHICH OPPOSES. We may observe the following process in ourselves, and I should like it to be often observed and confirmed. There arises in us the scent of a kind of pleasure until now unknown to us, and

consequently a new craving. Now, the question is, What opposes itself to this craving ? If it be things and considerations of a common kind, or people whom we hold in no very high esteem, the aim of the new craving assumes the appearance of a " noble, good, praiseworthy feeling, and one worthy of sacrifice" : all the moral dispositions which have been inherited will adopt it and will add it to the number of those aims which we consider as moral and now we imagine that we are no longer striving after a pleasure, but after a morality, which greatly increases our confidence in our aspirations.

The Dawn

111

TO THE ADMIRERS OF OBJECTIVENESS. He who, as a child, has observed in his parents and acquaintances in the midst of whom he has grown up, certain varied and strong feelings, with but little subtle discernment and inclination for intellectual justice, and has therefore employed his best powers and his most precious time in imitating these feelings, will observe in himself when he arrives at years of discretion that every new thing or man he meets with excites in him either sympathy or aversion, envy or contempt. Under the domination of this experience, which he is powerless to shake off, he admires neutrality of feeling or " objectivity " as an extraordinary thing, as something connected with genius or a very rare morality, and he cannot believe that even this neutrality is merely the product of education and habit.

The Dawn

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ON THE NATURAL HISTORY OF DUTY AND RIGHT. Our duties are the claims which others have upon us. How did they acquire these claims ? By the fact that they considered us as capable of making and holding agreements and contracts, by assuming that we were their like and equals, and by consequently entrusting something to us, bringing us up, educating us, and supporting us. We do our duty, i.e. we justify that conception of our power for the sake of which all these things were done

for us. We return them in proportion as they were meted out to us. It is thus our pride that orders us to do our duty we desire to re-establish our own independence by opposing to that which others have done for us something that we do for them, for in that way the others invade our sphere of power, and would forever have a hand in it if we did not make reprisals by means of " duty," and thus encroach upon their power. The rights of others can only have regard to that which lies within our power ; it would be unreasonable on their part to require something from us which does not belong to us. To put the matter more accurately, their rights can only relate to what they imagine to be in our power, provided that it is something that we ourselves consider as being in our power. The same error may easily occur on either side. The feeling of duty depends upon our having the same belief in regard to the extent of our power as other people have, i.e. that we can promise certain things and undertake to do them freely (" free will ").

My rights consist of that part of my power which others have not only conceded to me, but which they wish to maintain for me. Why do they do it ? On the one hand they are actuated by wisdom, fear and prudence : whether they expect something similar from us (the protection of their rights), whether they consider a struggle with us as dangerous or inopportune, or whether they see a disadvantage to themselves in every diminution of our power, since in that case we should be ill adapted for an alliance with them against a hostile third power. On the other hand rights are granted by donations and cessions. In this latter case, the other people have not only enough power, but more than enough, so that they can give up a portion and guarantee it to the person to whom they give it : whereby they presuppose a certain restricted sense of power in the person upon whom they have bestowed the gift. In this way rights arise: recognised and guaranteed degrees of power. When the relations of powers to one another are materially changed, rights disappear and new ones are formed, as is demonstrated by the constant flux and reflux of the rights of nations. When our power diminishes to any great extent, the feelings of those who until now guaranteed it undergo some change : they consider whether they shall once again restore us to our former possession, and if they do not see their way to do this they deny our " rights " from that time forward. In the same way, if our power increases to a considerable extent the feelings of those who previously recognised it, and whose recognition we no longer require, likewise change : they will then try to reduce our power to its former dimensions, and they will

endeavour to interfere in our affairs, justifying their interference by an appeal to their " duty." But this is merely useless word-quibbling. Where right prevails, a certain state and degree of power is maintained, and all attempts at its augmentation and diminution are resisted. The right of others is the concession of our feeling of power to the feeling of power in these others. Whenever our power shows itself to be thoroughly shattered and broken, our rights cease : on the other hand, when we have become very much stronger, the rights of others cease in our minds to be what we have until now admitted them to be. The man who aims at being just, therefore, must keep a constant lookout for the changes in the indicator of the scales in order that he may properly estimate the degrees of power and right which, with the customary transitoriness of human things, retain their equilibrium for only a short time and in most cases continue to rise and fall. As a consequence it is thus very difficult to be "just," and requires much experience, good intentions, and an unusually large amount of good sense.

The Dawn

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STRIVING FOR DISTINCTION. When we strive after distinction we must ceaselessly keep our eyes fixed on our neighbour and endeavour to ascertain what his feelings are ; but the sympathy and knowledge which are necessary to satisfy this desire are far from being inspired by harmlessness, compassion, or kindness. On the contrary, we wish to perceive or find out in what way our neighbour suffers from us, either internally or externally, how he loses control over himself, and yields to the impression which our hand or even our mere appearance makes on him. Even when he who aspires to distinction makes or wishes to make a joyful, elevating, or cheerful impression, he does not enjoy this success in that he rejoices, exalts, or cheers his neighbour, but in that he leaves his impress on the latter's soul, changing its form and dominating it according to his will. The desire for distinction is the desire to subject one's neighbour, even if it be merely in an indirect fashion, one only felt or even only dreamt of. There is a long series of stages in this secretly-desired will to subdue, and a very complete record of them would perhaps almost be like an excellent history of culture from the early distortions of barbarism down to the caricatures of modern over-refinement and sickly

idealism.

This desire for distinction entails upon our neighbour to indicate only a few rungs of the long ladder torture first of all, followed by blows, then terror, anxious surprise, wonder, envy, admiration, elevation, pleasure, joy, laughter, derision, mockery, sneers, scourging and self-inflicted torture. There at the very top of the ladder stands the ascetic and martyr, who himself experiences the utmost satisfaction, because he inflicts on himself, as a result of his desire for distinction, that pain which his opposite, the barbarian on the first rung of the ladder, inflicts upon those others, upon whom and before whom he wishes to distinguish himself. The triumph of the ascetic over himself, his introspective glance, which beholds a man split up into a sufferer and a spectator, and which henceforth never looks at the outside world but to gather from it, as it were, wood for his own funeral pyre : this final tragedy of the desire for distinction which shows us only one person who, so to speak, is consumed internally that is an end worthy of the beginning : in both cases there is an inexpressible happiness at the sight of torture ; indeed, happiness considered as a feeling of power developed to the utmost, has perhaps never reached a higher pitch of perfection on earth than in the souls of superstitious ascetics. This is expressed by the Brahmins in the story of King Visvamitra, who obtained so much strength by thousands of years of penance that he undertook to construct a new heaven. I believe that in the entire category of inward experiences the people of our time are mere novices and clumsy guessers who "try to have a shot at it " : four thousand years ago much more was known about these execrable refinements of self-enjoyment Perhaps at that time the creation of the world was imagined by some Hindu dreamer to have been an ascetic operation which a god took upon himself! Perhaps this god may have wished to join himself to a mobile nature as an instrument of torture in order thus to feel his happiness and power doubled ! And even supposing him to have been a god of love : what a delight it would have been for him to create a suffering mankind in order that he himself might suffer divinely and superhumanly from the sight of the continual torture of his creatures, and thus to tyrannise over himself! And, again, supposing him to have been not only a god of love, but also a god of holiness, we can scarcely conceive the ecstasies of this divine ascetic while creating sins and sinners and eternal punishment, and an immense place of eternal torture below his throne where there is a continual weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth !

It is not by any means impossible that the soul of a St. Paul, a Dante, or a Calvin, and people like them, may once have penetrated into the terrifying secrets of such voluptuousness of power, and in view of such souls we may well ask whether the circle of this desire for distinction has come to a close with the ascetic. Might it not be possible for the course of this circle to be traversed a second time, by uniting the fundamental idea of the ascetic, and at the same time that of a compassionate Deity ? In other words, pain would be given to others in order that pain might be given to one's self, so that in this way one could triumph over one's self and one's pity to enjoy the extreme voluptuousness of power. Forgive me these digressions, which come to my mind when I think of all the possibilities in the vast domain of psychical debaucheries to which one may be led by the desire for power !

The Dawn

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ON THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE SUFFERER. The state of sick men who have suffered long and terribly from the torture inflicted upon them by their illness, and whose reason has nevertheless not been in any way affected, is not without a certain amount of value in our search for knowledge quite apart from the intellectual benefits which follow upon every profound solitude and every sudden and justified liberation from duties and habits. The man who suffers severely looks forth with terrible calmness from his state of suffering upon outside things : all those little lying enchantments, by which things are usually surrounded when seen through the eye of a healthy person, have vanished from the sufferer ; his own life even lies there before him, stripped of all bloom and colour. If by chance it has happened that up to then he has lived in some kind of dangerous fantasy, this extreme disenchantment through pain is the means, and possibly the only means, of extricating him from it. (It is possible that this is what happened to the Founder of Christianity when suspended from the Cross ; for the bitterest words ever pronounced, " My God, My God, why have You forsaken Me ? " if understood in their deepest sense, as they ought to be understood, contain the evidence of a complete en- [Part of section 114, sections 115, 116, 117, 118 and

part of section 119 are missing in the Kennedy 1911 translation] ...
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... Our experiences, as I have already said, are all in this sense means of nutriment, but scattered about with a careless hand and without discrimination between the hungry and the overfed. As a consequence of this accidental nutrition of each particular part, the polypus in its complete development will be something just as fortuitous as its growth.

To put this more clearly : let us suppose that an instinct or craving has reached that point when it demands gratification, either the exercise of its power or the discharge of it, or the filling up of a vacuum (all this is metaphorical language), then it will examine every event that occurs in the course of the day to ascertain how it can be utilised with the object of fulfilling its aim : whether the man runs or rests, or is angry, or reads or speaks or fights or rejoices, the unsatiated instinct watches, as it were, every condition into which the man enters, and, as a rule, if it finds nothing for itself it must wait, still unsatisfied. After a little while it becomes feeble, and at the end of a few days or a few months, if it has not been satisfied, it will wither away like a plant which has not been watered. This cruelty of chance would perhaps be more conspicuous if all the cravings were as vehement in their demands as hunger, which refuses to be satisfied with imaginary dishes ; but the great majority of our instincts, especially those which are called moral, are thus easily satisfied, if it be permitted to suppose that our dreams serve as compensation to a certain extent for the accidental absence of " nutriment " during the day. Why was last night's dream full of tenderness and tears, that of the night before amusing and gay, and the previous one adventurous and engaged in some continual obscure search ? How does it come about that in this dream I enjoy indescribable beauties of music, and in that one I soar and fly upwards with' the delight of an eagle to the most distant heights ?

These inventions in which our instincts of tenderness, merriment, or adventurousness, or our desire for music and mountains, can have free play and scope and everyone can recall striking instances are interpretations of our nervous irritations during sleep, very free and arbitrary interpretations of the movements of our blood and intestines, and the pressure of our arm and the bed coverings, or the sound of a church bell, the weathercocks, the moths, and so on. That this text, which on the whole is

very much the same for one night as another, is so differently commented upon, that our creative reason imagines such different causes for the nervous irritations of one day as compared with another, may be explained by the fact that the prompter of this reason was different to-day from yesterday another instinct or craving wished to be satisfied, to show itself, to exercise itself and be refreshed and discharged : this particular one being at its height to-day and another one being at its height last night. Real life has not the freedom of interpretation possessed by dream life ; it is less poetic and less unrestrained but is it necessary for me to show that our instincts, when we are awake, likewise merely interpret our nervous irritations and determine their " causes " in accordance with their requirements? that there is no really essential difference between waking and dreaming! that even in comparing different degrees of culture, the freedom of the conscious interpretation of the one is not in any way inferior to the freedom in dreams of the other ! that our moral judgments and valuations are only images and fantasies concerning physiological processes unknown to us, a kind of habitual language to describe certain nervous irritations ? that all our so-called consciousness is a more or less fantastic commentary of an unknown text, one which is perhaps unknowable but yet felt ?

Consider some insignificant occurrence. Let us suppose that some day as we pass along a public street we see someone laughing at us. In accordance with whatever craving has reached its culminating point within us at that moment, this incident will have this or that signification for us ; and it will be a very different occurrence in accordance with the class of men to which we belong. One man will take it like a drop of rain, another will shake it off like a fly, a third person will try to pick a quarrel on account of it, a fourth will examine his garments to see if there is anything about them likely to cause laughter, and a fifth will in consequence think about what is ridiculous/ se, a sixth will be pleased at having involuntarily contributed to add a ray of sunshine and mirth to the world, in all these cases some craving is gratified, whether anger, combativeness, meditation, or benevolence. This instinct, whatever it may be, has seized upon that incident as its prey : why that particular one ? Because, hungry and thirsty, it was lying in ambush.

Not long ago at 11 o'clock in the morning a man suddenly collapsed and fell down in front of me as if struck by lightning. All the women who were near at once gave utterance to cries of horror, while I set the man

on his feet again and waited until he recovered his speech. During this time no muscle of my face moved and I experienced no sensation of fear or pity ; I simply did what was most urgent and reasonable and calmly proceeded on my way. Supposing someone had told me on the previous evening that at 11 o'clock on the following day a man would fall down in front of me like this, I should have suffered all kinds of agonies in the interval, lying awake all night, and at the decisive moment should also perhaps have fallen down like the man instead of helping him ; for in the meantime all the imaginable cravings within me would have had leisure to conceive and to comment upon this incident. What are our experiences, then ? Much more what we attribute to them than what they really are. Or should we perhaps say that nothing is contained in them ? that experiences in themselves are merely works of fancy ? -

The Dawn

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TO TRANQUILLISE THE SCEPTIC. "I don't know at all what I am doing. I don't know in the least what I ought to do ! " You are right, but be sure of this: you are being done at every moment ! Mankind has at all times mistaken the active for the passive : it is its eternal grammatical blunder.

The Dawn

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CAUSE AND EFFECT. On this mirror and our intellect is a mirror something is going on that indicates regularity : a certain thing is each time followed by another certain thing. When we perceive this and wish to give it a name, we call it cause and effect, fools that we are ! as if in this we had understood or could understand anything ! For, of course, we have seen nothing but the images of causes and effects, and it is just this figurativeness which renders it impossible for us to see a more substantial relation than that of sequence !

The Dawn

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THE PURPOSES IN NATURE. Any impartial investigator who examines the history of the eye and its form in the lower creatures, and sees how the visual organ was slowly developed, cannot help recognising that sight was not the /first purpose of the eye, but probably only asserted itself when pure hazard had contributed to bring together the apparatus. One single example of this kind, and the " final purposes " fall from our eyes like scales.

The Dawn

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REASON. - How did reason come into the world ? As is only proper, in an irrational manner ; by accident. We shall have to guess at this accident as a riddle.

The Dawn

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WHAT is VOLITION? We laugh at a man who, stepping out of his room at the very minute when the sun is rising, says, " It is my will that the sun shall rise " ; or at him who, unable to stop a wheel, says, "I wish it to roll"; or, again, at him who, thrown in a wrestling match, says, " Here I lie, but here I wish to lie." But, joking apart, do we not act like one of these three persons whenever we use the expression " I wish " ?

The Dawn

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ON THE DOMAIN OF FREEDOM. We can think many more things than we can do and experience i.e. our faculty of thinking is superficial and is

satisfied with what lies on the surface, it does not even perceive this surface. If our intellect were strictly developed in proportion to our power, and our exercise of this power, the primary principle of our thinking would be that we can understand only that which we are able to do if, indeed, there is any understanding at all. The thirsty man is without water, but the creations of his imagination continually bring the image of water to his sight, as if nothing could be more easily procured. The superficial and easily satisfied character of the intellect cannot understand real need, and thus feels itself superior. It is proud of being able to do more, to run faster, and to reach the goal almost within the twinkling of an eye : and in this way the domain of thought, when contrasted with the domain of action, volition, and experience, appears to be the domain of liberty, while, as I have already stated, it is nothing but the domain of superficiality and self-sufficiency.

The Dawn

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FORGETFULNESS. It has never yet been proved that there is such a thing as forgetfulness : all that we know is that we have no power over recollection. In the meantime we have filled up this gap in our power with the word " forgetfulness," exactly as if it were another faculty added to our list. But, after all, what is within our power? If that word fills up a gap in our power, might not the other words be found capable of filling up a gap in the knowledge which we possess of our power ?

The Dawn

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FOR A DEFINITE PURPOSE. Of all human actions probably the least understood are those which are carried out for a definite purpose, because they have always been regarded as the most intelligible and commonplace to our intellect. The great problems can be picked up in the highways and byways.

DREAMING AND RESPONSIBILITY. You would wish to be responsible for everything except your dreams ! What miserable weakness, what lack of logical courage ! Nothing contains more of your own work than your dreams ! Nothing belongs to you so much ! Substance, form, duration, actor, spectator in these comedies you act as your complete selves ! And yet it is just here that you are afraid and ashamed of yourselves, and even Oedipus, the wise Oedipus, derived consolation from the thought that we cannot be blamed for what we dream. From this I must conclude that the great majority of men must have some dreadful dreams to reproach themselves with. If it were otherwise, to how great an extent would these nocturnal fictions have been exploited in the interests of man's pride ! Need I add that the wise Oedipus was right, that we are really not responsible for our dreams any more than for our waking hours, and that the doctrine of free will has as its parents man's pride and sense of power ! Perhaps I say this too often ; but that does not prove that it is not true.

THE ALLEGED COMBAT OF MOTIVES. People speak of the " combat of motives," but they designate by this expression that which is not a combat of motives at all. What I mean is that, in our meditative consciousness, the consequences of different actions which we think we are able to carry out present themselves successively, one after the other, and we compare these consequences in our mind. We think we have come to a decision concerning an action after we have established to our own satisfaction that the consequences of this action will be favourable. Before we arrive at this conclusion, however, we often seriously worry because of the great difficulties we experience in guessing what the consequences are likely to be, and in seeing them in their full importance, without exception and, after all this, we must reckon up any fortuitous elements that are likely to arise. Then comes the chief difficulty : all the consequences which we have with such difficulty determined one by one

must be weighed on some scales against each other ; and it only too often comes about that, owing to the difference in the quality of all the conceivable consequences, both scales and weights are lacking for this casuistry of advantage.

Even supposing, however, that in this case we are able to overcome the difficulty, and that mere hazard has placed in our scales results which permit of a mutual balance, we have now, in the idea of the consequences of a particular action, a motive for performing this very action, but only one motive ! When we have finally decided to act, however, we are fairly often influenced by another order of motives than those of the " image of the consequences." What brings this about may be the habitual working of our inner machinery, or some little encouragement on the part of a person whom we fear or honour or love, or the love of comfort which prefers to do that which lies nearest ; or some stirring of the imagination provoked at the decisive moment by some event of trifling importance ; or some physical influence which manifests itself quite unexpectedly ; a mere whim brings it about ; or the outburst of a passion which, as it accidentally happens, is ready to burst forth in a word, motives operate which we do not understand very well, or which we do not understand at all, and which we can never balance against one another in advance.

It is probable that a contest is going on among these motives too, a driving backwards and forwards, a rising and lowering of the parts, and it is this which would be the real " contest of motives," something quite invisible and unknown to us. I have calculated the consequences and the successes, and in doing so have set a very necessary motive in the line of combat with the other motives, but I am as little able to draw up this battle line as to see it : the battle itself is hidden from my sight, as likewise is the victory, as victory ; for I certainly come to know what I shall finally do, but I cannot know what motive has in the end proved to be the victor. Nevertheless, we are decidedly not in the habit of taking all these unconscious phenomena into account, and we generally conceive of the preliminary stages of an action only so far as they are conscious : thus we mistake the combat of the motives for a comparison of the possible consequences of different actions, a mistake that brings with it most important consequences, and consequences that are most fatal to the development of morals.

AIMS ? WILL ? We have accustomed ourselves to believe in two kingdoms, the domain of purposes and volition, and the domain of chance. In this latter domain everything is done senselessly, there is a continual going to and fro without any one being able to say why or wherefore. We stand in awe of this powerful realm of the great cosmic stupidity, for in most instances we learn to know it when it falls down upon the other world, that of aims and intentions, like a slate from a roof, always overwhelming some beautiful purpose of ours.

This belief in these two kingdoms arises from ancient romanticism and legend : we clever dwarfs, with all our will and aims, are interfered with, knocked down, and very often crushed to death by those ultra-stupid giants, the accidents, but in spite of this we -should not like to be deprived of the fearful poetry of their proximity, for these monsters very often make their appearance when life in the spider's web of definite aims has become too tiresome or too anxious for us, and they sometimes bring about a divine diversion when their hands for once tear the whole web in pieces, not that these irrational beings ever intend to do what they do, or even observe it. But their coarse and bony hands rend our web as if it were thin air.

Moirai was the name given by the Greeks to this realm of the incalculable and of sublime and eternal limitedness; and they set it round their gods like a horizon beyond which they could neither see nor act, with that secret defiance of the gods which one meets with in different nations : the gods are worshipped, but a final trump card is held in readiness to play against them. As instances of this we may recollect that the Indians and the Persians, who conceived all their gods as having to depend upon the sacrifices of mortals, so that if it came to the worst the mortals could, at least, let the gods die of starvation ; or the gods of the stubborn and melancholy Scandinavians, who enjoyed a quiet revenge in the thought that a twilight of the gods was to come as some compensation for the perpetual fear which their evil gods caused them. The case of Christianity was very different, for its essential feelings were not those of the Indians, Persians, Greeks, or Scandinavians. Christianity commanded its

disciples to worship in the dust the spirit of power, and to kiss the very dust. It gave the world to understand that this omnipotent "realm of stupidity" was not so stupid as it seemed, and that we, on the contrary, were stupid when we could not perceive that behind this realm stood God Himself : He who, although fond of dark, crooked, and wonderful ways, at last brought everything to a "glorious end." This new myth of God, who had until now been mistaken for a race of giants or Moira, and who was now Himself the spinner and weaver of webs and purposes even more subtle than those of our own intellect so subtle, indeed, that they appear to be incomprehensible and even unreasonable this myth was so bold a transformation and so daring a paradox that the over-refined ancient world could not resist it, however extravagant and contradictory the thing seemed : for, let it be said in confidence, there was a contradiction in it, if our intellect cannot divine the intellect and aims of God, how did it divine this quality of its intellect and this quality of God's intellect ? In more modern times, indeed, the doubt has increased as to whether the slate that falls from the roof is really thrown by " Divine love," and mankind again harks back to the old romance of giants and dwarfs. Let us learn then, for it is time we did so, that even in our supposed separate domain of aims and reason the giants likewise rule. And our aims and reason are not dwarfs, but giants. And our own webs are just as often and as clumsily rent by ourselves as by the slate, And not everything is purpose that is called purpose, and still less is everything will that is called will. And if you come to the conclusion, " Then there is only one domain, that of stupidity and hazard ? " it must be added that possibly there is only one domain, possibly there is neither will nor aim, and we may only have imagined these things. Those iron hands of necessity that shake the dice-box of chance continue their game indefinitely : hence, it must happen that certain throws perfectly resemble every degree of appropriateness and good sense. It may be that our own voluntary acts and purposes are merely such throws, and that we are too circumscribed and vain to conceive our extremely circumscribed state ! that we ourselves shake the dice-box with iron hands, and do nothing in our most deliberate actions but play the game of necessity. Possibly ! To rise beyond this " possibly " we should indeed have been guests in the Underworld, playing at dice and betting with Proserpine at the table of the goddess herself.

MORAL FASHIONS. How moral judgments as a whole have changed ! The greatest marvels of the morality of antiquity, such as Epictetus, knew nothing of the glorification, now so common, of the spirit of sacrifice, of living for others : after the fashion of morality now prevailing we should really call them immoral ; for they fought with all their strength for their own ego and against all sympathy for others, especially for the sufferings and moral imperfections of others. Perhaps they would reply to us by saying, " If you feel yourselves to be such dull and ugly people, by all means think of others more than yourselves. You will be quite right in doing so ! "

The Dawn

THE LAST ECHOES OF CHRISTIANITY IN MORALS. " On n'est bon que par la pitié : il faut donc qu'il y ait quelque pitié dans tous nos sentiments " so says morality nowadays. And how does this come about? The fact that the man who performs social, sympathetic, disinterested, and benevolent actions is now considered as the moral man: this is perhaps the most general effect, the most complete transformation, that Christianity has produced in Europe ; perhaps in spite of itself, and not by any means because this was part of its essential doctrine. But this was the residuum of those Christian feelings that prevailed at the time when the contrary and thoroughly selfish faith in the "one thing needful" the absolute importance of eternal and personal salvation, together with the dogmas upon which this belief had rested, were gradually receding, and when the auxiliary beliefs in " love " and " love of one's neighbour," harmonising with the extraordinary practice of charity by the Church, were thereby coming to the front. The more people gradually became separated from the dogmas, the more did they seek some sort of justification for this separation in a cult of the love of humanity : not to fall short in this respect of the Christian ideal, but to excel it if possible, was the secret stimulus of all the French free-thinkers from Voltaire to Auguste Comte ; and this latter with his famous moral formula "vivre pour autrui" has indeed out-christianised even Christianity !

It was Schopenhauer in Germany and John Stuart Mill in England who were the means of bringing into the greatest prominence this doctrine of sympathetic affections and of pity or utility to others as a principle of action ; but these men themselves were only echoes. From about the time of the French Revolution these doctrines have manifested themselves in various places with enormous force. Since then they have shown themselves in their coarsest as well as their most subtle form, and all Socialist principles have almost involuntarily taken their stand on the common ground of this doctrine. At the present time there is perhaps no more widely spread prejudice than that of thinking that we know what really and truly constitutes morality. everyone now seems to learn with satisfaction that society is beginning to adapt the individual to the general needs, and that it is at the same time the happiness and sacrifice of each one to consider himself as a useful member and instrument of the whole. They have still, however, doubts as to the form in which this whole is to be looked for, whether in a state already existing, or in one which has yet to be established, or in a nation, or in an international brotherhood, or in new and small economic communities. On this point there is still much reflection, doubt, struggling, excitement, and passion ; but it is pleasant and wonderful to observe the unanimity with which the " ego " is called upon to practice self-denial, until, in the form of adaptation to the whole, it once again secures its own fixed sphere of rights and duties, until, indeed, it has become something quite new and different. Nothing else is being attempted, whether admitted or not, than the complete transformation, even the weakening and suppression of the individual : the supporters of the majority never tire of enumerating and anathematising all that is bad, hostile, lavish, expensive, and luxurious in the form of individual existence that has until now prevailed ; they hope that society may be administered in a cheaper, less dangerous, more uniform, and more harmonious way when nothing is left but large corporations and their members. All that is considered as good which in any way corresponds to this desire for grouping men into one particular society, and to the minor cravings which necessarily accompany this desire, this is the chief moral current of our time; sympathy and social feelings are working hand in glove. (Kant is still outside of this movement: he expressly teaches that we should be insensible to the sufferings of others if our benevolence is to have any moral value, a doctrine which Schopenhauer, very angrily, as may easily be imagined, described as the Kantian absurdity.)

"NO LONGER THINKING OF ONE'S SELF." Let us seriously consider why we should jump into the water to rescue someone who has just fallen in before our eyes, although we may have no particular sympathy for him. We do it for pity's sake; no one thinks now but of his neighbour, so says thoughtlessness. Why do we experience grief and uneasiness when we see someone spit blood, although we may be really ill-disposed towards him and wish him no good? Out of pity; we have ceased to think of ourselves, so says thoughtlessness again. The truth is that in our pity I mean by this what we erroneously call "pity" we no longer think consciously of ourselves, but quite unconsciously, exactly as when slipping we unconsciously make the best counter-motions possible in order to recover our balance, and in doing so clearly use all our intelligence. A mishap to another offends us; it would bring our impotence, or perhaps our cowardice, into strong relief if we could do nothing to help him; or in itself it would give rise to a diminution of our honour in the eyes of others and of ourselves. Or again, accidents that happen to others act as finger-posts to point out our own danger, and even as indications of human peril and frailty they can produce a painful effect upon us. We shake off this kind of pain and offence, and balance it by an act of pity behind which may be hidden a subtle form of self-defence or even revenge. That at bottom we strongly think of ourselves may easily be divined from the decision that we arrive at in all cases where we can avoid the sight of those who are suffering or starving or wailing. We make up our minds not to avoid such people when we can approach them as powerful and helpful ones, when we can safely reckon upon their applause, or wish to feel the contrast of our own happiness, or, again, when we hope to get rid of our own boredom. It is misleading to call the suffering that we experience at such a sight, and which may be of a very different kind, commiseration. For in all cases it is a suffering from which the suffering person before us is free: it is our own suffering, just as his suffering is his own. It is thus only this personal feeling of misery that we get rid of by acts of compassion. Nevertheless, we never act thus from one single motive: as it is certain that we wish to free ourselves

from suffering thereby, it is also certain that by the same action we yield to an impulse of pleasure. Pleasure arises at the sight of a contrast to our own condition, at the knowledge that we should be able to help if only we wished to do so, at the thought of the praise and gratitude which we should gain if we did help, at the very act of helping, in so far as this might prove successful (and because something which is gradually seen to be successful gives pleasure to the doer) ; but even more particularly at the feeling that our intervention brings to an end some deplorable injustice, even the outburst of one's indignation is invigorating.

All this, including even things still more subtle, comprises "pity." How clumsily with this one word does language fall foul of such a complex and polyphonic organism ! That pity, on the other hand, is identical with the suffering the sight of which brings it about, or that it has a particularly subtle and penetrating comprehension of it : this is in contradiction to experience, and he who has glorified pity under these two heads lacked sufficient experience in the domain of morals. That is why I am seized with some doubts when reading of the incredible things attributed by Schopenhauer to pity. It is obvious that he thereby wished to make us believe in the great novelty he brought forward, namely, that pity the pity which he observed so superficially and described so badly was the source of all and every past and future moral action, and all this precisely because of those faculties which he had begun by attributing to it.

What is it in the end that distinguishes men without pity from men who are really compassionate ? In particular, to give merely an approximate indication, they have not the sensitive feeling for fear, the subtle faculty for perceiving danger: nor yet is their vanity so easily wounded if something happens which they might have been able to prevent, the caution of their pride commands them not to interfere uselessly with the affairs of others ; they even act on the belief that everyone should help himself and play his own cards. Again, in most cases they are more habituated to bearing pain than compassionate men, and it does not seem at all unjust to them that others should suffer, since they themselves have suffered. Lastly, the state of soft-heartedness is as painful to them as is the state of stoical impassability to compassionate men: they have only disdainful words for sensitive hearts, as they think that such a state of feeling is dangerous to their own manliness and calm bravery, they conceal their tears from others and wipe them off, angry with

themselves. They belong to a different type of egoists from the compassionate men, but to call them, in a distinct sense, evil and the compassionate ones good, is merely a moral fashion which has had its innings, just as the reverse fashion had also its innings, and a long innings, too.

The Dawn

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TO WHAT EXTENT WE MUST BEWARE OF PITY. Pity, in so far as it actually gives rise to suffering and this must be our only point of view here is a weakness, like every other indulgence in an injurious emotion. It increases suffering throughout the world, and although here and there a certain amount of suffering may be indirectly diminished or removed altogether as a consequence of pity, we must not bring forward these occasional consequences, which are on the whole insignificant, to justify the nature of pity which, as has already been stated, is prejudicial. Supposing that it prevailed, even if only for one day, it would bring humanity to utter ruin. In itself the nature of pity is no better than that of any other craving ; it is only where it is called for and praised and this happens when people do not understand what is injurious in it, but find in it a sort of joy that a good conscience becomes attached to it; it is only then that we willingly yield to it, and do not shrink from acknowledging it. In other circumstances where it is understood to be dangerous, it is looked upon as a weakness ; or, as in the case of the Greeks, as an unhealthy periodical emotion the danger of which might be removed by temporary and voluntary discharges. If a man were to undertake the experiment of deliberately devoting his attention to the opportunities afforded by practical life for the exercise of pity, and were over and over again to picture in his own mind the misery he might meet with in his immediate surroundings, he would inevitably become melancholy and ill. If, however, he wished in any sense of the word to serve humanity as a physician, he would have to take many precautions with respect to this feeling, as otherwise it would paralyse him at all critical moments, undermine the foundations of his knowledge, and unnerve his helpful and delicate hand.

The Dawn

AROUSING PITY. Among savages men think with a moral shudder of the possibility of becoming an object of pity, for such a state they regard as deprived of all virtue. Pitying is equivalent to despising : they do not want to see a contemptible being suffer, for this would afford them no enjoyment. On the other hand, to behold one of their enemies suffering, someone whom they look upon as their equal in pride, but whom torture cannot induce to give up his pride, and in general to see someone suffer who refuses to lower himself by appealing for pity which would in their eyes be the most profound and shameful humiliation this is the very joy of joys. Such a spectacle excites the deepest admiration in the soul of the savage, and he ends by killing such a brave man when it is in his power, afterwards according funeral honours to the unbending one. If he had groaned, however; if his countenance had lost its expression of calm disdain ; if he had shown himself to be contemptible, well, in such a case he might have been allowed to live like a dog : he would no longer have aroused the pride of the spectator, and pity would have taken the place of admiration.

The Dawn

HAPPINESS IN PITY. If, as is the case among the Hindus, we decree the end and aim of all intellectual activity to be the knowledge of human misery, and if for generation after generation this dreadful resolution be steadily adhered to, pity in the eyes of such men of hereditary pessimism comes to have a new value as a preserver of life, something that helps to make existence endurable, although it may seem worthy of being rejected with horror and disgust. Pity becomes an antidote to suicide, a sentiment which brings pleasure with it and enables us to taste superiority in small doses. It gives some diversion to our minds, makes our hearts full, banishes fear and lethargy, and incites us to speak, to complain, or to act : it is a relative happiness when compared with the misery of the knowledge that hampers the individual on every side, bewilders him, and takes away his breath. Happiness, however, no matter of what nature it may be, gives us air and light and freedom of movement.

WHY DOUBLE THE " EGO " ? To view our own experiences in the same light as we are in the habit of looking at those of others is very comforting and an advisable medicine. On the other hand, to look upon the experiences of others and adopt them as if they were our own which is called for by the philosophy of pity would ruin us in a very short time: let us only make the experiment without trying to imagine it any longer ! The first maxim is, in addition, undoubtedly more in accordance with reason and goodwill towards reason ; for we estimate more objectively the value and significance of an event when it happens to others, the value, for instance, of a death, loss of money or slander. But pity, taking as its principle of action the injunction, " Suffer the misfortune of another as much as he himself," would lead the point of view of the ego with all its exaggerations and deviations to become the point of view of the other person, the sympathiser : so that we should have to suffer at the same time from our own ego and the other's ego. In this way we would voluntarily over load ourselves with a double irrationality, instead of making the burden of our own as light as possible.

BECOMING MORE TENDER. Whenever we love someone and venerate and admire him, and afterwards come to perceive that he is suffering which always causes us the utmost astonishment, since we cannot but feel that the happiness we derive from him must flow from a super-abundant source of personal happiness our feelings of love, veneration, and admiration are essentially changed: they become more tender ; that is, the gap that separates us seems to be bridged over and there appears to be an approach to equality. It now seems possible to give him something in return, while we had previously imagined him as being altogether above our gratitude. Our ability to requite him for what we have received from him arouses in us feelings of much joy and pleasure.

We endeavour to ascertain what can best calm the grief of our friend, and we give it to him ; if he wishes for kind words, looks, attentions, services, or presents, we give them ; but, above all, if he would like to see us suffering from the sight of his suffering, we pretend to suffer, for all this secures for us the enjoyment of active gratitude, which is equivalent in a way to good-natured revenge. If he wants none of these things, and refuses to accept them from us, we depart from him chilled and sad, almost mortified ; it appears to us as if our gratitude had been declined, and on this point of honour even the best of men is still somewhat touchy. It results from all this that even in the best case there is something humiliating in suffering, and something elevating and superior in sympathy, a fact which will keep the two feelings apart forever and ever.

The Dawn

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HIGHER IN NAME ONLY. You say that the morality of pity is a higher morality than that of stoicism ? Prove it ! But take care not to measure the " higher " and " lower " degrees of morality once more by moral yardsticks ; for there are no absolute morals. So take your yardstick from somewhere else, and be on your guard !

The Dawn

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PRAISE AND BLAME. When a war has come to an unsuccessful conclusion we try to find the man who is to blame for the war ; when it comes to a successful conclusion we praise the man who is responsible for it. In all unsuccessful cases attempts are made to blame somebody, for non-success gives rise to dejection, against which the single possible remedy is involuntarily applied ; a new incitement of the sense of power ; and this incitement is found in the condemnation of the " guilty " one. This guilty one is not perhaps the scapegoat of the faults of others ; he is merely the victim of the feeble, humiliated, and depressed people who wish to prove upon someone that they have not yet lost all their power.

Even self-condemnation after a defeat may be the means of restoring the feeling of power.

On the other hand, glorification of the originator is often but an equally blind result of another instinct that demands its victim, and in this case the sacrifice appears to be sweet and attractive even for the victim. This happens when the feeling of power is satiated in a nation or a society by so great and fascinating a success that a weariness of victory supervenes and pride wishes to be discharged : a feeling of self-sacrifice is aroused and looks for its object. Thus, whether we are blamed or praised we merely, as a rule, provide opportunities for the gratification of others, and are only too often caught up and whirled away for our neighbours to discharge upon us their accumulated feelings of praise or blame. In both cases we confer a benefit upon them for which we deserve no credit and they no thanks.

The Dawn

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MORE BEAUTIFUL BUT LESS VALUABLE. Picturesque morality : such is the morality of those passions characterised by sudden outbursts, abrupt transitions ; pathetic, impressive, dreadful, and solemn attitudes and gestures. It is the semi-savage stage of morality : never let us be tempted to set it on a higher plane merely on account of its aesthetic charms.

The Dawn

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SYMPATHY. In order to understand our neighbour, that is, in order to reproduce his sentiments in ourselves, we often, no doubt, plumb the cause of his feelings, as, for example, by asking ourselves, Why is he sad ? in order that we may become sad ourselves for the same reason. But we much more frequently neglect to act thus, and we produce these feelings in ourselves in accordance with the effects which they exhibit in the person we are studying, by imitating in our own body the expression

of his eyes, his voice, his gait, his attitude (or, at any rate, the likeness of these things in words, pictures, and music), or we may at least endeavour to mimic the action of his muscles and nervous system. A like feeling will then spring up in us as the result of an old association of movements and sentiments which has been trained to run backwards and forwards. We have developed to a very high pitch this knack of sounding the feelings of others, and when we are in the presence of anyone else we bring this faculty of ours into play almost involuntarily, let the inquirer observe the animation of a woman's countenance and notice how it vibrates and quivers with animation as the result of the continual imitation and reflection of what is going on around her. It is music, however, more than anything else that shows us what past-masters we are in the rapid and subtle divination of feelings and sympathy ; for even if music is only the imitation of an imitation of feelings, nevertheless, despite its distance and vagueness, it often enables us to participate in those feelings, so that we become sad without any reason for feeling so, like the fools that we are, merely because we hear certain sounds and rhythms that somehow or other remind us of the intonation and the movements, or perhaps even only of the behaviour, of sorrowful people. It is related of a certain Danish king that he was wrought up to such a pitch of warlike enthusiasm by the song of a minstrel that he sprang to his feet and killed five persons of his assembled court : there was neither war nor enemy ; there was rather the exact opposite; yet the power of the retrospective inference from a feeling to the cause of it was sufficiently strong in this king to overpower both his observation and his reason. Such, however, is almost invariably the effect of music (provided that it thrills us), and we have no need of such paradoxical instances to recognise this, the state of feeling into which music transports us is almost always in contradiction to the appearance of our actual state, and of our reasoning power which recognises this actual state and its causes.

If we inquire how it happened that this imitation of the feelings of others has become so common, there will be no doubt as to the answer : man being the most timid of all beings because of his subtle and delicate nature has been made familiar through his timidity with this sympathy for, and rapid comprehension of, the feelings of others, even of animals. For century after century he saw danger in everything that was unfamiliar to him, in anything that happened to be alive, and whenever the spectacle of such things and creatures came before his eyes he imitated their features and attitude, drawing at the same time his own conclusion as to

the nature of the evil intentions they concealed. This interpretation of all movements and all facial characteristics in the sense of intentions, man has even brought to bear on things inanimate, urged on as he was by the illusion that there was nothing inanimate. I believe that this is the origin of everything that we now call a feeling for nature, that sensation of joy which men experience at the sight of the sky, the fields, the rocks, the forests, the storms, the stars, the landscapes, and spring : without our old habits of fear which forced us to suspect behind everything a kind of second and more recondite sense, we should now experience no delight in nature, in the same way as men and animals do not cause us to rejoice if we have not first been deterred by that source of all understanding, namely, fear. For joy and agreeable surprise, and finally the feeling of ridicule, are the younger children of sympathy, and the much younger brothers and sisters of fear. The faculty of rapid perception, which is based on the faculty of rapid dissimulation, decreases in proud and autocratic men and nations, as they are less timid ; but, on the other hand, every category of understanding and dissimulation is well known to timid peoples, and among them is to be found the real home of imitative arts and superior intelligence.

When, proceeding from the theory of sympathy such as I have just outlined, I turn my attention to the theory, now so popular and almost sacrosanct, of a mystical process by means of which pity blends two beings into one, and thus permits them immediately to understand one another, when I recollect that even so clear a brain as Schopenhauer's delighted in such fantastic nonsense, and that he in his turn transplanted this delight into other lucid and semi-lucid brains, I feel unlimited astonishment and compassion. How great must be the pleasure we experience in this senseless tomfoolery ! How near must even a sane man be to insanity as soon as he listens to his own secret intellectual desires ! Why did Schopenhauer really feel so grateful, so profoundly indebted to Kant ? He revealed on one occasion the undoubted answer to this question. Someone had spoken of the way in which the *qualitas occulta* of Kant's Categorical Imperative might be got rid of, so that the theory itself might be rendered intelligible. Whereupon Schopenhauer gave utterance to the following outburst: "An intelligible Categorical Imperative ! Preposterous idea ! Stygian darkness ! God forbid that it should ever become intelligible ! The fact that there is actually something unintelligible, that this misery of the understanding and its conceptions is limited, conditional, final, and deceptive, this is beyond question Kant's great gift." Let

anyone consider whether a man can be in possession of a desire to gain an insight into moral things when he feels himself comforted from the start by a belief in the inconceivableness of these things ! one who still honestly believes in illuminations from above, in magic, in ghostly appearances, and in the metaphysical ugliness of the toad !

The Dawn

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WOE TO US IF THIS IMPULSE SHOULD RAGE I Supposing that the impulse towards devotion and care for others (" sympathetic affection ") were doubly as strong as it now is, life on earth could not be endured. Let it only be considered how many foolish things everyone of us does day by day and hour by hour, merely out of solicitude and devotion for himself, and how unbearable he seems in doing so : and what then would it be like if we were to become for other people the object of the stupidities and importunities with which up to the present they have only tormented themselves ! Should we not then take precipitately to our heels as soon as one of our neighbours came towards us ? And would it not be necessary to overwhelm this sympathetic affection with the abuse that we now reserve for egoism ?

The Dawn

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CLOSING OUR EARS TO THE COMPLAINTS OF OTHERS. When we let our sky be clouded by the complaints and suffering of other mortals, who must bear the consequences of such gloom ? No doubt those other mortals, in addition to all their other burdens ! If we are merely to be the echoes of their complaints, we cannot accord them either help or comfort ; nor can we do so if we were continually keeping our ears open to listen to them, unless we have learnt the art of the Olympians, who, instead of trying to make themselves unhappy, endeavoured to feel edified by the misfortunes of mankind. But this is something too Olympian for us, although, in our enjoyment of tragedy, we have already taken a step towards this ideal divine cannibalism.

The Dawn

145

" UNEGOISTIC." This man is empty and wishes to be filled, that one is over-full and wishes to be emptied : both of them feel themselves urged on to look for an individual who can help them. And this phenomenon, interpreted in a higher sense, is in both cases known by the same name, " love." Well? and could this love be something unegoistic?

The Dawn

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LOOKING BEYOND OUR NEIGHBOUR. What? Ought the nature of true morality to consist for us in fixing our eyes upon the most direct and immediate consequences of our action for other people, and in our coming to a decision accordingly ? This is only a narrow and bourgeois morality, even though it may be a morality : but it seems to me that it would be more superior and liberal to look beyond these immediate consequences for our neighbour in order to encourage more distant purposes, even at the risk of making others suffer, as, for example, by encouraging the spirit of knowledge in spite of the certainty that our free-thought will have the instant effect of plunging others into doubt, grief, and even worse afflictions. Have we not at least the right to treat our neighbour as we treat ourselves ? And if, where we are concerned, we do not think in such a narrow and bourgeois fashion of immediate consequences and sufferings, why should we be compelled to act thus in regard to our neighbour ? Supposing that we felt ready to sacrifice ourselves, what is there to prevent us from sacrificing our neighbour together with ourselves, -just as States and Sovereigns have until now sacrificed one citizen to the others, " for the sake of the general interest," as they say ?

We too, however, have general interests, perhaps even more general than theirs : so why may we not sacrifice a few individuals of this generation for the benefit of generations to come ? so that their affliction,

anxiety, despair, blunders, and misery may be deemed essential because a new plough is to break up the ground and render it fertile for all. Finally, we communicate the disposition to our neighbour by which he is enabled to feel himself a victim : we persuade him to carry out the task for which we employ him. Are we then devoid of all pity? If, however, we wish to achieve a victory over ourselves beyond our pity, is not this a higher and more liberal attitude and disposition than that in which we only feel safe after having ascertained whether an action benefits or harms our neighbour ? On the contrary, it is by means of such sacrifice including the sacrifice of ourselves, as well as of our neighbours that we should strengthen and elevate the general sense of human power, even supposing that we attain nothing more than this. But even this itself would be a positive increase of happiness. Then, if even this ... but not a word more ! You have understood me at a glance.

The Dawn

147

THE CAUSE OF " ALTRUISM." Men have on the whole spoken of love with so much emphasis and adoration because they have until now always had so little of it, and have never yet been satiated with this food: in this way it became their ambrosia. If a poet wished to show universal benevolence in the image of a Utopia, he would certainly have to describe an agonising and ridiculous state of things, the like of which was never seen on earth, everyone would be surrounded, importuned, and sighed for, not as at present, by one lover, but by thousands, by everybody indeed, as the result of an irresistible craving which would then be as vehemently insulted and cursed as selfishness has been by men of past ages. The poets of this new condition of things, if they had sufficient leisure to write, would be dreaming of nothing but the blissful and loveless past, the divine selfishness of yore, and the wonderful possibilities in former times of remaining alone, not being run after by one's friends, and of even being hated and despised or any other odious expressions which the beautiful animal world in which we live chooses to coin.

The Dawn

LOOKING FAR AHEAD. If, in accordance with the present definition, only those actions are moral which are done for the sake of others, and for their sake only, then there are no moral actions at all ! If, in accordance with another definition, only those actions are moral which spring from our own free will, then there are no moral actions in this case either ! What is it, then, that we designate thus, which certainly exists and wishes as a consequence to be explained? It is the result of a few intellectual blunders ; and supposing that we were able to free ourselves from these errors, what would then become of " moral actions " ? It is due to these errors that we have up to the present attributed to certain actions a value superior to what was theirs in reality: we separated them from " egoistic " and " non-free " actions. When we now set them once more in the latter categories, as we must do, we certainly reduce their value (their own estimate of value) even below its reasonable level, because " egoistic " and " non-free " actions have up to the present been undervalued owing to that alleged profound and essential difference.

In future, then, will these very actions be less frequently performed, since they will be less highly esteemed ? Inevitably ! Or at all events for a fairly long time, as long as the scale of valuations remains under the reacting influence of former mistakes ! But we make some return for this by giving back to men their good courage for the carrying out of actions that are now reputed to be selfish, and thus restore their value, we relieve men's bad consciences ! and as up to the present egoistic actions have been by far the most frequent, and will be so to all eternity, we free the whole conception of these actions and of life from its evil appearance ! This is a very high and important result. When men no longer believe themselves to be evil, they cease to be so.

BOOK III

The Dawn

LITTLE UNCONVENTIONAL ACTIONS ARE NECESSARY ! To act occasionally in matters of custom against our own better judgments ; to

yield in practice while reserving our own intellectual liberty ; to behave like everybody else and thus to show ourselves amiable and considerate to all, to compensate them, as it were, even if only to some extent, for our unconventional opinions all this among many tolerably liberal-minded men is looked upon not only as permissible but even as " honourable," " humane," " tolerant," and " un-pedantic," or whatever fine words may be used to lull to sleep the intellectual conscience. So, for example, one man, although he may be an atheist, has his infant baptized in the usual Christian fashion ; another goes through his period of military service, though he may severely condemn all hatred between nations ; and a third runs into the Church with a girl because she comes from a religious family, and makes his vows to a priest without feeling ashamed of it. " It is of no importance if one of us does what everyone else does and has done " so says ignorant prejudice! What a profound mistake! For nothing is of greater importance than that a powerful, long-established, and irrational custom should be once again confirmed by the act of someone who is recognised as rational. In this way the proceeding is thought to be sanctioned by reason itself! All honour to your opinions! but little unconventional actions are of still greater value.

The Dawn

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THE HAZARD OF MARRIAGES. If I were a god, and a benevolent god, the marriages of men would cause me more displeasure than anything else. An individual can make very great progress within the seventy years of his life yes, even within thirty years : such progress, indeed, as to surprise even the gods ! But when we then see him exposing the inheritance and legacy of his struggles and victories, the laurel crown of his humanity, on the first convenient peg where any female may pick it to pieces for him ; when we observe how well he can acquire and how little he is capable of preserving his acquisitions, and how he does not even dream that by procreation he might prepare a still more victorious life, we then, indeed, become impatient and say, "Nothing can in the end result from humanity, individuals are wasted, for all rationality of a great advance of humanity is rendered impossible by the hazard of marriages : let us cease from being the assiduous spectators and fools of this aimless drama ! " It was in this mood that the gods of Epicurus withdrew long

ago to their divine seclusion and felicity : they were tired of men and their love affairs.

The Dawn

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HERE ARE NEW IDEALS TO INVENT. At a time when a man is in love he should not be allowed to come to a decision about his life and to determine once and for all the character of his society on account of a whim. We ought publicly to declare invalid the vows of lovers, and to refuse them permission to marry : and this because we should treat marriage itself much more seriously, so that in cases where it is now contracted it would not usually be allowed in future ! Are not the majority of marriages such that we should not care to have them witnessed by a third party ? And yet this third party is scarcely ever lacking the child and he is more than a witness ; he is the whipping-boy and scapegoat.

The Dawn

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FORMULA OF OATH. " If I am now telling a lie I am no longer an honourable man, and everyone may say so to my face." I recommend this formula in place of the present judicial oath and its customary invocation to the Deity: it is stronger. There is no reason why even religious men should oppose it ; for as soon as the customary oath no longer serves, all the religious people will have to turn to their catechism, which says, " You shall not take the name of the Lord your God in vain."

The Dawn

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THE MALCONTENT. He Is one of the brave old warriors : angry with civilisation because he believes that its object is to make all good things honour, rewards, and fair women accessible even to cowards.

The Dawn

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CONSOLATION AMID PERILS. The Greeks, in the course of a life that was always surrounded by great dangers and cataclysms, endeavoured to find in meditation and knowledge a kind of security of feeling, a last refuge. We, who live in a much more secure state, have introduced danger into meditation and knowledge, and it is in life itself that we endeavour to find repose, a refuge from danger.

The Dawn

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EXTINCT SCEPTICISM. Hazardous enterprises are rarer in modern times than in antiquity and in the Middle Ages, probably because modern times have no more belief in omens, oracles, stars, and soothsayers. In other words, we have become incapable of believing in a future which is reserved for us, as the ancients did, who in contradistinction to ourselves were much less sceptical regarding that which is to be than that which is.

The Dawn

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EVIL THROUGH EXUBERANCE. " Oh, that we should not feel too happy ! " such was the secret fear of the Greeks in their best age. That is why they preached moderation to themselves. And we ?

The Dawn

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THE WORSHIP OF NATURAL SOUNDS. What signification can we find in the fact that our culture is not only indulgent to the manifestations of grief, such as tears, complaints, reproaches, and attitudes of rage and humility, but even approves them and reckons them among the most noble and essential things? while, on the other hand, the spirit of ancient philosophy looked down upon them with contempt, without admitting their necessity in any way. Let us remember how Plato who was by no means one of the most inhuman of the philosophers speaks of the Philoctetus of the tragic stage. Is it possible that our modern culture is wanting in " philosophy " ? or, in accordance with the valuations of those old philosophers, do we perhaps all form part of the " mob " ?

The Dawn

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THE CLIMATE FOR FLATTERY. In our day flatterers should no longer be sought at the courts of kings, since these have all acquired a taste for militarism, which cannot tolerate flattery. But this flower even now often grows in abundance in the neighbourhood of bankers and artists.

The Dawn

159

THE REVIVERS. Vain men value a fragment of the past more highly from the moment when they are able to revive it in their imagination (especially if it is difficult to do so), they would even like if possible to raise it from the dead. Since, however, the number of vain people is always very large, the danger presented by historical studies, if an entire epoch devotes its attention to them, is by no means small : too great an amount of strength is then wasted on all sorts of imaginable resurrections. The entire movement of romanticism is perhaps best understood from this point of view.

The Dawn

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VAIN, GREEDY, AND NOT VERY WISE. Your desires are greater than your understanding, and your vanity is even greater than your desires, to people of your type a great deal of Christian practice and a little Schopenhauerian theory may be strongly recommended.

The Dawn

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BEAUTY CORRESPONDING TO THE AGE. If our sculptors, painters, and musicians wish to catch the significance of the age, they should represent beauty as bloated, gigantic, and nervous: just as the Greeks, under the influence of their morality of moderation, saw and represented beauty in the Apollo di Belvedere. We should, indeed, call him ugly ! But the pedantic " classicists " have deprived us of all our honesty !

The Dawn

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THE IRONY OF THE PRESENT TIME. At the present day it is the habit of Europeans to treat all matters of great importance with irony, because, as the result of our activity in their service, we have no time to take them seriously.

The Dawn

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AGAINST ROUSSEAU. If it is true that there is something contemptible about our civilisation, we have two alternatives : of concluding with Rousseau that, " This despicable civilisation is to blame for our bad morality," or to infer, contrary to Rousseau's view, that " Our good morality is to blame for this contemptible civilisation. Our social conceptions of good and evil, weak and effeminate as they are, and their enormous

influence over both body and soul, have had the effect of weakening all bodies and souls and of crushing all unprejudiced, independent, and self-reliant men, the real pillars of a strong civilisation : wherever we still find the evil morality to-day, we see the last crumbling ruins of these pillars." Thus let paradox be opposed by paradox ! It is quite impossible for the truth to lie with both sides : and can we say, indeed, that it lies with either ? Decide for yourself.

The Dawn

164

PERHAPS PREMATURE. It would seem at the present time that, under many different and misleading names, and often with a great want of clearness, those who do not feel themselves attached to morals and to established laws are taking the first initial steps to organise themselves, and thus to create a right for themselves ; while until now, as criminals, free-thinkers, immoral men and miscreants, they have lived beyond the pale of the law, under the bane of outlawry and bad conscience, corrupted and corrupting. On the whole, we should consider this as right and proper, although it may result in insecurity for the coming century and compel everyone to bear arms. There is thereby a counterforce which continually reminds us that there is no exclusively moral-making morality, and that a morality which asserts itself to the exclusion of all other morality destroys too much sound strength and is too dearly bought by mankind. The non-conventional and deviating people, who are so often productive and inventive, must no longer be sacrificed : it must never again be considered as a disgrace to depart from morality either in actions or thought; many new experiments must be made upon life and society, and the world must be relieved from a huge weight of bad conscience. These general aims must be recognised and encouraged by all those upright people who are seeking truth.

The Dawn

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A MORALITY WHICH DOES NOT BORE ONE. The principal moral

commandments which a nation permits its teachers to emphasise again and again stand in relation to its chief defects, and that is why it does not find them tiresome. The Greeks, who so often failed to employ moderation, coolness, fair-mindedness, and rationality in general, turned a willing ear to the four Socratic virtues, they stood in such need of them, and yet had so little talent for them !

The Dawn

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AT THE PARTING OF THE WAYS. Shame! You wish to form part of a system in which you must be a wheel, fully and completely, or risk being crushed by wheels ! where it is understood that each one will be that which his superiors make of him ! where the seeking for " connections " will form part of one's natural duties ! where no one feels himself offended when he has his attention drawn to someone with the remark, " He may be useful to you some time "; where people do not feel ashamed of paying a visit to ask for somebody's intercession, and where they do not even suspect that by such a voluntary submission to these morals, they are once and for all stamped as the common pottery of nature, which others can employ or break up of their free will without feeling in any way responsible for doing so, just as if one were to say, " People of my type will never be lacking, therefore, do what you will with me ! Do not stand on ceremony ! "

The Dawn

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UNCONDITIONAL HOMAGE. When I think of the most read German philosopher, the most popular German musician, and the most distinguished German statesman, I cannot but acknowledge that life is now rendered unusually arduous for these Germans, this nation of unconditional sentiments, and that, too, by their own great men. We see three magnificent spectacles spread out before us : on each occasion there is a river rushing along in the bed which it has made for itself, and even so agitated that one thinks at times it intends to flow uphill. And yet,

however we might admire Schopenhauer, who would not, all things considered, like to have other opinions than his ? Who in all greater and smaller things would now share the opinions of Richard Wagner, although there may be truth in the view expressed by someone : namely that wherever Wagner gave or took offence some problem lay hidden, which, however, he did not unearth for us. And, finally, how many are there who would be willing and eager to agree with Bismarck, if only he could always agree with himself, or were even to show some signs of doing so for the future ! It is true that it is by no means astonishing to find statesmen without principles, but with dominant instincts ; a versatile mind, actuated by these dominant and violent instincts, and hence without principles these qualities are looked upon as reasonable and natural in a statesman. But, alas, this has up to the present been so un-German ; as un-German as the fuss made about music and the discord and bad temper excited around the person of the musician ; or as un-German as the new and extraordinary position taken up by Schopenhauer : he did not feel himself to be either above things or on his knees before them one or other of these alternatives might still have been German but he assumed an attitude against things ! How incredible and disagreeable ! to range one's self with things and nevertheless be their adversary, and finally the adversary of one's self, what can the unconditional admirer do with such an example ? And what, again, can he do with three such examples who cannot keep the peace towards one another ! Here we see Schopenhauer as the antagonist of Wagner's music, Wagner attacking Bismarck's politics, and Bismarck attacking Wagnerism and Schopenhauerism. What remains for us to do ? Where shall we flee with our thirst for wholesale hero-worship ! Would it not be possible to choose from the music of the musician a few hundred bars of good music which appealed to the heart, and which we should like to take to heart because they are inspired by the heart, could we not stand aside with this small piece of plunder, and forget the rest ? And could we not make a similar compromise as regards the philosopher and the statesman, select, take to heart, and in particular forget the rest ?

Yes, if only forgetfulness were not so difficult ! There was once a very proud man who would never on any account accept anything, good or evil, from others, from any one, indeed, but himself. When he wanted to forget, however, he could not bestow this gift upon himself, and was three times compelled to conjure up the spirits. They came, listened to his desire, and said at last, " This is the only thing it is not in our power

to give ! " Could not the Germans take warning by this experience of Manfred ? Why, then, should the spirits be conjured up ? It is useless. We never forget what we endeavour to forget. And how great would be the " balance " which we should have to forget if we wished henceforth to continue wholesale admirers of these three great men ! It would therefore be far more advisable to profit by the excellent opportunity offered us to try something new, i.e. to advance in the spirit of honesty towards ourselves and become, instead of a nation of credulous repetition and of bitter and blind animosity, a people of conditional assent and benevolent opposition. We must come to learn in the first place, however, that unconditional homage to people is something rather ridiculous, that a change of view on this point would not discredit even Germans, and that there is a profound and memorable saying : " Ce qui importe, ce ne sont point les personnes : mais les choses." This saying is like the man who uttered it great, honest, simple, and silent, just like Carnot, the soldier and Republican. But may I at the present time speak thus to Germans of a Frenchman, and a Republican into the bargain ? Perhaps not : perhaps I must not even recall what Niebuhr in his time dared to say to the Germans : that no one had made such an impression of true greatness upon him as Carnot.

The Dawn

168

A MODEL. What do I like about Thucydides, and how does it come that I esteem him more highly than Plato ? He exhibits the most widespread and artless pleasure in everything typical in men and events, and finds that each type is possessed of a certain quantity of good sense : it is this good sense which he seeks to discover. He likewise exhibits a larger amount of practical justice than Plato ; he never reviles or belittles those men whom he dislikes or who have in any way injured him in the course of his life. On the contrary : while seeing only types, he introduces something noble and additional into all things and persons ; for what could posterity, to which he dedicates his work, do with things not typical ! Thus this culture of the disinterested knowledge of the world attains in him, the poet-thinker, a final marvellous bloom, this culture which has its poet in Sophocles, its statesman in Pericles, its doctor in Hippocrates, and its natural philosopher in Democritus : this culture which deserves

to be called by the name of its teachers, the Sophists, and which, unhappily, from the moment of its baptism at once begins to grow pale and incomprehensible to us, for henceforward we suspect that this culture, which was combated by Plato and all the Socratic schools, must have been very immoral ! The truth of this matter is so complicated and entangled that we feel unwilling to unravel it : so let the old error (error veritate simplicior) run its old course.

The Dawn

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THE GREEK GENIUS FOREIGN TO us. Oriental or modern, Asiatic or European : compared with the ancient Greeks, everything is characterised by enormity of size and by the revelling in great masses as the expression of the sublime, while in Paestum, Pompeii, and Athens we are astonished, when contemplating Greek architecture, to see with what small masses the Greeks were able to express the sublime, and how they loved to express it thus. In the same way, how simple were the Greeks in the idea which they formed of themselves ! How far we surpass them in the knowledge of man ! Again, how full of labyrinths would our souls and our conceptions of our souls appear in comparison with theirs ! If we had to venture upon an architecture after the style of our own souls (we are too cowardly for that !) a labyrinth would have to be our model. That music which is peculiar to us, and which really expresses us, lets this be clearly seen ! (for in music men let themselves go, because they think there is no one who can see them hiding behind their music).

The Dawn

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ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW. How we babble about the Greeks ! What do we understand of their art, the soul of which was the passion for naked masculine beauty ! It was only by starting from this that they appreciated feminine beauty. For the latter they had thus a perspective quite different from ours. It was the same in regard to their love for women : their worship was of a different kind, and so also was their contempt.

The Dawn

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THE FOOD OF THE MODERN MAN. He has learned to digest many things ; nay, almost everything ; it is his ambition to do so. He would, however, be really of a higher order if he did not understand this so well : homo pamphagus is not the finest type of the human race. We live between a past which had a more wayward and deranged taste than we, and a future which will possibly have a more select taste, we live too much midway.

The Dawn

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TRAGEDY AND MUSIC. Men of essentially warlike disposition, such, for example, as the ancient Greeks in the time of Eschylus, are difficult to rouse, and when pity once triumphs over their hardness they are seized as by a kind of giddiness or a " demoniacal power," they feel themselves overpowered and thrilled by a religious horror. After this they become sceptical about their condition ; but as long as they are in it they enjoy the charm of being, as it were, outside themselves, and the delight of the marvellous mixed with the bitterest gall of suffering : this is the proper kind of drink for fighting men, something rare, dangerous, and bitter-sweet, which does not often fall to one's lot.

Tragedy appeals to souls who feel pity in this way, to those fierce and warlike souls which are difficult to overcome, whether by fear or pity, but which lose nothing by being softened from time to time. Of what use, however, is tragedy to those who are as open to the " sympathetic affections " as the sails of a ship to the wind ! When at the time of Plato the Athenians had become more softened and sensitive, oh, how far they were still removed from the gushing emotions of the inhabitants of our modern towns and villages ! And yet even then the philosophers were beginning to complain of the injurious nature of tragedy. An epoch full of danger such as that now beginning, in which bravery and manliness

are rising in value, will perhaps again harden souls to such an extent that they will once more stand in need of tragic poets : but in the meantime these are somewhat superfluous, to put it mildly. For music, too, a better age may be approaching (it will certainly be a more evil age !) when artists will have to make their music appeal to strongly individual beings, beings which will have become hard and which will be dominated by the gloomy earnestness of their own passion ; but of what use is music to the little souls of the present age which is fast passing away, souls that are too unsteady, ill-developed, half-personal, inquisitive, and envious of everything ?

The Dawn

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THE FLATTERERS OF WORK. In the glorification of " work " and the never-ceasing talk about the " blessing of labour," I see the same secret idea as I do in the praise bestowed on impersonal acts of a general interest, namely a fear of everything individual. For at the sight of work that is to say, severe toil from morning till night we have the feeling that it is the best police, namely that it holds everyone in check and effectively hinders the development of reason, of greed, and of desire for independence. For work uses up an extraordinary proportion of nervous force, withdrawing it from reflection, meditation, dreams, cares, love, and hatred ; it dangles unimportant aims before the eyes of the worker and affords easy and regular gratification. Thus it happens that a society where work is continually being performed will enjoy greater security, and it is security which is now venerated as the supreme deity. And now, horror of horrors ! it is the " workman " himself who has become dangerous ; the whole world is swarming with " dangerous individuals " and behind them follows the danger of dangers - the individual !

The Dawn

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THE MORAL FASHION OF A COMMERCIAL COMMUNITY. Behind the principle of the present moral fashion : " Moral actions are actions

performed out of sympathy for others," I see the social instinct of fear, which thus assumes an intellectual disguise: this instinct sets forth as its supreme, most important, and most immediate principle that life shall be relieved of all the dangerous characteristics which it possessed in former times, and that everyone must help with all his strength towards the attainment of this end. It is for that reason that only those actions which keep in view the general security and the feeling of security of society are called " good." How little joy must men now have in themselves when such a tyranny of fear prescribes their supreme moral law, if they make no objection when commanded to turn their eyes from themselves and to look aside from themselves ! And yet at the same time they have lynx eyes for all distress and suffering elsewhere ! Are we not, then, with this gigantic intention of ours of smoothing down every sharp edge and corner in life, utilising the best means of turning mankind into sand! Small, soft, round, infinite sand ! Is that your ideal, you harbingers of the "sympathetic affections " ? In the meantime even the question remains unanswered whether we are of more use to our neighbour in running immediately and continually to his help, which for the most part can only be done in a very superficial way, as otherwise it would become a tyrannical meddling and changing, or by transforming ourselves into something which our neighbour can look upon with pleasure, something, for example, which may be compared to a beautiful, quiet, and secluded garden, protected by high walls against storms and the dust of the roads, but likewise with a hospitable gate.

The Dawn

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FUNDAMENTAL BASIS OF A CULTURE OF TRADERS. We have now an opportunity of watching the manifold growth of the culture of a society of which commerce is the soul, just as personal rivalry was the soul of culture among the ancient Greeks, and war, conquest, and law among the ancient Romans. The tradesman is able to value everything without producing it, and to value it according to the requirements of the consumer rather than his own personal needs. " How many and what class of people will consume this ? " is his question of questions. Hence, he instinctively and incessantly employs this mode of valuation and applies it to everything, including the productions of art and science, and of

thinkers, scholars, artists, statesmen, nations, political parties, and even entire ages: with respect to everything produced or created he inquires into the supply and demand in order to estimate for himself the value of a thing. This, when once it has been made the principle of an entire culture, worked out to its most minute and subtle details, and imposed upon every kind of will and knowledge, this is what you men of the coming century will be proud of, if the prophets of the commercial classes are right in putting that century into your possession ! But I have little belief in these prophets. Credat Judaeus Apella to speak with Horace.

The Dawn

176

THE CRITICISM OF OUR ANCESTORS. Why should we now endure the truth, even about the most recent past ? Because there is now always a new generation which feels itself in contradiction to the past and enjoys in this criticism the first fruits of its sense of power. In former times the new generation, on the contrary, wished to base itself on the old and began to feel conscious of its power, not only in accepting the opinions of its ancestors but, if possible, taking them even more seriously. To criticise ancestral authority was in former times a vice ; but at the present time our idealists begin by making it their starting-point.

The Dawn

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TO LEARN SOLITUDE. O you poor fellows in the great centres of the world's politics, you young and talented men, who, urged on by ambition, think it your duty to propound your opinion of every event of the day, for something is always happening, who, by thus making a noise and raising a cloud of dust, mistake yourselves for the rolling chariot of history ; who, because you always listen, always suit the moment when you can put in your word or two, thereby lose all real productiveness. Whatever may be your desire to accomplish great deeds, the deep silence of pregnancy never comes to you ! The event of the day sweeps you

along like straws before the wind while you lie under the illusion that you are chasing the event, poor fellows ! If a man wishes to act the hero on the stage he must not think of forming part of the chorus ; he should not even know how the chorus is made up.

The Dawn

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DAILY WEAR AND TEAR. These young men are lacking neither in character, nor talent, nor zeal, but they have never had sufficient time to choose their own path ; they have, on the contrary, been habituated from the most tender age to have their path pointed out to them. At the time when they were ripe enough to be sent into the " desert," something else was done with them. They were turned to account, estranged from themselves, and brought up in such a way that they became accustomed to be worn out by their daily toil. This was imposed on them as a duty, and now they cannot do without it ; they would not wish it to be otherwise. The only thing that cannot be refused to these poor beasts of burden is their " holidays " such is the name they give to this ideal of leisure in an overworked century ; " holidays" in which they may for once be idle, idiotic, and childish to their heart's content.

The Dawn

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AS LITTLE STATE AS POSSIBLE ! All political and economic matters are not of such great value that they ought to be dealt with by the most talented minds: such a waste of intellect is at bottom worse than any state of distress. These matters are, and ever will be, the province of smaller minds, and others than the smaller minds should not be at the service of this workshop : it would be better to let the machinery work itself to pieces again ! But as matters stand at the present time, when not only do all people believe that they must know all about it day by day, but wish likewise to be always busy about it, and in so doing neglect their own work, it is a great and ridiculous mistake. The price that has to be paid for the " public safety " is far too high, and, what is maddest of all, we

effect the very opposite of " public safety," a fact which our own dear century has undertaken to prove, as if this had never been proved before I To make society secure against thieves and fire, and to render it thoroughly fit for all kinds of trade and traffic, and to transform the State in a good and evil sense into a kind of Providence these aims are low, mediocre, and not by any means indispensable ; and we should not seek to attain them by the aid of the highest means and instruments which exist means which we should reserve precisely for our highest and rarest aims ! Our epoch, however much it may babble about economy, is a spendthrift : it wastes intellect, the most precious thing of all.

The Dawn

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WARS. The great wars of our own day are the outcome of historical study.

The Dawn

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GOVERNING. Some people govern because of their passion for governing ; others in order that they may not be governed, the latter choose it as the lesser of two evils.

The Dawn

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ROUGH AND READY CONSISTENCY. People say of a man with great respect, " He is a character" that is, when he exhibits a rough and ready consistency, when it is evident even to the dullest eye. But, whenever a more subtle and profound intellect sets itself up and shows consistency in a higher manner, the spectators deny the existence of any character. That is why cunning statesmen usually act their comedy under the cloak of a kind of rough and ready consistency.

The Dawn

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THE OLD AND THE YOUNG. " There is something immoral about Parliaments," so many-people still think, " for in them views even against the Government may be expressed." "We should always adopt that view of a subject which our gracious Lord commands," this is the eleventh commandment in many an honest old head, especially in Northern Germany. We laugh at it as an out-of-date fashion, but in former times it was the moral law itself. Perhaps we shall again some day laugh at that which is now considered as moral by a generation brought up under a parliamentary regime, namely, the policy of placing one's party before one's own wisdom, and of answering every question concerning the public welfare in such a way as to fill the sails of the party with a favourable gust of wind. " We must take that view of a subject which the position of our party calls for " such would be the canon. In the service of such morals we may now behold every kind of sacrifice, even martyrdom and conquest over one's self.

The Dawn

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THE STATE AS A PRODUCTION OF ANARCHISTS. In countries inhabited by tractable men there are always a few backsliders and intractable people. For the present the latter have joined the Socialists more than any other party. If it should happen that these people once come to have the making of the laws, they may be relied upon to impose iron chains upon themselves, and to practise a dreadful discipline, they know themselves ! and they will endure these harsh laws with the knowledge that they themselves have imposed them the feeling of power and of this particular power will be too recent among them and too attractive for them not to suffer anything for its sake.

The Dawn

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BEGGARS. Beggars ought to be suppressed; because we get angry both when we help them and when we do not.

The Dawn

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BUSINESS MEN. Your business is your greatest prejudice, it binds you to your locality, your society and your tastes. Diligent in business but lazy in thought, satisfied with your paltriness and with the cloak of duty concealing this contentment: thus you live, and thus you like your children to be.

The Dawn

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A POSSIBLE FUTURE. Is it impossible for us to imagine a social state in which the criminal will publicly denounce himself and dictate his own punishment, in the proud feeling that he is thus honouring the law which he himself has made, that he is exercising his power, the power of a lawmaker, in thus punishing himself? He may offend for once, but by his own voluntary punishment he raises himself above his offence, and not only expiates it by his frankness, greatness, and calmness, but adds to it a public benefit. Such would be the criminal of a possible future, a criminal who would, it is true, presuppose a future legislation based upon this fundamental idea : " I yield in great things as well as in small only to the law which I myself have made." How many experiments must yet be made! How many futures have yet to dawn upon mankind !

The Dawn

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STIMULANTS AND FOOD. Nations are deceived so often because they are always looking for a deceiver, i.e. a stimulating wine for their senses. When they can only have this wine they are glad to put up even with inferior bread. Intoxication is to them more than nutriment this is the bait with which they always let themselves be caught! What, to them, are men chosen from among themselves although they may be the most expert specialists as compared with the brilliant conquerors, or ancient and magnificent princely houses ! In order that he may inspire them with faith, the demagogue must at least exhibit to them a prospect of conquest and splendour. People will always obey, and even do more than obey, provided that they can become intoxicated in doing so. We may not even offer them repose and pleasure without this laurel crown and its maddening influence.

This vulgar taste which ascribes greater importance to intoxication than nutrition did not by any means originate in the lower ranks of the population : it was, on the contrary, transplanted there, and on this backward soil it grows in great abundance, while its real origin must be sought amongst the highest intellects, where it flourished for thousands of years. The people is the last virgin soil upon which this brilliant weed can grow. Well, then, is it really to the people that we should entrust politics in order that they may thereby have their daily intoxication ?

The Dawn

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HIGH POLITICS. Whatever may be the influence in high politics of utilitarianism and the vanity of individuals and nations, the sharpest spur which urges them onwards is their need for the feeling of power a need which rises not only in the souls of princes and rulers, but also gushes forth from time to time from inexhaustible sources in the people. The time comes again and again when the masses are ready to stake their lives and their fortunes, their consciences and their virtue, in order that they may secure that highest of all enjoyments and rule as a victorious, tyrannical, and arbitrary nation over other nations (or at all events think that they do).

On occasions such as these, feelings of prodigality, sacrifice, hope,

confidence, extraordinary audacity, and enthusiasm will burst forth so abundantly that a sovereign who is ambitious or far-sighted will be able to seize the opportunity for making war, counting upon the good conscience of his people to hide his injustice. Great conquerors have always given utterance to the pathetic language of virtue ; they have always been surrounded by crowds of people who felt themselves, as it were, in a state of exaltation and would listen to none but the most elevated oratory. The strange madness of moral judgments ! When man experiences the sensation of power he feels and calls himself good ; and at exactly the same time the others who have to endure his power call him evil ! Hesiod, in his fable of the epochs of man, has twice in succession depicted the same epoch, that of the heroes of Homer, and has thus made two epochs out of one : to those who lived under the terrible iron heel of those adventurous despots, or had heard their ancestors speak of them, the epoch appeared to be evil ; but the descendants of those chivalric races worshipped it as the " good old times," and as an almost ideally blissful age. The poet could thus not help doing what he did, his audience probably included the descendants of both races.

The Dawn

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FORMER GERMAN CULTURE. When the Germans began to interest other European nations, which is not so very long ago, it was owing to a culture which they no longer possess to-day, and which they have indeed shaken off with a blind ardour, as if it had been some disease ; and yet they have not been able to replace it by anything better than political and national lunacy. They have in this way succeeded in becoming even more interesting to other nations than they were formerly through their culture : and may that satisfy them ! It is nevertheless undeniable that this German culture has fooled Europeans, and that it did not deserve the interest shown in it, and much less the imitation and emulation displayed by other nations in trying to rival it.

Let us look back for a moment upon Schiller, Wilhelm von Humboldt, Schleiermacher, Hegel, and Schelling ; let us read their correspondence and mingle for a time with the large circle of their followers: what have they in common, what characteristics have they, that fill us, as we are

now, partly with a feeling of nausea and partly with pitiful and touching emotions ? First and foremost, the passion for appearing at all costs to be morally exalted, and then the desire for giving utterance to brilliant, feeble, and inconsequential remarks, together with their fixed purpose of looking upon everything (characters, passions, times, customs) as beautiful " beautiful," alas, in accordance with a bad and vague taste, which nevertheless pretended to be of Hellenic origin. We behold in these people a weak, good-natured, and glistening idealism, which, above all, wished to exhibit noble attitudes and noble voices, something at once presumptuous and inoffensive, and animated by a cordial aversion to " cold " or " dry " reality as also to anatomy, complete passions, and every kind of philosophical continence and scepticism, but especially towards the knowledge of nature in so far as it was impossible to use it as religious symbolism.

Goethe, in his own characteristic fashion, observed from afar these movements of German culture: placing himself beyond their influence, gently remonstrating, silent, more and more confirmed in his own better course. A little later, and Schopenhauer also was an observer of these movements a great deal of the world and devilry of the world had again been revealed to him, and he spoke of it both roughly and enthusiastically, for there is a certain beauty in this devilry ! And what was it, then, that really seduced the foreigners and prevented them from viewing this movement as did Goethe and Schopenhauer, or, better, from ignoring it altogether ? It was that faint lustre, that inexplicable starlight which formed a mysterious halo around this culture. The foreigners said to themselves : " This is all very very remote from us ; our sight, hearing, understanding, enjoyment, and powers of valuations are lost here, but in spite of that there may be some stars ! There may be something in it ! Is it possible that the Germans have quietly discovered some corner of heaven and settled there ? We must try to come nearer to these Germans." So they did begin to come nearer to the Germans, while not so very long afterwards the Germans put themselves to some trouble to get rid of this starlight halo : they knew only too well that they had not been in heaven, but only in a cloud !

The Dawn

BETTER MEN. They tell me that our art is meant for the men of the present day, these greedy, unsatisfied, undisciplined, disgusted, and harassed spirits, and that it exhibits to them a picture of happiness, exaltation, and un-worldliness beside that of their own brutality, so that for once they may forget and breathe freely ; nay, perhaps find that they may derive some encouragement towards flight and conversion from that oblivion. Poor artists, with such a public as this ; half of whose thoughts require the attention of a priest, and the other half the attention of an alienist ! How much happier was Corneille " Our great Corneille ! " as Madame de Svign exclaimed, with the accent of a woman in the presence of a whole man, how far superior was his audience, which he could please with pictures of chivalric virtues, strict duty, generous devotion, and heroic self-denial ! How differently did he and they love existence, not as coming from blind and confused " will," which we curse because we cannot destroy it ; but loving existence as a place, so to speak, where greatness joined with humanity is possible, and where even the greatest restraint of form, such as submission to the caprice of priests and princes, could not suppress either the pride, chivalric feeling, the grace or the intellect of individuals, but could, on the contrary, be felt as a charm and incentive, as a welcome contrast to innate self-glorification and distinction and the inherited power of volition and passion.

The Dawn

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THE DESIRE FOR PERFECT OPPONENTS. It cannot be denied that the French have been the most Christian nation in the world, not because the devotion of masses in France has been greater than elsewhere, but because those Christian ideals which are most difficult to realise have become incarnated here instead of merely remaining fancies, intentions, or imperfect beginnings. Take Pascal, for example, the greatest of all Christians in his combination of ardour, intellect, and honesty, and consider what elements had to be combined in his case ! Take Fenelon, the most perfect and attractive embodiment of ecclesiastical culture in all its power: a sublime golden mean of whom a historian would be tempted to prove the impossibility, while in reality he was merely the perfection of something exceedingly difficult and improbable. Take Madame de

Guyon among her companions, the French Quietists : and everything that the eloquence and ardour of the Apostle Paul has endeavoured to divine with regard to the Christian's state of semi-divinity, this most sublime, loving, silent, and ecstatic state is seen verified in her, without, however, that Jewish obtrusiveness that Paul showed towards God due in the case of Madame de Guyon to the real old French artlessness in words and gestures, artlessness at once womanly, subtle, and distinguished. Consider, again, the founder of the Trappists the last person who really took seriously the ascetic ideal of Christianity, not because he was an exception among Frenchmen, but because he was a true Frenchman : for up to our own day his gloomy organisation has not been able to acclimatise itself and to prosper, except among Frenchmen ; and it has followed them into Alsace and Algeria.

Let us not forget the Huguenots, either : that combination of a martial and industrial spirit, refined manners and Christian severity, has never been more beautifully exhibited. And it was at Port Royal that the great Christian erudition beheld its last era of prosperity ; and in France more than anywhere else great men know how to prosper. Though not at all superficial, a great Frenchman has always his apparent superficiality ; he has, so to speak, a natural skin for his real contents and depth, while, on the other hand, the depth of a great German is generally, as it were, closed up in an ugly-shaped box, like an elixir, which, by means of a hard and curious covering, endeavours to preserve itself from the light of day and the touch of thoughtless hands. And now let us endeavour to find out why a people like the French, so prolific in perfect types of Christians, likewise necessarily brought forth the perfect contrary types, those of unchristian free-thought ! The French free-thinker, in his own inward being, had to fight against truly great men, and not, like the free-thinkers of other nations, merely against dogmas and sublime abortions.

The Dawn

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ESPRIT AND MORALS. The German, who possesses the secret of knowing how to be tedious in spite of wit, knowledge, and feeling, and who has habituated himself to consider tediousness as moral, is in dread in the presence of French esprit lest it should tear out the eyes of morality

but a dread mingled with "fascination/" like that experienced by the little bird in the presence of the rattlesnake. Amongst all the celebrated Germans none possessed more esprit than Hegel, but he also had that great German dread of it which brought about his peculiar and defective style. For the nature of this style resembles a kernel, which is wrapped up so many times in an outer covering that it can scarcely peep through, now and then glancing forth bashfully and inquisitively, like "young women peeping through their veils," to use the words of that old woman-hater, Eschylus. This kernel, however, is a witty though often impertinent joke on intellectual subjects, a subtle and daring combination of words, such as is necessary in a society of thinkers as gilding for a scientific pill but, enveloped as it is in an almost impenetrable cover, it exhibits itself as the most abstruse science, and likewise as the worst possible moral tediousness. Here the Germans had a permissible form of esprit and they revelled in it with such boundless delight that even Schopenhauer's unusually fine understanding could not grasp it during the whole of his life he thundered against the spectacle that the Germans offered to him, but he could never explain it.

The Dawn

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VANITY OF THE TEACHERS OF MORALS. The relatively small success which teachers of morals have met with may be explained by the fact that they wanted too much at once, i.e. they were too ambitious and too fond of laying down precepts for everybody. In other words, they were beating the air and making speeches to animals in order to turn them into men ; what wonder, then, that the animals thought this tedious ! We should rather choose limited circles and endeavour to find and promote morals for them : for instance, we should make speeches to wolves with the object of turning them into dogs ; but, above all, the greatest success will remain for the man who does not seek to educate either everybody or certain limited circles, but only one single individual, and who cannot be turned to the right or left from his straight purpose. The last century was superior to ours precisely because it possessed so many individually educated men, as well as educators in the same proportion, who had made this their life's task, and who with this task were dignified not only in their own eyes but in those of all the remaining "good society."

THE SO-CALLED CLASSICAL EDUCATION. Alas ! we discover that our life is consecrated to knowledge and that we should throw it away, nay, that we should even have to throw it away if this consecration did not protect us from ourselves : we repeat this couplet, and not without deep emotion :

you, Fate, I follow, though I gladly would not, And yet I must, with many a sigh and groan !

And then, in looking backwards over the course of our lives, we discover that there is one thing that cannot be restored to us : the wasted period of our youth, when our teachers did not utilise these ardent and eager years to lead us to the knowledge of things, but merely to this so-called " classical education " ! Only think of this wasted youth, when we were inoculated clumsily and painfully with an imperfect knowledge of the Greeks and Romans as well as of their languages, contrary to the highest principle of all culture, which holds that we should not give food except to those who hunger for it ! Think of that period of our lives when we had mathematics and physics forced down our throats, instead of being first of all made acquainted with the despair of ignorance, instead of having our little daily life, our activities, and everything occurring in our houses, our workshops, in the sky, and in nature, split up into thousands of problems, painful, humiliating and irritating problems and thus having- our curiosity made acquainted with the fact that we first of all require a mathematical and mechanical knowledge before we can be allowed to rejoice in the absolute logic of this knowledge ! If we had only been imbued with reverence for those branches of science, if we had only been made to tremble with emotion were it only for once at the struggles, the defeats, and the renewed combats of those great men, of the martyrdom which is the history of pure science ! But, on the contrary, we were allowed to develop a certain contempt for those sciences in favour of historical training, formal education and " classicism." And we allowed ourselves to be so easily deceived ! Formal education ! Might we not have pointed to the best teachers at our high schools and asked

laughingly, " Where then do they keep their formal education ? and, if it is wanting in them, how can they teach it ? " And classicism ! Did we get any of that instruction which the ancients used to impart to their youth ? Did we learn to speak or to write like them ? Did we ceaselessly exercise ourselves in that duel of speech, dialectic ? Did we learn to move as beautifully and proudly as they did, and to excel as they did in wrestling, throwing, and boxing ? Did we learn anything of that practical asceticism of all the Greek philosophers ? Did we receive any training in a single ancient virtue, and in the way in which the ancients were trained in it ? Was not all meditation upon morals wanting in our education ? And how much more the only possible criticism on the subject of morality, those courageous and earnest attempts to live according to this or that morality ! Did our teachers ever stir up a feeling in us which the ancients valued more highly than moderns ? Did they in the spirit of the ancients indicate to us the divisions of the day and of life, and those aims by which the lives of the ancients were guided ? Did we learn the ancient languages as we now learn the modern ones, namely that we might speak them fluently and well ? Nowhere can we find a real proficiency or any new faculty as the result of those toilsome years ! only the knowledge of what men had learnt and were able to do in past ages !

And what knowledge ! Nothing becomes clearer to me year by year than the fact that the entire Greek and ancient mode of life, however simple and evident it must seem to our eyes, is in truth very difficult to understand, and even scarcely accessible, and that the customary ease with which we babble about the ancients is either giddy levity or the old hereditary conceit of our thoughtlessness. We are deceived by words and ideas which appear to resemble our own, but behind them there is always concealed a feeling which must be strange, incomprehensible, or painful to our modern conceptions. And these are realms in which boys are allowed to roam about I Enough : we roamed about them in our childhood, and there we became seized with an almost ineradicable antipathy for all antiquity, the antipathy arising from an intimacy which was apparently too great ! For so great is the conceit of our classical teachers, who would almost make it appear that they had gained full control over the ancients, that they pass on this conceit to their pupils, together with the suspicion that such a possession is of little use for making people happy, but is good enough for honest, foolish old bookworms. " Let them brood over their treasure : it is well worthy of them ! " It is with this unexpressed thought that we completed our classical education. It can't

be changed now for us, at all events ! But let us not think of ourselves alone !

The Dawn

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THE MOST PERSONAL QUESTIONS OF TRUTH. What am I really doing, and what do I mean by doing it ? That is the question of truth which is not taught under our present system of education, and consequently not asked, because there is no time for it. On the other hand, we have always time and inclination for talking nonsense with children, rather than telling them the truth ; for flattering women who will later on be mothers, rather than telling them the truth ; and for speaking with young men about their future and their pleasures, rather than about the truth !

But what, after all, are seventy years ! Time passes, and they soon come to an end ; it matters as little to us as it does to the wave to know how and whither it is rolling ! No, it might even be wisdom not to know it.

" Agreed ; but it shows a want of pride not even to inquire into the matter ; our culture does not tend to make people proud."

" So much the better ! "

" Is it really ? "

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ENMITY OF THE GERMANS TOWARDS ENLIGHTENMENT. Let us consider the contributions which in the first half of this century the Germans made to general culture by their intellectual work. In the first place, let us take the German philosophers : they went back to the first and oldest stage of speculation, for they were content with conceptions instead of explanations, like the thinkers of dreamy epochs a pre-scientific type of philosophy was thus revived by them. Secondly, we have the

German historians and romanticists : their efforts on the whole aimed at restoring to the place of honour certain old and primitive sentiments, especially Christianity, the "soul of the people," folklore, folk-speech, medievalism, Oriental asceticism, and Hinduism. In the third place, there are the natural philosophers who fought against the spirit of Newton and Voltaire, and, like Goethe and Schopenhauer, endeavoured to re-establish the idea of a deified or diabolised nature, and of its absolute ethical and symbolical meaning. The main general tendency of the Germans was directed against enlightenment and against those social revolutions which were stupidly mistaken for the consequences of enlightenment: the piety towards everything that existed tried to become piety towards everything that had ever existed, only in order that heart and mind might be permitted to fill themselves and gush forth again, thus leaving no space for future and novel aims. The cult of feeling took the place of the cult of reason, and the German musicians, as the best exponents of all that is invisible, enthusiastic, legendary, and passionate, showed themselves more successful in building up the new temple than all the other artists in words and thoughts.

If, in considering these details, we have taken into account the fact that many good things were said and investigated, and that many things have since then been more fairly judged than on any previous occasion, there yet remains to be said of the whole that it was a general danger, and one by no means small, to set knowledge altogether below feeling, under the appearance of an entire and definitive acquaintance with the past and, to use that expression of Kant, who thus defined his own particular task " To make way again for belief by fixing the limits of knowledge." Let us once more breathe freely, the hour of this danger is past ! And yet, strange to say, the very spirits which these Germans conjured up with such eloquence have at length become the most dangerous for the intentions of those who did conjure them up: history, the comprehension of origin and development, sympathy with the past, the new passion for feeling and knowledge, after they had been for a long time at the service of this obscure exalted and retrograde spirit, have once more assumed another nature, and are now soaring with outstretched wings above the heads of those who once upon a time conjured them forth, as new and stronger genii of that very enlightenment to combat which they had been resuscitated. It is this enlightenment which we have now to carry forward, caring nothing for the fact that there has been and still is " a great revolution," and again a great " reaction " against it : these are but

playful crests of foam when compared with the truly great current on which we float, and want to float.

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ASSIGNING PRESTIGE TO ONE'S COUNTRY. It is the men of culture who determine the rank of their country, and they are characterised by an innumerable number of great inward experiences, which they have digested and can now value justly. In France and Italy this fell to the lot of the nobility ; in Germany, where up to now the nobility has been, as a rule, composed of men who had not much intellect to boast about (perhaps this will soon cease to be the case), it was the task of the priests, the school teachers and their descendants.

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WE ARE NOBLER. Fidelity, generosity, concern for one's good reputation : these three qualities, combined in one sentiment, we call noble, distinguished, aristocratic ; and in this respect we excel the Greeks. We do not wish to give this up at any cost under the pretext that the ancient objects of these virtues have rightly fallen in esteem, but we wish cautiously to substitute new objects for these most precious and hereditary impulses. To understand why the sentiments of the noblest Greeks must be considered as inferior and scarcely respectable in the present age, where we are still under the influence of the chivalric and feudal nobility, we must recall the words of consolation to which Ulysses gave utterance in the midst of the most humiliating situations, " Bear with it, my dear heart, bear with it ! You have borne with many more swinish things than these ! " As an instance of this mythical example, consider also the tale of that Athenian officer, who, when threatened with a stick by another officer in the presence of the entire general staff, shook off his disgrace with the words, " Strike, but listen to me." (This was Themistocles, that ingenious Ulysses of the classical epoch, who was just the man at the moment of disgrace to address to his " dear heart " that verse of comfort

and affliction.)

The Greeks were far from making light of life and death because of an insult, as we, influenced by a hereditary spirit of chivalric adventurousness and self-devotion, are in the habit of doing ; or from looking for opportunities of honourably risking life and death, as in duels ; or from valuing the preservation of an unstained name (honour) more than the acquirement of an evil reputation, when the latter was compatible with glory and the feeling of power ; or from remaining faithful to the prejudices and the articles of faith of a caste, when these could prevent them from becoming tyrants. For this is the ignoble secret of the good Greek aristocrat : out of sheer jealousy he treats every one of the members of his caste as being on an equal footing with himself, but he is ready at every moment to spring like a tiger on his prey despotism. What matter lies, murders, treason, or the betrayal of his native city to him ! Justice was an extremely difficult matter for people of this kind to understand nay, justice was almost something incredible. " The just man " was to the Greeks what "the saint" was to the Christians. When Socrates, however, laid down the axiom, "The most virtuous man is the happiest," they could not trust their ears ; they thought they had heard a madman speaking. For, as a picture of the happiest man, every nobleman had in his mind the cheeky audacity and devilry of the tyrant who sacrifices everything and everyone to his own exuberance and pleasure. Among people whose imagination secretly raved about such happiness, the worship of the State could not, of course, have been too deeply implanted but I think that men whose desire for power does not rage so blindly as that of the Greek noblemen no longer stand in need of such idolatry of the State, by means of which, in past ages, such a passion was kept within due bounds.

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ENDURANCE OF POVERTY. There is one great advantage in noble extraction : it makes us endure poverty better.

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THE FUTURE OF THE NOBILITY. The bearing of the aristocratic classes shows that, in all the members of their body the consciousness of power is continually playing its fascinating game. Thus people of aristocratic habits, men or women, never sink worn out into a chair ; when everyone else makes himself comfortable, as in a train, for example, they avoid reclining at their ease ; they do not appear to get tired after standing at Court for hours at a stretch ; they do not furnish their houses in a comfortable manner, but in such a way as to produce the impression of something grand and imposing, as if they had to serve as a residence for greater and taller beings ; they reply to a provoking speech with dignity and clearness of mind, and not as if scandalised, crushed, shamed, or out of breath in the plebeian fashion. As the aristocrat is able to preserve the appearance of being possessed of a superior physical force which never leaves him, he likewise wishes by his aspect of constant serenity and civility of disposition, even in the most trying circumstances, to convey the impression that his mind and soul are equal to all dangers and surprises. A noble culture may resemble, so far as passions are concerned, either a horseman who takes pleasure in making his proud and fiery animal trot in the Spanish fashion, we have only to recollect the age of Louis XIV., or like the rider who feels his horse dart away with him like the elemental forces, to such a degree that both horse and rider come near losing their heads, but, owing to the enjoyment of the delight, do keep very clear heads : in both these cases this aristocratic culture breathes power, and if very often in its customs only the appearance of the feeling of power is required, nevertheless the real sense of superiority continues constantly to increase as the result of the impression which this display makes upon those who are not aristocrats.

This indisputable happiness of aristocratic culture, based as it is on the feeling of superiority, is now beginning to rise to ever higher levels ; for now, thanks to the free spirits, it is henceforth permissible and not dishonourable for people who have been born and reared in aristocratic circles to enter the domain of knowledge, where they may secure more intellectual consecrations and learn chivalric services even higher than those of former times, and where they may look up to that ideal of victorious wisdom which as yet no age has been able to set before itself with so good a conscience as the period which is about to dawn. Lastly, what

is to be the occupation of the nobility in the future if it becomes more evident from day to day that it is less and less indecorous to take any part in politics ?

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THE CARE OF THE HEALTH. We have scarcely begun to devote any attention to the physiology of criminals, and yet we have already reached the inevitable conclusion that between criminals and madmen there is no really essential difference : if we suppose that the current moral fashion of thinking is a healthy way of thinking. No belief, however, is nowadays more firmly believed in than this one, so we should not therefore shrink from drawing the inevitable conclusion and treating the criminal like a lunatic above all, not with haughty pity, but with medical skill and good will. He may perhaps be in need of a change of air, a change of society, or temporary absence : perhaps of solitude and new occupations very well ! He may perhaps feel that it would be to his advantage to live under surveillance for a short time in order thus to obtain protection from himself and from a troublesome tyrannical impulse very well ! We should make clear to him the possibility and the means of curing him (the extermination, transformation, and sublimation of these impulses), and also, in the worst cases the improbability of a cure ; and we should offer to the incurable criminal, who has become a useless burden to himself, the opportunity of committing suicide. While holding this in reserve as an extreme measure of relief, we should neglect nothing which would tend above all to restore to the criminal his good courage and freedom of spirit ; we should free his soul from all remorse, as if it were something unclean, and show him how he may atone for a wrong which he may have done someone by benefiting someone else, perhaps the community at large, in such a way that he might even do more than balance his previous offence.

All this must be done with the greatest tact ! The criminal must, above all, remain anonymous or adopt an assumed name, changing his place of residence frequently, so that his reputation and future life may suffer as little as possible. At the present time it is true that the man who has been injured, apart altogether from the manner in which this injury might be

redressed, wishes for revenge in addition, and applies to the courts that he may obtain it and this is why our dreadful penal laws are still in force : Justice, as it were, holding up a pair of shopkeeper's scales and endeavouring to balance the guilt by punishment ; but can we not take a step beyond this ? Would it not be a great relief to the general sentiment of life if, while getting rid of our belief in guilt, we could also get rid of our old craving for vengeance, and gradually come to believe that it is a refined wisdom for happy men to bless their enemies and to do good to those who have offended them, exactly in accordance with the spirit of Christian teaching ! Let us free the world from this idea of sin, and take care to cast out with it the idea of punishment. May these monstrous ideas henceforth live banished far from the abodes of men if, indeed, they must live at all, and do not perish from disgust with themselves.

Let us not forget also, however, that the injury caused to society and to the individual by the criminal is of the same species as that caused by the sick : for the sick spread cares and ill-humour ; they are non-productive, consume the earnings of others, and at the same time require attendance, doctors, and support, and they really live on the time and strength of the healthy. In spite of this, however, we should designate as inhuman anyone who, for this reason, would wish to wreak vengeance on the sick. In past ages, indeed, this was actually done : in primitive conditions of society, and even now among certain savage peoples, the sick man is treated as a criminal and as a danger to the community, and it is believed that he is the resting-place of certain demoniacal beings who have entered into his body as the result of some offence he has committed those ages and peoples hold that the sick are the guilty !

And what of ourselves ? Are we not yet ripe for the contrary conception ? Shall we not be allowed to say, " The guilty are the sick " ? No ; the hour for that has not yet come. We still lack, above all, those physicians who have learnt something from what we have until now called practical morals and have transformed it into the art and science of healing. We still lack that intense interest in those things which some day perhaps may seem not unlike the " storm and stress " of those old religious ecstasies. The Churches have not yet come into the possession of those who look after our health ; the study of the body and of dietary are not yet amongst the obligatory subjects taught in our primary and secondary schools ; there are as yet no quiet associations of those people who are pledged to one another to do without the help of law courts, and who

renounce the punishment and vengeance now meted out to those who have offended against society. No thinker has as yet been daring enough to determine the health of society, and of the individuals who compose it, by the number of parasites which it can support ; and no statesman has yet been found to use the ploughshare in the spirit of that generous and tender saying, " If you wilt till the land, till it with the plough ; then the bird and the wolf, walking behind your plough, will rejoice in you all creatures will rejoice in you."

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AGAINST BAD DIET. Fie upon the meals which people nowadays eat in hotels and everywhere else where the well-off classes of society live ! Even when eminent men of science meet together their tables groan under the weight of the dishes, in accordance with the principle of the bankers : the principle of too many dishes and too much to eat. The result of this is that dinners are prepared with a view to their mere appearance rather than the consequences that may follow from eating them, and that stimulating drinks are required to help in driving away the heaviness in the stomach and in the brain. Fie on the dissoluteness and extreme nervousness which must follow upon all this ! Fie upon the dreams that such repasts bring ! Fie upon the arts and books which must be the desert of such meals ! Despite all the efforts of such people their acts will taste of pepper and ill-temper, or general weariness ! (The wealthy classes in England stand in great need of their Christianity in order to be able to endure their bad digestions and their headaches.) Finally, to mention not only the disgusting but also the more pleasant side of the matter, these people are by no means mere gluttons : our century and its spirit of activity has more power over the limbs than the belly. What then is the meaning of these banquets ? They represent ! What in Heaven's name do they represent ? Rank ? no, money ! There is no rank now ! We are all "individuals" ! but money now stands for power, glory, pre-eminence, dignity, and influence ; money at the present time acts as a greater or lesser moral prejudice for a man in proportion to the amount he may possess. Nobody wishes to hide it under a bushel or display it in heaps on a table : hence money must have some representative which can be put on the table so behold our banquets !

AND THE GOD OF GOLD. Whence arises this excessive impatience in our day which turns men into criminals even in circumstances which would be more likely to bring about the contrary tendency ? What induces one man to use false weights, another to set his house on fire after having insured it for more than its value, a third to take part in counterfeiting, while three-fourths of our upper classes indulge in legalised fraud, and suffer from the pangs of conscience that follow speculation and dealings on the Stock Exchange : what gives rise to all this ? It is not real want, for their existence is by no means precarious ; perhaps they have even enough to eat and drink without worrying, but they are urged on day and night by a terrible impatience at seeing their wealth pile up so slowly, and by an equally terrible longing and love for these heaps of gold. In this impatience and love, however, we see re-appear once more that fanaticism of the desire for power which was stimulated in former times by the belief that we were in the possession of truth, a fanaticism which bore such beautiful names that we could dare to be inhuman with a good conscience (burning Jews, heretics, and good books, and exterminating entire cultures superior to ours, such as those of Peru and Mexico). The means of this desire for power are changed in our day, but the same volcano is still smouldering, impatience and intemperate love call for their victims, and what was once done " for the love of God " is now done for the love of money, i.e. for the love of that which at present affords us the highest feeling of power and a good conscience.

THE PEOPLE OF ISRAEL. One of the spectacles which the next century will invite us to witness is the decision regarding the fate of the European Jews. It is quite obvious now that they have cast their die and crossed their Rubicon : the only thing that remains for them is either to become masters of Europe or to lose Europe, as they once centuries ago

lost Egypt, where they were confronted with similar alternatives. In Europe, however, they have gone through a schooling of eighteen centuries such as no other nation has ever undergone, and the experiences of this dreadful time of probation have benefited not only the Jewish community but, even to a greater extent, the individual. As a consequence of this, the resourcefulness of the modern Jews, both in mind and soul, is extraordinary. Amongst all the inhabitants of Europe it is the Jews least of all who try to escape from any deep distress by recourse to drink or to suicide, as other less gifted people are so prone to do. Every Jew can find in the history of his own family and of his ancestors a long record of instances of the greatest coolness and perseverance amid difficulties and dreadful situations, an artful cunning in fighting with misfortune and hazard. And above all it is their bravery under the cloak of wretched submission, their heroic *spernere se sperni* that surpasses the virtues of all the saints.

People wished to make them contemptible by treating them contemptibly for nearly twenty centuries, and refusing them access to all honourable positions and dignities, and by pushing them further down into the meaner trades and under this process indeed they have not become any cleaner, But contemptible ? They have never ceased for a moment from believing themselves qualified for the very highest functions, nor have the virtues of the suffering ever ceased to adorn them. Their manner of honouring their parents and children, the rationality of their marriages and marriage customs, distinguishes them amongst all Europeans. Besides this, they have been able to create for themselves a sense of power and eternal vengeance from the very trades that were left to them (or to which they were abandoned). Even in palliation of their usury we cannot help saying that, without this occasional pleasant and useful torture inflicted on their scorers, they would have experienced difficulty in preserving their self-respect for so long. For our self-respect depends upon our ability to make reprisals in both good and evil things. Nevertheless, their revenge never urges them on too far, for they all have that liberty of mind, and even of soul, produced in men by frequent changes of place, climate, and customs of neighbours and oppressors, they possess by far the greatest experience in all human intercourse, and even in their passions they exercise the caution which this experience has developed in them. They are so certain of their intellectual versatility and shrewdness that they never, even when reduced to the direst straits, have to earn their bread by manual labour as common workmen,

porters, or farm hands. In their manners we can still see that they have never been inspired by chivalric and noble feelings, or that their bodies have ever been girt with fine weapons : a certain obtrusiveness alternates with a submissiveness which is often tender and almost always painful.

Now, however, that they unavoidably inter-marry more and more year after year with the noblest blood of Europe, they will soon have a considerable heritage of good intellectual and physical manners, so that in another hundred years they will have a sufficiently noble aspect not to render themselves, as masters, ridiculous to those whom they will have subdued. And this is important ! and therefore a settlement of the question is still premature. They themselves know very well that the conquest of Europe or any act of violence is not to be thought of; but they also know that some day or other Europe may, like a ripe fruit, fall into their hands, if they do not clutch at it too eagerly. In the meantime, it is necessary for them to distinguish themselves in all departments of European distinction and to stand in the front rank : until they shall have advanced so far as to determine themselves what distinction shall mean. Then they will be called the pioneers and guides of the Europeans whose modesty they will no longer offend.

And then where shall an outlet be found for this abundant wealth of great impressions accumulated during such an extended period and representing Jewish history for every Jewish family, this wealth of passions, virtues, resolutions, resignations, struggles, and conquests of all kinds where can it find an outlet but in great intellectual men and works ! On the day when the Jews will be able to exhibit to us as their own work such jewels and golden vessels as no European nation, with its shorter and less profound experience, can or could produce, when Israel shall have changed its eternal vengeance into an eternal benediction for Europe: then that seventh day will once more appear when old Jehovah may rejoice in Himself, in His creation, in His chosen people and all, all of us, will rejoice with Him !

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THE IMPOSSIBLE CLASS. Poverty, cheerfulness, and independence it is

possible to find these three qualities combined in one individual; poverty, cheerfulness, and slavery this is likewise a possible combination : and I can say nothing better to the workmen who serve as factory slaves ; presuming that it does not appear to them altogether to be a shameful thing to be utilised as they are, as the screws of a machine and the stopgaps, as it were, of the human spirit of invention. Fie on the thought that merely by means of higher wages the essential part of their misery, i.e. their impersonal enslavement, might be removed ! Fie, that we should allow ourselves to be convinced that, by an increase of this impersonality within the mechanical working of a new society, the disgrace of slavery could be changed into a virtue ! Fie, that there should be a regular price at which a man should cease to be a personality and become a screw instead ! Are you accomplices in the present madness of nations which desire above all to produce as much as possible, and to be as rich as possible? Would it not be your duty to present a counter-claim to them, and to show them what large sums of internal value are wasted in the pursuit of such an external object ?

But where is your internal value when you no longer know what it is to breathe freely ; when you have scarcely any command over your own selves, and often feel disgusted with yourselves as with some stale food; when you zealously study the newspapers and look enviously at your wealthy neighbour, made envious by the rapid rise and fall of power, money, and opinions : when you no longer believe in a philosophy in rags, or in the freedom of spirit of a man who has few needs ; when a voluntary and idyllic poverty without profession or marriage, such as should suit the more intellectual ones among you, has become for you an object of derision ? On the other hand, the piping of the Socialistic rat-catchers who wish to inspire you with foolish hopes is continually sounding in your ears : they tell you to be ready and nothing further, ready from this day to the next, so that you wait and wait for something to come from outside, though living in all other respects as you lived before until this waiting is at length changed into hunger and thirst and fever and madness, and the day of the bestia triumphans at last dawns in all its glory. Every one of you should on the contrary say to himself: " It would be better to emigrate and endeavour to become a master in new and savage countries, and especially to become master over myself, changing my place of abode whenever the least sign of slavery threatens me, endeavouring to avoid neither adventure nor war, and, if things come to the worst, holding myself ready to die : anything rather than

continuing in this state of disgraceful thralldom, this bitterness, malice and rebelliousness ! " This would be the proper spirit : the workmen in Europe ought to make it clear that their position as a class has become a human impossibility, and not merely, as they at present maintain, the result of some hard and aimless arrangement of society. They should bring about an age of great swarming forth from the European beehive such as has never yet been seen, protesting by this voluntary and huge migration against machines and capital and the alternatives that now threaten them either of becoming slaves of the State or slaves of some revolutionary party.

May Europe be freed from one-fourth of her inhabitants ! Both she and they will experience a sensation of relief. It is only far in the distance, in the undertaking of vast colonisations, that we shall be able to observe how much rationality, fairness, and healthy suspicion mother Europe has incorporated in her sons these sons who could no longer endure life in the home of the dull old woman, always running the danger of becoming as bad-tempered, irritable, and pleasure-seeking as she herself. The European virtues will travel along with these workmen far beyond the boundaries of Europe ; and those very qualities which on their native soil had begun to degenerate into a dangerous discontent and criminal inclinations will, when abroad, be transformed into a beautiful, savage naturalness and will be called heroism ; so that at last a purer air would again be wafted over this old, over-populated, and brooding Europe of ours. What would it matter if there was a scarcity of " hands " ? Perhaps people would then recollect that they had accustomed themselves to many wants merely because it was easy to gratify them it would be sufficient to unlearn some of these wants ! Perhaps also Chinamen would be called in, and these would bring with them their modes of living and thinking, which would be found very suitable for industrious ants. They would also perhaps help to imbue this fretful and restless Europe with some of their Asiatic calmness and contemplation, and what is perhaps most needful of all their Asiatic stability.

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THE ATTITUDE OF THE GERMANS TO MORALITY. A German is

capable of great things, but he is unlikely to accomplish them, for he obeys whenever he can, as suits a naturally lazy intellect. If he is ever in the dangerous situation of having to stand alone and cast aside his sloth, when he finds it no longer possible to disappear like a cipher in a number (in which respect he is far inferior to a Frenchman or an Englishman), he shows his true strength: then he becomes dangerous, evil, deep, and audacious, and exhibits to the light of day that wealth of latent energy which he had previously carried hidden in himself, and in which no one, not even himself, had ever believed. When in such a case a German obeys himself it is very exceptional for him to do so he does so with the same heaviness, inflexibility, and endurance with which he obeys his prince and performs his official duties: so that, as I have said, he is then capable of great things which bear no relation to the " weak disposition " he attributes to himself.

As a rule, however, he is afraid of depending upon himself alone, he is afraid of taking the initiative : that is why Germany uses up so many officials and so much ink. Light-heartedness is a stranger to the German ; he is too timid for it : but in entirely new situations which rouse him from his torpor he exhibits an almost frivolous spirit he then delights in the novelty of his new position as if it were some intoxicating drink, and he is, as we know, quite a connoisseur in intoxication. It thus happens that the German of the present day is almost always frivolous in politics, though even here he has the advantage and prejudice of thoroughness and seriousness ; and, although he may take full advantage of these qualities in negotiations with other political powers, he nevertheless rejoices inwardly at being able for once in his life to feel enthusiastic and capricious, to show his fondness for innovations, and to change persons, parties, and hopes as if they were masks. Those learned German scholars, who until now have been considered as the most German of Germans, were and perhaps still are as good as the German soldiers on account of their profound and almost childish inclination to obey in all external things, and on account of being often compelled to stand alone in science and to answer for many things : if they can only preserve their proud, simple, and patient disposition, and their freedom from political madness at those times when the wind changes, we may yet expect great things from them such as they are or such as they were, they are the embryonic stage of something higher.

So far the advantages and disadvantages of the Germans, including even

their learned men, have been that they were more given to superstition and showed greater eagerness to believe than any of the other nations ; their vices are, and always have been, their drunkenness and suicidal inclinations (the latter a proof of the clumsiness of their intellect, which is easily tempted to throw away the reins). Their danger is to be sought in everything that binds down the faculties of reason and unchains the passions (as, for example, the excessive use of music and spirits), for the German passion acts contrarily to its own advantage, and is as self-destructive as the passions of the drunkard. Indeed, German enthusiasm is worth less than that of other nations, for it is barren. When a German ever did anything great it was done at a time of danger, or when his courage was high, with his teeth firmly set and his prudence on the alert, and often enough in a fit of generosity. Intercourse with these Germans is indeed advisable, for almost every one of them has something to give, if we can only understand how to make him find it, or rather recover it (for he is very untidy in storing away his knowledge).

Well: when people of this type occupy themselves with morals, what precisely will be the morality that will satisfy them ? In the first place, they will wish to see idealised in their morals their sincere instinct for obedience. " Man must have something which he can implicitly obey " this is a German sentiment, a German deduction ; it is the basis of all German moral teaching. How different is the impression, however, when we compare this with the entire morality of the ancient world ! All those Greek thinkers, however varied they may appear to us, seem to resemble, as moralists, the gymnastic teacher who encourages his pupils by saying, " Come, follow me ! Submit to my discipline ! Then perhaps you may carry off the prize from all the other Greeks." Personal distinction : such was the virtue of antiquity. Submission, obedience, whether public or private : such is German virtue. Long before Kant set forth his doctrine of the Categorical Imperative, Luther, actuated by the same impulse, said that there surely must be a being in whom man could trust implicitly it was his proof of the existence of God ; it was his wish, coarser and more popular than that of Kant, that people should implicitly obey a person and not an idea, and Kant also finally took his roundabout route through morals merely that he might secure obedience for the person. This is indeed the worship of the German, the more so as there is now less worship left in his religion.

The Greeks and Romans had other opinions on these matters, and would

have laughed at such " there must be a being " : it is part of the boldness of their Southern nature to take up a stand against "implicit belief, and to retain in their inmost heart a trace of scepticism against all and every one, whether God, man, or idea. The thinker of antiquity went even further, and said *nil admirari*: in this phrase he saw reflected all philosophy. A German, Schopenhauer, goes so far in the contrary direction as to say: *admirari id est philosophari*. But what if, as happens now and then, the German should attain to that state of mind which would enable him to perform great things ? if the hour of exception comes, the hour of disobedience ? I do not think Schopenhauer is right in saying that the single advantage the Germans have over other nations is that there are more atheists among them than elsewhere ; but I do know this : whenever the German reaches the state in which he is capable of great things, he invariably raises himself above morals ! And why should he not ? Now he has something new to do, namely to command either himself or others ! But this German morality of his has not taught him how to command ! Commanding has been forgotten in it.

BOOK IV

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A QUESTION OF CONSCIENCE. " Now, in summa, tell me what this new thing is that you want." " We no longer wish causes to be sinners and effects to be executioners."

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THE UTILITY OF THE STRICTEST THEORIES. People are indulgent towards a man's moral weaknesses, and in this connection they use a coarse sieve, provided that he always professes to hold the most strict moral theories. On the other hand, the lives of free-thinking moralists

have always been examined closely through a microscope, in the tacit belief that an error in their lives would be the best argument against their disagreeable knowledge.

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THE "THING IN ITSELF." We used to ask formerly : What is the ridiculous ? as if there were something above and beyond ourselves that possessed the quality of provoking laughter, and we exhausted ourselves in trying to guess what it was (a theologian even held that it might be " the naiveté of sin "). At the present time we ask : What is laughter ? how does it arise ? We have considered the point, and finally reached the conclusion that there is nothing which is good, beautiful, sublime, or evil in itself; but rather that there are conditions of soul which lead us to attribute such qualities to things outside ourselves and in us. We have taken back their predicates from things ; or we have at all events recollected that we have merely lent the things these predicates. Let us be careful that this insight does not cause us to lose the faculty of lending, and that we do not become at the same time wealthier and more avaricious.

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TO THOSE WHO DREAM OF IMMORTALITY. So you desire the everlasting perpetuity of this beautiful consciousness of yourselves ? Is it not shameful? Do you forget all those other things which would in their turn have to support you for all eternity, just as they have borne with you up to the present with more than Christian patience ? Or do you think that you can inspire them with an eternally pleasant feeling towards yourself? A single immortal man on earth would imbue everyone around him with such a disgust for him that a general epidemic of murder and suicide would be brought about. And yet, you petty dwellers on earth, with your narrow conceptions of a few thousand little minutes of time, you would wish to be an everlasting burden on this everlasting universal existence ! Could anything be more impertinent ? After all, however, let us

be indulgent towards a being of seventy years : he has not been able to exercise his imagination in conceiving his own " eternal tediousness " he had not time enough for that !

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WHEREIN WE KNOW OURSELVES. As soon as one animal sees another it mentally compares itself with it ; and men of uncivilised ages did the same. The consequence is that almost all men come to know themselves only as regards their defensive and offensive faculties.

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MEN WHOSE LIVES HAVE BEEN FAILURES. Some men are built of such stuff that society is at liberty to do what it likes with them they will do well in any case, and will not have to complain of having failed in life. Other men are formed of such peculiar material it need not be a particularly noble one, but simply rarer that they are sure to fare ill except in one single instance : when they can live according to their own designs, in all other cases the injury has to be borne by society. For everything that seems to the individual to be a wasted or blighted life, his entire burden of discouragement, powerlessness, sickness, irritation, covetousness, is attributed by him to society and thus a heavy, vitiated atmosphere is gradually formed round society, or, in the most favourable cases, a thundercloud.

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WHAT INDULGENCE! You suffer, and call upon us to be indulgent towards you, even when in your suffering you are unjust towards things and men ! But what does our indulgence matter ! You, however, should

take greater precautions for your own sake ! That's a nice way of compensating yourself for your sufferings, by imposing still further suffering on your own judgment ! Your own revenge recoils upon yourselves when you start reviling something : you dim your own eyes in this way, and not the eyes of others; you accustom yourself to looking at things in the wrong way, and with a squint,

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THE MORALITY OF VICTIMS. " Enthusiastic sacrifice," " self-immolation " these are the catchwords of your morality, and I willingly believe that you, as you say, " mean it honestly " : but I know you better than you know yourselves, if your " honesty " is capable of going arm in arm with such a morality. You look down from the heights of this morality upon that other sober morality which calls for self-control, severity, and obedience ; you even go so far as to call it egoistic and you are indeed frank towards yourselves in saying that it displeases you it must displease you ! For, in sacrificing and immolating yourselves with such enthusiasm, you delight in the intoxication of the thought that you are now one with the powerful being, God or man, to whom you are consecrating yourselves: you revel in the feeling of his power, which is again attested by this sacrifice.

In reality, however, you only appear to sacrifice yourselves ; for your imagination turns you into gods and you enjoy yourselves as such. Judged from the point of view of this enjoyment, how poor and feeble must that other " egoistic " morality of obedience, duty, and reason seem to you : it is displeasing to you because in this instance true self-sacrifice and self-surrender are called for, without the victim thinking himself to be transformed into a god, as you do. In a word, you want intoxication and excess, and this morality which you despise takes up a stand against intoxication and excess no wonder it causes you some displeasure !

The Dawn

216

EVIL PEOPLE AND Music. Should the full bliss of love, which consists in unlimited confidence, ever have fallen to the lot of persons other than those who are profoundly suspicious, evil, and bitter? For such people enjoy in this bliss the gigantic, unlooked-for, and incredible exception of their souls ! One day they are seized with that infinite, dreamy sensation which is entirely opposed to the remainder of their private and public life, like a delicious enigma, full of golden splendour, and impossible to be described by mere words or similes. Implicit confidence makes them speechless there is even a species of suffering and heaviness in this blissful silence ; and this is why souls that are overcome with happiness generally feel more grateful to music than others and better ones do : for they see and hear through music, as through a coloured mist, their love becoming, as it were, more distant, more touching, and less heavy. Music is the only means that such people have of observing their extraordinary condition and of becoming aware of its presence with a feeling of estrangement and relief. When the sound of music reaches the ears of every lover he thinks : " It speaks of me, it speaks in my stead ; it knows everything ! "

The Dawn

217

THE ARTIST. The Germans wish to be transported by the artist into a state of dreamy passion ; by his aid the Italians wish to rest from their real passions ; the French wish him to give them an opportunity of showing their judgment and of making speeches. So let us be just !

The Dawn

218

TO DEAL LIKE AN ARTIST WITH ONE'S WEAKNESSES. If we must positively have weaknesses and come in the end to look upon them as laws beyond ourselves, I wish that everybody may be possessed of as much artistic capacity as will enable him to set off his virtues by means of his weaknesses, and to make us, through his weaknesses, desirous of

acquiring his virtues : a power which great musicians have possessed in quite an exceptional degree. How frequently do we notice in Beethoven's music a coarse, dogmatic, and impatient tone ; in Mozart, the joviality of an honest man, whose heart and mind have not overmuch to give us ; in Richard Wagner, an abrupt and aggressive restlessness, in the midst of which, just as the most patient listener is on the point of losing his temper, the composer regains his powers, and likewise the others. Through their very weaknesses, these musicians have created in us an ardent desire for their virtues, and have given us a palate which is ten times more sensitive to every note of this tuneful intellect, tuneful beauty, and tuneful goodness.

The Dawn

219

DECEIT IN HUMILIATION. By your foolishness you have done a great wrong to your neighbour and destroyed his happiness irretrievably and then, having overcome your vanity, you humble yourself before him, surrender your foolishness to his contempt, and fancy that, after this difficult scene, which is an exceedingly painful one for you, everything has been set right, that your own voluntary loss of honour compensates your neighbour for the injury you have done to his happiness. With this feeling you take your leave comforted, believing that your virtue has been re-established.

Your neighbour, however, suffers as intensely as before. He finds nothing to comfort him in the fact that you have been irrational and have told him so : on the contrary, he remembers the painful appearance you presented to him when you were disparaging yourself in his presence it is as if another wound had been inflicted on him. He does not think of revenging himself, however ; and cannot conceive how a proper balance can be struck between you and him. In point of fact, you have been acting that scene for yourself and before yourself: you invited a witness to be present, not on his account, but on your own don't deceive yourself!

The Dawn

DIGNITY AND TIMIDITY. Ceremonies, official robes and court dresses, grave countenances, solemn aspects, the slow pace, involved speech everything, in short, known as dignity are all pretences adopted by those who are timid at heart : they wish to make themselves feared (themselves or the things they represent). The fearless (i.e. originally those who naturally inspire others with awe) have no need of dignity and ceremonies: they bring into repute or, still more, into ill-repute honesty and straightforward words and bearing, as characteristics of their self-confident awefulness.

The Dawn

THE MORALITY OF SACRIFICE. The morality which is measured by the spirit of sacrifice is that of a semi-civilised state of society. Reason in this instance gains a hard-fought and bloody victory within the soul; for there are powerful contrary instincts to be overcome. This cannot be brought about without the cruelty which the sacrifices to cannibal gods demand.

The Dawn

WHERE FANATICISM is TO BE DESIRED. Phlegmatic natures can be rendered enthusiastic only by being fanaticised.

The Dawn

THE DREADED EYE. Nothing is dreaded more by artists, poets, and writers than the eye which sees through their little deceptions and subsequently notices how often they have stopped at the boundary where

the paths branch off either to innocent delight in themselves or to the straining after effect ; the eye which checks them when they try to sell little things dear, or when they try to exalt and adorn without being exalted themselves ; the eye which, despite all the artifices of their art, sees the thought as it first presented itself to them, perhaps as a charming vision of light, perhaps also, however, as a theft from the whole world, or as an everyday conception which they had to expand, contract, colour, wrap up, and spice, in order to make something out of it, instead of the thought making something out of them. Oh, this eye, which sees in your work all your restlessness, inquisitiveness, and covetousness, your imitation and exaggeration (which is only envious imitation) which knows both your blush of shame and your skill in concealing it from others and interpreting it to yourselves !

The Dawn

224

THE " EDIFYING " ELEMENT IN OUR NEIGHBOUR'S MISFORTUNE, He is in distress, and straightway the "compassionate" ones come to him and depict his misfortune to him. At last they go away again, satisfied and elevated, after having gloated over the unhappy man's misfortune and their own, and spent a pleasant Sunday afternoon.

The Dawn

225

TO BE QUICKLY DESPISED. A man who speaks a great deal, and speaks quickly, soon sinks exceedingly low in our estimation, even when he speaks rationally not only to the extent that he annoys us personally, but far lower. For we conjecture how great a burden he has already proved to many other people, and we thus add to the discomfort which he causes us all the contempt which we presume he has caused to others.

The Dawn

226

RELATIONS WITH CELEBRITIES. A. But why do you shun this great man ? B, I should not like to misunderstand him. Our defects are incompatible with one another : I am short-sighted, and he wears his false diamonds as willingly as his real ones.

The Dawn

227

THE CHAIN-WEARERS. Beware of all those intellects which are bound in chains ! clever women, for example, who have been banished by fate to narrow and dull surroundings, amid which they grow old. True, there they lie in the sun, apparently lazy and half-blind ; but at every unknown step, at everything unexpected, they start up to bite : they revenge themselves on everything that has escaped from their dog-kennel.

The Dawn

228

REVENGE IN PRAISE. Here we have a written page which is covered with praise, and you call it lat; but when you find out that revenge is concealed in this praise you will find it almost too subtle, and you will experience a great deal of pleasure in the numerous delicate and bold strokes and similes. It is not the man himself, but his revenge, which is so subtle, rich, and ingenious : he himself is scarcely aware of it.

The Dawn

229

PRIDE. Ah, not one of you knows the feeling of the tortured man after he has been put to the torture, when he is being carried back to his cell, and his secret with him ! he still holds it in a stubborn and tenacious grip. What know you of the exultation of human pride ?

The Dawn

230

"UTILITARIAN." At the present time men's sentiments on moral things run in such labyrinthine paths that, while we demonstrate morality to one man by virtue of its utility, we refute it to another on account of this utility.

The Dawn

231

ON GERMAN VIRTUE. How degenerate in its taste, how servile to dignities, ranks, uniforms, pomp, and splendour must a nation have been, when it began to consider the simple as the bad, the simple man (schlichf) as the bad man (schlechf) ! We should always oppose the moral bumptiousness of the Germans with this one little word " bad," and nothing else.

The Dawn

232

FROM A DISPUTE. A. Friend, you have talked yourself hoarse. B. Then I am refuted, so let's drop the subject.

The Dawn

233

THE " CONSCIENTIOUS " ONES. Have you noticed the kind of men who attach the greatest value to the most scrupulous conscientiousness ? Those who are conscious of many mean and petty sentiments, who are anxiously thinking of and about themselves, are afraid of others, and are

desirous of concealing their inmost feelings as far as possible. They endeavour to impose upon themselves by means of this strict conscientiousness and rigorousness of duty, and by the stern and harsh impression which others, especially their inferiors, cannot fail to receive of them.

The Dawn

234

DREAD OF FAME. A. The endeavour to avoid one's renown, the intentional offending of one's panegyrists, the dislike of hearing opinions about one's self, and all through fear of renown : instances like these are to be met with ; they actually exist believe it or not ! B. They are found, no doubt ! They exist I A little patience, Sir Arrogance !

The Dawn

235

REFUSING THANKS. We are perfectly justified in refusing a request, but it is never right to refuse thanks or, what comes to the same thing, to accept them coldly and conventionally. This gives deep offence and why ?

The Dawn

236

PUNISHMENT. A strange thing, this punishment of ours ! It does not purify the criminal ; it is not a' form of expiation ; but, on the contrary, it is even more defiling than the crime itself.

The Dawn

237

PARTY GRIEVANCES. In almost every party there is a ridiculous, but nevertheless somewhat dangerous grievance. The sufferers from it are those who have long been the faithful and honourable upholders of the doctrine propagated by the party, and who suddenly remark that one day a much stronger figure than themselves has got the ear of the public. How can they bear being reduced to silence ? So they raise their voices, sometimes changing their notes.

The Dawn

238

STRIVING FOR GENTLENESS. When a vigorous nature has not an inclination towards cruelty, and is not always preoccupied with itself, it involuntarily strives after gentleness this is its distinctive characteristic. Weak natures, on the other hand, have a tendency towards harsh judgments they associate themselves with the heroes of the contempt of mankind, the religious or philosophical traducers of existence, or they take up their position behind strict habits and punctilious "callings" : in this way they seek to give themselves a character and a kind of strength. This is likewise done quite involuntarily.

The Dawn

239

A HINT TO MORALISTS. Our musicians have made a great discovery. They have found out that interesting ugliness is possible even in their art ; this is why they throw themselves with such enthusiastic intoxication into this ocean of ugliness, and never before has it been so easy to make music. It is only now that we have got the general, dark -coloured background, upon which every luminous ray of fine music, however faint, seems tinged with golden emerald lustre ; it is only now that we dare to inspire our audience with feelings of impetuosity and indignation, taking away their breath, so to speak, in order that we may afterwards, in an interval of restful harmony, inspire them with a feeling of bliss which will be to the general advantage of a proper appreciation of

music.

We have discovered the contrast : it is only now that the strongest effects are possible and cheap. No one bothers any more about good music. But you must hurry up ! When any art has once made this discovery, it has but a short space of time to live. Oh, if only our thinkers could probe into the depths of the souls of our musicians when listening to their music ! How long we must wait until we again have an opportunity of surprising the inward man in the very act of his evil doing, and his innocence of this act ! For our musicians have not the slightest suspicion that it is their own history, the history of the disfigurement of the soul, which they are transposing into music. In former times a good musician was almost forced by the exigencies of his art to become a good man and now !

The Dawn

The Dawn

240

THE MORALITY OF THE STAGE. The man who imagines that the effect of Shakespeare's plays is a moral one, and that the sight of Macbeth irresistibly induces us to shun the evil of ambition, is mistaken, and he is mistaken once more if he believes that Shakespeare himself thought so. He who is truly obsessed by an ardent ambition takes delight in beholding this picture of himself; and when the hero is driven to destruction by his passion, this is the most pungent spice in the hot drink of this delight. Did the poet feel this in another way ? How royally and with how little of the knave in him does his ambitious hero run his course from the moment of his great crime ! It is only from this moment that he becomes " demoniacally " attractive, and that he encourages similar natures to imitate him. There is something demoniacal here : something which is in revolt against advantage and life, in favour of a thought and an impulse. Do you think that Tristan and Isolde are warnings against adultery, merely because adultery has resulted in the death of both of them ? This would be turning poets upside down, these poets who, especially Shakespeare, are in love with the passions in themselves, and not less so

with the readiness for death which they give rise to : this mood in which the heart no more clings to life than a drop of water does to the glass. It is not the guilt and its pernicious consequences which interests these poets Shakespeare as little as Sophocles (in the Ajax, Philoctetes, Oedipus] however easy it might have been in the cases just mentioned to make the guilt the lever of the play, it was carefully avoided by the poets.

In the same way the tragic poet by his images of life does not wish to set us against life. On the contrary, he exclaims : " It is the charm of charms, this exciting, changing, and dangerous existence of ours, so often gloomy and so often bathed in sun ! Life is an adventure whichever side you may take in life it will always retain this character ! " Thus speaks the poet of a restless and vigorous age, an age which is almost intoxicated and stupefied by its superabundance of blood and energy, in an age more evil than our own : and this is why it is necessary for us to adapt and accommodate ourselves first to the purpose of a Shakespearian play, that is, by misunderstanding it.

The Dawn

241

FEAR AND INTELLIGENCE. If that which is now expressly maintained is true, namely that the cause of the black pigment of the skin must not be sought in light, might this phenomenon perhaps be the ultimate effect of frequent fits of passion accumulated for century after century (and an afflux of blood under the skin) ? while in other and more intelligent races the equally frequent spasms of fear and blanching may have resulted in the white colour of the skin ? For the degree of timidity is the standard by which the intelligence may be measured ; and the fact that men give themselves up to blind anger is an indication that their animal nature is still near the surface, and is longing for an opportunity to make its presence felt once more. Thus a brownish-grey would probably be the primitive colour of man something of the ape and the bear, as is only proper.

The Dawn

D 242

INDEPENDENCE. Independence (which in its weakest form is called "freedom of thought ") is the type of resignation which the tyrannical man ends by accepting he who for a long time had been looking for something to govern, but without finding anything except himself.

The Dawn

243

THE TWO COURSES. When we endeavour to examine the mirror in itself we discover in the end that we can detect nothing there but the things which it reflects. If we wish to grasp the things reflected we touch nothing in the end but the mirror. This is the general history of knowledge.

The Dawn

D 244

DELIGHT IN REALITY. Our present inclination to take delight in reality for almost everyone of us possesses it can only be explained by the fact that we have taken delight in the unreal for such a long time that we have got tired of it. This inclination in its present form, without choice and without refinement, is not without danger its least danger is its want of taste.

The Dawn

245

THE SUBTLETY OF THE FEELING OF POWER. Napoleon was greatly mortified at the fact that he could not speak well, and he did not deceive himself in this respect : but his thirst for power, which never despised the slightest opportunity of showing itself, and which was still more

subtle than his subtle intellect, led him to speak even worse than he might have done. It was in this way that he revenged himself upon his own mortification (he was jealous of all his emotions because they possessed power) in order to enjoy his autocratic pleasure.

He enjoyed this pleasure a second time in respect to the ears and judgment of his audience, as if it were good enough for them to be addressed in this way. He even secretly enjoyed the thought of bewildering their judgment and good taste by the thunder and lightning of his highest authority that authority which lies in the union of power and genius while both his judgment and his good taste held fast proudly and indifferently to the truth that he did not speak well. Napoleon, as the complete and fully developed type of a single instinct, belongs to ancient humanity, whose characteristic the simple construction and ingenious development and realisation of a single motive or a small number of motives may be easily enough recognised.

The Dawn

246

ARISTOTLE AND MARRIAGE. Insanity makes its appearance in the children of great geniuses, and stupidity in those of the most virtuous so says Aristotle. Did he mean by this to invite exceptional men to marry?

The Dawn

247

THE ORIGIN OF A BAD TEMPERAMENT. Injustice and instability in the minds of certain men, their disordered and immoderate manner, are the ultimate consequences of the innumerable logical inexactitudes, superficialities, and hasty conclusions of which their ancestors have been guilty. Men of a good temperament, on the other hand, are descended from solid and meditative races which have set a high value upon reason whether for praiseworthy or evil purposes is of no great importance.

The Dawn

248

DISSIMULATION AS A DUTY. Kindness has been best developed by the long dissimulation which endeavoured to appear as kindness : wherever great power existed the necessity for dissimulation of this nature was recognised it inspires security and confidence, and multiplies the actual sum of our physical power. Falsehood, if not actually the mother, is at all events the nurse of kindness. In the same way, honesty has been brought to maturity by the need for a semblance of honesty and integrity : in hereditary aristocracies. The persistent exercise of such a dissimulation ends by bringing about the actual nature of the thing itself: the dissimulation in the long run suppresses itself, and organs and instincts are the unexpected fruits in this garden of hypocrisy.

The Dawn

249

WHO, THEN, IS EVER ALONE. The fainthearted wretch does not know what it means to be lonely. An enemy is always prowling in his tracks. Oh, for the man who could give us the history of that subtle feeling called loneliness !

The Dawn

250

NIGHT AND Music. It was only at night time, and in the semi-obscurity of dark forests and caverns, that the ear, the organ of fear, was able to develop itself so well, in accordance with the mode of living of the timid that is, the longest human epoch which has ever yet existed : when it is clear daylight the ear is less necessary. Hence the character of music, which is an art of night and twilight.

The Dawn

251

STOICAL. The Stoic experiences a certain sense of cheerfulness when he feels oppressed by the ceremonial which he has prescribed for himself: he enjoys himself then as a ruler.

The Dawn

252

CONSIDER. The man who is being punished is no longer he who has done the deed. He is always the scapegoat.

The Dawn

253

APPEARANCE. Alas ! what must be best and most resolutely proved is appearance itself; for only too many people lack eyes to observe it. But it is so tiresome !

The Dawn

254

THOSE WHO ANTICIPATE. What distinguishes poetic natures, but is also a danger for them, is their imagination, which exhausts itself in advance : which anticipates what will happen or what may happen, which enjoys and suffers in advance, and which at the final moment of the event or the action is already fatigued. Lord Byron, who was only too familiar with this, wrote in his diary : " If ever I have a son he shall choose a very prosaic profession that of a lawyer or a pirate."

The Dawn

CONVERSATION ON MUSIC.

A. What do you say to that music ?

B. It has overpowered me, I can say nothing about it. Listen ! there it is beginning again.

A. All the better ! This time let us do our best to overpower it. Will you allow me to add a few words to this music ? and also to show you a drama which perhaps at your first hearing you did not wish to observe ?

B. Very well, I have two ears and even more if necessary ; move up closer to me.

A. We have not yet heard what he wishes to say to us, up to the present he has only promised to say something, something as yet unheard, so he gives us to understand by his gestures, for they are gestures. How he beckons ! How he raises himself up ! How he gesticulates ! and now the moment of supreme tension seems to have come to him : two more fanfares, and he will present us with his superb and splendidly-adorned theme, rattling, as it were, with precious stones.

Is it a handsome woman ? or a beautiful horse ? Enough, he looks about him as if enraptured, for he must assemble looks of rapture. It is only now that his theme quite pleases him : it is only now that he becomes inventive and risks new and audacious features. How he forces out his theme ! Ah, take care ! he not only understands how to adorn, but also how to gloss it over ! Yes, he knows what the colour of health is, and he knows how to make it up, he is more subtle in his self-consciousness than I thought. And now he is convinced that he has convinced his hearers ; he sets off his impromptus as if they were the most important things under the sun : he points to his theme with an insolent finger as if it were too good for this world. Ah, how distrustful he is ! He is afraid we may get tired ! that is why he buries his melody in sweet notes. Now he even appeals to our coarser senses that he may excite us and thus get us once again into his power. Listen to him as he conjures up the elementary force of tempestuous and thundering rhythms !

And now that he sees that these things have captivated our attention, strangle us, and almost overwhelm us, he once again ventures to introduce his theme amidst this play of the elements in order to convince us> confused and agitated as we are, that our confusion and agitation are the effects of his miraculous theme. And from now onwards his hearers believe in him : as soon as the theme is heard once more they are reminded of its thrilling elementary effects. The theme profits by this recollection now it has become demoniacal ! What a connoisseur of the soul he is ! He gains command over us by all the artifices of the popular orator. But the music has stopped again.

B. And I am glad of it ; for I could no longer bear listening to your observations ! I should prefer ten times over to let myself be deceived to knowing the truth once after your version,

A. That is just what I wished to hear from you. The best people now are just like you : you are quite content to let yourselves be deceived. You come here with coarse, lustful ears, and you do not bring with you your conscience of the art of listening. On the way here you have cast away your intellectual honesty, and thus you corrupt both art and artists. Whenever you applaud and cheer you have in your hands the conscience of the artists and woe to art if they get to know that you cannot distinguish between innocent and guilty music ! I do not indeed refer to " good " and " bad " music we meet with both in the two kinds of music mentioned ! but I call innocent music that which thinks only of itself and believes only in itself, and which on account of itself has forgotten the world at large this spontaneous expression of the most profound solitude which speaks of itself and with itself, and has entirely forgotten that there are listeners, effects, misunderstandings and failures in the world outside. In short, the music which we have just heard is precisely of this rare and noble type ; and everything I said about it was a fable pardon my little trick if you will !

B. Oh, then you like this music, too ? In that case many sins shall be forgiven you !

The Dawn

THE HAPPINESS OF THE EVIL ONES. These silent, gloomy, and evil men possess a peculiar something which you cannot dispute with them an uncommon and strange enjoyment in the "dolce far niente" a sunset and evening rest, such as none can enjoy but a heart which has been too often devoured, lacerated, and poisoned by the passions.

The Dawn

257

WORDS PRESENT IN OUR MINDS. We always express our thoughts with those words which lie nearest to hand. Or rather, if I may reveal my full suspicion ; at every moment we have only the particular thought for the words that are present in our minds.

The Dawn

258

FLATTERING THE DOG. You have only to stroke this dog's coat once, and he immediately splutters and gives off sparks like any other flatterer and he is witty in his own way. Why should we not endure him thus ?

The Dawn

259

THE QUONDAM PANEGYRIST. " He has now become silent now in regard to me, although he knows the truth and could tell it ; but it would sound like vengeance and he values truth so highly, this honourable man ! "

The Dawn

260

THE AMULET OF DEPENDENT MEN. He who is unavoidably dependent upon some master ought to possess something by which he can inspire his master with fear, and keep him in check : integrity, for example, or probity, or an evil tongue.

261.

WHY SO SUBLIME ! Oh, I know them well this breed of animals ! Certainly it pleases them better to walk on two legs " like a god " but it pleases me better when they fall back on their four feet. This is incomparably more natural for them !

The Dawn

262

THE DEMON OF POWER. Neither necessity nor desire, but the love of power, is the demon of mankind. You may give men everything possible health, food, shelter, enjoyment but they are and remain unhappy and capricious, for the demon waits and waits ; and must be satisfied. Let everything else be taken away from men, and let this demon be satisfied, and then they will nearly be happy as happy as men and demons can be ; but why do I repeat this ? Luther has already said it, and better than I have done, in the verses :

" And though they take our life, Goods, honour, children, wife, Yet is their profit small, These things shall vanish all, The Kingdom it remains."

The Kingdom ! there it is again !

The Dawn

263

CONTRADICTION INCARNATE AND ANIMATED. There is a physiological contradiction in what is called genius : genius possesses on the one hand a great deal of savage disorder and involuntary movement,

and on the other hand a great deal of superior activity in this movement Joined to this a genius possesses a mirror which reflects the two movements beside one another, and within one another, but often opposed to one another. Genius in consequence of this sight is often unhappy, and if it feels its greatest happiness in creating, it is because it forgets that precisely then, with the highest determinate activity, it does something fantastic and irrational (such is all art) and cannot help doing it.

The Dawn

264

DECEIVING ONE'S SELF. Envious men with a discriminating intuition endeavour not to become too closely acquainted with their rivals in order that they may feel themselves superior to them.

The Dawn

265

THERE is A TIME FOR THE THEATRE. When the imagination of a people begins to diminish, there arises the desire to have its legends represented on the stage : it then tolerates the coarse substitutes for imagination. In the age of the epic rhapsodist, however, the theatre itself, and the actor dressed up as a hero, form an obstacle in the path of the imagination instead of acting as wings for it too near, too definite, too heavy, and with too little of dreamland and the flights of birds about them.

The Dawn

266

WITHOUT CHARM. He lacks charm and knows it. Ah, how skilful he is in masking this defect ! He does it by a strict virtue, gloomy looks, and acquired distrust of all men, and of existence itself; by coarse jests, by contempt for a more refined manner of living, by pathos and pretensions, and by a cynical philosophy yes, he has even developed into a

character through the continual knowledge of his deficiency.

The Dawn

267

WHY SO PROUD ? A noble character is distinguished from a vulgar one by the fact that the latter has not at ready command a certain number of habits and points of view like the former : fate willed that they should not be his either by inheritance or by education.

The Dawn

268

THE ORATOR'S SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS. How difficult it was in Athens to speak in such a way as to win over the hearers to one's cause without repelling them at the same time by the form in which one's speech was cast, or withdrawing their attention from the cause itself by this form ! How difficult it still is to write thus in France !

The Dawn

269

SICK PEOPLE AND ART. For all kinds of sadness and misery of soul we should first of all try a change of diet and severe manual labour ; but in such cases men are in the habit of having recourse to mental intoxicants, to art for example which is both to their own detriment and that of art ! Can you not see that when you call for art as sick people you make the artists themselves sick ?

The Dawn

270

APPARENT TOLERATION. Those are good, benevolent, and rational words on and in favour of science, but, alas ! I see behind these words your toleration of science. In a corner of your inmost mind you think, in spite of all you say, that it is not necessary for you y that it shows magnanimity on your part to admit and even to advocate it, more especially as science on its part does not exhibit this magnanimity in regard to your opinion ! Do you know that you have no right whatever to exercise this toleration ? that this condescension of yours is an even coarser disparagement of science than any of that open scorn which a presumptuous priest or artist might allow himself to indulge in towards science ? What is lacking in you is a strong sense for everything that is true and actual, you do not feel grieved and worried to find that science is in contradiction to your own sentiments, you are unacquainted with that intense desire for knowledge ruling over you like a law, you do not feel a duty in the need of being present with your own eyes wherever knowledge exists, and to let nothing that is " known " escape you. You do not know that which you are treating with such toleration ! and it is only because you do not know it that you can succeed in adopting such a gracious attitude towards it. You, indeed, would look upon science with hatred and fanaticism if it for once cast its shining and illuminating glance upon you ! What does it matter to us, then, if you do exhibit toleration and towards a phantom ! and not even towards us ! and what do we matter !

The Dawn

271

FESTIVE MOODS. It is exactly those men who aspire most ardently towards power who feel it indescribably agreeable to be overpowered ! to sink suddenly and deeply into a feeling as into a whirlpool ! To suffer the reins to be snatched out of their hand, and to watch a movement which takes them they know not where ! Whatever or whoever may be the person or thing that renders us this service, it is nevertheless a great service : we are so happy and breathless, and feel around us an exceptional silence, as if we were in the most central bowels of the earth. To be for once entirely powerless ! the plaything of the elementary forces of nature ! There is a restfulness in this happiness, a casting away of the great burden, a descent without fatigue, as if one had been given up to the blind force of gravity.

This is the dream of the mountain climber, who, although he sees his goal far above him, nevertheless falls asleep on the way from utter exhaustion, and dreams of the happiness of the contrast this effortless rolling down hill. I describe happiness as I imagine it to be in our present-day society, the badgered, ambitious society of Europe and America. Now and then they wish to fall back into impotence this enjoyment is offered them by wars, arts, religions, and geniuses. When a man has temporarily abandoned himself to a momentary impression which devours and crushes everything and this is the modern festive mood he afterwards becomes freer, colder, more refreshed, and more strict, and again strives tirelessly after the contrary of all this : power.

The Dawn

272

THE PURIFICATION OF RACES. It is probable that there are no pure races, but only races which have become purified, and even these are extremely rare. We more often meet with crossed races, among whom, together with the defects in the harmony of the bodily forms (for example when the eyes do not accord with the mouth) we necessarily always find defects of harmony in habits and appreciations. (Livingstone heard someone say, " God created white and black men, but the devil created the half-castes.")

Crossed races are always at the same time-crossed cultures and crossed moralities : they are, as a rule, more evil, cruel, and restless. Purity is the final result of innumerable adjustments, absorptions, and eliminations ; and progress towards purity in a race is shown by the fact that the latent strength in the race is more and more restricted to a few special functions, while it formerly had to carry out too many and often contradictory things. Such a restriction will always have the appearance of an impoverishment, and must be judged with prudence and moderation. In the long run, however, when the process of purification has come to a successful termination, all those forces which were formerly wasted in the struggle between the disharmonious qualities are at the disposal of the organism as a whole, and this is why purified races have always become stronger and more beautiful. The Greeks may serve us as a model

of a purified race and culture ! and it is to be hoped that someday a pure European race and culture may arise.

The Dawn

273

PRAISE. Here is someone who, you perceive, wishes to praise you : you bite your lips and brace up your heart: Oh, that that cup might go hence ! But it does not, it comes ! let us therefore drink the sweet impudence of the panegyrist, let us overcome the disgust and profound contempt that we feel for the innermost substance of his praise, let us assume a look of thankful joy for he wished to make himself agreeable to us ! And now that it is all over we know that he feels greatly exalted ; he has been victorious over us. Yes, and also over himself, the villain ! for it was no easy matter for him to wring this praise from himself.

The Dawn

274

THE RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES OF MAN. We human beings are the only creatures who, when things do not go well with us, can blot ourselves out like a clumsy sentence, whether we do so out of honour for humanity or pity for it, or on account of the aversion we feel towards ourselves.

The Dawn

275

THE TRANSFORMED BEING. Now he becomes virtuous ; but only for the sake of hurting others by being so. Don't pay so much attention to him.

The Dawn

HOW OFTEN ! HOW UNEXPECTED ! How may married men have some morning awakened to the fact that their young wife is dull, although she thinks quite the contrary ! not to speak of those wives whose flesh is willing but whose intellect is weak !

The Dawn

WARM AND COLD VIRTUES. Courage is sometimes the consequence of cold and unshaken resolution, and at other times of a fiery and reckless bravery. For these two kinds of courage there is only the one name! but how different, nevertheless, are cold virtues and warm virtues! and the man would be a fool who could suppose that " goodness" could only be brought about by warmth, and no less a fool he who would only attribute it to cold. The truth is that mankind has found both warm and cold courage very useful, yet not often enough to prevent it from setting them both in the category of precious stones.

The Dawn

THE GRACIOUS MEMORY. A man of high rank will do well to develop a gracious memory, that is, to note all the good qualities of people and remember them particularly ; for in this way he holds them in an agreeable dependence. A man may also act in this way towards himself: whether or not he has a gracious memory determines in the end the superiority, gentleness, or distrust with which he observes his own inclinations and intentions, and finally even the nature of these inclinations and intentions.

The Dawn

WHEREIN WE BECOME ARTISTS. He who makes an idol of someone endeavours to justify himself in his own eyes by idealising this person : in other words, he becomes an artist that he may have a clear conscience. When he suffers he does not suffer from his ignorance, but from the lie he has told himself to make himself ignorant - The inmost misery and desire of such a man and all passionate lovers are included in this category - it cannot be exhausted by normal means.

The Dawn

CHILDLIKE, Those who live like children- those who have not to struggle for their daily bread, and do not think that their actions have any ultimate signification remain childlike.

The Dawn

OUR EGO DESIRES EVERYTHING. It would seem as if men in general were only inspired by the desire to possess : languages at least would permit of this supposition, for they view past actions from the standpoint that we have been put in possession of something " I have spoken, struggled, conquered " as if to say, I am now in possession of my word, my struggle, my victory. How greedy man appears in this light ! he cannot even let the past escape him : he even wishes to have it still !

The Dawn

DANGER IN BEAUTY. This woman is beautiful and intelligent : alas, how much more intelligent she would have become if she had not been beautiful !

The Dawn

283

DOMESTIC AND MENTAL PEACE. Our habitual mood depends upon the mood in which we maintain our habitual entourage.

The Dawn

284

NEW THINGS AS OLD ONES. Many people seem irritated when something new is told them : they feel the ascendancy which the news has given to the person who has learnt it first.

The Dawn

285

WHAT ARE THE LIMITS OF THE EGO. The majority of people take under their protection, as it were, something that they know, as if the fact of knowing it was sufficient in itself to make it their property. The acquisitiveness of the egoistic feeling has no limits : Great men speak as if they had behind them the whole of time, and had placed themselves at the head of this enormous host ; and good women boast of the beauty of their children, their clothes, their dog, their physician, or their native town, but the only thing they dare not say is, " I am all that." "Chi non ha non e" as they say in Italy.

The Dawn

286

DOMESTIC ANIMALS, PETS AND THE LIKE. Could there be anything more repugnant than the sentimentality which is shown to plants and

animals and this on the part of a creature who from the very beginning has made such ravages among them as their most ferocious enemy, and who ends by even claiming affectionate feelings from his weakened and mutilated victims ! Before this kind of "nature " man must above all be serious, if he is any sort of a thinking being.

The Dawn

287

Two FRIENDS. They were friends once, but now they have ceased to be so, and both of them broke off the friendship at the same time, the one because he believed himself to be too greatly misunderstood, and the other because he thought he was known too intimately and both were wrong ! For neither of them knew himself well enough.

The Dawn

288

THE COMEDY OF THE NOBLE SOULS. Those who cannot succeed in exhibiting a noble and cordial familiarity endeavour to let the nobleness of their nature be seen by their exercise of reserve and strictness, and a certain contempt for familiarity, as if their strong sense of confidence were ashamed to show itself.

The Dawn

289

WHERE WE MAY SAY NOTHING AGAINST VIRTUE. Among cowards it is thought bad form to say anything against bravery, for any expression of this kind would give rise to some contempt ; and unfeeling people are irritated when anything is said against pity.

The Dawn

A WASTE. We find that with irritable and abrupt people their first words and actions generally afford no indication of their actual character they are prompted by circumstances, and are to some extent simply reproductions of the spirit of these circumstances. Because, however, as the words have been uttered and the deeds done, the subsequent words and deeds, indicating the real nature of such people, have often to be used to reconcile, amend, or extinguish the former.

The Dawn

ARROGANCE. Arrogance is an artificial and simulated pride ; but it is precisely the essential nature of pride to be incapable of artifice, simulation, or hypocrisy and thus arrogance is the hypocrisy of the incapacity for hypocrisy, a very difficult thing, and one which is a failure in most cases. But if we suppose that, as most frequently happens, the presumptuous person betrays himself, then a treble annoyance falls to his lot : people are angry with him because he has endeavoured to deceive them, and because he wished to show himself superior to them, and finally they laugh at him because he failed in both these endeavours. How earnestly, therefore, should we dissuade our fellowmen from arrogance !

The Dawn

A SPECIES OF MISCONCEPTION. When we hear somebody speak it is often sufficient for his pronunciation of a single consonant (the letter r, for example) to fill us with doubts as to the honesty of his feelings : we are not accustomed to this particular pronunciation, and should have to make it ourselves as it were arbitrarily it sounds "forced" to us. This is the domain of the greatest possible misconception : and it is the same with the style of a writer who has certain habits which are not the habits of everybody. His " artlessness " is felt as such only by himself, and

precisely in regard to that which he himself feels to be " forced " (because he has yielded in this matter to the prevailing fashion and to so called " good taste "), he may perhaps give pleasure and inspire confidence.

The Dawn

293

THANKFUL. One superfluous grain of gratitude and piety makes one suffer as from a vice in spite of all one's independence and honesty one begins to have a bad conscience.

The Dawn

294

SAINTS. It is the most sensual men who find it necessary to avoid women and to torture their bodies.

The Dawn

295

THE SUBTLETY OF SERVING. One of the most subtle tasks in the great art of serving is that of serving a more than usually ambitious man, who, indeed, is excessively egoistic in all things, but is entirely adverse to being thought so (this is part of his ambition). He requires that everything shall be according to his own will and humour, yet in such a way as to give him the appearance of always having sacrificed himself, and of rarely desiring anything for himself alone.

The Dawn

296

DUELLING. I think it a great advantage, said someone, to be able to

fight a duel if, of course, it is absolutely necessary ; for I have at all times brave companions about me. The duel is the last means of thoroughly honourable suicide left to us ; but it is unfortunately a circuitous means, and not even a certain one.

The Dawn

297

PERNICIOUS. A young man can be most surely corrupted when he is taught to value the likeminded more highly than the differently minded.

The Dawn

298

HERO-WORSHIP AND ITS FANATICS. The fanatic of an ideal that possesses flesh and blood is right as a rule so long as he assumes a negative attitude, and he is terrible in his negation : he knows what he denies as well as he knows himself, for the simple reason that he comes thence, that he feels at home there, and that he has always the secret fear of being forced to return there someday. He therefore wishes to make his return impossible by the manner of his negation. As soon as he begins to affirm, however, he partly shuts his eyes and begins to idealise (frequently merely for the sake of annoying those who have stayed at home). We might say that there was something artistic about this agreed, but there is also something dishonest about it.

The idealist of a person imagines this person to be so far from him that he can no longer see him distinctly, and then he travesties that which he can just perceive into something " beautiful " that is to say, symmetrical, vaguely outlined, uncertain. Since he wishes to worship from afar that ideal which floats on high in the distance, he finds it essential to build a temple for the object of his worship as a protection from the profanum vulgus. He brings into this temple for the object of his worship all the venerable and sanctified objects which he still possesses, so that his ideal may benefit by their charm, and that, nourished in this way, it may grow more and more divine. In the end he really succeeds in forming his God,

but, alas for him ! there is someone who knows how all this has been done, namely his intellectual conscience ; and there is also someone who, quite unconsciously, begins to protest against these things, namely the deified one himself, who, in consequence of all this worship, praise, and incense, now becomes completely unbearable and shows himself in the most obvious and dreadful manner to be non-divine, and only too human.

In a case like this there is only one means of escape left for such a fanatic ; he patiently suffers himself and his fellows to be maltreated, and interprets all this misery in *maiores del gloriam* by a new kind of self-deceit and noble falsehood. He takes up a stand against himself, and in doing so experiences, as an interpreter and ill-treated person, something like martyrdom and in this way he climbs to the height of his conceit. Men of this kind to be found, for example, in the entourage of Napoleon: indeed, perhaps it may have been he who inspired the soul of his century with that romantic prostration in the presence of the " genius " and the " hero," which was so foreign to the spirit of rationalism of the nineteenth century a man about whom even Byron was not ashamed to say that he was a "worm compared with such a being." (The formulae of this prostration have been discovered by Thomas Carlyle, that arrogant old muddle-head and grumbler, who spent his long life in trying to romanticise the common sense of his Englishmen : but in vain !)

The Dawn

299

THE APPEARANCE OF HEROISM. Throwing ourselves in the midst of our enemies may be a sign of cowardice.

The Dawn

300

CONDESCENDING TOWARDS THE FLATTERER. It is the ultimate prudence of insatiably ambitious men not only to conceal their contempt for man which the sight of flatterers causes them : but also to appear

even condescending to them, like a God who can be nothing if not condescending.

The Dawn

301

" STRENGTH OF CHARACTER." " What I have said once I will do " This manner of thinking is believed to indicate great strength of character. How many actions are accomplished, not because they have been selected as being the most rational, but because at the moment when we thought of them they influenced our ambition and vanity by some means or another, so that we do not stop until we have blindly carried them out. Thus they strengthen in us our belief in our character and our good conscience, in short our strength ; while the choice of the most rational acts possible brings about a certain amount of scepticism towards ourselves, and thus encourages a sense of weakness in us.

The Dawn

302

ONCE, TWICE, AND THRICE TRUE. Men lie unspeakably and often, but they do not think about it afterwards, and generally do not believe in it.

The Dawn

303

THE PASTIME OF THE PSYCHOLOGIST. He thinks he knows me, and fancies himself to be subtle and important when he has any kind of relations with me ; and I take care not to undeceive him. For in such a case I should suffer for it, while now he wishes me well because I arouse in him a feeling of conscious superiority. There is another, who fears that I think I know him, and feels a sense of inferiority at this. As a result he behaves in a timid and vacillating manner, in my presence, and

endeavours to mislead me in regard to himself so that he may regain an ascendancy over me.

The Dawn

304

THE DESTROYERS OF THE WORLD. When some men fail to accomplish what they desire to do they exclaim angrily, " May the whole world perish ! " This odious feeling is the height of envy which reasons thus : because I cannot have one thing the whole world in general must have nothing ! the whole world shall not exist !

The Dawn

305

GREED. When we set out to buy something our greed increases with the cheapness of the object Why ? Is it because the small differences in price make up the little eye of greed ?

The Dawn

306

THE GREEK IDEAL. What did the Greeks admire in Ulysses ? Above all his capacity for lying and for taking a shrewd and dreadful revenge, his being equal to circumstances, his appearing to be nobler than the noblest when necessary, his ability to be everything he desired, his heroic pertinacity, having all means within his command, possessing genius the genius of Ulysses is an object of the admiration of the gods, they smile when they think of it all this is the Greek ideal ! What is most remarkable about it is that the contradiction between seeming and being was not felt in any way, and that as a consequence it could not be morally estimated. Were there ever such accomplished actors ?

The Dawn

307

FACTA! YES, FACTA FICTA! The historian need not concern himself with events which have actually happened, but only those which are supposed to have happened ; for none but the latter have produced an effect. The same remark applies to the imaginary heroes. His theme this so-called world-history what is it but opinions on imaginary actions and their imaginary motives, which in their turn give rise to opinions and actions the reality of which, however, is at once evaporated, and is only effective as vapour, a continual generating and impregnating of phantoms above the dense mists of unfathomable reality. All historians record things which have never existed, except in imagination.

The Dawn

308

NOT TO UNDERSTAND TRADE IS NOBLE. To sell one's virtue only at the highest price, or even to carry on usury with it as a teacher, a civil servant, or an artist, for instance, brings genius and talent down to the level of the common tradesman. We must be careful not to be clever with our wisdom !

The Dawn

309

FEAR AND LOVE. The general knowledge of mankind has been furthered to a greater extent by fear than by love ; for fear endeavours to find out who the other is, what he can do, and what he wants: it would be dangerous and prejudicial to be deceived on this point. On the other hand, love is induced by its secret craving to discover as many beautiful qualities as possible in the loved object, or to raise this loved object as high as possible : it is a joy and an advantage to love to be deceived in this way and this is why it does it.

The Dawn

310

GOOD-NATURED PEOPLE. Good-natured people have acquired their character from the continual fear of foreign attacks in which their ancestors lived, these ancestors, who were in the habit of mitigating and tranquillising, humbling themselves, preventing, distracting, flattering, and apologising, concealing their grief and anger, and preserving an unruffled countenance, and they ultimately bequeathed all this delicate and well-formed mechanism to their children and grandchildren. These latter, thanks to their more favourable lot, did not experience this feeling of dread, but they nevertheless continue in the same groove.

The Dawn

311

THE SO-CALLED SOUL. The sum-total of those internal movements which come naturally to men, and which they can consequently set in motion readily and gracefully, is called the soul - men are looked upon as void of soul when they let it be seen that their inward emotions are difficult and painful to them.

The Dawn

312

THE FORGETFUL ONES. In outbursts of passion and the delusions of dreams and madness, man rediscovers his own primitive history, and that of humanity : animality and its savage grimaces. For once his memory stretches back into the past, while his civilised condition is developed from the forgetfulness of these primitive experiences, that is to say, from the failing of this memory. He who, as a forgetful man of a higher nature, has always remained aloof from these things, does not understand men but it is an advantage if from time to time there are individuals who do not understand men, individuals who are, so to speak,

created from the divine seed and born of reason.

The Dawn

313

THE FRIEND WHOM WE WANT NO LONGER. That friend whose hopes we cannot satisfy we should prefer to have as an enemy.

The Dawn

314

IN THE SOCIETY OF THINKERS. In the midst of the ocean of becoming we adventurers and birds of passage wake up on an island no larger than a small boat, and here we look round us for a moment with as much haste and curiosity as possible ; for how quickly may some gale blow us away or some wave sweep over the little island and leave nothing of us remaining ! Here, however, upon this little piece of ground we meet with other birds of passage and hear of still earlier ones, and thus we live together for one precious minute of recognition and divining, amid the cheerful fluttering of wings and joyful chirping, and then adventure in spirit far out on the ocean, feeling no less proud than the ocean itself.

The Dawn

315

PARTING WITH SOMETHING. To give up some of our property, or to waive a right, gives pleasure when it denotes great wealth. Generosity may be placed in this category.

The Dawn

316

WEAK SECTS. Those sects which feel that they will always remain weak hunt up a few intelligent individual adherents, wishing to make up in quality what they lack in quantity. This gives rise to no little danger for intelligent minds.

The Dawn

317

THE JUDGMENT OF THE EVENING. The man who meditates upon his day's and life's work when he has reached the end of his journey and feels weary, generally arrives at a melancholy conclusion ; but this is not the fault of the day or his life, but of weariness. In the midst of creative work we do not take time, as a rule, to meditate upon life and existence, nor yet in the midst of our pleasures ; but if by a chance this did happen once we should no longer believe him to be right who waited for the seventh day and for repose to find everything that exists very beautiful. He had missed the right moment.

The Dawn

318

BEWARE OF SYSTEMISERS ! There is a certain amount of comedy about systemisers : in trying to complete a system and to round off its horizon they have to try to let their weaker qualities appear in the same style as their stronger ones. They wish to represent complete and uniformly strong natures.

The Dawn

319

HOSPITALITY. The object of hospitality is to paralyse all hostile feeling in a stranger. When we cease to look upon strangers as enemies, hospitality diminishes ; it flourishes so long as its evil presupposition does.

The Dawn

320

THE WEATHER. An exceptional and uncertain state of the weather makes men suspicious even of one another : at the same time they come to like innovations, for they must diverge from their accustomed habits. This is why despots like those countries where the weather is moral.

The Dawn

321

DANGER IN INNOCENCE. Innocent people become easy victims in all circumstances because their lack of knowledge prevents them from distinguishing between moderation and excess, and from being betimes on their guard against themselves. It is as a result of this that innocent, that is, ignorant young women become accustomed to the frequent enjoyment of sexual intercourse, and feel the want of it very much in later years when their husbands fall ill or grow prematurely old. It is on account of this harmless and orthodox conception, as if frequent sexual intercourse were right and proper, that they come to experience a need which afterwards exposes them to the severest tribulations, and even worse.

Considering the matter, however, from a higher and more general point of view, whoever loves a man or a thing without knowing him or it, falls a prey to something which he would not love if he could see it. In all cases where experience, precautions, and prudent steps are required, it is the innocent man who will be most thoroughly corrupted, for he has to drink with closed eyes the dregs and most secret poison of everything put before him. Let us consider the procedure of all princes, churches, sects, parties, and corporations : Is not the innocent man always used as the sweetest bait for the most dangerous and wicked traps ? just as Ulysses availed himself of the services of the innocent Neoptolemos to cheat the old and infirm anchorite and ogre of Lemnos out of his bow and arrows. Christianity, with its contempt for the world, has made ignorance a virtue innocence, perhaps because the most frequent result of

this innocence is precisely, as I have indicated above, guilt, the sense of guilt, and despair : In other words, a virtue which leads to Heaven by the circuitous route of Hell ; for only then can the gloomy entrances of Christian salvation be thrown open, and only then is the promise of a posthumous second innocence effective. This is one of the finest inventions of Christianity !

The Dawn

322

LIVING WITHOUT A DOCTOR WHEN POSSIBLE. It seems to me that a sick man lives more carelessly when he is under medical observation than when he attends to his own health. In the first case it suffices for him to obey strictly all his Doctor's prescriptions ; but in the second case he gives more attention to the ultimate object of these prescriptions, namely, his health ; he observes much more, and submits himself to a more severe discipline than the directions of his physician would compel him to do.

All rules have this effect: they distract our attention from the fundamental aim of the rule, and make us more thoughtless. But to what heights of immoderation and destruction would men have risen if ever they had completely and honestly left everything to the Godhead as to their physician, and acted in accordance with the words "as God will"!

The Dawn

323

THE DARKENING OF THE HEAVENS. Do you know the vengeance of those timid people who behave in society just as if they had stolen their limbs ? The vengeance of the humble, Christianlike souls who just manage to slink quietly through the world ? The vengeance of those who always judge hastily, and are as hastily said to be in the wrong ? The vengeance of all classes of drunkards, for whom the morning is always the

most miserable part of the day? and also of all kinds of invalids and sick and depressed people who have no longer the courage to become healthy ?

The number of these petty vengeful people, and, even more, the number of their petty acts of revenge, is incalculable. The air around us is continually whizzing with the discharged arrows of their malignity, so that the sun and the sky of their lives become darkened thereby, and, alas not only theirs, but more often ours and other men's : and this is worse than the frequent wounds which they make on our skins and hearts. Do we not occasionally deny the existence of the sun and sky merely because we have not seen them for so long ? Well then, solitude ! because of this, solitude !

The Dawn

324

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE ACTOR. It is the blissful illusion of all great actors to imagine that the historical personages whom they are representing were really in the same state of mind as they themselves are when interpreting them but in this they are very much mistaken. Their powers of imitation and divination, which they would gladly exhibit as a clairvoyant faculty, penetrate only far enough to explain gestures, accent, and looks, and in general anything exterior : that is, they can grasp the shadow of the soul of a great hero, statesman, or warrior, or of an ambitious, jealous, or desperate person they penetrate fairly near to the soul, but they never reach the inmost spirit of the man they are imitating.

It would, indeed, be a fine thing to discover that instead of thinkers, psychologists, or experts we required nothing but clairvoyant actors to throw light upon the essence of any condition. Let us never forget, whenever such pretensions are heard, that the actor is nothing but an ideal ape so much of an ape is he, indeed, that he is not capable of believing in the "essence" or in the "essential": everything becomes for him merely performance, intonation, attitude, stage, scenery, and public.

The Dawn

LIVING AND BELIEVING APART. The means of becoming the prophet and wonder-worker of one's age are the same to-day as in former times : one must live apart, with little knowledge, some ideas, and a great deal of presumption we then finish by believing that mankind cannot do without us, because it is clear that we can do without it When we are inspired with this belief we find faith. Finally, a piece of advice to him who needs it (it was given to Wesley by Boehler, his spiritual teacher) : " Preach faith until you have it; then you will preach it because you have it 1"

The Dawn

KNOWING OUR CIRCUMSTANCES. We may estimate our powers, but not our power. Not only do circumstances conceal it from us and show it to us time about, but they even exaggerate or diminish it. We must consider ourselves as variable quantities whose productive capacity may in favourable circumstances reach the greatest possible heights : we must therefore reflect upon these circumstances, and spare no pains in studying them.

The Dawn

A FABLE. The Don Juan of knowledge no philosopher or poet has yet succeeded in discovering him. He is wanting in love for the things he recognises, but he possesses wit, a lust for the hunting after knowledge, and the intrigues in connection with it, and he, finds enjoyment in all these, even up to the highest and most distant stars of knowledge until at last there is nothing left for him to pursue but the absolutely injurious side of knowledge, just as the drunkard who ends by drinking absinthe and nitric acid. That is why last of all he feels a longing for hell, for this is the final knowledge which seduces him. Perhaps even this would

disappoint him, as all things do which one knows ! and then he would have to stand still for all eternity, a victim to eternal deception, and transformed into his enemy, the Stony Guest, who longs for an evening meal of knowledge which will never more fall to his share ! for the whole world of things will not have another mouthful left to offer to these hungry men.

The Dawn

328

WHAT IDEALISTIC THEORIES DISCLOSE. We are most certain to find idealistic theories among unscrupulously practical men ; for such men stand in need of the lustre of these theories for the sake of their reputation. They adopt them instinctively without by any means feeling hypocritical in doing so no more hypocritical than Englishmen with their Christianity and their Sabbath-keeping. On the other hand, contemplative natures who have to keep themselves on their guard against all kinds of fantasies and who dread to be reputed as enthusiasts, are only to be satisfied with hard realistic theories: they take possession of them under the same instinctive compulsion without thereby losing their honesty.

The Dawn

329

THE CALUMNIATORS OF CHEERFULNESS. People who have been deeply wounded by the disappointments of life look with suspicion upon all cheerfulness as if it were something childish and puerile, and revealed a lack of common sense that moves them to pity and tenderness, such as one would experience when seeing a dying child caressing his toys on his death-bed. Such men appear to see hidden graves under every rose; rejoicings, tumult, and cheerful music appear to them to be the voluntary illusions of a man who is dangerously ill and yet wishes to take a momentary draught from the intoxicating cup of life. But this judgment about cheerfulness is merely the reflection of the latter on the dark background of weariness and ill-health : in itself it is something touching, irrational, and pitiable, even childlike and puerile, but

connected with that second childhood which follows in the train of old age, and is the harbinger of death.

The Dawn

330

NOT YET ENOUGH! It is not sufficient to prove a case, we must also tempt or raise men to it : hence the wise man must learn to convey his wisdom ; and often in such a manner that it may sound like foolishness !

The Dawn

331

RIGHT AND LIMITS. Asceticism is the proper mode of thinking for those who must extirpate their carnal instincts, because these are ferocious beasts, but only for such people !

The Dawn

332

THE BOMBASTIC STYLE. An artist who does not wish to put his elevated feelings into a work and thus unburden himself, but who rather wishes to impart these feelings of elevation to others, becomes pompous, and his style becomes the bombastic style.

The Dawn

333

"HUMANITY." We do not consider animals as moral beings. But do you think that animals consider us as moral beings ? An animal which had the power of speech once said : " Humanity is a prejudice from which we animals at least do not suffer."

The Dawn

334

THE CHARITABLE MAN. The charitable man gratifies a need of his own inward feelings when doing good. The stronger this need is the less does such a man try to put himself in the place of those who serve the purpose of gratifying his desire : he becomes indelicate and sometimes even offensive. (This remark applies to the benevolence and charity of the Jews, which, as is well known, is somewhat more effusive than that of other peoples.)

The Dawn

335

THAT LOVE MAY BE FELT AS LOVE. We must be honest towards ourselves, and must know ourselves very well indeed, to be able to practise upon others that humane dissimulation known as love and kindness.

The Dawn

336

WHAT ARE WE CAPABLE OF ? A man who had been tormented all day by his wicked and malicious son slew him in the evening, and then with a sigh of relief said to the other members of his family : " Well now we can sleep in peace." Who knows what circumstances might drive us to !

The Dawn

337

"NATURAL." To be natural, at least in his deficiencies, is perhaps the last

praise that can be bestowed upon an artificial artist, who is in other respects theatrical and half genuine. Such a man will for this very reason boldly parade his deficiencies.

The Dawn

338

CONSCIENCE-SUBSTITUTE. One man is another's conscience : and this is especially important when the other has none else.

The Dawn

339

THE TRANSFORMATION OF DUTIES. When our duties cease to be difficult of accomplishment, and after long practice become changed into agreeable delights and needs, then the rights of others to whom our duties (though now our inclinations) refer change into something else: that is, they become the occasion of pleasant feelings for us. Henceforth the "other," by virtue of his rights, becomes an object of love to us instead of an object of reverence and awe as formerly. It is our own pleasure we seek when we recognise and maintain the extent of his power. When the Quietists no longer felt their Christian faith as a burden, and experienced their delight only in God, they took the motto : " Do all to the glory of God." Whatever they performed henceforth in this sense was no longer a sacrifice, it was as much as to say, " Everything for the sake of our pleasure." To demand that duty should be always rather burdensome, as Kant does, is to demand that it shall never develop into a habit or custom. There is a small residue of ascetic cruelty in this demand.

The Dawn

340

APPEARANCES ARE AGAINST THE HISTORIAN. It is a sufficiently demonstrated fact that human beings come from the womb ;

nevertheless when children grow up and stand by the side of their mother this hypothesis appears very absurd all appearances are against it.

The Dawn

341

THE ADVANTAGE OF IGNORANCE. Someone has said that in his childhood he experienced such a contempt for the caprices and whims of a melancholy temperament that, until he had grown up and had become a middle-aged man, he did not know what his own temperament was like : it was precisely a melancholy temperament. He declared that this was the best of all possible kinds of ignorance.

The Dawn

342

Do NOT BE DECEIVED ! Yes, he examined the matter from every side and you think him to be a man of profound knowledge. But he only wishes to lower the price he wants to buy it !

The Dawn

343

A MORAL PRETENCE. You refuse to be dissatisfied with yourselves or to suffer from yourselves, and this you call your moral tendency ! Very well ; another may perhaps call it your cowardice ! One thing, however, is certain, and that is that you will never take a trip round the world (and you yourselves are this world), and you will always remain in yourselves an accident and a clod on the face of the earth ! Do you fancy that we who hold different views from you are merely exposing ourselves out of pure folly to the journey through our own deserts, swamps, and glaciers, and that we are voluntarily choosing grief and disgust with ourselves, like the Stylites ?

The Dawn

344

SUBTLETY IN MISTAKES. If Homer, as they say, sometimes nodded, he was wiser than all the artists of sleepless ambition. We must allow admirers to stop for a time and take breath by letting them find fault now and then ; for nobody can bear an uninterruptedly brilliant and untiring excellence and instead of doing good such a master would merely become a taskmaster, whom we hate while he precedes us.

The Dawn

345

OUR HAPPINESS is NOT AN ARGUMENT EITHER PRO OR CON. Many men are only capable of a small share of happiness : and it is not an argument against their wisdom if this wisdom is unable to afford them a greater degree of happiness, any more than it is an argument against medical skill that many people are incurable, and others always ailing. May everyone have the good fortune to discover the conception of existence which will enable him to realise his greatest share of happiness ! though this will not necessarily prevent his life from being miserable and not worth envying.

The Dawn

346

THE ENEMIES OF WOMEN. " Woman is our enemy " the man who speaks to men in this way exhibits an unbridled lust which not only hates itself but also its means.

The Dawn

347

THE SCHOOL OF THE ORATOR. When a man has kept silence for a whole year he learns to stop chattering, and to discourse instead. The Pythagoreans were the best statesmen of their age.

The Dawn

348

THE FEELING OF POWER. Note the distinction : the man who wishes to acquire the feeling of power seizes upon any means, and looks upon nothing as too petty which can foster this feeling. He who already possesses power, however, has grown fastidious and refined in his tastes; few things can be found to satisfy him.

The Dawn

349

NOT SO VERY IMPORTANT. When we are present at a death-bed there regularly arises in us a thought that we immediately suppress from a false sense of propriety : the thought that the act of dying is less important than the customary veneration of it would wish us to believe, and that the dying man has probably lost in his life things which were more important than he is now about to lose by his death. In this case the end is certainly not the goal.

The Dawn

350

THE BEST WAY TO PROMISE. When a man makes a promise it is not merely the word that promises, but what lies unexpressed behind the word. Words indeed weaken a promise by discharging and using up a power which forms part of that power which promises. Therefore shake hands when making a promise, but put your finger on your lips in this way you will make the safest promises.

The Dawn

351

GENERALLY MISUNDERSTOOD. In conversation we sometimes observe people endeavouring to set a trap in which to catch others not out of evil-mindedness, as one might suppose, but from delight in their own shrewdness. Others again prepare a joke so that someone else may utter it, they tie the knot so that others may undo it : not out of goodwill, as might be supposed, but from wickedness, and their contempt for coarse intellects.

The Dawn

352

CENTRE. The feeling, " I am the centre of the world," forcibly comes to us when we are unexpectedly overtaken by disgrace : we then feel as if we were standing dazed in the midst of a surge, and dazzled by the glance of one enormous eye which gazes down upon us from all sides and looks us through and through.

The Dawn

353

FREEDOM OF SPEECH. "The truth must be told, even if the world should be shivered in fragments" so cries the eminent and grandiloquent Fichte. Yes, certainly ; but we must have it first. What he really means, however, is that each man should speak his mind, even if everything were to be turned upside down. This point, however, is open to dispute,

The Dawn

354

THE COURAGE FOR SUFFERING. Such as we now are, we are capable of bearing a tolerable amount of displeasure, and our stomach is suited to such indigestible food. If we were deprived of it, indeed, we should perhaps think the banquet of life insipid ; and if it were not for our willingness to suffer pain we should have to let too many pleasures escape us !

The Dawn

355

ADMIRERS. The man who admires up to the point that he would be ready to crucify anyone who did not admire, must be reckoned among the executioners of his party beware of shaking hands with him, even when he belongs to your own side.

The Dawn

356

THE EFFECT OF HAPPINESS. The first effect of happiness is the feeling of power, and this feeling longs to manifest itself, whether towards ourselves or other men, or towards ideas and imaginary beings. Its most common modes of manifestation are making presents, derision, and destruction all three being due to a common fundamental instinct.

The Dawn

357

MORAL MOSQUITOES. Those moralists who are lacking in the love of knowledge, and who are only acquainted with the pleasure of giving pain, have the spirit and tediousness of provincials. Their pastime, as cruel as it is lamentable, is to observe their neighbour with the greatest possible closeness, and, unperceived, to place a pin in such position that he cannot help pricking himself with it. Such men have preserved

something of the wickedness of schoolboys, who cannot amuse themselves without hunting and torturing either the living or the dead.

The Dawn

358

REASONS AND THEIR UNREASON. You feel a dislike for him, and adduce innumerable reasons for this dislike, but I only believe in your dislike and not in your reasons ! You flatter yourself by adducing as a rational conclusion, both to yourself and to me, that which happens to be merely a matter of instinct.

The Dawn

359

APPROVING OF SOMETHING. We approve of marriage in the first place because we are not yet acquainted with it, in the second place because we have accustomed ourselves to it, and in the third place because we have contracted it that is to say, in most cases. And yet nothing has been proved thereby in favour of the value of marriage in general.

The Dawn

360

No UTILITARIANS. " Power which has greatly suffered both in deed and in thought is better than powerlessness which only meets with kind treatment" such was the Greek way of thinking. In other words, the feeling of power was prized more highly by them than any mere utility or fair renown.

The Dawn

361

UGLY IN APPEARANCE. Moderation appears to itself to be quite beautiful : it is unaware of the fact that in the eyes of the immoderate it seems coarse and insipid, and consequently ugly.

The Dawn

362

DIFFERENT IN THEIR HATRED. There are men who do not begin to hate until they feel weak and tired : in other respects they are fair-minded and superior. Others only begin to hate when they see an opportunity for revenge : in other respects they carefully avoid both secret and open wrath, and overlook it whenever there is any occasion for it.

The Dawn

363

MEN OF CHANCE. It is pure hazard which plays the essential part in every invention, but most men do not meet with this hazard.

The Dawn

364

CHOICE OF ENVIRONMENT. We should beware of living in an environment where we are neither able to maintain a dignified silence nor to express our loftier thoughts, so that only our complaints and needs and the whole story of our misery are left to be told. We thus become dissatisfied with ourselves and with our surroundings, and to the discomfort which brings about our complaints we add the vexation which we feel at always being in the position of grumblers. But we should, on the contrary, live in a place where we should be ashamed to speak of ourselves and where it would not be necessary to do so. Who, however, thinks of such things, or of the choice in such things ? We talk about our " fate," brace up our shoulders, and sigh, "Unfortunate Atlas that I am I "

The Dawn

365

VANITY. Vanity is the dread of appearing to be original. Hence it is a lack of pride, but not necessarily a lack of originality.

The Dawn

366

THE CRIMINAL'S GRIEF. The criminal who has been found out does not suffer because of the crime he has committed, but because of the shame and annoyance caused him either by some blunder which he has made or by being deprived of his habitual element ; and keen discernment is necessary to distinguish such cases. Everyone who has had much experience of prisons and reformatories is astonished at the rare instances of really genuine " remorse," and still more so at the longing shown to return to the old wicked and beloved crime.

The Dawn

367

ALWAYS APPEARING HAPPY. When, in the Greece of the third century, philosophy had become a matter of public emulation, there were not a few philosophers who became happy through the thought that others who lived according to different principles, and suffered from them, could not but feel envious of their happiness. They thought they could refute these other people with their happiness better than anything else, and to achieve this object they were content to appear to be always happy; but, following this practice, they were obliged to become happy in the long run ! This, for example, was the case of the cynics.

The Dawn

THE CAUSE OF MUCH MISUNDERSTANDING. The morality of increasing nervous force is joyful and restless ; the morality of diminishing nervous force, towards evening, or in invalids and old people, is passive, calm, patient, and melancholy, and not rarely even gloomy. In accordance with what we may possess of one or other of these moralities, we do not understand that which we lack, and we often interpret it in others as immorality and weakness.

The Dawn

RAISING ONE'S SELF ABOVE ONE'S OWN LOWNESS. " Proud" fellows they are indeed, those who, in order to establish a sense of their own dignity and importance, stand in need of other people whom they may tyrannise and oppress those whose powerlessness and cowardice permits someone to make sublime and furious gestures in their presence with impunity, so that they require the baseness of their surroundings to raise themselves for one short moment above their own baseness ! For this purpose one man requires a dog, another a friend, a third a wife, a fourth a party, a fifth, again, one very rarely to be met with, a whole age.

The Dawn

TO WHAT EXTENT THE THINKER LOVES HIS ENEMY, Make it a rule never to withhold or conceal from yourself anything that may be thought against your own thoughts. Vow it ! This is the essential requirement of honest thinking. You must undertake such a campaign against yourself every day. A victory and a conquered position are no longer your concern, but that of truth and your defeat also is no longer your concern !

The Dawn

371

THE EVIL OF STRENGTH. Violence as the outcome of passion, for example, of rage, must be understood from the physiological point of view as an attempt to avoid an imminent fit of suffocation. Innumerable acts arising from animal spirits and vented upon others are simply outlets for getting rid of sudden congestion by a violent muscular exertion : and perhaps the entire " evil of strength " must be considered from this point of view. (This evil of strength wounds others unintentionally it must find an outlet somewhere ; while the evil of weakness wishes to wound and to see signs of suffering.)

The Dawn

372

To THE CREDIT OF THE CONNOISSEUR. As soon as someone who is no connoisseur begins to pose as a judge we should remonstrate, whether it is a male or female whipper-snapper. Enthusiasm or delight in a thing or a human being is not an argument; neither is repugnance or hatred.

The Dawn

373

TREACHEROUS BLAME. "He has no knowledge of men " means in the mouth of some " He does not know what baseness is " ; and in the mouths of others, " He does not know the exception and knows only too well what baseness means."

The Dawn

374

THE VALUE OF SACRIFICE. The more the rights of states and princes are questioned as to their right to sacrifice the individual (for example, in the administration of justice, conscription, etc.), the more will the value of self-sacrifice rise.

The Dawn

375

SPEAKING TOO DISTINCTLY. There are several reasons why we articulate our words too distinctly : in the first place, from distrust of ourselves when using a new and unpractised language ; secondly, when we distrust others on account of their stupidity or their slowness of comprehension. The same remark applies to intellectual matters: our communications are sometimes too distinct, too painful, because if it were otherwise those to whom we communicate our ideas would not understand us. Consequently the perfect and easy style is only permissible when addressing a perfect audience.

The Dawn

376

PLENTY OF SLEEP. What can we do to arouse ourselves when we are weary and tired of our ego ? Some recommend the gambling table, others Christianity, and others again electricity. But the best remedy, my dear hypochondriac, is, and always will be, plenty of sleep in both the literal and figurative sense of the word. Thus another morning will at length dawn upon us. The knack of worldly wisdom is to find the proper time for applying this remedy in both its forms.

The Dawn

377

WHAT WE MAY CONCLUDE FROM FANTASTIC IDEALS. Where our deficiencies are, there also is our enthusiasm. The enthusiastic principle

"love your enemies " had to be invented by the Jews, the best haters that ever existed ; and the finest glorifications of chastity have been written by those who in their youth led dissolute and licentious lives.

The Dawn

378

CLEAN HANDS AND CLEAN WALLS. Do not paint the picture either of God or the devil on your walls : for in so doing you will spoil your walls as well as your surroundings.

The Dawn

379

PROBABLE AND IMPROBABLE. A woman secretly loved a man, raised him far above her, and said to herself hundreds of times in her inmost heart, " If a man like that were to love me, I should look upon it as a condescension before which I should have to humble myself in the dust," And the man entertained the same feelings towards the woman, and in his inmost heart he felt the very same thought. When at last both their tongues were loosened, and they had communicated their most secret thoughts to one another, a deep and meditative silence ensued. Then the woman said in a cold voice : " The thing is quite clear ! We are neither of us that which we loved ! If you are what you say you are, and nothing more, then I have humbled myself in vain and loved you ; the demon misled me as well as you." This very probable story never happens and why doesn't it ?

The Dawn

380

TESTED ADVICE. Of all the means of consolation there is none so efficacious for him who has need of it as the declaration that in his case no consolation can be given. This implies such a distinction that the afflicted

person will at once raise his head again.

The Dawn

381

KNOWING ONE'S " INDIVIDUALITY." We too often forget that in the eyes of strangers who see us for the first time we are quite different beings from what we consider ourselves to be in most cases we exhibit nothing more than one particular characteristic which catches the eye of the stranger, and determines the impression we make on him. Thus the most peaceful and fair-minded man, if only he has a big moustache, may, as it were, repose in the shade of this moustache ; for ordinary eyes will merely see in him the accessory of a big moustache, that is to say, a military, irascible, and occasionally violent character, and will act accordingly.

The Dawn

382

GARDENERS AND GARDENS. Wet dreary days, loneliness, and unkind words give rise within us to conclusions like fungi ; some morning we find that they have grown up in front of us we know not whence, and there they scowl at us, sullen and morose. Woe to the thinker who instead of being the gardener of his plants, is merely the soil from which they spring.

The Dawn

383

THE COMEDY OF PITY. However much we may feel for an unhappy friend of ours, we always act with a certain amount of insincerity in his presence : we refrain from telling him everything we think, and how we think it, with all the circumspection of a doctor standing by the bedside of a patient who is seriously ill.

The Dawn

384

CURIOUS SAINTS. There are pusillanimous people who have a bad opinion of everything that is best in their works, and who at the same time interpret and comment upon them badly : but also, by a kind of revenge, they entertain a bad opinion of the sympathy of others, and do not believe in sympathy at all ; they are ashamed to appear to be carried away from themselves, and feel a defiant comfort in appearing or becoming ridiculous. States of soul like these are to be found in melancholy artists.

The Dawn

385

VAIN PEOPLE. We are like shop-windows, where we ourselves are constantly arranging, concealing, or setting in the foreground those supposed qualities which others attribute to us in order to deceive ourselves

The Dawn

386

PATHETIC AND NAIVE. It may be a very vulgar habit to let no opportunity slip of assuming a pathetic air for the sake of the enjoyment to be experienced in imagining the spectator striking his breast and feeling himself to be small and miserable. Consequently it may also be the indication of a noble mind to make fun of pathetic situations, and to behave in an undignified manner in them. The old, warlike nobility of France possessed that kind of distinction and delicacy.

The Dawn

387

A REFLECTION BEFORE MARRIAGE. Supposing she loved me, what a burden she would be to me in the long run ! and supposing that she did not love me, what a much greater burden she would be to me in the long run ! We have to choose between two different kinds of burdens ; therefore let us marry.

The Dawn

388

RASCALITY WITH A GOOD CONSCIENCE. It is exceedingly annoying to be cheated in small bargains in certain countries, in the Tyrol, for example, because, in addition to the bad bargain, we are compelled to accept the evil countenance and coarse greediness of the man who has cheated us, together with his bad conscience and his hostile feeling against us. At Venice, on the other hand, the cheater is highly delighted at his successful fraud, and is not in the least angry with the man he has cheated nay, he is even inclined to show him some kindness, and above all to have a hearty laugh with him if he likes. In short, one must possess wit and a good conscience in order to be a knave, and this will almost reconcile the cheated one with the cheat.

The Dawn

389

RATHER TOO AWKWARD. Good people who are too awkward to be polite and amiable promptly endeavour to return an act of politeness by an important service, or by a contribution beyond their power. It is touching to see them timidly producing their gold coins when others have offered them their gilded coppers !

The Dawn

390

HIDING ONE'S INTELLIGENCE. When we surprise someone in the act of hiding his intelligence from us we call him evil : the more so if we suspect that it is his civility and benevolence which have induced him to do so.

The Dawn

391

THE EVIL MOMENT. Lively dispositions only lie for a moment : after this they have deceived themselves, and are convinced and honest.

The Dawn

392

THE CONDITION OF POLITENESS. Politeness is a very good thing, and really one of the four chief virtues (although the last), but in order that it may not result in our becoming tiresome to one another the person with whom I have to deal must be either one degree more or less polite than I otherwise we should never get on, and the ointment would not only anoint us, but would cement us together.

The Dawn

393

DANGEROUS VIRTUES. " He forgets nothing, but forgives everything" wherefore he shall be doubly detested, for he causes us double shame by his memory and his magnanimity.

The Dawn

394

WITHOUT VANITY. Passionate people think little of what others may think ; their state of mind raises them above vanity

The Dawn

395

CONTEMPLATION. In some thinkers the contemplative state peculiar to a thinker is always the consequence of a state of fear, in others always of desire. In the former, contemplation thus seems allied to the feeling of security, in the latter to the feeling of surfeit in other words, the former are spirited in their mood, the latter over-satiated and neutral.

The Dawn

396

HUNTING. The one is hunting for agreeable truths, the other for disagreeable ones. But even the former takes greater pleasure in the hunt than in the booty.

The Dawn

397

EDUCATION. Education is a continuation of procreation, and very often a kind of supplementary varnishing of it.

The Dawn

398

HOW TO RECOGNISE THE CHOLERIC. Of two persons who are struggling together, or who love and admire one another, the more choleric will always be at a disadvantage. The same remark applies to two nations,

The Dawn

399

SELF-EXCUSE. Many men have the best possible right to act in this or that way ; but as soon as they begin to excuse their actions we no longer believe that they are right and we are mistaken,

The Dawn

400

MORAL PAMPERING. There are tender, moral natures who are ashamed of all their successes and feel remorse after every failure.

The Dawn

401

DANGEROUS UNLEARNING. We begin by unlearning to love others, and end by finding nothing lovable in ourselves.

The Dawn

402

ANOTHER FORM OF TOLERATION. "To remain a minute too long on red-hot coals and to be burnt a little does no harm either to men or to chestnuts. The slight bitterness and hardness makes the kernel all the sweeter." Yes, this is your opinion, you who enjoy the taste ! You sublime cannibals !

The Dawn

403

DIFFERENT PRIDE. Women turn pale at the thought that their lover may not be worthy of them ; Men turn pale at the thought that they may not be worthy of the women they love. I speak of perfect women, perfect men. Such men, who are self-reliant and conscious of power at ordinary times, grow diffident and doubtful of themselves when under the influence of a strong passion. Such women, on the other hand, though always looking upon themselves as the weak and devoted sex, become proud and conscious of their power in the great exception of passion, they ask : " Who then is worthy of me ? "

The Dawn

404

WHEN WE SELDOM DO JUSTICE. Certain men are unable to feel enthusiasm for a great and good cause without committing a great injustice in some other quarter : this is their kind of morality.

The Dawn

405

LUXURY. The love of luxury is rooted in the depths of a man's heart : it shows that the superfluous and immoderate is the sea wherein his soul prefers to float.

The Dawn

406

TO IMMORTALISE. Let him who wishes to kill his opponent first consider whether by doing so he will not immortalise him in himself.

The Dawn

407

AGAINST OUR CHARACTER. If the truth which we have to utter goes against our character as very often happens we behave as if we had uttered a clumsy falsehood, and thus rouse suspicion.

The Dawn

408

WHERE A GREAT DEAL OF GENTLENESS is NEEDED. Many natures have only the choice of being either public evil-doers or secret sorrow-bearers.

The Dawn

409

ILLNESS. Among illness are to be reckoned the premature approach of old age, ugliness, and pessimistic opinions three things that always go together.

The Dawn

410

TIMID PEOPLE. It is the awkward and timid people who easily become murderers : they do not understand slight but sufficient means of defence or revenge, and their hatred, owing to their lack of intelligence and presence of mind, can conceive of no other expedient than destruction.

The Dawn

411

WITHOUT HATRED. You wish to bid farewell to your passion ? Very well, but do so without hatred against it ! Otherwise you have a second passion. The soul of the Christian who has freed himself from sin is generally ruined afterwards by the hatred for sin. Just look at the faces of the great Christians ! they are the faces of great haters.

The Dawn

412

INGENIOUS AND NARROW-MINDED. He can appreciate nothing beyond himself, and when he wishes to appreciate other people he must always begin by transforming them into himself. In this, however, he is ingenious.

The Dawn

413

PRIVATE AND PUBLIC ACCUSERS. Watch closely the accuser and inquirer, for he reveals his true character ; and it is not rare for this to be a worse character than that of the victim whose crime he is investigating. The accuser believes in all innocence that the opponent of a crime and criminal must be by nature of good character, or at least must appear as such and this is why he lets himself go, that is to say, he drops his mask.

The Dawn

414

VOLUNTARY BLINDNESS. There is a kind of enthusiastic and extreme devotion to a person or a party which reveals that in our inmost hearts we feel ourselves superior to this person or party, and for this reason we feel indignant with ourselves. We blind ourselves, as it were, of our own free will to punish our eyes for having seen too much.

The Dawn

415

REMEDIUM AMORIS. That old radical remedy for love is now in most cases as effective as it always was : love in return.

The Dawn

416

WHERE is OUR WORST ENEMY ? He who can look after his own affairs well, and knows that he can do so, is as a rule conciliatory towards his adversary. But to believe that we have right on our side, and to know that we are incapable of defending it this gives rise to a fierce and implacable hatred against the opponent of our cause. Let everyone judge accordingly where his worst enemies are to be sought.

The Dawn

417

THE LIMITS OF ALL HUMILITY. Many men may certainly have attained that humility which says "credo quia absurdum est" and sacrifices its reason ; but, so far as I know, not one has attained to that humility which after all is only one step further, and which says credo quia absurdum sum.

The Dawn

418

ACTING THE TRUTH. Many a man is truthful, not because he would be ashamed to exhibit hypocritical feelings, but because he would not succeed very well in inducing others to believe in his hypocrisy. In a word, he has no confidence in his talent as an actor, and therefore prefers honestly to act the truth.

The Dawn

419

COURAGE IN A PARTY. The poor sheep say to their bell-wether : " Only lead us, and we shall never lack courage to follow you." But the poor bell- wether thinks in his heart : " Only follow me, and I shall never lack courage to lead you."

The Dawn

420

CUNNING OF THE VICTIM. What a sad cunning there is in the wish to deceive ourselves with respect to the person for whom we have sacrificed ourselves, when we give him an opportunity in which he must appear to us as we should wish him to be !

The Dawn

421

THROUGH OTHERS. There are men who do not wish to be seen except through the eyes of others: a wish which implies a great deal of wisdom.

The Dawn

422

MAKING OTHERS HAPPY. Why is the fact of our making others happy more gratifying to us than all other pleasures? Because in so doing we gratify fifty cravings at one time. Taken separately they would, perhaps, be very small pleasures ; but when put into one hand, that hand will be fuller than ever before and the heart also.

BOOK V

The Dawn

423

IN THE GREAT SILENCE. Here is the sea, here may we forget the town. It is true that its bells are still ringing the Angelus that solemn and foolish yet sweet sound at the junction between day and night, but one moment more ! now all is silent. Yonder lies the ocean, pale and brilliant ; it cannot speak. The sky is glistening with its eternal mute evening hues, red, yellow, and green : it cannot speak. The small cliffs and rocks which stretch out into the sea as if each one of them were endeavouring. to find the loneliest spot they too are dumb. Beautiful and awful indeed is this vast silence, which so suddenly overcomes us and makes our heart swell.

Alas ! what deceit lies in this dumb beauty ! How well could it speak, and how evilly, too, if it wished ! Its tongue, tied up and fastened, and its face of suffering happiness all this is but malice, mocking at your sympathy : be it so ! I do not feel ashamed to be the plaything of such powers ! but I pity you, oh nature, because you must be silent, even though it be only malice that binds your tongue : nay, I pity you for the sake of your malice ! Alas, the silence deepens, and once again my heart swells within me : it is startled by a fresh truth it, too, is dumb ; it likewise sneers when the mouth calls out something to this beauty ; it also enjoys the sweet malice of its silence. I come to hate speaking ; yes, even thinking. Behind every word I utter do I not hear the laughter of error, imagination, and insanity ? Must I not laugh at my pity and mock my own mockery ? Oh sea, oh evening, you are bad teachers ! You teach man how to cease to be a man. Is he to give himself up to you ? Shall he become as you now are, pale, brilliant, dumb, immense, reposing calmly upon himself? exalted above himself?

The Dawn

424

FOR WHOM THE TRUTH EXISTS. Up to the present time errors have been the power most fruitful in consolations : we now expect the same effects from accepted truths, and we have been waiting rather too long for them. What if these truths could not give us this consolation we are looking for ? Would that be an argument against them ? What have these truths in common with the sick condition of suffering and degenerate men that they should be useful to them? It is, of course, no proof against the truth of a plant when it is clearly established that it does not contribute in any way to the recovery of sick people. Formerly, however, people were so convinced that man was the ultimate end of nature that they believed that knowledge could reveal nothing that was not beneficial and useful to nay, there could not, should not be, any other things in existence.

Perhaps all this leads to the conclusion that truth as an entity and a coherent whole exists only for those natures who, like Aristotle, are at once powerful and harmless, joyous and peaceful : just as none but these would be in a position to seek such truths ; for the others seek remedies for themselves however proud they may be of their intellect and its freedom, they do not seek truth. Hence it comes about that these others take no real joy in science, but reproach it for its coldness, dryness, and inhumanity. This is the judgment of sick people about the games of the healthy. Even the Greek gods were unable to administer consolation ; and when at length the entire Greek world fell ill, this was a reason for the destruction of such gods.

The Dawn

425

WE GODS IN EXILE. Owing to errors regarding their descent, their uniqueness, their mission, and by claims based upon these errors, men have again and again "surpassed themselves"; but through these same errors the world has been filled with unspeakable suffering, mutual persecution, suspicion, misunderstanding, and an even greater amount of individual misery. Men have become suffering creatures in consequence of their morals, and the sum-total of what they have obtained by those morals is simply the feeling that they are far too good and great for this

world, and that they are enjoying merely a transitory existence on it. As yet the " proud sufferer " is the highest type of mankind.

The Dawn

426

THE COLOUR-BLINDNESS OF THINKERS. How differently from us the Greeks must have viewed nature, since, as we cannot help admitting, they were quite colour-blind in regard to blue and green, believing the former to be a deeper brown, and the latter to be yellow. Thus, for instance, they used the same word to describe the colour of dark hair, of the corn-flower, and the southern sea ; and again they employed exactly the same expression for the colour of the greenest herbs, the human skin, honey, and yellow raisins : whence it follows that their greatest painters reproduced the world they lived in only in black, white, red, and yellow. How different and how much nearer to mankind, therefore, must nature have seemed to them, since in their eyes the tints of mankind predominated also in nature, and nature was, as it were, floating in the coloured ether of humanity ! (blue and green more than anything else dehumanise nature). It is this defect which developed the playful facility that characterised the Greeks of seeing the phenomena of nature as gods and demi-gods that is to say, as human forms.

Let this, however, merely serve as a simile for another supposition. Every thinker paints his world and the things that surround him in fewer colours than really exist, and he is blind to individual colours. This is something more than a mere deficiency. Thanks to this nearer approach and simplification, he imagines he sees in things those harmonies of colours which possess a great charm, and may greatly enrich nature. Perhaps, indeed, it was in this way that men first learnt to take delight in viewing existence, owing to its being first of all presented to them in one or two shades, and consequently harmonised. They practised these few shades, so to speak, before they could pass on to any more. And even now certain individuals endeavour to get rid of a partial colour-blindness that they may obtain a richer faculty of sight and discernment, in the course of which they find that they not only discover new pleasures, but are also obliged to lose and give up some of their former ones.

THE EMBELLISHMENT OF SCIENCE. In the same way that the feeling that " nature is ugly, wild, tedious we must embellish it (*embellir la nature*) " brought about rococo horticulture, so does the view that " science is ugly, difficult, dry, dreary and weary, we must embellish it," invariably gives rise to something called philosophy. This philosophy sets out to do what all art and poetry endeavour to do, namely, giving amusement above all else ; but it wishes to do this, in conformity with its hereditary pride, in a higher and more sublime fashion before an audience of superior intellects. It is no small ambition to create for these intellects a kind of horticulture, the principal charm of which like that of the usual gardening is to bring about an optical illusion (by means of temples, perspective, grottos, winding walks, and waterfalls, to speak in similes), exhibiting science in a condensed form and in all kinds of strange and unexpected illuminations, infusing into it as much indecision, irrationality, and dreaminess as will enable us to walk about in it " as in savage nature," but without trouble and boredom.

Those who are possessed of this ambition even dream of making religion superfluous religion, which among men of former times served as the highest kind of entertainment. All this is now running its course, and will one day attain its highest tide. Even now hostile voices are being raised against philosophy, exclaiming : " Return to science, to nature, and the naturalness of science ! " and thus an age may begin which may discover the most powerful beauty precisely in the " savage and ugly " domains of science, just as it is only since the time of Rousseau that we have discovered the sense for the beauty of high mountains and deserts.

TWO KINDS OF MORALISTS. To see a law of nature for the first time, and to see it whole (for example, the law of gravity or the reflection of light and sound), and afterwards to explain such a law, are two different

things and concern different classes of minds. In the same way, those moralists who observe and exhibit human laws and habits moralists with discriminating ears, noses, and eyes differ entirely from those who interpret their observations. These latter must above all be inventive, and must possess an imagination untrammelled by sagacity and knowledge.

The Dawn

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THE NEW PASSION. Why do we fear and dread a possible return to barbarism ? Is it because it would make people less happy than they are now ? Certainly not ! the barbarians of all ages possessed more happiness than we do : let us not deceive ourselves on this point ! but our impulse towards knowledge is too widely developed to allow us to value happiness without knowledge, or the happiness of a strong and fixed delusion : it is painful to us even to imagine such a state of things ! Our restless pursuit of discoveries and divinations has become for us as attractive and indispensable as hapless love to the lover, which on no account would he exchange for indifference, nay, perhaps we, too, are hapless lovers ! Knowledge within us has developed into a passion, which does not shrink from any sacrifice, and at bottom fears nothing but its own extinction. We sincerely believe that all humanity, weighed down as it is by the burden of this passion, are bound to feel more exalted and comforted than formerly, when they had not yet overcome the longing for the coarser satisfaction which accompanies barbarism.

It may be that mankind may perish eventually from this passion for knowledge ! but even that does not daunt us. Did Christianity ever shrink from a similar thought ? Are not love and death brother and sister ? Yes, we detest barbarism, we all prefer that humanity should perish rather than that knowledge should enter into a stage of retrogression. And, finally, if mankind does not perish through some passion it will perish through some weakness : which would we prefer ? This is the main question. Do we wish its end to be in fire and light, or in the sands ?

The Dawn

LIKEWISE HEROIC. To do things of the worst possible odour, things % of which we scarcely dare to speak, but which are nevertheless useful and necessary, is also heroic. The Greeks were not ashamed of numbering even the cleansing of a stable among the great tasks of Hercules.

431 THE OPINIONS OF OPPONENTS. In order to measure the natural subtlety or weakness of even the cleverest heads, we must consider the manner in which they take up and reproduce the opinions of their adversaries, for the natural measure of any intellect is thereby revealed. The perfect sage involuntarily idealises his opponent and frees his inconsistencies from all defects and accidentalities : he only takes up arms against him when he has thus turned his opponent into a god with shining weapons.

The Dawn

INVESTIGATOR AND ATTEMPTER. There is no exclusive method of knowing in science. We must deal with things tentatively, treating them by turns harshly or justly, passionately or coldly. One investigator deals with things like a policeman, another like a confessor, and yet a third like an inquisitive traveller. We force something from them now by sympathy and now by violence : the one is urged on ward and led to see clearly by the veneration which the secrets of the things inspire in him, and the other again by the indiscretion and malice met with in the explanation of these secrets. We investigators, like all conquerors, explorers, navigators, and adventurers, are men of a daring morality, and we must put up with our liability to be in the main looked upon as evil.

The Dawn

SEEING WITH NEW EYES. Presuming that by the term " beauty in art "

is always implied the imitation of something that is happy and this I consider to be true according as an age or a people or a great autocratic individuality represents happiness : what then is disclosed by the so-called realism of our modern artists in regard to the happiness of our epoch ? It is undoubtedly its type of beauty which we now understand most easily and enjoy best of any, As a consequence, we are induced to believe that this happiness which is now peculiar to us is based on realism, on the sharpest possible senses, and on the true conception of the actual that is to say, not upon reality, but upon what we know of reality. The results of science have already gained so much in depth and extent that the artists of our century have involuntarily become the glorifiers of scientific " blessings " per \$e.

The Dawn

434

INTERCESSION. Unpretentious regions are subjects for great landscape painters ; remarkable and rare regions for inferior painters : for the great things of nature and humanity must intercede in favour of their little, mediocre, and vain admirers whereas the great man intercedes in favour of unassuming things.

The Dawn

435

NOT TO PERISH UNNOTICED. It is not only once but continuously that our excellence and greatness are constantly crumbling away; the weeds that grow among everything and cling to everything ruin all that is great in us the wretchedness of our surroundings, which we always try to overlook and which is before our eyes at every hour of the day, the innumerable little roots of mean and petty feelings which we allow to grow up all about us, in our office, among our companions, or our daily labours. If we permit these small weeds to escape our notice we shall perish through them unnoticed ! And, if you must perish, then do so immediately and suddenly ; for in that case you will perhaps leave proud ruins behind you ! and not, as is now to be feared, merely molehills,

covered with grass and weeds these petty and miserable conquerors, as humble as ever, and too wretched even to triumph.

The Dawn

436

CASUISTIC: We are confronted with a very bitter and painful dilemma, for the solution of which not every one's bravery and character are equal : when, as passengers on board a steamer, we discover that the captain and the helmsman are making dangerous mistakes, and that we are their superiors in nautical science and then we ask ourselves: "What would happen if we organised a mutiny against them, and made them both prisoners ? Is it not our duty to do so in view of our superiority ? and would not they in their turn be justified in putting us in irons for encouraging disobedience ? "

This is a simile for higher and worse situations ; and the final question to be decided is, What guarantees our superiority and our faith in ourselves in such a case ? Success ? but in order to do that we must do the very thing in which all the danger lies not only dangerous for ourselves, but also for the ship.

The Dawn

437

PRIVILEGES. The man who really owns himself, that is to say, he who has finally conquered himself, regards it as his own right to punish, to pardon, or to pity himself : he need not concede this privilege to any one, though he may freely bestow it upon someone else a friend, for example but he knows that in doing this he is conferring a right, and that rights can only be conferred by one who is in full possession of power.

The Dawn

438

MAN AND THINGS. Why does the man not see the things ? He himself is in the way : he conceals the things,

The Dawn

439

CHARACTERISTICS OF HAPPINESS. There are two things common to all sensations of happiness : a profusion of feelings, accompanied by animal spirits, so that, like the fishes, we feel ourselves to be in our element and play about in it. Good Christians will understand what Christian exuberance means.

The Dawn

440

NEVER RENOUNCE. Renouncing the world without knowing it, like a nun, results in a fruitless and perhaps melancholy solitude. This has nothing in common with the solitude of the *vita contemplativa* of the thinker : when he chooses this form of solitude he wishes to renounce nothing ; but he would on the contrary regard it as a renunciation, a melancholy destruction of his own self, if he were obliged to continue in the *vita practica*. He forgoes this latter because he knows it, because he knows himself. So he jumps into his water, and thus gains his cheerfulness.

The Dawn

441

WHY THE NEAREST THINGS BECOME EVER MORE DISTANT FOR US. The more we give up our minds to all that has been and will be, the paler will become that which actually is. When we live with the dead and participate in their death, what are our " neighbours " to us ? We grow lonelier simply because the entire flood of humanity is surging

round about us. The fire that burns within us, and glows for all that is human, is continually increasing and hence we look upon everything that surrounds us as if it had become more indifferent, more shadowy, but our cold glance is offensive.

The Dawn

442

THE RULE. " The rule always appears to me to be more interesting than the exception " whoever thinks thus has made considerable progress in knowledge, and is one of the initiated.

The Dawn

443

ON EDUCATION. I have gradually come to see daylight in regard to the most general defect in our methods of education and training : nobody learns, nobody teaches, nobody wishes, to endure solitude.

The Dawn

444

SURPRISE AT RESISTANCE. Because we have reached the point of being able to see through a thing we believe that henceforth it can offer us no further resistance and then we are surprised to find that we can see through it and yet cannot penetrate through it. This is the same kind of foolishness and surprise as that of the fly on a pane of glass.

The Dawn

445

WHERE THE NOBLEST ARE MISTAKEN. We give someone at length

our dearest and most valued possession, and then love has nothing more to give : but the recipient of the gift will certainly not consider it as his dearest possession, and will consequently be wanting in that full and complete gratitude which we expect from him.

The Dawn

446

HIERARCHY. First and foremost, there are the superficial thinkers, and secondly the profound thinkers such as dive into the depths of a thing, thirdly, the thorough thinkers, who get to the bottom of a thing which is of much greater importance than merely diving into its depths, and, finally, those who leap head foremost into the marsh : though this must not be looked upon as indicating either depth or thoroughness ! these are the lovers of obscurity.

The Dawn

447

MASTER AND PUPIL. By cautioning his pupils against himself the teacher shows his humanity.

The Dawn

448

HONOURING REALITY. How can we look at this exulting multitude without tears and acquiescence ? at one time we thought little of the object of their exultation, and we should still think so if we ourselves had not come through a similar experience. And what may these experiences lead us to ! what are our opinions ! In order that we may not lose ourselves and our reason we must fly from experiences. It was thus that Plato fled from actuality, and wished to contemplate things only in their pale mental concepts : he was full of sensitiveness, and knew how easily the waves of this sensitiveness would drown his reason. Must the sage

therefore say, " I will honour reality, but I will at the same time turn my back to it because I know and dread it ? " Ought he to behave as certain African tribes do in the presence of their sovereign, whom they approach backwards, thus showing their reverence at the same time as their dread ?

The Dawn

449

WHERE ARE THE POOR IN SPIRIT ? Oh, how greatly it goes against my grain to impose my own thoughts upon others ! How I rejoice over every mood and secret change within me as the result of which the thoughts of others are victorious over my own ! but from time to time I enjoy an even greater satisfaction, when I am allowed to give away my intellectual possessions, like the confessor sitting in his box and anxiously awaiting the arrival of some distressed person who stands in need of consolation, and will be only too glad to relate the full misery of his thoughts so that the listener's hand and heart will once again be filled, and the troubled soul eased ! Not only has the confessor no desire for renown : he would gladly shun gratitude as well, for it is obtrusive, and does not stand in awe of solitude or silence.

But to live without a name, and even to be slightly sneered at ; too obscure to arouse envy or enmity ; with a head free from fever, a handful of knowledge, and a pocketful of experience ; a physician, as it were, of the poor in spirit, helping this one or that one whose head is troubled with opinions, without the latter perceiving who has actually helped him ! without any desire to appear to be in the right in the presence of his patient, or to carry off a victory. To speak to him in such a way that, after a short and almost imperceptible hint or objection, the listener may find out for himself what is right and proudly walk away ! To be like an obscure and unknown inn which turns no one away who is in need, but which is afterwards forgotten and laughed at ! To be without any advantages over others neither possessing better food nor purer air, nor a more cheerful mind but always to be giving away, returning, communicating, and becoming poorer ! To know how to be humble in order to be accessible to many people and humiliating to none ! To take a great deal of injustice on his shoulders and creep through the cracks and crannies

of all kinds of errors, in order that we may reach many obscure souls on their secret paths ! Forever in possession of some kind of love, and some kind of egoism and self-enjoyment ! in possession of power, and yet at the same time hidden and resigned ! constantly basking in the sunshine and sweetness of grace, and yet knowing that quite near to us stands the ladder leading to the sublime ! that would be life ! that would indeed be a reason for a long life !

The Dawn

450

THE TEMPTATIONS OF KNOWLEDGE. A glance through the gate of science acts upon passionate spirits as the charm of charms : they will probably become dreamers, or in the most favourable cases poets, so great is their desire for the happiness of the man who can discern. Does it not enter into all your senses, this note of sweet temptation by which science has announced its joyful message in a thousand ways, and in the thousand and first way, the noblest of all, " Be gone, illusion ! for then ' Woe is me also vanished, and with it woe itself is gone" (Marcus Aurelius).

The Dawn

451

FOR WHOM A COURT JESTER is NEEDFUL. Those who are very beautiful, very good, and very powerful scarcely ever learn the full and naked truth about anything, for in their presence we involuntarily lie a little, because we feel their influence, and in view of this influence convey a truth in the form of an adaptation (by falsifying the shades and degrees of facts, by omitting or adding details, and withholding that which is insusceptible of adaptation). If, however, in spite of all this, people of this description insist upon hearing the truth, they must keep a court jester a being with the madman's privilege of being unable to adapt himself.

The Dawn

IMPATIENCE. There is a certain degree of impatience in men of thought and action, which in cases of failure at once drives them to the opposite camp, induces them to take a great interest in it, and to give themselves up to new undertakings until here again the slowness of their success drives them away. Thus they rove about, like so many reckless adventurers, through the practices of many kingdoms and natures ; and in the end, as the result of their wide knowledge of men and things, acquired by their unheard of travel and practice, and with a certain moderation of their craving, they become powerful practical men. Hence a defect in character may become the school of genius.

The Dawn

A MORAL INTERREGNUM. Who is now in a position to describe that which will one day supplant moral feelings and judgments ! however certain we may be that these are founded on error, and that the building erected upon such foundations cannot be repaired: their obligation must gradually diminish from day to day, in so far as the obligation of reason does not diminish ! To carry out the task of re-establishing the laws of life and action is still beyond the power of our sciences of physiology and medicine, society and solitude : though it is only from them that we can borrow the foundation-stones of new ideals (but not the ideals themselves). Thus we live a preliminary or after existence, according to our tastes and talents, and the best we can do in this interregnum is to be as much as possible our own " reges" and to establish small experimental states. We are experiments : if we want to be sol

The Dawn

A DIGRESSION. A book like this is not intended to be read through at once, or to be read aloud. It is intended more particularly for reference,

especially on our walks and travels : we must take it up and put it down again after a short reading, and, more especially, we ought not to be amongst our usual surroundings.

The Dawn

455

THE PRIMARY NATURE. As we are now brought up, we begin by acquiring a secondary nature, and we possess it when the world calls us mature, of age, efficient. A few have sufficient of the serpent about them to cast this skin some day, when their primary nature has come to maturity under it. But in the majority of people the germ of it withers away.

The Dawn

456

A VIRTUE IN PROCESS OF BECOMING. Such assertions and promises as those of the ancient philosophers on the unity of virtue and felicity, or that of Christianity, " Seek you first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you," have never been made with absolute sincerity, but always without a bad conscience nevertheless. People were in the habit of boldly laying down principles which they wished to be true exactly as if they were truth itself, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, and in doing this they felt neither religious nor moral compunction ; for it was in honorem maiorem of virtue or of God that one had gone beyond truth, without, however, any selfish intention !

Many good people still act up to this degree of truthfulness : when they feel unselfish they think it permissible to treat truth more lightly. Let it be remembered that the word honesty is neither to be found among the Socratic nor the Christian virtues : it is one of our most recent virtues, not yet quite mature, frequently misconstrued and misunderstood, scarcely conscious of itself something in embryo, which we may either promote or check according to our inclination.

The Dawn

457

FINAL TACITURNITY. There are some men who fare like the digger after hidden treasures: they quite accidentally discover the carefully preserved secrets of another's soul, and as a result come into the possession of knowledge which it is often a heavy burden to bear. In certain circumstances we may know the living and the dead, and sound their inmost thoughts to such an extent that it becomes painful to us to speak to others about them : at every word we utter we are afraid of being indiscreet. I can easily imagine a sudden silence on the part of the wisest historian.

The Dawn

458

THE GREAT PRIZE. There is a very rare thing, but a very delightful one, namely the man with a nobly-formed intellect who possesses at the same time the character and inclinations, and even meets with the experiences, suited to such an intellect.

The Dawn

459

THE MAGNANIMITY OF THE THINKER. Both Rousseau and Schopenhauer were proud enough to inscribe upon their lives the motto, *Vitam impendere vero*. And how they both must have suffered in their pride because they could not succeed in *verum impendere vita!* *verum* y such as each of them understood it, when their lives ran side by side with their knowledge like an uncouth bass which is not in tune with the melody.

Knowledge, however, would be in a bad way if it were measured out to every thinker only in proportion as it can be adapted to his own person. And thinkers would be in a bad way if their vanity were so great that

they could only endure such an adaptation, for the noblest virtue of a great thinker is his magnanimity, which urges him on in his search for knowledge to sacrifice himself and his life unshrinkingly, often shamefacedly, and often with sublime scorn, and smiling.

The Dawn

460

UTILISING OUR HOURS OF DANGER. Those men and conditions whose every movement may mean danger to our possessions, honour, and life or death, and to those most dear to us, we shall naturally learn to know thoroughly. Tiberius, for instance, must have meditated much more deeply on the character and methods of government of the Emperor Augustus, and must have known far more about them than even the wisest historian.

At the present day we all live, relatively speaking, in a security which is much too great to make us true psychologists : some survey their fellow-men as a hobby, others out of ennui, and others again merely from habit ; but never to the extent they would do if they were told " Discern or perish ! " As long as truths do not cut us to the quick we assume an attitude of contempt towards them : they still appear to us too much like the " winged dreams/" as if we could or could not have them at our discretion, as if we could likewise be aroused from these truths as from a dream !

The Dawn

461

HIC RHODUS, HIC SALTA. Our music, which can and must change into everything, because like the demon of the sea, it has no character of its own : this music in former times devoted its attention to the Christian savant, and transposed his ideals into sounds : why cannot it likewise find those brighter, more cheerful, and universal sounds which correspond to the ideal thinker ? a music which could rock itself at ease in the vast floating vaults of the soul ? So far our music has been so great and

so good ; nothing seemed impossible to its powers. May it therefore prove possible to create these three sensations at one time : sublimity, deep and warm light, and rapture of the greatest possible consistency !

The Dawn

462

SLOW CURES. Chronic illnesses of the soul, like those of the body, are very rarely due to one gross offence against physical and mental reason, but as a general rule they arise from innumerable and petty negligences of a minor order. A man, for example, whose breathing becomes a trifle weaker every day, and whose lungs, by inhaling too little air, are deprived of their proper amount of exercise, will end by being struck down by some chronic disease of the lungs. The only remedy for cases like these is a countless number of minor exercises of a contrary tendency making it a rule, for example, to take a long and deep breath every quarter of an hour, lying flat on the ground if possible. For this purpose a clock which strikes the quarters should be chosen as a lifelong companion.

All these remedies are slow and trifling but yet the man who wishes to cure his soul will carefully consider a change, even in his least important habits. Many a man will utter a cold and angry word to his surroundings ten times a day without thinking about it, and he will forget that after a few years it will have become a regular habit with him to put his surroundings out of temper ten times a day. But he can also acquire the habit of doing good to them ten times.

The Dawn

463

ON THE SEVENTH DAY. "You praise this as my creation ? but I have only put aside what was a burden to me ! my soul is above the vanity of creators. You praise this as my resignation? but I have only stripped myself of what had become burdensome ! My soul is above the vanity of the resigned ones ! "

The Dawn

464

THE DONOR'S MODESTY. There is such a want of generosity in always posing as the donor and benefactor, and showing one's face when doing so ! But to give and bestow, and at the same time to conceal one's name and favour ! or not to have a name at all, like nature, in whom this fact is more refreshing to us than anything else here at last we no more meet with the giver and bestower, no more with a "gracious countenance." It is true that you have now forfeited even this comfort, for you have placed a God in this nature and now everything is once again fettered and oppressed ! Well ? are we never to have the right of remaining alone with ourselves? are we always to be watched, guarded, surrounded by leading strings and gifts? If there is always someone round about us, the best part of courage and kindness will ever remain impossible of attainment in this world. Are we not tempted to fly to hell before this continual obtrusiveness of heaven, this inevitable supernatural neighbour? Never mind, it was only a dream ; let us wake up !

The Dawn

465

AT A MEETING.

A. What are you looking at? you have been standing here for a very long time.

B. Always the new and the old over again ! the helplessness of a thing urges me on to plunge into it so deeply that I end by penetrating to its deepest depths, and perceive that in reality it is not worth so very much. At the end of all experiences of this kind we meet with a kind of sorrow and stupor. I experience this on a small scale several times a day.

The Dawn

466

A LOSS OF RENOWN. What an advantage it is to be able to speak as a stranger to mankind ! When they take away our anonymity, and make us famous, the gods deprive us of " half our virtue."

The Dawn

467

DOUBLY PATIENT. "By doing this you will hurt many people." I know that, and I also know that I shall have to suffer for it doubly: in the first place out of pity for their suffering, and secondly from the revenge they will take on me. But in spite of this I cannot help doing what I do.

The Dawn

468

THE KINGDOM OF BEAUTY is GREATER. We move about in nature, cunning and cheerful, in order that we may surprise everything in the beauty peculiar to it ; we make an effort, whether in sunshine or under a stormy sky, to see a distant part of the coast with its rocks, bays, and olive and pine trees under an aspect in which it achieves its perfection and consummation. Thus also we should walk about among men as their discoverers and explorers, meting out to them good and evil in order that we may unveil the peculiar beauty which is seen with some in the sunshine, in others under thunder-clouds, or with others again only in twilight and under a rainy sky.

Are we then forbidden to enjoy the evil man like some savage landscape which possesses its own bold and daring lines and luminous effects, while this same man, so long as he behaves well, and in conformity with the law, appears to us to be an error of drawing, and a mere caricature which offends us like a defect in nature ? Yes, this is forbidden : for as yet we have only been permitted to seek beauty in anything that is morally good, and this is sufficient to explain why we have found so little

and have been compelled to look for beauty without either flesh or bones ! in the same way as evil men are familiar with innumerable kinds of happiness which the virtuous never dream of, we may also find among them innumerable types of beauty, many of them as yet undiscovered.

The Dawn

469

THE INHUMANITY OF THE SAGE. The heavy and grinding progress of the sage, who in the words of the Buddhist song, " Wanders lonely like the rhinoceros," now and again stands in need of proofs of a conciliatory and softened humanity, and not only proofs of those accelerated steps, those polite and sociable witticisms ; not only of humour and a certain self-mockery, but likewise of contradictions and occasional returns to the predominating inconsistencies. In order that he may not resemble the heavy roller that rolls along like fate, the sage who wishes to teach must take advantage of his defects, and utilise them for his own adornment ; and when saying "despise me" he will implore permission to be the advocate of a presumptuous truth.

This sage wishes to lead you to the mountains, and he will perhaps endanger your life : therefore as the price of his enjoyment he willingly authorises you to take your revenge either before or afterwards on such a guide. Do you remember what thoughts came into your head when he once led you to a gloomy cavern over a slippery path? Your distrustful heart beat rapidly, and said inwardly, "This guide might surely do something better than crawl about here ! he is one of those idle people who are full of curiosity is it not doing him too much honour to appear to attach any value at all to him by following him ? "

The Dawn

470

MANY AT THE BANQUET. How happy we are when we are fed like the birds by the hand of someone who throws them their crumbs

without examining them too closely, or inquiring into their worthiness ! To live like a bird which comes and flies away, and does not carry its name on its beak ! I take great pleasure in satisfying my appetite at the banquet of the many.

The Dawn

471

ANOTHER TYPE OF LOVE FOR ONE'S NEIGHBOUR. Everything that is agitated, noisy, fitful, and nervous forms a contrast to the great passion which, glowing in the heart of man like a quiet and gloomy flame, and gathering about it all that is flaming and ardent, gives to man the appearance of coldness and indifference, and stamps a certain impassiveness on his features. Such men are occasionally capable of showing their love for their neighbour, but this love is different from that of sociable people who are anxious to please. It is a mild, contemplative, and calm amiability : these people, as it were, look out of the windows of the castle which serves them as a stronghold, and consequently as a prison ; for the outlook into the far distance, the open air, and a different world is so pleasant for them !

The Dawn

472

NOT JUSTIFYING ONESELF.

A. But why are you not willing to justify yourself?

B. I could do it in this instance, as in dozens of others ; but I despise the pleasure which lies in justification, for all that matters little to me, and I would rather bear a stained reputation than give those petty folks the spiteful pleasure of saying, " He takes these things very seriously." This is not true. Perhaps I ought to have more consideration for myself, and look upon it as a duty to rectify erroneous opinions about myself I am too indifferent and too indolent regarding myself, and consequently also regarding everything that is brought about through my agency.

The Dawn

473

WHERE TO BUILD ONE'S HOUSE. If you feel great and productive in solitude, society will belittle and isolate you, and vice versa. A powerful mildness such as that of a father : wherever this feeling takes possession of you, there build your house, whether in the midst of the multitude, or on some silent spot. Ubi pater sum, ibi patria

The Dawn

474

THE ONLY MEANS. "Dialectic is the only means of reaching the divine essence, and penetrating behind the veil of appearance." This declaration of Plato in regard to dialectic is as solemn and passionate as that of Schopenhauer in regard to the contrary of dialectic and both are wrong. For that to which they wish to point out the way to us does not exist. And so far have not all the great passions of mankind been passions for something non-existent? and all their ceremonies - ceremonies for something non-existent also ?

The Dawn

475

BECOMING HEAVY. You know him not : whatever weights he may attach to himself he will nevertheless be able to raise them all with him. But you, judging from the weak flapping of your own wings, come to the conclusion that he wishes to remain below, merely because he does burden himself with those weights.

The Dawn

AT THE HARVEST THANKSGIVING OF THE INTELLECT. There is a daily increase and accumulation of experiences, events, opinions upon these experiences and events, and dreams upon these opinions a boundless and delightful display of wealth ! its aspect dazzles the eyes : I can no longer understand how the poor in spirit can be called blessed ! Occasionally, however, I envy them when I am tired : for the superintendence of such vast wealth is no easy task, and its weight frequently crushes all happiness. Alas, if only the mere sight of it were sufficient ! If only we could be misers of our knowledge !

The Dawn

FREED FROM SCEPTICISM.

A. Some men emerge from a general moral scepticism bad-tempered and feeble, corroded, worm-eaten, and even partly consumed but I on the other hand, more courageous and healthier than ever, and with my instincts conquered once more. Where a strong wind blows, where the waves are rolling angrily, and where more than usual danger is to be faced, there I feel happy. I did not become a worm, although I often had to work and dig like a worm.

B. You have just ceased to be a sceptic ; for you deny !

A. And in doing so I have learnt to say yes again.

The Dawn

LET US PASS BY. Spare him ! Leave him in his solitude ! Do you wish to crush him down entirely? He became cracked like a glass into which

some hot liquid was poured suddenly and he was such a precious glass !

The Dawn

479

LOVE AND TRUTHFULNESS. Through our love we have become dire offenders against truth, and even habitual dissimulators and thieves, who give out more things as true than seem to us to be true. On this account the thinker must from time to time drive away those whom he loves (not necessarily those who love him), so that they may show their sting and wickedness, and cease to tempt him. Consequently the kindness of the thinker will have its waning and waxing moon.

The Dawn

480

INEVITABLE. No matter what your experience may be, anyone who does not feel well disposed towards you will find in this experience some pretext for disparaging you ! You may undergo the greatest possible revolutions of mind and knowledge, and at length, with the melancholy smile of the convalescent, you may be able to step out into freedom and bright stillness, and yet someone will say : " This fellow looks upon his illness as an argument, and takes his impotence to be a proof of the impotence of all others he is vain enough to fall ill that he may feel the superiority of the sufferer." And again, if somebody were to break the chains that bound him down, and wounded himself severely in doing so, someone else would point at him mockingly and cry : " How awkward he is ! there is a man who had got accustomed to his chains, and yet he is fool enough to burst them asunder ! "

The Dawn

481

Two GERMANS. If we compare Kant and Schopenhauer with Plato,

Spinoza, Pascal, Rousseau, and Goethe, with reference to their souls and not their intellects, we shall see that the two first-named thinkers are at a disadvantage: their thoughts do not constitute a passionate history of their souls we are not led to expect in them romance, crises, catastrophes, or death struggles. Their thinking is not at the same time the involuntary biography of a soul, but in the case of Kant merely of a head; and in the case of Schopenhauer again merely the description and reflection of a character (" the invariable ") and the pleasure which this reflection causes, that is to say, the pleasure of meeting with an intellect of the first order.

Kant, when he shimmers through his thoughts, appears to us as an honest and honourable man in the best sense of the words, but likewise as an insignificant one: he is wanting in breadth and power ; he had not come through many experiences, and his method of working did not allow him sufficient time to undergo experiences, Of course, in speaking of experiences, I do not refer to the ordinary external events of life, but to those fatalities and convulsions which occur in the course of the most solitary and quiet life which has some leisure and glows with the passion for thinking. Schopenhauer has at all events one advantage over him ; for he at least was distinguished by a certain fierce ugliness of disposition, which showed itself in hatred, desire, vanity, and suspicion : he was of a rather more ferocious disposition, and had both time and leisure to indulge this ferocity. But he lacked " development," which was also wanting in his range of thought : he had no " history."

The Dawn

482

SEEKING ONE'S COMPANY. Are we then looking for too much when we seek the company of men who have grown mild, agreeable to the taste, and nutritive, like chestnuts which have been put into the fire and taken out just at the right moment ? Of men who expect little from life, and prefer to accept this little as a present rather than as a merit of their own, as if it were carried to them by birds and bees ? Of men who are too proud ever to feel themselves rewarded, and too serious in their passion for knowledge and honesty to have time for or pleasure in fame? Such men we should call philosophers ; but they themselves will always find

some more modest designation.

The Dawn

483

SATIATED WITH MANKIND.

A. Seek for knowledge ! Yes ! but always as a man ! What ? must I always be a spectator of the same comedy, and always play a part in the same comedy, without ever being able to observe things with other eyes than those ? and yet there may be countless types of beings whose organs are better adapted for knowledge than ours ! At the end of all their searching for knowledge what will men at length come to know ? Their organs ! which perhaps is as much as to say : the impossibility of knowledge ! misery and disgust !

B. This is a bad attack you have reason is attacking you ! to-morrow, however, you will again be in the midst of knowledge, and hence of irrationality that is to say, delighted about all that is human. Let us go to the sea !

The Dawn

484

GOING OUR OWN WAY. When we take the decisive step, and make up our minds to follow our own path, a secret is suddenly revealed to us : it is clear that all those who had until now been friendly to us and on intimate terms with us judged themselves to be superior to us, and are offended now. The best among them are indulgent, and are content to wait patiently until we once more find the " right path " they know it, apparently. Others make fun of us, and pretend that we have been seized with a temporary attack of mild insanity, or spitefully point out some seducer. The more malicious say we are vain fools, and do their best to blacken our motives ; while the worst of all see in us their greatest enemy, someone who is thirsting for revenge after many years of dependence, and are afraid of us. What, then, are we to do ? My own opinion is that

we should begin our sovereignty by promising to all our acquaintances in advance a whole year's amnesty for sins of every kind.

The Dawn

485

FAR-OFF PERSPECTIVES.

A. But why this solitude?

B. I am not angry with anybody. But when I am alone it seems to me that I can see my friends in a clearer and rosier light than when I am with them ; and when I loved and felt music best I lived far from it. It would seem that I must have distant perspectives in order that I may think well of things.

The Dawn

486

GOLD AND HUNGER. Here and there we meet with a man who changes into gold everything that he touches. But some fine evil day he will discover that he himself must starve through this gift of his. Everything around him is brilliant, superb, and unapproachable in its ideal beauty, and now he eagerly longs for things which it is impossible for him to turn into gold and how intense is this longing ! like that of a starving man for a meal ! Query : What will he seize ?

The Dawn

487

SHAME. Look at that noble steed pawing the ground, snorting, longing for a ride, and loving its accustomed rider but, shameful to relate, the rider cannot mount to-day, he is tired. Such is the shame felt by the weary thinker, in the presence of his own philosophy !

The Dawn

488

AGAINST THE WASTE OF LOVE. Do we not blush when we surprise ourselves in a state of violent aversion ? Well, then, we should also blush when we find ourselves possessed of strong affections on account of the injustice contained in them. More: there are people who feel their hearts weighed down and oppressed when someone gives them the benefit of his love and sympathy to the extent that he deprives others of a share. The tone of his voice reveals to us the fact that we have been specially selected and preferred ! but, alas ! I am not thankful for being thus selected : I experience within myself a certain feeling of resentment against him who wishes to distinguish me in this way he shall not love me at the expense of others ! I shall always try to look after myself and to endure myself, and my heart is often filled to overflowing, and with some reason. To such a man nothing ought to be given of which others stand so greatly in need.

The Dawn

489

FRIENDS IN NEED. We may occasionally remark that one of our friends sympathises with another more than with us. His delicacy is troubled thereby, and his selfishness is not equal to the task of breaking down his feelings of affection : in such a case we should facilitate the separation for him, and estrange him in some way in order to widen the distance between us. This is also necessary when we fall into a habit of thinking which might be detrimental to him : our affection for him should induce us to ease his conscience in separating himself from us by means of some injustice which we voluntarily take upon ourselves.

The Dawn

490

THOSE PETTY TRUTHS. " You know all that, but you have never lived through it so I will not accept your evidence. Those ' petty truths ' you deem them petty because you have not paid for them with your blood ! " But are they really great, simply because they have been bought at so high a price ? and blood is always too high a price ! " Do you really think so ? How stingy you are with your blood !"

The Dawn

491

SOLITUDE, THEREFORE !

A. So you wish to go back to your desert?

B. I am not a quick thinker ; I must wait for myself a long time it is always later and later before the water from the fountain of my own ego spurts forth, and I have often to go thirsty longer than suits my patience. That is why I retire into solitude in order that I may not have to drink from the common cisterns. When I live in the midst of the multitude my life is like theirs, and I do not think like myself; but after some time it always seems to me as if the multitude wished to banish me from myself, and to rob me of my soul. Then I get angry with all these people, and afraid of them; and I must have the desert to become well disposed again.

The Dawn

492

UNDER THE SOUTH WIND.

A. I can no longer understand myself! It was only yesterday that I felt myself so tempestuous and ardent, and at the same time so warm and sunny and exceptionally bright ! but to-day I Now everything is calm, wide, oppressive, and dark like the lagoon at Venice. I wish for nothing, and draw a deep breath, and yet I feel inwardly indignant at this "wish

for nothing" so the waves rise and fall in the ocean of my melancholy.

B. You describe a petty, agreeable illness. The next wind from the north-east will blow it away.

A. Why so?

The Dawn

493

ON ONE'S OWN TREE.

A. No thinker's thoughts give me so much pleasure as my own : this, of course, proves nothing in favour of their value ; but I should be foolish to neglect fruits which are tasteful to me only because they happen to grow on my own tree ! and I was once such a fool.

B. Others have the contrary feeling : which likewise proves nothing in favour of their thoughts, nor yet is it any argument against their value,

The Dawn

494

THE LAST ARGUMENT OF THE BRAVE MAN. There are snakes in this little clump of trees. Very well, I will rush into the thicket and kill them. But by doing that you will run the risk of falling a victim to them, and not they to you. But what do I matter?

The Dawn

495

OUR TEACHERS. During our period of youth we select our teachers and guides from our own times, and from those circles which we happen to meet with : we have the thoughtless conviction that the present age must

have teachers who will suit us better than any others, and that we are sure to find them without having to look very far. Later on we find that we have to pay a heavy penalty for this childishness: we have to expiate our teachers in ourselves, and then perhaps we begin to look for the proper guides. We look for them throughout the whole world, including even present and past ages but perhaps it may be too late, and at the worst we discover that they lived when we were young and that at that time we lost our opportunity.

The Dawn

496

THE EVIL PRINCIPLE. Plato has marvellously described how the philosophic thinker must necessarily be regarded as the essence of depravity in the midst of every existing society : for as the critic of all its morals he is naturally the antagonist of the moral man, and, unless he succeeds in becoming the legislator of new morals, he lives long in the memory of men as an instance of the "evil principle." From this we may judge to how great an extent the city of Athens, although fairly liberal and fond of innovations, abused the reputation of Plato during his lifetime. What wonder then that he who, as he has himself recorded, had the " political instinct " in his body made three different attempts in Sicily, where at that time a united Mediterranean Greek State appeared to be in process of formation ?

It was in this State, and with its assistance, that Plato thought he could do for the Greeks what Mohammed did for the Arabs several centuries later: namely establishing both minor and more important customs, and especially regulating the daily life of every man. His ideas were quite practicable just as certainly as those of Mohammed were practicable ; for even much more incredible ideas, those of Christianity, proved themselves to be practicable ! a few hazards less and a few hazards more and then the world would have witnessed the Platonisation of Southern Europe; and, if we suppose that this state of things had continued to our own days, we should probably be worshipping Plato now as the " good principle." But he was unsuccessful, and so his traditional character remains that of a dreamer and a Utopian stronger epithets than these passed away with ancient Athens.

The Dawn

497

THE PURIFYING EYE. We have the best reason for speaking of "genius" in men for example, Plato, Spinoza, and Goethe whose minds appear to be but loosely linked to their character and temperament, like winged beings which easily separate themselves from them, and then rise far above them. On the other hand, those who never succeeded in cutting themselves loose from their temperament, and who knew how to give to it the most intellectual, lofty, and at times even cosmic expression (Schopenhauer, for instance) have always been very fond of speaking about their genius.

These geniuses could not rise above themselves, but they believed that, fly where they would, they would always find and recover themselves this is their " greatness," and this can be greatness ! The others who are entitled to this name possess the pure and purifying eye which does not seem to have sprung out of their temperament and character, but separately from them, and generally in contradiction to them, and looks out upon the world as on a God whom it loves. But even people like these do not come into possession of such an eye all at once : they require practice and a preliminary school of sight, and he who is really fortunate will at the right moment also fall in with a teacher of pure sight.

The Dawn

498

NEVER DEMAND ! You do not know him ! it is true that he easily and readily submits both to men and things, and that he is kind to both his only wish is to be left in peace but only in so far as men and things do not demand his submission. Any demand makes him proud, bashful, and warlike.

The Dawn

THE EVIL ONE. " Only the solitary are evil ! " thus spoke Diderot, and Rousseau at once felt deeply offended. Thus he proved that Diderot was right. Indeed, in society, or amid social life, every evil instinct is compelled to restrain itself, to assume so many masks, and to press itself so often into the Procrustean bed of virtue, that we are quite justified in speaking of the martyrdom of the evil man. In solitude, however, all this disappears. The evil man is still more evil in solitude and consequently for him whose eye sees only a drama everywhere he is also more beautiful.

The Dawn

AGAINST THE GRAIN. A thinker may for years at a time force himself to think against the grain : that is, not to pursue the thoughts that spring up within him, but, instead, those which he is compelled to follow by the exigencies of his office, an established division of time, or any arbitrary duty which he may find it necessary to fulfil. In the long run, however, he will fall ill ; for this apparently moral self-command will destroy his nervous system as thoroughly and completely as regular debauchery.

The Dawn

MORTAL SOULS. Where knowledge is concerned perhaps the most useful conquest that has ever been made is the abandonment of the belief in the immortality of the soul. Humanity is henceforth at liberty to wait : men need no longer be in a hurry to swallow badly-tested ideas as they had to do in former times. For in those times the salvation of this poor " immortal soul " depended upon the extent of the knowledge which could be acquired in the course of a short existence : decisions had to be reached from one day to another, and " knowledge " was a matter of dreadful importance !

Now we have acquired good courage for errors, experiments, and the provisional acceptance of ideas all this is not so very important ! and for this very reason individuals and whole races may now face tasks so vast in extent that in former years they would have looked like madness, and defiance of heaven and hell. Now we have the right to experiment upon ourselves ! Yes, men have the right to do so ! the greatest sacrifices have not yet been offered up to knowledge nay, in earlier periods it would have been sacrilege, and a sacrifice of our eternal salvation, even to surmise such ideas as now precede our actions.

The Dawn

502

ONE WORD FOR THREE DIFFERENT CONDITIONS. When in a state of passion one man will be forced to let loose the savage, dreadful, unbearable animal. Another when under the influence of passion will raise himself to a high, noble, and lofty demeanour, in comparison with which his usual self appears petty. A third, whose whole person is permeated with nobility of feeling, has also the most noble storm and stress : and in this state he represents Nature in her state of savageness and beauty, and stands only one degree lower than Nature in her periods of greatness and serenity, which he usually represents. It is while in this state of passion, however, that men understand him better, and venerate him more highly at these moments for then he is one step nearer and more akin to them. They feel at once delighted and horrified at such a sight and call it divine.

The Dawn

503

FRIENDSHIP. The objection to a philosophic life that it renders us useless to our friends would never have arisen in a modern mind : it belongs rather to classical antiquity. Antiquity knew the stronger bonds of friendship, meditated upon it, and almost took it to the grave with it. This is the advantage it has over us : we, on the other hand, can point to

our idealisation of sexual love. All the great excellencies of ancient humanity owed their stability to the fact that man was standing side by side with man, and that no woman was allowed to put forward the claim of being the nearest and highest, nay even sole object of his love, as the feeling of passion would teach. Perhaps our trees do not grow so high now owing to the ivy and the vines that cling round them.

The Dawn

504

RECONCILIATION. Should it then be the task of philosophy to reconcile what the child has learnt with what the man has come to recognise? Should philosophy be the task of young men because they stand midway between child and man and possess intermediate necessities? It would almost appear to be so if you consider at what ages of their life philosophers are now in the habit of setting forth their conceptions: at a time when it is too late for faith and too early for knowledge.

The Dawn

505

PRACTICAL PEOPLE. We thinkers have the right of deciding good taste in all things, and if necessary of decreeing it. The practical people finally receive it from us: their dependence upon us is incredibly great, and is one of the most ridiculous spectacles in the world, little though they themselves know it and however proudly they like to carp at us unpractical people. Nay, they would even go so far as to belittle their practical life if we should show a tendency to despise it whereto at times we might be urged on by a slightly vindictive feeling.

The Dawn

506

THE NECESSARY DESICCATION OF EVERYTHING GOOD. What!

must we conceive of a work exactly in the spirit of the age that has produced it ? but we experience greater delight and surprise, and get more information out of it when we do not conceive it in this spirit ! Have you not remarked that every new and good work, so long as it is exposed to the damp air of its own age is least valuable just because it still has about it all the odour of the market, of opposition, of modern ideas, and of all that is transient from day to day ? Later on, however, it dries up, its " actuality " dies away : and then only does it obtain its deep lustre and its perfume and also, if it is destined for it, the calm eye of eternity.

The Dawn

507

AGAINST THE TYRANNY OF TRUTH. Even if we were mad enough to consider all our opinions as truth, we should nevertheless not wish them alone to exist. I cannot see why we should ask for an autocracy and omnipotence of truth : it is sufficient for me to know that it is a great power.

Truth, however, must meet with opposition and be able to fight, and we must be able to rest from it at times in falsehood otherwise truth will grow tiresome, powerless, and insipid, and will render us equally so.

The Dawn

508

NOT TO TAKE A THING PATHETICALLY. What we do to benefit ourselves should not bring us in any moral praise, either from others or from ourselves, and the same remark applies to those things which we do to please ourselves. It is looked upon as *bon ton* among superior men to refrain from taking things pathetically in such cases, and to refrain from all pathetic feelings : the man who has accustomed himself to this has retrieved his naivety.

The Dawn

THE THIRD EYE. What! You are still in need of the theatre ! are you still so young ? Be wise, and seek tragedy and comedy where they are better acted, and where the incidents are more interesting, and the actors more eager. It is indeed by no means easy to be merely a spectator in these cases but learn ! and then, amid all difficult or painful situations, you will have a little gate leading to joy and refuge, even when your passions attack you. Open your stage eye, that big third eye of yours, which looks out into the world through the other two.

The Dawn

ESCAPING FROM ONE'S VIRTUES. Of what account is a thinker who does not know how to escape from his own virtues occasionally ! Surely a thinker should be more than " a moral being " !

The Dawn

THE TEMPTRESS. Honesty is the great temptress of all fanatics. What seemed to tempt Luther in the guise of the devil or a beautiful woman, and from which he defended himself in that uncouth way of his, was probably nothing but honesty, and perhaps in a few rarer cases even truth.

The Dawn

BOLD TOWARDS THINGS. The man who, in accordance with his character, is considerate and timid towards persons, but is courageous and bold towards things, is afraid of new and closer acquaintances, and limits his old ones in order that he may thus make his incognito and his

inconsiderateness coincide with truth.

The Dawn

513

LIMITS AND BEAUTY. Are you looking for men with a fine culture ? Then you will have to be satisfied with restricted views and sights, exactly as when you are looking for fine countries. There are, of course, such panoramic men : they are like panoramic regions, instructive and marvellous : but not beautiful.

The Dawn

514

TO THE STRONGER. You stronger and arrogant intellects, we ask you for only one thing : throw no further burdens upon our shoulders, but take some of our burdens upon your own, since you are stronger ! but you delight in doing the exact contrary : for you wish to soar, so that we must carry your burden in addition to our own we must crawl !

The Dawn

515

THE INCREASE OF BEAUTY. Why has beauty increased by the progress of civilisation ? because the three occasions for ugliness appear ever more rarely among civilised men : first, the wildest outbursts of ecstasy ; secondly, extreme bodily exertion, and, thirdly, the necessity of inducing fear by one's very sight and presence a matter which is so frequent and of so great importance in the lower and more dangerous stages of culture that it even lays down the proper gestures and ceremonials and makes ugliness a duty.

The Dawn

516

NOT TO IMBUE OUR NEIGHBOURS WITH OUR OWN DEMON. Let us in our age continue to hold the belief that benevolence and beneficence are the characteristics of a good man ; but let us not fail to add " provided that in the first place he exhibits his benevolence and beneficence towards himself." For if he acts otherwise that is to say, if he shuns, hates, or injures himself he is certainly not a good man. He then merely saves himself through others : and let these others take care that they do not come to grief through him, however well disposed he may appear to be to them ! but to shun and hate one's own ego, and to live in and for others, this has up to the present, with as much thoughtlessness as conviction, been looked upon as " unselfish," and consequently as " good."

The Dawn

517

TEMPTING INTO LOVE. We ought to fear a man who hates himself; for we are liable to become the victims of his anger and revenge. Let us therefore try to tempt him into self-love.

The Dawn

518

RESIGNATION. What is resignation ? It is the most comfortable position of a patient, who, after having suffered a long time from tormenting pains in order to find it, at last became tired and then found it.

The Dawn

519

DECEPTION. When you wish to act you must close the door upon doubt, said a man of action. And are you not afraid of being deceived in

doing so ? replied the man of a contemplative mind.

The Dawn

520

ETERNAL OBSEQUIES. Both within and beyond the confines of history we might imagine that we were listening to a continual funeral oration : we have buried, and are still burying, all that we have loved best, our thoughts, and our hopes, receiving in exchange pride, gloria mundi that is, the pomp of the graveside speech. It is thus that everything is made good ! Even at the present time the funeral orator remains the greatest public benefactor.

The Dawn

521

EXCEPTIONAL VANITY. Yonder man possesses one great quality which serves as a consolation for him: his look passes with contempt over the remainder of his being, and almost his entire character is included in this. But he recovers from himself when, as it were, he approaches his sanctuary ; already the road leading to it appears to him to be an ascent on broad soft steps and yet, you cruel ones, you call him vain on this account !

The Dawn

522

WISDOM WITHOUT EARS. To hear every day what is said about us, or even to endeavour to discover what people think of us, will in the end kill even the strongest man. Our neighbours permit us to live only that they may exercise a daily claim upon us ! They certainly would not tolerate us if we wished to claim rights over them, and still less if we wished to be right ! In short, let us offer up a sacrifice to the general peace, let us not listen when they speak of us, when they praise us, blame us, wish for

us, or hope for us nay, let us not even think of it.

The Dawn

523

A QUESTION OF PENETRATION. When we are confronted with any manifestation which someone has permitted us to see, we may ask : what is it meant to conceal ? What is it meant to draw our attention from ? What prejudices does it seek to raise ? and again, how far does the subtlety of the dissimulation go ? and in what respect is the man mistaken ?

The Dawn

524

THE JEALOUSY OF THE LONELY ONES. This is the difference between sociable and solitary natures, provided that both possess an intellect: the former are satisfied, or nearly satisfied, with almost anything whatever ; from the moment that their minds have discovered a communicable and happy version of it they will be reconciled even with the devil himself ! But the lonely souls have their silent rapture, and their speechless agony about a thing: they hate the ingenious and brilliant display of their inmost problems as much as they dislike to see the women they love too loudly dressed they watch her mournfully in such a case, as if they were just beginning to suspect that she was desirous of pleasing others. This is the jealousy which all lonely thinkers and passionate dreamers exhibit with regard to the esprit.

The Dawn

525

THE EFFECT OF PRAISE. Some people become modest when highly praised, others insolent.

The Dawn

526

UNWILLING TO BE A SYMBOL. I sympathise with princes: they are not at liberty to discard their high rank even for a short time, and thus they come to know people only from the very uncomfortable position of constant dissimulation their continual compulsion to represent something actually ends by making solemn ciphers of them. Such is the fate of all those who deem it their duty to be symbols.

The Dawn

527

THE HIDDEN MEN. Have you never come across those people who check and restrain even their enraptured hearts, and who would rather become mute than lose the modesty of moderation ? and have you never met those embarrassing, and yet so often good-natured people who do not wish to be recognised, and who time and again efface the tracks they have made in the sand ? and who even deceive others as well as themselves in order to remain obscure and hidden ?

The Dawn

528

UNUSUAL FORBEARANCE. It is often no small indication of kindness to be unwilling to criticise someone, and even to refuse to think of him.

The Dawn

529

How MEN AND NATIONS GAIN LUSTRE. How many really individual actions are left undone merely because before performing them we perceive or suspect that they will be misunderstood ! those actions, for

example, which have some intrinsic value, both in good and evil. The more highly an age or a nation values its individuals, therefore, and the more right and ascendancy we accord them, the more will actions of this kind venture to make themselves known, and thus in the long run a lustre of honesty, of genuineness in good and evil, will spread over entire ages and nations, so that they the Greeks, for example like certain stars, will continue to shed light for thousands of years after their sinking.

The Dawn

530

DIGRESSIONS OF THE THINKER. The course of thought in certain men is strict and inflexibly bold. At times it is even cruel towards such men, although considered individually they may be gentle and pliable. With well-meaning hesitation they will turn the matter ten times over in their heads, but will at length continue their strict course. They are like streams that wind their way past solitary hermitages : there are places in their course where the stream plays hide and seek with itself, and indulges in short idylls with islets, trees, grottos, and cascades and then it rushes ahead once more, passes by the rocks, and forces its way through the hardest stones.

The Dawn

531

DIFFERENT FEELINGS TOWARDS ART. From the time when we begin to live as a hermit, consuming and consumed, our only company being deep and prolific thoughts, we expect from art either nothing more, or else something quite different from what we formerly expected in a word, we change our taste. For in former times we wished to penetrate for a moment by means of art into the element in which we are now living permanently: at that time we dreamt ourselves into the rapture of a possession which we now actually possess. Indeed, flinging away from us for the time being what we now have, and imagining ourselves to be poor, or to be a child, a beggar, or a fool, may now at times fill us with

delight.

The Dawn

532

" LOVE EQUALISES." Love wishes to spare the other to whom it devotes itself any feeling of strangeness : as a consequence it is permeated with disguise and simulation ; it keeps on deceiving continuously, and feigns an equality which in reality does not exist. And all this is done so instinctively that women who love deny this simulation and constant tender trickery, and have even the audacity to assert that love equalises (in other words that it performs a miracle) !

This phenomenon is a simple matter if one of the two permits himself or herself to be loved, and does not deem it necessary to feign, but leaves this to the other. No drama, however, could offer a more intricate and confused instance than when both persons are passionately in love with one another; for in this case both are anxious to surrender and to endeavour to conform to the other, and finally they are both at a loss to know what to imitate and what to feign. The beautiful madness of this spectacle is too good for this world, and too subtle for human eyes.

The Dawn

533

WE BEGINNERS. How many things does an actor see and divine when he watches another on the stage ! He notices at once when a muscle fails in some gesture; he can distinguish those little artificial tricks which are so calmly practised separately before the mirror, and are not in conformity with the whole ; he feels when the actor is surprised on the stage by his own invention, and when he spoils it amid this surprise. How differently, again, does a painter look at someone who happens to be moving before him ! He will see a great deal that does not actually exist in order to complete the actual appearance of the person, and to give it its full effect. In his mind he attempts several different illuminations of the same object, and divides the whole by an additional contrast. Oh, that we now

possessed the eyes of such an actor and such a painter for the province of the human soul !

The Dawn

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SMALL DOSES. If we wish a change to be as deep and radical as possible, we must apply the remedy in minute doses, but unremittingly for long periods. What great action can be performed all at once? Let us therefore be careful not to exchange violently and precipitately the moral conditions with which we are familiar for a new valuation of things, nay, we may even wish to continue living in the old way for a long time to come, until probably at some very remote period we become aware of the fact that the new valuation has made itself the predominating power within us, and that its minute doses to which we must henceforth become accustomed have set up a new nature within us. We now also begin to understand that the last attempt at a great change of valuations that which concerned itself with political affairs (the " great revolution ") was nothing more than a pathetic and sanguinary piece of quackery which, by means of sudden crises, was able to inspire a credulous Europe with the hope of a sudden recovery, and has therefore made all political invalids impatient and dangerous up to this very moment.

The Dawn

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TRUTH REQUIRES POWER. Truth in itself is no power at all, in spite of all that flattering rationalists are in the habit of saying to the contrary. Truth must either attract power to its side, or else side with power, for otherwise it will perish again and again. This has already been sufficiently demonstrated, and more than sufficiently !

The Dawn

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THE THUMBSCREW. It is disgusting to observe with what cruelty everyone charges his two or three private virtues to the account of others who may perhaps not possess them, and whom he torments and worries with them. Let us therefore deal humanely with the "sense of honesty," although we may possess in it a thumbscrew with which we can worry to death all these presumptuous egoists who even yet wish to impose their own beliefs upon the whole world we have tried this thumbscrew on ourselves !

The Dawn

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MASTERY. We have reached mastery when we neither mistake nor hesitate in the achievement.

The Dawn

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THE MORAL INSANITY OF GENIUS, In a certain category of great intellects we may observe a painful and partly horrible spectacle : in their most productive moments their flights aloft and into the far distance appear to be out of harmony with their general constitution and to exceed their power in one way or another, so that each time there remains a deficiency, and also in the long run a defectiveness in the entire machinery, which latter is manifested among those highly intellectual natures by various kinds of moral and intellectual symptoms more regularly than by conditions of bodily distress.

Thus those incomprehensible characteristics of their nature all their timidity, vanity, hatefulness, envy, their narrow and narrowing disposition and that too personal and awkward element in natures like those of Rousseau and Schopenhauer, may very well be the consequences of a periodical attack of heart disease; and this in its turn may be the result of a nervous complaint, and this latter the consequence of - .

So long as genius dwells within us we are full of audacity, yes, almost mad, and heedless of health, life, and honour ; we fly through the day as free and swift as an eagle, and in the darkness we feel as confident as an owl. But let genius once leave us and we are instantly overcome by a feeling of the most profound despondency : we can no longer understand ourselves ; we suffer from everything that we experience and do not experience ; we feel as if we were in the midst of shelter-less rocks with the tempest raging round us, and we are at the same time like pitiful childish souls, afraid of a rustle or a shadow. Three-fourths of all the evil committed in the world is due to timidity ; and this is above all a physiological process.

The Dawn

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DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU WANT ? Have you never been troubled by the fear that you might not be at all fitted for recognising what is true ? by the fear that your senses might be too dull, and even your delicacy of sight far too blunt ? If you could only perceive, even once, to what extent your volition dominates your sight ! How, for example, you wished yesterday to see more than someone else, while to-day you wish to see it differently ! and how from the start you were anxious to see something which would be in conformity with or in opposition to anything that people thought they had observed up to the present. Oh, those shameful cravings ! How often you keep your eyes open for what is efficacious, for what is soothing, just because you happen to be tired at the moment ! Always full of secret predeterminations of what truth should be like, so that you, you, indeed ! might accept it ! or do you think that to-day, because you are as frozen and dry as a bright winter morning, and because nothing is weighing on your mind, you have better eyesight ! Are not ardour and enthusiasm necessary to do justice to the creations of thought ? and this indeed is what is called sight ! as if you could treat matters of thought any differently from the manner in which you treat men. In all relations with thought there is the same morality, the same honesty of purpose, the same reservations, the same slackness, the same faint-heartedness your whole lovable and hateful self ! Your physical exhaustion will lend the things pale colours while your feverishness will turn them into monsters I Does not your morning show the things in

a different light from the evening? Are you not afraid of finding in the cave of all knowledge your own phantom, the veil in which truth is wrapped up and hidden from your sight? Is it not a dreadful comedy in which you so thoughtlessly wish to take part ?

The Dawn

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LEARNING. Michelangelo considered Raphael's genius as having been acquired by study, and upon his own as a natural gift : learning as opposed to talent ; though this is mere pedantry, with all due respect to the great pedant himself. For what is talent but a name for an older piece of learning, experience, exercise, appropriation, and incorporation, perhaps as far back as the times of our ancestors, or even earlier ! And again : he who learns forms his own talents, only learning is not such an easy matter and depends not only upon our willingness, but also upon our being able to learn at all.

Jealousy often prevents this in an artist, or that pride which, when it experiences any strange feeling, at once assumes an attitude of defence instead of an attitude of scholarly receptiveness. Raphael, like Goethe, lacked this pride, on which account they were great learners, and not merely the exploiters of those quarries which had been formed by the manifold genealogy of their forefathers. Raphael vanishes before our eyes as a learner in the midst of that assimilation of what his great rival called his " nature " : this noblest of all thieves daily carried off a portion of it ; but before he had appropriated all the genius of Michelangelo he died and the final series of his works, because it is the beginning of a new plan of study, is less perfect and good, for the simple reason that the great student was interrupted by death in the midst of his most difficult task, and took away with him that justifying and final goal which he had in view.

The Dawn

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HOW WE SHOULD TURN TO STONE. By slowly, very, very slowly, becoming hard like a precious stone, and at last lie still, a joy to all eternity.

The Dawn

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THE PHILOSOPHER AND OLD AGE. It is not wise to permit evening to act as a judge of the day ; for only too often in this case weariness becomes the judge of success and good will. We should also take the greatest precautions in regard to everything connected with old age and its judgment upon life, more especially since old age, like the evening, is fond of assuming a new and charming morality, and knows well enough how to humiliate the day by the glow of the evening skies, twilight and a peaceful and wistful silence. The reverence which we feel for an old man, especially if he is an old thinker and sage, easily blinds us to the deterioration of his intellect, and it is always necessary to bring to light the hidden symptoms of such a deterioration and lassitude, that is to say, to uncover the physiological phenomenon which is still concealed behind the old man's moral judgments and prejudices, in case we should be deceived by our veneration for him, and do something to the disadvantage of knowledge. For it is not seldom that the illusion of a great moral renovation and regeneration takes possession of the old man. Basing his views upon this, he then proceeds to express his opinions on the work and development of his life as if he had only then for the first time become clear-sighted and nevertheless it is not wisdom, but fatigue, which prompts his present state of well-being and his positive judgments.

The most dangerous indication of this weariness is above all the belief in genius, which as a rule only arises in great and semi-great men of intellect at this period of their lives : the belief in an exceptional position, and exceptional rights. The thinker who thus believes himself to be inspired by genius henceforth deems it permissible for him to take things more easily, and takes advantage of his position as a genius to decree rather than to prove. It is probable, however, that the need felt by the weary intellect for alleviation is the main source of this belief it precedes it in time, though appearances may indicate the contrary.

At this time too, as the result of the love which all weary and old people feel for enjoyment, such men as those I am 'speaking of wish to enjoy the results of their thinking instead of again testing them and scattering the seeds abroad once more. This leads them to make their thoughts palatable and enjoyable, and to take away their dryness, coldness, and want of flavour ; and thus it comes about that the old thinker apparently raises himself above his life's work, while in reality he spoils it by infusing into it a certain amount of fantasy, sweetness, flavour, poetic mists, and mystic lights. This is how Plato ended, as did also that great and honest Frenchman, Auguste Comte, who, as a conqueror of the exact sciences, cannot be matched either among the Germans or the Englishmen of this century.

There is a third symptom of fatigue: that ambition which actuated the great thinker when he was young, and which could not then find anything to satisfy it, has also grown old, and, like one that has no more time to lose, it begins to snatch at the coarser and more immediate means of its gratification, means which are peculiar to active, dominating, violent, and conquering dispositions. From this time onwards the thinker wishes to found institutions which shall bear his name, instead of erecting mere brain-structures. What are now to him the ethereal victories and honours to be met with in the realm of proofs and refutations, or the perpetuation of his fame in books, or the thrill of exultation in the soul of the reader ? But the institution, on the other hand, is a temple, as he well knows a temple of stone, a durable edifice, which will keep its god alive with more certainty than the sacrifices of rare and tender souls. Perhaps, too, at this period of his life the old thinker will for the first time meet with that love which is fitted for a god rather than for a human being, and his whole nature becomes softened and sweetened in the rays of such a sun, like fruit in autumn. Yes, he grows more divine and beautiful, this great old man, and nevertheless it is old age and weariness which permit him to ripen in this way, to grow more silent, and to repose in the luminous adulation of a woman. Now it is all up with his former desire a desire which was superior even to his own ego for real disciples, followers who would carry on his thought, that is, true opponents. This desire arose from his until now undiminished energy, the conscious pride he felt in being able at any time to become an opponent himself, nay, even the deadly enemy of his own doctrine, but now his desire is for resolute partisans, unwavering comrades, auxiliary forces, heralds, a pompous train of followers. He is now no longer able to bear that dreadful isolation in

which every intellect that advances beyond the others is compelled to live. From this time forward he surrounds himself with objects of veneration, companionship, tenderness, and love ; but he also wishes to enjoy the privileges of all religious people, and to worship what he venerates most highly in his little community he will even go as far as to invent a religion for the purpose of having a community.

Thus lives the wise old man, and in living thus he falls almost imperceptibly into such a deplorable proximity to priestly and poetic extravagances that it is difficult to recollect all his wise and severe period of youth, the former rigid morality of his mind, and his truly virile dread of fancies and misplaced enthusiasm. When he was formerly in the habit of comparing himself with the older thinkers, he did so merely that he might measure his weakness against their strength, and that he might become colder and more audacious towards himself; but now he only makes this comparison to intoxicate himself with his own delusions. Formerly he looked forward with confidence to future thinkers, and he even took a delight in imagining himself to be cast into the shade by their brighter light. Now, however, he is mortified to think that he cannot be the last : he endeavours to discover some way of imposing upon mankind, together with the inheritance which he is leaving to them, a restriction of sovereign thinking. He fears and reviles the pride and the love of freedom of individual minds : after him no one must allow his intellect to govern with absolute unrestriction : he himself wishes to remain forever the bulwark on which the waves of ideas may break these are his secret wishes, and perhaps, indeed, they are not always secret.

The hard fact upon which such wishes are based, however, is that he himself has come to a halt before his teaching, and has set up his boundary stone, his " thus far and no farther." In canonising himself he has drawn up his own death warrant : from now on his mind cannot develop further. His race is run ; the hour-hand stops. Whenever a great thinker tries to make himself a lasting institution for posterity, we may readily suppose that he has passed the climax of his powers, and is very tired, very near the setting of his sun.

The Dawn

WE MUST NOT MAKE PASSION AN ARGUMENT FOR TRUTH. Oh, you kind-hearted and even noble enthusiasts, I know you ! You wish to seem right in our eyes as well as in your own, but especially in your own ! and an irritable and subtle evil conscience so often spurs you on against your very enthusiasm ! How ingenious you then become in deceiving your conscience, and lulling it to sleep ! How you hate honest, simple, and clean souls ; how you avoid their innocent glances ! That better knowledge whose representatives they are, and whose voice you hear only too distinctly within yourselves when it questions your belief, how you try to cast suspicion upon it as a bad habit, as a disease of the age, as the neglect and infection of your own intellectual health ! It drives you on to hate even criticism, science, reason ! You must falsify history to make it testify in your favour ; you must deny virtues in case they should obscure those of your own idols and ideals.

Coloured images where arguments are needed ! Ardour and power of expression ! Silver mists ! Ambrosian nights ! well do you know how to enlighten and to darken to darken by means of light ! and indeed when your passion can no longer be kept within bounds the moment comes when you say to yourselves, " Now I have won for myself a good conscience, now I am exalted, courageous, self-denying, magnanimous; now I am honest!" How you long for these moments when your passion will confer upon you full and absolute rights, and also, as it were, innocence. How happy you are when engaged in battle and inspired with ecstasy or courage, when you are elated beyond yourself, when gnawing doubt has left you, and when you can even decree : " Any man who is not in ecstasy as we are cannot by any chance know what or where truth is." How you long to meet with those who share your belief in this state which is a state of intellectual depravity and to set your own fire alight with their flames ! Oh, for your martyrdom, your victory of the sanctified lie ! Must you really inflict so much pain upon yourselves? Must you ?

The Dawn

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HOW PHILOSOPHY IS NOW PRACTISED. I can see quite well that our philosophising youths, women, and artists require from philosophy

exactly the opposite of what the Greeks derived from it. What does he who does not hear the continual exultation that resounds through every speech and counter-argument in a Platonic dialogue, this exultation over the new invention of rational thinking, know about Plato or about ancient philosophy ? At that time souls were filled with enthusiasm when they gave themselves up to the severe and sober sport of ideas, generalisations, refutations, that enthusiasm which perhaps those old, great, severe, and prudent contrapuntists in music have also known. At that time the Greek palate still possessed that older and formerly omnipotent taste : and by the side of this taste their new taste appeared to be enveloped in so much charm that the divine art of dialectic was sung by hesitating voices as if its followers were intoxicated with the frenzy of love. That old form of thinking, however, was thought within the bounds of morality, and for it nothing existed but fixed judgments and established facts, and it had no reasons but those of authority. Thinking, therefore, was simply a matter of repetition, and all the enjoyment of speech and dialogue could only lie in their form.

Wherever the substance of a thing is looked upon as eternal and universally approved, there is only one great charm, the charm of variable forms, that is, of fashion. Even in the poets ever since the time of Homer, and later on in the case of the sculptors, the Greeks did not enjoy originality, but its contrary. It was Socrates who discovered another charm, that of cause and effect, of reason and sequence, and we moderns have become so used to it, and have been brought up to the necessity of logic that we look upon it as the normal taste, and as such it cannot but be repugnant to ardent and presumptuous people. Such people are pleased by whatever stands out boldly from the normal : their more subtle ambition leads them to believe only too readily that they are exceptional souls, not dialectic and rational beings, but, let us say, " intuitive " beings gifted with an " inner sense," or with a certain " intellectual perception." Above all, however, they wish to be " artistic natures " with a genius in their heads, and a demon in their bodies, and consequently with special rights in this world and in the world to come especially the divine privilege of being incomprehensible.

And people like these are " going in for " philosophy nowadays ! I fear they will discover one day that they have made a mistake what they are looking for is religion !

The Dawn

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BUT WE DO NOT BELIEVE YOU. You would gladly pass for psychologists, but we shall not allow it ! Are we not to notice that you pretend to be more experienced, profound, passionate, and perfect than you actually are ? just as we notice in yonder painter that there is a trifling presumptuousness in his manner of wielding the brush, and in yonder musician that he brings forward his theme with the desire to make it appear superior to what it really is. Have you experienced history within yourselves, commotions, earthquakes, long and profound sadness, and sudden flashes of happiness ? Have you acted foolishly with great and little fools ? Have you really undergone the delusions and woe of the good people ? and also the woe and the peculiar happiness of the most evil ? Then you may speak to me of morality, but not otherwise !

The Dawn

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SLAVE AND IDEALIST. The followers of Epictetus would doubtless not be to the taste of those who are now striving after the ideal. The constant tension of his being, the indefatigable inward glance, the prudent and reserved incommunicativeness of his eye whenever it happens to gaze upon the outer world, and above all, his silence or laconic speech : all these are characteristics of the strictest fortitude, and what would our idealists, who above all else are desirous of expansion, care for this ? But in spite of all this the Stoic is not fanatical. He detests the display and boasting of our idealists : his pride, however great it may be, is not eager to disturb others. It permits of a certain gentle approach, and has no desire to spoil anybody's good humour nay, it can even smile. A great deal of ancient humanity is to be seen exemplified in this ideal. The most excellent feature about it, however, is that the thinker is completely free from the fear of God, strictly believes in reason, and is no preacher of penitence.

Epictetus was a slave : his ideal man is without any particular rank, and

may exist in any grade of society, but above all he is to be sought in the deepest and lowest social classes, as the silent and self-sufficient man in the midst of a general state of servitude, a man who defends himself alone against the outer world, and is constantly living in a state of the highest fortitude. He is distinguished from the Christian especially, because the latter lives in hope in the promise of "unspeakable glory," permits presents to be made to him, and expects and accepts the best things from divine love and grace, and not from himself. Epictetus, on the other hand, neither hopes nor allows his best treasure to be given him he possesses it already, holds it bravely in his hand, and defies the world to take it away from him. Christianity was devised for another class of ancient slaves, for those who had a weak will and weak reason that is to say, for the majority of slaves.

The Dawn

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THE TYRANTS OF THE INTELLECT. The progress of science is at the present time no longer hindered by the purely accidental fact that man attains to about seventy years, which was the case far too long. In former times people wished to master the entire extent of knowledge within this period, and all the methods of knowledge were valued according to this general desire. Minor questions and individual experiments were looked upon as unworthy of notice : people wanted to take the shortest path under the impression that, since everything in this world seemed to be arranged with a view to man's needs, even the acquirement of knowledge was regulated in view of the limits of human life.

To solve everything at a single stroke, with one word this was the secret desire ; and the task was represented in the symbol of the Gordian knot or the egg of Columbus. No one doubted that it was possible to reach the goal of knowledge after the manner of Alexander or Columbus, and to settle all questions with one answer. " There is a mystery to be solved," seemed to be the aim of life in the eyes of the philosopher : it was necessary in the first place to find out what this enigma was, and to condense the problem of the world into the simplest enigmatical formula possible. The boundless ambition and delight of being the " unraveller of the world " charmed the dreams of many a thinker : nothing seemed to him

worth troubling about in this world but the means of bringing everything to a satisfactory conclusion. Philosophy thus became a kind of supreme struggle for the tyrannical sway over the intellect, and no one doubted that such a tyrannical domination was reserved for some very happy, subtle, ingenious, bold, and powerful person a single individual ! and many (the last was Schopenhauer) fancied themselves to be this privileged person.

From this it follows that, on the whole, science has up to the present remained in a rather backward state owing to the moral narrow-mindedness of its disciples, and that henceforth it will have to be pursued from a higher and more generous motive. " What do I matter ? " is written over the door of the thinker of the future.

The Dawn

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VICTORY OVER POWER. If we consider all that has been venerated up to the present as " superhuman intellect " or " genius," we must come to the sad conclusion that, considered as a whole, the intellectuality of mankind must have been extremely low and poor: so little mind has until now been necessary in order to feel at once considerably superior to all this ! Alas for the cheap glory of " genius " ! How quickly has it been raised to the throne, and its worship grown into a custom ! We still fall on our knees before power according to the old custom of slaves and nevertheless, when the degree of venerability comes to be determined, only the degree of reason in the power will be the deciding factor. We must find out, indeed, to how great an extent power has been overcome by something higher, which it now obeys as a tool and instrument.

As yet, however, there have been too few eyes for such investigations : even in the majority of cases the mere valuation of genius has almost been looked upon as blasphemy. And thus perhaps everything that is most beautiful still takes place in the midst of darkness and vanishes in endless night almost as soon as it has made its appearance, I refer to the spectacle of that power which a genius does not lay out upon works, but upon himself as a work, that is, his own self-control, the purifying of his own imagination, the order and selection in his inspirations and tasks.

The great man ever remains invisible in the greatest thing that claims worship, like some distant star : his victory over power remains without witnesses, and hence also without songs and singers. The hierarchy of the great men in all the past history of the human race has not yet been determined.

The Dawn

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FLIGHT FROM ONE'S SELF. Those sufferers from intellectual spasms who are impatient towards themselves and look upon themselves with a gloomy eye such as Byron or Alfred de Musset and who, in everything that they do, resemble runaway horses, and from their own works derive only a transient joy and an ardent passion which almost bursts their veins, followed by sterility and disenchantment how are they able to bear up ! They would gladly attain to something " beyond themselves." If we happen to be Christians, and are seized by such a desire as this, we strive to reach God and to become one with Him ; if we are a Shakespeare we shall be glad to perish in images of a passionate life ; if we are like Byron we long for actions, because these detach us from ourselves to an even greater extent than thoughts, feelings, and works.

And should the desire for performing great deeds really be at bottom nothing but a flight from our own selves ? as Pascal would ask us. And indeed this assertion might be proved by considering the most noble representations of this desire for action : in this respect let us remember, bringing the knowledge of an alienist to our aid, that four of the greatest men of all ages who were possessed of this lust for action were epileptics Alexander the Great, Caesar, Mohammed, and Napoleon ; and Byron likewise was subject to the same complaint.

The Dawn

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KNOWLEDGE AND BEAUTY. If men, as they are still in the habit of doing, reserve their veneration and feelings of happiness for works of fancy

and imagination, we should not be surprised if they feel chilled and displeased by the contrary of fancy and imagination. The rapture which arises from even the smallest, sure, and definite step in advance into insight, and which our present state of science yields to so many in such abundance this rapture is in the meantime not believed in by all those who are in the habit of feeling enraptured only when they leave reality altogether and plunge into the depths of vague appearance romanticism. These people look upon reality as ugly, but they entirely overlook the fact that the knowledge of even the ugliest reality is beautiful, and that the man who can discern much and often is in the end very far from considering as ugly the main items of that reality, the discovery of which has always inspired him with the feeling of happiness.

Is there anything "beautiful in itself"? The happiness of those who can recognise augments the beauty of the world, bathing everything that exists in a sunnier light : discernment not only envelops all things in its own beauty, but in the long run permeates the things themselves with its beauty may ages to come bear witness to the truth of this statement ! In the meantime let us recall an old experience: two men so thoroughly different in every respect as Plato and Aristotle were agreed in regard to what constituted superior happiness not merely their own and that of men in general, but happiness in itself, even the happiness of the gods. They found this happiness to lie in knowledge, in the activity of a well practised and inventive understanding (not in " intuition " like the German theologians and semi-theologians ; not in visions, like the mystics ; and not in work, like the merely practical men). Similar opinions were expressed by Descartes and Spinoza. What great delight must all these men have felt in knowledge ! and how great was the danger that their honesty might give way, and that they themselves might become panegyrists of things !

The Dawn

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FUTURE VIRTUES. How has it come about that, the more intelligible the world has become, the more all kinds of ceremonies have diminished ? Was fear so frequently the fundamental basis of that awe which overcame us at the sight of anything until now unknown and mysterious,

and which taught us to fall upon our knees before the unintelligible, and to beg for mercy? And has the world, perhaps, through the very fact that we have grown less timid, lost some of the charms it formerly had for us? Is it not possible that our own dignity and stateliness, our formidable character, has decreased together with our spirit of dread? Perhaps we value the world and ourselves less highly since we have begun to think more boldly about it and ourselves? Perhaps there will come a moment in the future when this courageous spirit of thinking will have reached such a point that it will feel itself soaring in supreme pride, far above men and things when the wise man, being also the boldest, will see himself, and even more particularly existence, the lowest of all beneath himself?

This type of courage, which is not far removed from excessive generosity, has been lacking in humanity up to the present. Oh, that our poets might once again become what they once were : seers, telling us something about what might possibly happen! now that what is real and what is past are being ever more and more taken from them, and must continue to be taken from them for the time of innocent counterfeiting is at an end! Let them try to enable us to anticipate future virtues, or virtues that will never be found on earth, although they may exist somewhere in the world! purple-glowing constellations and whole Milky Ways of the beautiful! Where are you, you astronomers of the ideal?

The Dawn

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IDEAL SELFISHNESS. Is there a more sacred state than that of pregnancy? To perform everyone of our actions in the silent conviction that in one way or another it will be to the benefit of that which is being generated within us that it must augment its mysterious value, the very thought of which fills us with rapture? At such a time we refrain from many things without having to force ourselves to do so : we suppress the angry word, we grasp the hand forgivingly ; our child must be born from all that is best and gentlest. We shun our own harshness and brusqueness in case it should instil a drop of unhappiness into the cup of the beloved unknown. Everything is veiled, ominous ; we know nothing about what is going on, but simply wait and try to be prepared. During

this time, too, we experience a pure and purifying feeling of profound irresponsibility, similar to that felt by a spectator before a drawn curtain ; it is growing, it is coming to light ; we have nothing to do with determining its value, or the hour of its arrival. We are thrown back altogether upon indirect, beneficent and defensive influences. " Something greater than we are is growing here " such is our most secret hope : we prepare everything with a view to his birth and prosperity not merely everything that is useful, but also the noblest gifts of our souls.

We should, and can, live under the influence of such a blessed inspiration ! Whether what we are looking forward to is a thought or a deed, our relationship to every essential achievement is none other than that of pregnancy, and all our vainglorious boasting about " willing " and " creating " should be cast to the winds ! True and ideal selfishness consists in always watching over and restraining the soul, so that our productiveness may come to a beautiful termination. Thus in this indirect manner we must provide for and watch over the good of all ; and the frame of mind, the mood in which we live, is a kind of soothing oil which spreads far around" us on the restless souls. Still, these pregnant ones are funny people! let us therefore dare to be funny also, and not reproach others if they must be the same. And even when this phenomenon becomes dangerous and evil we must not show less respect to that which is generating within us or others than ordinary worldly justice, which does not allow the judge or the hangman to interfere with a pregnant woman.

The Dawn

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CIRCUITOUS ROUTES. Where does all this philosophy mean to end with its circuitous routes ? Does it do more than transpose into reason, so to speak, a continuous and strong impulse a craving for a mild sun, a bright and bracing atmosphere, southern plants, sea breezes, short meals of meat, eggs, and fruit, hot water to drink, quiet walks for days at a time, little talking, rare and cautious reading, living alone, pure, simple, and almost soldier-like habits a craving, in short, for all things which are suited to my own personal taste ? a philosophy which is in the main the instinct for a personal regimen an instinct that longs for my air, my height, my temperature, and my kind of health, and takes the circuitous

route of my head to persuade me to it !

There are many other and certainly more lofty philosophies, and not only such as are more gloomy and pretentious than mine and are they perhaps, taking them as a whole, nothing but intellectual circuitous routes of the same kind of personal impulses? In the meantime I look with a new eye upon the mysterious and solitary flight of a butterfly high on the rocky banks of the lake where so many plants are growing : there it flies hither and thither, heedless of the fact that its life will last only one more day, and that the night will be too cold for its winged fragility. For it, too, a philosophy might be found, though it might not be my own.

The Dawn

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LEADING. When we praise progress we only praise the movement and those who do not let us remain on the same spot, and in the circumstances this is certainly something, especially if we live among Egyptians. In changeable Europe, however, where movement is " understood," to use their own expression, " as a matter of course " alas, if we only understood something about it too ! I praise leaders and forerunners : that is to say, those who always leave themselves behind, and do not care in the least whether anyone is following them or not. " Wherever I halt I find myself alone : why should I halt ! the desert is still so wide ! " such is the sentiment of the true leader.

The Dawn

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THE LEAST IMPORTANT ARE SUFFICIENT. We ought to avoid events when we know that even the least important of them frequently enough leave a strong impression upon us and these we cannot avoid. The thinker must possess an approximate canon of all the things he still wishes to experience.

The Dawn

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THE FOUR VIRTUES. Honest towards ourselves, and to all and everything friendly to us ; brave in the face of our enemy ; generous towards the vanquished ; polite at all times : such do the four cardinal virtues wish us to be.

The Dawn

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MARCHING AGAINST AN ENEMY. How pleasant is the sound of even bad music and bad motives when we are setting out to march against an enemy !

The Dawn

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NOT CONCEALING ONE'S VIRTUES. I love those men who are as transparent as water, and who, to use Pope's expression, hide not from view the turbid bottom of their stream. Even they, however, possess a certain vanity, though of a rare and more sublimated kind : some of them would wish us to see nothing but the mud, and to take no notice of the clearness of the water which enables us to look right to the bottom. No less a man than Gautama Buddha has imagined the vanity of these few in the formula, " Let your sins appear before men, and conceal your virtues." But this would exhibit a disagreeable spectacle to the world it would be a sin against good taste.

The Dawn

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"NOTHING IN EXCESS!" How often is the individual recommended to set up a goal which it is beyond his power to reach, in order that he may at least attain that which lies within the scope of his abilities and most strenuous efforts ! Is it really so desirable, however, that he should do so ? Do not the best men who try to act according to this doctrine, together with their, best deeds, necessarily assume a somewhat exaggerated and distorted appearance on account of their excessive tension ? and in the future will not a grey mist of failure envelop the world, owing to the fact that we may see everywhere struggling athletes and tremendous gestures, but nowhere a conqueror crowned with the laurel, and rejoicing in his victory ?

THE END

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Twilight of the Idols

TWILIGHT OF THE IDOLS

Or How One Philosophizes With a Hammer

by Friedrich Nietzsche

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Reformatted and modified by Bill Chapko

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TWILIGHT OF THE IDOLS

PREFACE

It requires no little skill to maintain one's cheerfulness when engaged in a sullen and extremely responsible business; and yet, what is more necessary than cheerfulness? Nothing succeeds unless overflowing spirits have a share in it. The excess of power only is the proof of power. - A Transvaluation of all Values, that question mark, so black, so huge that it casts a shadow on him who sets it up, - such a doom of a task compels one every moment to run into sunshine, to shake off a seriousness which has become oppressive, far too oppressive. Every expedient is justifiable for that purpose, every "case" is a case of fortune,- warfare more especially. Warfare has always been the grand policy of all minds which have become too self-absorbed and too profound: there is healing virtue even in being wounded. A saying, the origin of which I withhold from learned curiosity, has for a long time been my motto:

Increscunt animi, virescit vulnere virtus. [The spirit increases, vigor grows through a wound]

Another mode of recuperation, which under certain circumstances is still more to my taste, is to sound out idols ... There are more idols in the world than realities; that is my "evil eye" for this world, it is also my "evil ear" ... To put questions here for once with a hammer, and perhaps to hear as answer that well-known hollow sound which indicates inflation of the bowels,-what delight for one who has got ears behind his ears,-for me, an old psychologist and rat-catcher in whose presence precisely that which would like to remain unheard is obliged to become audible ...

This work also -the title betrays it-is above all a recreation, a sun-freckle, a diversion into the idleness of a psychologist. Is it also perhaps a new warfare? And new idols are sounded out, are they? ... This little work is a grand declaration of warfare: and as regards the auscultation of idols, it is no temporary idols, but eternal idols which are here touched with a hammer as with a tuning-fork, -there are no older, snore self-convinced, or more inflated idols in existence ... Neither are there any hollower ones ... That does not prevent them from being the most believed in.

Besides people never call them idols, least of all in the most eminent case ...

Turin, 30th September 1888, the day when the first book of the Transvaluation of all Values was finished.

Twilight of the Idols

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MAXIMS AND ARROWS

p1 s1

Idleness is the parent of all psychology. What! is psychology then a - vice?

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s2

Even the boldest of us have but seldom the courage for what we really know.

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s3

To live alone, one must be an animal or a God -says Aristotle. The third case is wanting: one must be both -a philosopher.

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s4

Every truth is simple -Is that not doubly a lie?

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s5

Once for all, there is much I do not want to know.-Wisdom sets bounds even to knowledge.

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s6

We recover best from our unnaturalness, from our spirituality, in our savage moods ...

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s7

How is it? Is man only a mistake of God? Or God only a mistake of man?-

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s8

From the military school of life. -What does not kill me, strengthens me.

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s9

Help thyself: then everyone else helps you. Principle of brotherly love.

1

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s10

Would that we were guilty of no cowardice with respect to our doings, would that we did not repudiate them afterwards!- Remorse of conscience is indecent.

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s11

Is it possible for an ass to be tragic? - For a person to sink under a burden which can neither be carried nor thrown off? ... The case of the philosopher.

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s12

When one has one's wherefore of life, one gets along with almost every how. - Man does not strive after happiness; the Englishman only does so.

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s13

Man has created woman - out of what do you think? Out of a rib of his God,-his "ideal" ...

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s14

What? you are seeking? you would like to multiply yourself by ten, by a

hundred? - Seek zeros! -

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s15

Posthumous men -myself, for example -are worse understood than opportune, but are better heard. More strictly: we are never understood-therefore our authority ...

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s16

Among women. -"Truth? Oh, you do not know truth! Is it not an outrage on all our pudeurs?"

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s17

That is an artist such as I love, modest in his requirements: he really wants only two things, his bread and his art,-panem et Circen ...

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s18

He who cannot put his will into things, puts at least a meaning into them: that is, he believes there is a will in them already. (Principle of "Belief.")

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s19

What? you choose virtue and a full heart, and at the same time gaze with envy at the advantages of the unscrupulous?-With virtue, however, one renounces "advantage" ... (At the door of an Anti-Semite.)

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s20

The perfect woman perpetrates literature as she perpetrates a little sin: by way of test, in passing, turning round to look if anybody notices it, and in order that somebody may notice it...

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s21

To get ourselves into such conditions only as do not permit us to have feigned virtues; in which, rather, like the rope-dancer on his rope, we either fall, or stand -or escape in safety ...

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s22

"Bad men have no songs."1 - How is it that the Russians have songs?

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s23

"German esprit" for eighteen years, a contradictio in adjecto.

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s24

By seeking after the beginnings of things people become crabs. The historian looks backwards; he finally believes backwards also.

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s25

Contentedness is a prophylactic even against catching cold. Has a woman who knew she was well dressed ever caught cold? I put the case that she was hardly dressed at all.

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s26

I mistrust all systematisers, and avoid them. The will to system is a lack of rectitude.

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s27

We think woman deep-why? because we never find any bottom in her. Woman is not even shallow.

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s28

If a woman possesses manly virtues, she is to be run away from; and if she does not possess them, she runs away herself.

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s29

"How much the conscience had to bite formerly! what good teeth it had!-

And to-day, what is wrong?"-A dentist's question.

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s30

We seldom commit a single precipitancy. The first time we always do too much. Just on that account we are usually guilty of a second precipitancy-and then we do too little ...

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s31

The trodden worm turns itself. That is sagacious. It thereby lessens the probability of being again trodden on. In the language of morality: submissiveness. -

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s32

There is a hatred of lying and dissembling resulting from a sensitive notion of honour; there is also a similar hatred resulting from cowardice inasmuch as lying is forbidden by a Divine command. Too cowardly to tell lies ...

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s33

How little is required for happiness! The sound of a bag-pipe.- Without music life would be a mistake. The German conceives of God even as singing songs.¹

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s34

On ne peut penser et écrire qu'assis (G. Flaubert). There have I got you, nihilist! Sedentary application is the very sin against the Holy Ghost. Only thoughts won by walking are valuable.

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s35

There are times when we psychologists become restive like horses: we see our own shadows before us bobbing up and down. The psychologist, to see at all, has to abstract from himself.

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s36

Whether we immoralists do injury to virtue?-Just as little as Anarchists do to princes. It is only since princes have been wounded by shots that they sit firmly on their thrones again. Moral: We must wound morality by our shots.

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s37

You run on ahead? Do you do so as shepherd? or as an exception? A third case would be that of the deserter... First question of conscience.

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s38

Are you genuine? or only a dissembler? A representative? or the represented itself? -Finally, you are merely an imitation of a dissembler ... Second question of conscience.

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s39

The disillusioned speaks.-I sought for great men; I never found aught but the apes of their ideal.

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s40

Are you one who looks on? or one who goes to work? -or one who looks away, and turns aside? ... Third question of conscience.

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s41

Do you intend to go along with others? or go on ahead? or go by yourself? ... One must know what one intends, and that one intends something.-Fourth question of conscience.

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s42

Those were steps for me, I have climbed up beyond them,-to do so, I had to pass them. But it was thought I would make them my resting place ...

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s43

Of what consequence is it that I am in the right! I am too much in the right.-And he who laughs best to-day, will laugh also in the end.

Twilight of the Idols

p1 s44

Formula of my happiness: A Yea, a Nay, a straight line, a goal...

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THE PROBLEM OF SOCRATES

p2 s1

The wisest men in all ages have judged similarly with regard to life: it is good for nothing. Always and everywhere we hear the same sound out of their mouth -a sound full of doubt, full of melancholy: full of the fatigue of life, full of resistance to life. Even Socrates said when he died, "To live -that means to be long sick: I owe a cock to Asclepius the saviour." Even Socrates had enough of it.-What does that prove? What does it indicate? Formerly it would have been said (it has been said indeed and loud enough, and loudest of all by our pessimists!) "Here at all events, there must be something true! The consensus sapientium proves the truth."-Are we still to continue talking in such a manner? are we allowed to do so? "Here at all events there must be something diseased," is our answer: those wisest men of all ages, we should look at them close at hand! Were they, perhaps all of them, a little shaky on their legs? latish? tottering? decadents? Does wisdom perhaps appear on earth as a raven inspirited by a faint scent of carrion? ...

Twilight of the Idols

p2 s2

This irreverence, that the great wise men are declining types, first suggested itself to my mind with regard to a case where the strongest prejudices of the learned and the unlearned stood opposed to it: I recognised Socrates and Plato as symptoms of decline, as agencies in Grecian dissolution, as pseudo-Grecian, as anti-Grecian ("The Birth of Tragedy," 1872). That consensus sapientium - I understood it better and better-proves least of all that they were correct in that on which they were in accordance: it proves rather that they themselves, those wisest men, were somehow in accordance physiologically to take up a position - to have to take up a position - unanimously negative with regard to life. Judgments, valuations with regard to life, for or against, can ultimately never be true: they only possess value as symptoms, they only come into consideration as symptoms, -in themselves such judgments are follies. We must by all means stretch out the hand, and attempt to grasp this surprising finesse, that the worth of life cannot be estimated. It cannot be estimated by a living being, because such a one is a party-yea, the very object-in the dispute, and not a judge; it cannot be estimated by a dead person for a different reason. -For a philosopher to see a problem in the worth of life, is really an objection to him, a mark questioning his wisdom, a folly.-What? and all these great wise men-they were not only decadents, they were not even wise? - But I come back to the problem of Socrates.

Twilight of the Idols

p2 s3

Socrates, according to his descent, belonged to the lowest of the people; Socrates was of the mob. One knows, one still sees it one's self, how ugly he was. But ugliness, while it is an objection in itself, is almost a refutation when found among Greeks. Was Socrates Greek at all? Ugliness is often enough the expression of a thwarted development checked by cross breeding. Besides, it appears as deteriorating development. The anthropologists who are criminologists tell us that the typical criminal is ugly: monstrum in fronte, monstrum in animo. But the criminal is a decadent. Was Socrates a typical criminal?-At least the famous verdict of a physiognomist, which was so offensive to the friends of Socrates, would not contradict that assumption. A foreigner, who was a judge of

countenances, when he passed through Athens, told Socrates to his face that he was a monstrum -he concealed in himself all the worst vices and passions. And Socrates merely answered, "You know me, Sir."

Twilight of the Idols

p2 s4

Not only does the confessed dissoluteness and anarchy in his instincts point to decadence in Socrates, but the hypertrophy of logicity and that rhachitical sarcasm which distinguishes him points in the same direction. Neither must we forget those auditory hallucinations which have wrongly been interpreted in a religious sense, as the "demon of Socrates." Everything is exaggerated in him, everything is buffo and caricature; at the same time everything is concealed, reserved, and subterranean.-I try to understand out of what idiosyncrasy the Socratic equation of reason = virtue = happiness originates: that most bizarre of equations, which, in particular, has all the instincts of the older Hellenes opposed to it.

Twilight of the Idols

p2 s5

With Socrates Greek taste veers round in favour of dialectics. What really happens then? Above all superior taste is vanquished, the mob gets the upper hand along with dialectics. Previous to Socrates dialectic manners were repudiated in good society: they were regarded as improper manners, they compromised. The youths were warned against them. Besides, all such modes of presenting reasons were distrusted. Honest things, like honest men, do not carry their reasons in their hands in such fashion. It is indecent to put forth all the five fingers. That which requires to be proved is little worth. All the world over, where authority still belongs to good usage, where one does not "demonstrate" but commands, the dialectician is a sort of buffoon: he is laughed at, he is not taken seriously. Socrates was the buffoon who got himself taken seriously. What really happened then?

Twilight of the Idols

p2 s6

We choose dialectics only when we have no other means. We know we excite mistrust with it, we know it does not carry much conviction. Nothing is easier wiped away than the effect of a dialectician: that is proved by the experience of every assembly where speeches are made. It can only be a last defence in the hands of such as have no other weapon left. It is necessary to have to extort one's rights; otherwise one makes no use of dialectics. The Jews were therefore dialecticians; Reynard the Fox was a dialectician: what? and Socrates also was one? -

Twilight of the Idols

p2 s7

- Is the irony of Socrates an expression of revolt? of a mob-like resentment? Does he, as one of the suppressed, enjoy his natural ferocity in the dagger-thrusts of syllogism? does he revenge himself on the upper classes whom he fascinates?-As a dialectician a person has a merciless instrument in his hand: he can play the tyrant with it; he compromises when he conquers. The dialectician leaves it to his opponent to demonstrate that he is not an idiot; he is made furious, and at the same time helpless. The dialectician paralyses the intellect of his opponent.-What? is dialectics only a form of revenge with Socrates?

Twilight of the Idols

p2 s8

I have given to understand what could make Socrates repellent; there is now the more need to explain the fact that he fascinated.-That he discovered a new mode of agon, of which he became the first fencing-master for the superior circles of Athens -that is one reason. He fascinated in that he appealed to the agonal impulse of the Hellenes,- he introduced a variation into the wrestling matches among young men and youths. Socrates was also a great erotic.

Twilight of the Idols

p2 s9

But Socrates found out somewhat more. He saw behind the higher class of Athenians, he understood that his case, the idiosyncrasy of his case, was no longer exceptional. The same kind of degeneration was preparing quietly everywhere: old Athens was coming to an end.-And Socrates understood that all the world had need of him, -of his method, his cure, his special artifice for self-maintenance ... Everywhere the instincts were in anarchy; everywhere people were within an ace of excess: the monstrum in animo was the universal danger. "The impulses are about to play the tyrant, we must invent a counter-tyrant stronger than they" ... When the physiognomist had disclosed to Socrates who he was, a cave of all evil passions, the great ironist uttered another word which gives the key to him. "It is true," he said, "but I became master over them all." How did Socrates become master over himself?-His case was after all only the extreme case, the most striking case of that which then began to be the universal trouble - namely, that nobody was any longer master of himself, that the instincts became mutually antagonistic. He fascinated as such an extreme case,-his fear-inspiring ugliness proclaimed him as such to every eye; as a matter of course, he fascinated still more as the answer, the solution, the seeming cure of this case.-

Twilight of the Idols

p2 s10

When it is necessary to make a tyrant out of reason, as Socrates did, there must be considerable danger of something else playing the tyrant. Rationality was hit upon in those days as a Saviour, it was not a matter of free choice for either Socrates or his "valetudinarians" to be rational, - it was de rigueur, it was their last expedient. The fanaticism with which the whole of Greek thought throws itself upon rationality betrays a desperate situation: they were in danger, they had only one choice: they had either to go to ruin, or-be absurdly rational... The moral-ism of Greek philosophers, from Plato downwards, is pathologically conditioned;

their estimation of dialectics likewise. Reason = virtue = happiness means merely that we have to imitate Socrates, and put a permanent day-light in opposition to the obscure desires-the day-light of reason. We have to be rational, clear, and distinct, at any price: every yielding to the instincts, to the unconscious, leads downwards ...

Twilight of the Idols

p2 s11

I have given to understand by what means Socrates fascinated: he seemed to be a physician, a Saviour. Is it necessary to expose the error which was involved in his belief in "rationality at any price?" -It is self-deception on the part of philosophers and moralists to think of rising above decadence by waging war with it. Rising above it is beyond their power; what they select as an expedient, as a deliverance, is itself only an expression of decadence: - they alter its expression, they do not do away with itself. Socrates was a misunderstanding; the whole of improving morality, including Christian morality, has been a misunderstanding ... The fiercest day-light, rationality at any price, the life clear, cold, prudent, conscious, without instincts, in opposition to instincts: I his it-self was only an infirmity, another infirmity, and not at all a way of return to "virtue," to "health," or to happiness. To have to combat the instincts -that is the formula for decadence: as long as life ascends, happiness is identical with instinct -

Twilight of the Idols

p2 s12

Did he himself still comprehend this, this wisest of all self-outwitters? Did he say that to himself at the last in the wisdom of his courage to meet death? ... Socrates wanted to die:-Athens did not give him the poison cup; he gave it to himself; he compelled Athens to give it to him . "Socrates is no physician," he said softly to himself: "death is the only physician here ... Socrates himself was just a chronic valetudinarian" ...

"REASON" IN PHILOSOPHY

p3 s1

People ask me what is all idiosyncrasy in philosophers? ... For example, their lack of historical sense, their hatred of the very idea of becoming, their Egyptianism. They think they confer honour on a thing when they isolate it from its historical relations, sub specie aeterni,- when they make a mummy out of it. For millenniums philosophers have been handling conceptual mummies only: nothing real has come out of their hands alive. They kill, they stuff, when they adore, these gentlemen, the conceptual isolators,-they become mortally dangerous to everything when they adore. For them death, change, and age, just as well as production and growth, are objections, -refutations even. What is, does not become; what becomes, is not... Now they all believe in what is, with desperation even. As, however, they do not get hold of what is they seek for reasons why it is withheld from them. "There must be a semblance, a deception there, which prevents us perceiving what is: where is the deceiver concealed?" -"We have found it," they cry joyfully, "it is sensuousness! Those senses, which are also so immoral in other respects, deceive us with regard to the true world. Moral: to escape from the deception of the senses, from becoming, from history, from falsehood, -history is nothing but belief in the senses, belief in falsehood. Moral: denial of all that accords belief to the senses, of all the rest of mankind: that all is 'mob.' To be a philosopher, to be a mummy, to represent monotono-theism by a gravedigger's mimicry!-And above all, away with the body, that pitiable idee fixe of the senses! afflicted with all the fallacies of logic in existence, -refuted, impossible even, although it is impudent enough to pose as actual" ...

Twilight of the Idols

p3 s2

With high reverence I put the name of Heraclitus apart from the others. If the mob of the other philosophers rejected the testimony of the senses because they exhibited plurality and alteration, he rejected their testimony because they exhibited things as if they possessed permanence and unity. Heraclitus also did injustice to the senses. They neither deceive in the way the Eleatics believed, nor as he believed,-they do not deceive at all. What we make out of their testimony, that is what introduces falsehood; for example, the falsehood of unity, the falsehoods of materiality, of substance, of permanence ... "Reason" is the cause why we falsify the testimony of the senses. In as far as the senses exhibit becoming, dissolving, and transforming, they do not deceive ... But Heraclitus will always be right in this that being is an empty fiction. The "seeming" world is the only one; the "true world" has been deceit-fully invented merely ...

Twilight of the Idols

p3 s3

-And what fine instruments for observation we possess in our senses! This nose, for example, of which as yet no philosopher has spoken with respect and gratitude, is even (in the meantime at least) the most delicate instrument at our disposal: it is able to attest minimum differences of movement which even the spectroscope cannot attest. At present, we possess science exactly to the extent we have resolved to accept the testimony of the senses, -to the extent we have learned to sharpen them, furnish them with appliances, and follow them mentally to their limits. The rest is abortion and not-yet-science: i.e. metaphysics, divinity, psychology, and theory of perception. Or formal science, science of symbols; as logic, and that applied form of logic, mathematics. Actuality is nowhere mentioned in those sciences, not even as a problem; as little as the question, what value at all such a symbolic convention as logic possesses.-

Twilight of the Idols

p3 s4

The other idiosyncrasy of philosophers is not less dangerous: it consists

in confounding the last and the first. The products which occur at the end -alas! for they should not occur at all!-the "highest notions," that is, the most general, the emptiest notions, the last fume of evaporating reality are placed by them at the beginning, as the beginning. This, again, is but the expression of their mode of doing reverence: the higher must not grow out of the lower, it must not be grown at all ... Moral: everything of the first rank must be *causa sui*. The origin out of something else is regarded as an objection, as a sign of questionable value. All highest values are of the first rank, none of the highest notions - the notions of what is, of the unconditioned, of the true, of the perfect-none of all these can have become; each must consequently be *causa sui*. But none of those highest notions can be unequal either, they cannot be in disagreement among themselves. They thereby attain their stupendous conception of "God" ... The last, the thinnest, the emptiest is placed as the first, as cause in itself, as *ens realissimum* ... Alas, that mankind have had to take seriously the delirium of sick cobweb spinners!-And they have paid dearly for it...

Twilight of the Idols

p3 s5

- Let us finally state, in opposition thereto, how differently we (I say courteously we) view the problem of error and seemingness. Formerly, people regarded alteration, mutation, and becoming, generally, as evidence of seemingness, as indications that there could not but be something there which led them astray. At present, on the contrary, we see ourselves entangled in some measure in error, necessitated to error precisely as far as our rational prejudice compels us to posit unity, identity, permanence, substance, cause, materiality, what is; however certain we are, by means of a strict recalculation of the account, that the error is found there. It is just the same here as with the motion of the sun. There, our eyes are the agencies through which error constantly operates, here it is our language. In its origin, language belongs to the age of the most rudimentary form of psychology: we come into the midst of a gross fetish system when we call up into consciousness the fundamental presuppositions of linguistic metaphysics (i.e. the presuppositions of "reason"). This system sees everywhere actors and action; it believes in will as cause in general; it believes in the "ego," in the ego as being, in the ego as substance; and it projects the belief in the ego-substance on to

everything-it first creates thereby the conception "thing" ... Being is everywhere thought into, and foisted upon things, as cause; it is only from the conception "ego" that the derivative conception of being follows ... At the commencement there is the great bane of error, -that will is something which acts-that will is a faculty ... We now know that it is merely a word ... Very much later, in a world a thousand times better enlightened, the certainty, the subjective assurance in handling the categories of reason, came, all of a sudden, to the consciousness of philosophers: they concluded that those categories could not have their origin in experience - for the whole of experience, they said, was in opposition to them. Consequently, whence do they originate?-And in India, as in Greece, the same mistake has been fallen into: "we must once have belonged to a higher world (instead of one very much lower, which would have been the truth!), we must have been Divine, for we possess reason!" In fact, nothing has until now had a more naive convincing power than the error of being, as it was formulated, for example, by the Eleatics; for it has in its favour

every word, every sentence which we utter!-The opponents of the Eleatics likewise yielded to the misleading influence of their concept of being; Democritus among others, when he devised his atom ... "Reason" in language: oh what a deceitful old female! I fear we do not get rid of God, because we still believe in grammar...

Twilight of the Idols

p3 s6

People will be thankful if I compress into four theses such an essential and such a new insight. I thereby make it more easily understood; I hereby challenge contradiction.

First Proposition. The grounds upon which "this" world has been designated as seeming, rather establish its reality,-another kind of reality cannot possibly be established.

Second Proposition. The characteristics which have been assigned to the "true being" of things are the characteristics of non-being, of nothingness;- the "true world" has been built up out of the contradiction to the actual world: a seeming world in fact, in as far as it is merely an illusion of moral optics.

Third Proposition. To fable about "another" world than this has no

meaning at all, unless an instinct of calumny, disparagement, and aspersion of life is powerful in us: if that be the case we take revenge on life, with the phantasmagoria of "another," a "better" life.

Fourth Proposition. To separate existence into a "true" and a "seeming" world, either in the manner of Christianity, or in the manner of Kant (who was a wily Christian at last), is only a suggestion of decadence, a symptom of deteriorating life ... That the artist values appearance more than reality is no objection against this proposition. For here "appearance" means reality once more, only select, strengthened, and corrected reality ... The tragic artist is no pessimist, he rather toys with it, even to all that is questionable and formidable; he is Dionysian ...

HOW THE "TRUE WORLD" FINALLY BECAME A FABLE HISTORY OF AN ERROR

1. The true world attainable by the wise, the pious, and the virtuous man, - he lives in it, he embodies it.

(Oldest form of the idea, relatively rational, simple, and convincing. Transcription of the proposition, "I, Plato, am the truth.")

2. The true world unattainable at present, but promised to the wise, the pious, and the virtuous man (to the sinner who repents).

(Progress of the idea: it becomes more refined, more insidious, more incomprehensible, -it becomes feminine, it becomes Christian.)

3. The true world unattainable, undemonstrable, and unable to be promised; but even as conceived, a comfort, an obligation, and an imperative.

(The old sun still, but shining only through mist and skepticism; the idea become sublime, pale, northerly, Kcenigsbergian.)

4. The true world -unattainable? At any rate unattained. And being unattained also unknown. Consequently also neither comforting, saving, nor obligatory: what obligation could anything unknown lay upon us?

(Grey morning. First yawning of reason. Cock-crowing of Positivism.)

5. The "true world" -an idea neither good for anything, nor even obligatory any longer, -an idea become useless and superfluous, consequently a refuted idea: let us do away with it!

(Full day; breakfast; return of bon sens and cheerfulness; Plato blushing for shame, infernal noise of all free intellects.)

6. We have done away with the true world: what world is left? perhaps the seeming? ... But no! in doing away with the true, we have also done away with the seeming world!

(Noon- the moment of the shortest shadow; end of the longest error;

climax of mankind; INCIPIT ZARATHUSHTRA.)

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MORALITY AS ANTI-NATURE

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All passions have a time when they are fatal only, when, with the weight of their folly, they drag their victim down; and they have a later, very much later period, when they wed with spirit, when they are "spiritualised." Formerly, people waged war against passion itself, on account of the folly involved in it, they conspired for its annihilation,- all old morality monsters are unanimous on this point: "il faut tuer les passions." The most notable formula for that view stands in the New Testament, in the Sermon on the Mount, where, let us say in passing, things are not at all regarded from an elevated point of view. For example, it is there said with application to sexuality, "If your eye offend thee, pluck it out." Fortunately no Christian acts according to this precept. To annihilate passions and desires merely in order to obviate their folly and its unpleasant results appears to us at present simply as an acute form of folly. We no longer admire the dentist who pulls out the teeth, that they may no longer cause pain. It may be acknowledged, on the other hand, with some reasonableness that, on the soil out of which Christianity has grown, the notion of a "spiritualization" of passion could not at all be conceived. The primitive Church, as is well known, battled against the "intelligent" in favour of the "poor in spirit:" how could we expect from it an intelligent war against passion?-The Church fights against passion with excision in every sense: its practice, its "cure" is castration. It never asks, "How to spiritualise, beautify, and deify a desire?" -it has, at all times, laid the emphasis of discipline upon extermination (of sensuality, of pride, of ambition, of avarice, of revenge). -But to attack the passions at the root means to attack life itself at the root: the praxis of the Church is inimical to life ...

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The same means, castration, extirpation, is instinctively chosen in the struggle with a desire by those who are too weak of will and too degenerate to be able to impose due moderation upon themselves; those natures, which, to speak with a simile (and without a simile), need la Trappe,- any definitive declaration of hostility, a gap between themselves and a passion. The radical means are indispensable only to the degenerate: weakness of will, or to speak more definitely, the incapability of not reacting in response to a stimulus, is itself merely another form of degeneration. Radical hostility, deadly hostility against sensuality is always a critical symptom; one is thereby justified in making conjectures with regard to the general condition of such an extremist. Moreover, that hostility, that hatred, only reaches its height when such natures no longer possess sufficient strength for a radical cure,-for abjuring their "devil." Survey the whole history of priests and philosophers, that of artists also included, and you will see: the most virulent attacks on the senses are not made by the impotent, nor by ascetics, but by impossible ascetics, those who would have required ascetic life ...

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The spiritualization of sensuousness is called love; it is a grand triumph over Christianity. Our spiritualization of hostility is another triumph. It consists in profoundly understanding the importance of having enemies: in short, in acting and reasoning the reverse of the former acting and reasoning. The Church always wanted to exterminate its enemies: we, the immoralists and Anti-Christians, see our advantage in the existence of the Church ... In political matters also hostility has now become more spiritualised, - much more prudent, much more critical, much more forbearing. Almost every party conceives that it is advantageous for its self-maintenance if the opposite party does not lose its power; the same is true in grand politics. A new creation especially, e.g. the new Empire, has more need of enemies than of friends: it is only in opposition that it feels itself indispensable, that it becomes indispensable ... Not otherwise do we comport ourselves towards the "inner enemy;" there also we have spiritualised hostility, there also we have understood its worth. People

are productive only at the cost of having abundant opposition; they only remain young provided the soul does not relax, does not long after peace ... Nothing has become more alien to us than the desirability of former times, that of "peace of soul," Christian desirability; nothing makes us less envious than the moral cow and the plump comfortable-ness of good conscience. One has renounced grand life, when one has renounced war ... In many cases, to be sure, "peace of soul" is merely a misunderstanding-something different, which does not just know how to name itself more honestly. Without circumlocution and prejudice let us take a few cases. "Peace of soul" may, for example, be the mild radiation of a rich animality into the moral (or religious) domain. Or the beginning of fatigue, the first shadow which the evening-every sort of evening-casts. Or a sign that the air is moist, that southern winds arrive. Or unconscious gratitude for a good digestion (occasionally called "charitableness"). Or the quieting down of the convalescent to whom all things have a new taste and who is waiting in expectancy. Or the condition which follows upon a full gratification of our ruling passion, the agreeable feeling of a rare satiety. Or the senile weakness of our will, of our desires, of our vices. Or laziness, persuaded by conceit to deck itself out in moral guise. Or the attainment of a certainty, even a dreadful certainty, after long suspense and torture through uncertainty. Or the expression of proficiency and mastery in doing, creating, effecting, and willing, tranquil breathing, attained "freedom of will" ... Twilight of the Idols: who knows? perhaps also just a modification of "peace of soul" ...

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- I formulate a principle. All naturalism in morality, i.e. all healthy morality, is ruled by an instinct of life,-some command of life is fulfilled by adopting a certain canon of "thou shalt" and "thou shalt not," some hindrance and inimical agency on the way of life is thereby removed. Anti-natural morality, on the other hand (i.e. almost every morality which has until now been taught, revered, and preached), directs itself straight against the instincts of life, -it condemns those instincts, sometimes secretly, at other times loudly and insolently. Saying that "God looks on the heart," it negates the lowest and the highest vital desires, and takes God as the enemy of life ... The saint in whom God finds

his highest satisfaction is the ideal castrate ... Life is at an end where the "Kingdom of God" begins ...

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If the wickedness of such a mutiny against life as has become almost sacrosanct in Christian morality has been understood, something else has, fortunately, been understood besides: the uselessness, the unreality, the absurdity, and the deceitfulness of such a mutiny. For a condemnation of life on the part of a living being is ultimately just the symptom of a certain kind of life: the question whether rightly or wrongly is not at all raised thereby. We would have to have a position outside of life, and yet have to know it as well as each and all who have lived it, to be authorised to touch on the problem of the worth of life at all: sufficient reason to convince us that for us the problem is inaccessible. Speaking of values, we speak under the influence of the inspiration and the optics of life: life itself compels us to fix values; life itself values through us, when we fix values... It follows from this that even that antinaturalness in morality (which takes God as the counter-principle and condemnation of life) is but an evaluation of life, -of which life? of which kind of life? -But I have already given the answer: of declining, weakened, fatigued, condemned life. Morality, as it has until now been understood -as it was last formulated by Schopenhauer as "denial of will to life" -is the actual decadence instinct which makes out of itself an imperative: it says, "Perish!" -it is the valuation of the condemned ...

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Let us consider in the last place what naivete it manifests to say, "Man ought to be so and so!" Reality exhibits to us an enchanting wealth of types, the luxuriance of a prodigality of forms and transformations; and some paltry bucket-man of a moralist says with regard to it, "No! man ought to be different!" ... He even knows how man ought to be, this parasite and bigot: he paints himself on the wall and says, "Ecce

homo!" ... But even if the moralist directs himself merely to the individual and says, "You ought to be so and so," he still continues to make himself ridiculous. The individual, in his antecedents and in his consequents, is a piece of fate, an additional law, an additional necessity for all that now takes place and will take place in the future. To say to him, "Alter thyself," is to require everything to alter itself, even backward also ... And in reality there have been consistent moralists; they wanted man to be otherwise, -namely, virtuous; they wanted him fashioned in their likeness, as a bigot: For that purpose they denied the world. No insignificant madness! No modest form of presumption! ... Morality, in as far as it condemns in itself, and not from regards, considerations, or purposes of life, is a specific error with which we must have no sympathy, it is a degenerate idiosyncrasy which has caused an unutterable amount of harm! ... We others, we immoralists, on the contrary, have opened our hearts for the reception of every kind of intelligence, conception, and approbation. We do not readily deny, we glory in being affirmative. Our eyes have always opened more and more for that economy which still uses and knows how to use for its advantage all that is rejected by the holy delirium of the priest, of the diseased reason of the priest; for that economy in the law of life which even derives advantage from the offensive species of bigots, priests, and the virtuous,-what advantage?-But we immoralists ourselves are the answer...

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THE FOUR GREAT ERRORS

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Error of confounding cause and effect-There is no more dangerous error than confounding consequence with cause: I call it the intrinsic depravity of reason. Nevertheless, this error belongs to the most ancient and the most modern habitudes of the human race: it is consecrated even among us; it bears the names, "religion" and "morality." It is contained in every

proposition which religion and morality formulate: priests, and legislators in morals, are the originators of this depravity of reason. I take an example: everybody knows the book of the celebrated Cornaro, in which he recommends his spare diet as a recipe for a long and happy life, -for a virtuous life also. Few books have been read so much; even yet many thousand copies of it are annually printed in England. I believe hardly any book (the Bible by right excepted) has caused so much harm, has shortened so many lives, as this well-meant curiosity. The source of this mischief is in confounding consequence with cause. The candid Italian saw in his diet the cause of his long life, while the pre-requisite to long life, the extraordinary slowness of the metabolic process, small consumption, was the cause of his spare diet. He was not at liberty to eat little or much; his frugality-was not of "free will;" he became sick when he ate more. He who is not a carp, however, not only does well to eat properly, but is obliged to do so. A scholar of our day, with his rapid consumption of nerve-force, would kill himself with the regime of Cornaro. Crede experto.-

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The most universal formula which lies at the basis of every religious and moral system is, "Do so and so, refrain from so and so-then you will be happy! In case of disobedience ... " Every system of morality, every religion is this imperative; -I call it the great original sin of reason, immortal unreason. In my mouth, that formula transforms into its inversion -the first example of my "Transvaluation of all Values": a man well constituted, a "fortunate man," has to do certain actions, and instinctively avoids other actions; he introduces the arrangement which he represents physiologically into his relations to men and things. In a formula: his virtue is the result of his good fortune ... Long life and an abundant posterity are not the rewards of virtue: the very slowing of the metabolic process, which among other things, has in its train a long life, an abundant posterity, in short, Cornarism is rather virtue itself. - The Church and morality say that "a family, a people, is ruined through vice and luxury." My re-established reason says that when a people is perishing, when it degenerates physiologically, vice and luxury follow from this (i.e. the need of continually stronger and more frequent stimulants, such as every

exhausted nature is acquainted with). This young man becomes pale and withered at an early age. His friends say that this or that sickness is the cause of it. My opinion is that the fact of his becoming sick, the fact of his inability to withstand the sickness, was from the first the consequence of an impoverished life and hereditary exhaustion. The newspaper readers say that this party ruins itself by such and such an error. My higher politics say that a party which commits such errors is at its end - its instincts are no longer to be relied upon. Every error, whatever it may be, is the result of degeneration of instinct, degeneration of will: we thereby almost define the bad. Everything good is instinct-and consequently easy, necessary, free. Trouble is an objection, the God is typically distinguished from the hero (in my language: the light feet are the first attribute of Divinity).

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Error of false causality.-It was always believed that we knew what a cause was; but whence did we derive our knowledge, or, more exactly, our belief that we knew about the matter? Out of the domain of the celebrated "inner facts," none of which have until now proved themselves actual. We believed that we ourselves acted causally in the exercise of will; we thought there, at least, we had surprised causality in the very act. In like manner people did not doubt that all the antecedents of an action, its causes, were to be sought in consciousness, and would be rediscovered therein, if sought for-as "motives:" for otherwise man would not have been free to act, he would not have been answerable for his actions. Finally, who would have disputed that a thought is caused? that the ego causes the thought? ... Of those three "inner facts" by which causality appeared to be guaranteed, the first and most convincing is that of will as a cause; the conception of consciousness ("spirit") as cause, and later still that of the ego (the "subject") as cause, are merely posthumous and have originated when causality, derived from will, was established as a given fact-as empiricism ... In the meantime we have changed our mind. We no longer believe a word of it all. The "inner world" is full of phantoms and will-o'-the-wisps: will is one of them. Will no longer moves anything, consequently also it no longer explains anything, - it merely accompanies proceedings, it can also be absent. The so-called "motive"-

another error. Merely a surface phenomenon of consciousness, some accompaniment of an act, which conceals the antecedents of an act rather than manifests them. And above all the ego! It has become a fable, a fiction, a play upon words; it has altogether ceased to think, to feel, and to will! ... What follows from this? There are no spiritual causes at all! The whole of the alleged empiricism that seemed to be in their favour has gone to the devil! That follows from this!-And we had made a fine abuse of that "empiricism:" we had created the world on that basis, as a world of causes, as a world of will, as a world of spirit. The oldest psychology and the longest maintained has here been at work, it has really done nothing else. According to this psychology, every occurrence was an action, every action was the result of a will; the world, according to it, became a plurality of acting agents; an acting agent (a "subject") was insinuated into every occurrence. Man has projected outside himself his three "inner facts," that in which he believed firmest of all, will, spirit, and the ego, -he only derived the conception of being from the conception of the ego, he posited "things" as existing according to his own likeness, according to his conception of the ego as cause. What wonder that later on he always just rediscovered in things what he had concealed in them?-The thing itself, we repeat, the conception of a thing-a reflection merely of the belief in the ego as a cause ... And even your atom, Messrs. the Mechanists and Physicists, how much error, how much rudimentary psychology, yet remains in your atom! - Not to speak of the "thing in itself," the horrendum pudendum of metaphysicians! The error of spirit as a cause, confounded with reality! And made the measure of reality! And called God! -

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Error of imaginary causes. -To start from the dream. For a definite sensation resulting, for example, from the distant shot of a cannon, there is a cause subsequently foisted on (often quite a little romance in which the dreamer himself is the hero). The sensation, in the meantime, persists as a sort of resonance; it waits, as it were, until the causal impulse permits it to move into the foreground of consciousness -now no longer as a fortuitous incident, but as "meaning." The cannon shot appears in a causal connection, with a seeming inversion of time. The later, the motivation,

is first realised, often with a hundred details which pass like lightning; the shot follows ... What has happened? The ideas generated by a certain bodily state were mistaken for its cause.- As a matter of fact, we do just the same when we are awake. Most of our general sensations - every sort of check, pressure, tension, or explosion in the play and counterplay of organs, especially the condition of the nervous sympathicus - excite our causal impulse; we want a reason for feeling so and so,-for feeling ill or well. It never suffices us merely to establish the fact that we feel so and so: we only acknowledge this fact-we only become conscious of it-when we have furnished it with some kind of motivation.-The recollection, which in such cases becomes active without our being aware of it, calls up earlier conditions of the same kind, and the causal interpretations associated with them,-not their causality. The belief that the associated ideas, the accompanying proceedings of consciousness, have been the causes, is also, to be sure, called up by recollection. There thus originates an habituation to a fixed causal interpretation, which, in truth, checks the investigation of causes, and even excludes it.

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Psychological explanation. -To trace back something unknown to something known, relieves, quiets, and satisfies, besides giving a sensation of power. There is danger, disquiet, and solicitude associated with the unknown, -the primary instinct aims at doing away with these painful conditions. First principle: any explanation whatsoever is better than none. Since, after all, it is only a question of wanting to get rid of depressing ideas, people are not especially careful about the means for getting rid of them: the first conception, by which the unknown declares itself to be something known, is so pleasing that it is "taken as true." Proof of desire ("power") as criterion of truth.-The causal impulse is thus conditioned and excited by the feeling of terror. The "why" is intended, if possible, not so much for furnishing the cause on its own account, as for furnishing a species of cause-a quieting, liberating, alleviating cause. The first result of this need is that something already known, something experienced, something inscribed in the memory, is assigned as cause. The new, the inexperienced, the strange are excluded from being a cause.-Thus there is not only a mode of explanation sought for as cause, but a

select and privileged mode of explanation-that by means of which the feeling of the strange, the new, and the inexperienced, has been most quickly and most frequently got rid of, -the most common explanations. - Result: a particular mode of assigning causes preponderates more and more, concentrates itself into a system, and finally becomes predominant, i.e. simply excluding other causes and explanations.-The banker immediately thinks of "business," the Christian of "sin," and the girl of her love.

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The whole domain of morality and religion comes under this conception of imaginary causes. - "Explanation" of unpleasant general feelings: - They are determined by beings hostile to us (evil spirits: the most striking case -mistaking hysterics for witches). They are determined by conduct not to be approved of (the feeling of "sin," of "sinfulness," foisted on to a physiological unpleasantness -one always finds reasons for being discontented with one's self). They are determined as punishments, as a requital for something we should not have done, for being otherwise than we ought to be (audaciously generalised by Schopenhauer into a thesis in which morality appears undisguised, as the actual poisoner and calumniator of life: "every sore pain, whether bodily or mental, indicates what we deserve, for it could not come upon us, unless we deserved it." *Welt als Wille und Vorstellung* 2, 666). They are determined as consequences of inconsiderate actions, which turn out badly (the emotions, the senses, assigned as cause, as "guilty;" states of physiological trouble explained as "deserved" by means of other states of trouble). - Explanations of pleasant general feelings: - They are determined by trust in God. They are determined by the consciousness of good conduct (so-called "good conscience," a physiological condition sometimes so like a good digestion as to be mistaken for it). They are determined by the successful issue of undertakings (a naive fallacy: the successful issue of an undertaking does not at all produce any pleasant general feelings in a hypochondriac, or in a Pascal). They are determined by faith, hope, and love - the Christian virtues. - In fact, all these presumed explanations are resulting conditions, and as it were translations of pleasant and unpleasant feelings into a false dialect: we are in a condition to be hopeful, because

our fundamental physiological feeling is again strong and rich; we trust in God, because the feeling of fullness and of strength gives us peace. - Morality and religion belong entirely to the Psychology of Error: in every individual case cause and consequence are confounded; or truth is confounded with the result of what is believed to be true; or a condition of consciousness is confounded with the causation of this condition.

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Error of free will. - Now we have no longer sympathy with the notion of "free will:" we know only too well what it is -the most disreputable of all theological devices for the purpose of making men "responsible" in their sense of the word, that is, for the purpose of making them dependent on theologians ... Here, I only give the psychology of the process of making men responsible.-Wherever responsibility is sought after, it is usually the instinct prompting to punish and condemn which seeks after it. Becoming has been divested of its innocence when any mode of being whatsoever is traced back to will, to purposes, or acts of responsibility: the dogma of will has principally been invented for the purpose of punishment, i.e. with the intention of finding guilty. The whole of old psychology, will-psychology, would have been impossible but for the fact that its originators (the priests at the head of the old commonwealths) wanted to create for themselves a right to impose punishment-or a right for God to do so ... Men were imagined to be "free," in order that they might be condemned and punished, - in order that they might become guilty: consequently every activity had to be thought of as voluntary, the origin of every activity had to be thought of as residing in consciousness (whereby the most absolute false-coinage in psychologism was made a principle of psychology itself...). Now when we have entered upon a movement in the opposite direction, when we immoralists especially endeavour with all our power to remove out of the world the notions of guilt and punishment, and seek to cleanse psychology, history, nature, social institutions and sanctions from these notions, there is not in our eyes any more fundamental antagonism than that of theologians, who, with the notion of a "moral order of the world," go on tainting the innocence of becoming with "punishment" and "guilt." Christianity is the metaphysics of the hangman.

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What alone can our teaching be?-That no one gives a man his qualities, neither God, nor society, nor his parents and ancestors, nor he himself (the latter absurd idea here put aside has been taught as "intelligible freedom" by Kant, perhaps also by Plato). No one is responsible for existing at all, for being formed so and so, for being placed under those circumstances and in this environment. His own destiny cannot be disentangled from the destiny of all else in past and future. He is not the result of a special purpose, a will, or an aim, the attempt is not here made to reach an "ideal of man," an "ideal of happiness," or an "ideal of morality;" - it is absurd to try to shunt off man's nature towards some goal. We have invented the notion of a "goal:" in reality a goal is lacking ... We are necessary, we are part of destiny, we belong to the whole, we exist in the whole,-there is nothing which could judge, measure, compare, or condemn our being, for that would be to judge, measure, compare, and condemn the whole ... But there is nothing outside of the whole!-This only is the grand emancipation: that no one be made responsible any longer, that the mode of being be not traced back to a causa prima, that the world be not regarded as a unity, either as sensorium or as "spirit;" - it is only thereby that the innocence of becoming is again restored ... The concept of "God" has until now been the greatest objection to existence ... We deny God, we deny responsibility by denying God: it is only thereby that we save the world.-

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THE "IMPROVERS" OF MANKIND

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It is known what I require of philosophers -namely, to take up their position beyond good and evil, to be superior to the illusion of moral sentiment. This requirement follows from a principle which I formulated for the first time, - namely, that there is no such thing as a moral fact. Moral sentiment has this in common with religious sentiment: it believes in realities which do not exist. Morality is only an interpretation of certain phenomena, or, more definitely, a misinterpretation of them. Moral sentiment belongs, like religious sentiment, to a stage of ignorance in which the very notion of the real, the distinction between the real and the imaginary, is yet lacking: accordingly, at such a stage of intellectual development, "truth" designates nothing but what we at present call "fancies." In so far the moral sentiment is never to be taken literally: as such it contains nothing but absurdity. As semiotic, however, its worth remains inestimable: it reveals, at least to the initiated, the most important realities of civilisations, and internal operations which did not know sufficient to "understand" themselves. Morality is merely sign language, merely symptomatology; one has to know beforehand what it deals with, in order to derive advantage from it.

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A first example, and quite preliminary. At all times efforts have been made to "improve" human beings: it is that above all things which has been termed morality. The most different tendencies, however, are concealed under the same name. The taming of animal man, as well as the breeding of a particular species of human beings, has been called "improving;" only these zoological termini express realities, - realities, indeed, of which the typical "improver," the priest, knows nothing- does not want to know anything ... To call the taming of an animal the "improving" of it, sounds almost like a joke to our ears. Anybody who knows what goes on in menageries will be doubtful about the "improving" of animals there. They are weakened, they are made less mischievous, they become sick by the depressing emotion of fear, by pain, wounds, and hunger.- It is precisely the same with tamed man whom the priest has "improved." In the early Middle Ages, when in fact the Church was a menagerie more than anything else, the finest

specimens of the "blond beast" were everywhere pursued-the distinguished Germanics for example were "improved." Afterwards, however, how did such a Germanic look when "improved," when seduced into the monastery? Like a caricature of man, like an abortion: he had become a "sinner," he stuck fast in the cage, he had got shut up in the midst of nothing but frightful notions... And now he lay there, sick, miserable, ill-disposed towards himself; full of hatred against the vital instincts, full of suspicion with regard to everything still strong and happy. In short, a Christian ... Physiologically explained: in combat with the animal, the only means for making it weak can be to sicken it. The Church understood this: it ruined man, it weakened him, -but it claimed to have "improved" him ...

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Let us take the other case of so-called morality, the case of breeding a distinct race and species. Indian morality, sanctioned into a religion as the "Law of Manu," furnishes the grandest example. The task is here set to breed no fewer than four races all at once: a priestly race, a warrior race, a trading and agricultural race, and, finally, a menial race, the Sudras. Here we are obviously no longer among the tamers of animals; a race of men a hundred times milder and more reasonable is presupposed, even to conceive the plan of such a system of breeding. One recovers breath on stepping into this healthier, higher, and wider world out of the sickroom air and prison air of Christianity. How paltry is the New Testament in comparison with Manu, what a bad odour it has! - But that organisation also required to be formidable, - not, this time, in combat with the beast, but with its own antithesis, the non-caste man, the mishmash man, the Chandala. And again it had no other expedient for making him harmless, for making him weak, except making him sick, - it was the struggle with the "great number." Perhaps there is nothing more repugnant to our feelings than those precautionary measures of Indian morality. The third edict, for example (Avadana-Sastra I), "concerning unclean potherbs," ordains that the sole food allowed to the Chandalas shall be garlic and onions, considering that the holy writings forbid giving them grain, grain-bearing fruits, water, and fire. The same edict ordains that the water they require must neither be taken out of rivers,

springs, or ponds, but only out of the entrances to swamps, and out of holes made by the footsteps of animals. In the same manner they are forbidden both to wash their clothes and to wash themselves, since the water, which is conceded to them as a favour, must only be used to quench their thirst. Finally, there is a prohibition forbidding the Sudra women to assist the Chandala women at child-birth, in like manner also a prohibition forbidding the latter to assist one another on such occasions ... - The result of such sanitary regulations did not fail to appear: deadly epidemics, frightful sexual diseases, and, in consequence thereof, the "law of the knife" once more, which ordained circumcision for the male children and the removal of the labia minora in the females. -Manu himself says: "The Chandalas are the fruit of adultery, incest, and crime (this is the necessary consequence of the concept of breeding). They shall only have the rags of corpses for clothing, for vessels they shall only have broken pottery, for ornaments old iron, for the worship of God only the evil spirits; they shall wander from place to place without repose. They are forbidden to write from left to right, or to use the right hand in writing: the use of the right hand and from left-to-right are reserved exclusively for the virtuous, for persons of race!"

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These enactments are sufficiently instructive: here for once we have Aryan humanity, perfectly pure, perfectly original,-we learn that the idea of "pure blood" is the contrary of a harmless idea. On the other hand, it becomes manifest in which nation the hatred, the Chandala hatred against this "humanity," has immortalised itself, where it has become religion, and genius ... From this point of view the Gospels are documents of the first importance, and the book of Enoch even more so. Christianity springing out of a Jewish root, and only comprehensible as a growth of this soil, represents the movement counter to every morality of breeding, of race, and of privilege: it is anti-Aryan religion par excellence: Christianity, the transvaluation of all Aryan values, the triumph of Chandala values, the gospel preached to the poor and lowly, the collective insurrection against "race" of all the downtrodden, the wretched, the ill-constituted, the unfortunate, -undying Chandala revenge as religion of love . .

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The morality of breeding and the morality of taming are perfectly worthy of one another as regards the expedients for achieving their ends: we may lay it down as our highest proposition, that in order to create morality, it is necessary to have the absolute will to the contrary. This is the great, the unearthly problem which I have longest applied myself to: the psychology of the "improvers" of mankind. A small and modest matter after all, so-called *pia fraus*, gave me the first access to this problem: *pia fraus*, the heritage of all philosophers and priests who have "improved" mankind. Neither Manu, nor Plato, nor Confucius, nor the Jewish and Christian teachers, have ever doubted of their right to use falsehood. They have not doubted with regard to quite other rights ... Expressed in a formula one might say that all the measures until now used for the purpose of moralising mankind, have been fundamentally immoral. -

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WHAT THE GERMANS LACK

p7 s1

Among Germans at present, it is not sufficient to have *esprit*; one must appropriate it practically, one must presume to have it.

Perhaps I know the Germans, perhaps I may even say a few truths to them. Modern Germany exhibits a great amount of hereditary and indoctrinated capacity, so that it can even spend prodigally for a while its accumulated treasure of force. It is not a high civilisation that has here gained the ascendancy, still less a delicate taste, or a superior "beauty" of the instincts, but manlier virtues than any other country in Europe can

exhibit. Much good humour and self-respect, much firmness in dealing with one another, in reciprocity of obligations, much labor, much endurance,-and a hereditary moderation which requires the goad rather than the brake. I also add that here there is still obedience, without its being humiliating ... And nobody despises his opponent...

It is obviously my wish to be just to the Germans: I should not like to be unfaithful to myself in this matter, - consequently I have to tell them what I object to. It costs dear to attain to power: power stupefies ... The Germans-they were once called the nation of thinkers; do they really at present think at all?-The Germans are bored with intellect now-a-days, they mistrust it, politics swallow up all seriousness for really intellectual matters, - "Deutschland, Deutschland uber alles" [The German national hymn],"1 I fear that has been the end of German philosophy ... "Are there German philosophers? are there German poets? are there good German books?" people ask me abroad: I blush; but with the courage which is peculiar to me even in desperate cases, I answer, "Yes, Bismarck!" - Could I even dare to confess what books people read now-a-days? ... Accursed instinct of mediocrity!

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- Who has not had melancholy reflections concerning the possibilities of German esprit! But this nation has arbitrarily stupefied itself for nearly a thousand years: nowhere have the two great European narcotics, alcohol and Christianity, been more wickedly misused. Recently, a third has been introduced, with which alone every refined and bold activity of intellect can be wiped out-music, our constipated, constipating German music -How much moody heaviness, lameness, humidity, and dressing-gown mood, how much beer is in German intelligence! How is it really possible that young men, who consecrate their existence to the most intellectual ends, do not feel in themselves the first instinct of intellectuality, the self-preservative instinct of intellect-and drink beer? ... The alcoholism of the learned youth is perhaps no interrogative sign with reference to their learned-ness-one can be very learned even without esprit,-but in every other respect it remains a problem.-Where do we not find it, the mild intellectual degeneration caused by beer! I once laid my finger on an instance of such degeneration, a case almost become celebrated-

that of our first German freethinker, the shrewd David Strauss, who degenerated into an author of a drinking-saloon gospel and a "New Belief." Not with impunity had he made his vow in verses to the "lovely brunette"[beer] - loyalty to death ...

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p7 s3

- I spoke of German esprit to the effect that it becomes coarser and shallower. Is that enough? In reality, it is something quite different which frightens me; German seriousness, German profundity, and German passion in intellectual matters, are more and more on the decline. Pathos has altered, not merely intellectuality.- I come in contact now and then with German universities: what an atmosphere prevails among their scholars, what withered, contented, and lukewarm intellectuality! It would be a great misunderstanding if a person should adduce German science by way of objection to me, and, besides, it would be a proof that he had not read a word of my writings. For seventeen years I have not tired of showing the intellectually enervating influence of our modern scientific pursuits. The severe helotism to which the immense extent of the sciences at present condemns every individual, is a principal reason why the more fully, more richly, and more profoundly endowed natures no longer find suitable education and suitable educators. There is nothing from which our civilisation suffers more than from the superfluity of presumptuous bucket-men and fragmental humanities; our universities are, against their will, the real forcing houses for this mode of stunted growth of intellectual instincts. And all Europe has already an idea of it-grand politics deceive nobody ... Germany is more and more regarded as the flat-land of Europe. - I still seek for a German with whom I might be serious in my own way, - how much more for one with whom I could be cheerful! Twilight of the Idols: ah! who can conceive at present from what seriousness a philosopher here recruits himself! Our cheerfulness is what is least understood ...

Twilight of the Idols

p7 s4

Let us make an estimate. It is not only manifest that German civilisation declines, there is also sufficient reason for it. No one can ultimately spend more than he possesses:-that is true of individuals, it is true also of nations. If we expend our means on power, grand politics, economy, international commerce, parliamentarism, or military interests,- if we give away the quantity of understanding, seriousness, will, and self-overcoming, which constitutes us, on this side, it is lacking on the other. Civilisation and the state - let us not delude ourselves with regard to the matter-are antagonists: "civilised state" is merely a modern idea. The one lives on the other, the one flourishes at the expense of the other. All great periods of civilisation are periods of political decadence: whatever has been great as regards civilisation, has been non-political, even anti-political.- Goethe's heart opened on the phenomenon of Napoleon, - it closed on the "War of Liberation" ... At the same time that Germany comes forward as a great power, France acquires a changed importance as a power of civilisation. Much new intellectual seriousness and passion is already transferred to Paris; the question of pessimism, for example; the question of Wagner, and almost all psychological and artistic questions are there discussed in an incomparably more refined and more thorough manner than in Germany, -the Germans themselves are incapacitated for that kind of seriousness. - In the history of European civilisation there is one thing especially which the rise of the "Empire" indicates: a displacement of the centre of gravity. Everybody is aware of it already: in the most important matter-and that is civilisation -the Germans are no longer of any account. It is asked: have you even a single intellect to point to that counts in Europe, as your Goethe, your Hegel, your Heinrich Heine, and your Schopenhauer counted?-There is no end of astonishment that there is no longer a single German philosopher. -

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p7 s5

In all higher education in Germany, the main thing has been lost: the end, as well as the means for reaching it. That education, culture, itself, is the end - and not "the Empire;" that for this end there is need of educators-not public-school teachers and university scholars: that has been forgotten ... Educators are necessary, who are themselves

educated-superior, noble intellects, who are proved every moment, who are proved whether they speak or are silent, mature and sweetened civilisations, - not the learned lubbers which the public-school and universities at present offer to the youths as "higher nurses." The educators are lacking (save the exceptions of exceptions) - the primary pre-requisite of education: hence the decadence of German civilisation. - One of those rarest exceptions is my worthy friend, Jacob Burckhardt of Bale: it is to him, above all, that Bale owes its pre-eminence in Humanity.-What the "higher schools" of Germany actually realise, is a brutal training in order that, with the least possible loss of time, an immense number of young men may be fitted to be used, used up, as government officials. "Higher education" and immense numbers - that is a contradiction in principle. All higher education belongs to the exceptions only: one has to be privileged to have a right to so high a privilege. All that is great, all that is fine, can never be a common possession: *pulchrum est paucorum hominum*.- What determines the decadence of German civilisation? That "higher education" is no longer a privilege - democratism of "universal," communised "culture" ... Not to forget that military privileges compel the too-great-attendance at the higher schools, which means their ruin. - In the Germany of to-day no one is any longer at liberty to give his children a noble education: our "higher" schools are all of them adapted to the most equivocal mediocrity, as regards their teachers, plans of study, and educational aims. And everywhere there is an unbecoming haste, as if something were wrong, when the young man of twenty-three is not yet "finished," does not yet know the answer to the "main question:" what calling?-A higher class of men, let it be said, do not like "callings," precisely because they know they are called ... They have time, they take their time, they do not at all think about getting "finished;" -at thirty years of age a person is a beginner, a child in the sphere of high civilisation. -Our over-filled public-schools, our overloaded, stupefied public-school teachers are a scandal: there may perhaps be motives for defending this condition of things, as the professors of Heidelberg have done recently, - there are no reasons for it.

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In order not to come short of my special mode (which is affirmative, and

only deals mediately and involuntarily with contradiction and criticism), I at once state the three tasks for the fulfillment of which educators are required. The youth have to learn to see, they have to learn to think, they have to learn to speak and write: the object in all three cases is a noble civilisation.-To learn to see-to accustom the eye to quietness, to patience, to reserve; to postpone judgment, to survey and comprehend each case from all sides. This is the first preliminary schooling for intellectuality: not to react immediately upon a stimulus, but to get the checking, the settling instincts in hand. Learning to see, as I understand it, is almost the same thing as in unphilosophical language is called strong will: the essential thing there is just not to "will,"-the ability to defer decision. All spiritlessness, all vulgarity rests on the inability to offer resistance to a stimulus-people are obliged to react, they follow every impulse. In many cases such a compulsion is already morbidness, decadence, a symptom of exhaustion,-almost all that unphilosophical crudeness designates by the word "vice," is merely that physiological inability not to react. -A practical application of having learned to see:-As learners, people will in general have become slow, mistrustful, and reluctant. With hostile quietude they will let the strange and the new of every description approach at first,-they will withdraw their hand, so as not to be touched by it. The being open by all doors, the servile prostration before every insignificant fact, the continuous lurking to put one's self, to throw one's self among other people and other things, in short, vaunted modern "objectivity" is bad taste, it is ignoble par excellence.-

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Learning to think: people have no longer any notion of it in our schools. Even in the universities, even among philosophical scholars themselves, logic begins to die out, alike as a theory, as a practice, and as a profession. Let anyone read German books: there is no longer the remotest recollection that a technique, a plan of instruction, and a will to reach proficiency are required for thinking, -that thinking requires to be learned as dancing requires to be learned, as a mode of dancing ... Who among the Germans as yet knows by experience that refined tremor which nimble feet in the field of intellect communicate to all muscles!-the stiff doltishness of intellectual bearing, the clumsy hand in grasping-that is German

in such a degree that abroad it is altogether confounded with the German nature. The German has no fingers for nuances ... That the Germans have even endured their philosophers, more especially that most deformed conceptual cripple that has ever existed, the great Kant, gives no small concept of German elegance. -In effect, no form of dancing can be excluded from a high-class education - ability to dance with the feet, with concepts, and with words: have I still to say one must be capable of it with the pen also - one must learn to write? - But at this point I should become a perfect puzzle to German readers...

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SKIRMISHES OF AN UNTIMELY MAN

p8 s1

My impracticables. - Seneca, or the toreador of virtue.
Rousseau, or return to nature in *impuris naturalibus*.
Schiller, or the moral Trumpeter of Sackingen.- Dante, or the hyena poetising in tombs.- Kant, or cant as an intelligible character.- Victor Hugo, or Pharos in the sea of absurdity.- Liszt, or the school of running-after women. - George Sand, or *lactea ubertas*; i.e. the milk-cow with "the fine style."-Michelet, or enthusiasm which strips off the coat... Carlyle, or pessimism as an undigested dinner. -John Stuart Mill, or offensive transparency.- Les freres de Goncourt, or the two Ajaxes struggling with Homer. Music by Offenbach.-Zola, or "the delight to stink."

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p8 s2

Renan.- Divinity, or the perversion of reason by "original sin" (Christianity): witness Renan, who, whenever he ventures a more general affirmation or negation, fails to catch the point with painful regularity.

For example, he would like to unite into one la science and la noblesse; la science, however, belongs to democracy-that is perfectly obvious. He desires, with no little ambition, to represent an intellectual aristocracy; but at the same time he lies on his knees (and not on his knees only) before the antithetical doctrine, the evangile des humbles ... What is the good of all freethinking, modernism, gibing, and wry-necked dexterity, if you continue to be a Christian, a Roman Catholic, and even a priest, in your intestines! Renan's ingenuity lies in his seductiveness, just as in the case of the Jesuit and the confessor; the broad priestly smirk is not lacking in his intellectuality, -like all priests he only becomes dangerous when he loves. Nobody equals him in his faculty for idolising in a fatally dangerous manner... This spirit of Renan, a spirit which enervates, is an additional calamity for poor, sick, feeble-willed France.

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Sainte-Beuve.- Nothing of a man; fully of petty resentment against all masculine intellects. Wanders about delicate, curious, tired, "pumping" people,-a female after all, with a woman's revengefulness and a woman's sensuousness. As a psychologist a genius for medisance [slander]; inexhaustibly rich in expedients for the purpose; nobody understands better how to mix poison with praise. Plebeian in his lowest instincts and allied with the ressentiment of Rousseau: consequently a Romanticist- for Rousseau's instinct grunts and yearns for revenge under all romantisme. A revolutionist, though held tolerably in check by fear. Ill at ease in presence of everything possessing strength (public opinion, the Academy, the Court, and even Port Royal). Embittered against all greatness in men and things, against all that believes in itself. Poet enough and half-woman enough to be sensible of greatness as a power; continually turning like the celebrated worm, because he continually feels himself trodden upon. As a critic, without a standard, without firmness, and without backbone, with the tongue of the cosmopolitan libertine in favour of variety, but even without sufficient courage to confess the libertinage. As an historian, without a philosophy, without the power of philosophic vision, - on that account declining the task of passing judgment in all great questions, holding up "objectivity" as a mask. He behaves otherwise, however, with regard to all matters where a delicate, worn-out

taste is the highest tribunal; there he really has the courage of himself, pleasure in himself-there he is a master. -In some respects a prototype of Baudelaire.-

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p8 s4

The *Imitatio Christi* is one of the books which I cannot hold in my hand without a physiological resistance: it exhales a perfume of the eternally feminine, for which one has to be French - or Wagnerian ... This saint has such a way of speaking about love that even the Parisiennes become curious. -I am told that A. Comte, that shrewdest of Jesuits, who wanted to lead his fellow countrymen to Rome by the indirect route of science, inspired himself by this book. I believe it: the "religion of the heart" ...

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p8 s5

G. Eliot- They have got rid of Christian God, and now think themselves obliged to cling firmer than ever to Christian morality: that is English consistency; we shall not lay the blame of it on ethical girls à la Eliot. In England for every little emancipation from divinity, people have to re-acquire respectability by becoming moral fanatics in an awe-inspiring manner. That is the penalty they have to pay there.-With us it is different. When we give up Christian belief, we thereby deprive ourselves of the right to maintain a stand on Christian morality. This is not at all obvious of itself; we have again and again to make this point clear, in defiance of English shallow-pates. Christianity is a system, a view of things, consistently thought out and complete. If we break out of it a fundamental idea, the belief in God, we thereby break the whole into pieces: we have no longer anything determined in our grasp. Christianity presupposes that man does not know, cannot know what is good for him and what is evil; he believes in God, who alone knows. Christian morality is a command, its origin is transcendent, it is beyond all criticism, beyond all right of criticism; it has solely truth, if God is truth, -it stands or falls with the belief in God. -If in fact the English imagine they know,

of their own accord, "intuitively" what is good and evil, if they consequently imagine they have no more need of Christianity as a guarantee of morality; that itself is merely the result of the ascendancy of Christian valuation, and an expression of its strength and profundity: to such extent that the origin of English morality has been forgotten: to such an extent that the strictly conditional character of its right to existence is no longer perceived. Morality is not as yet a problem for the English ...

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p8 s6

George Sand.-I read the first "Letters d'un Voyageur:" like all derived from Rousseau, false, artificial, inflated, exaggerated. I cannot stand this variegated wall paper style; nor the vulgar ambition for generous feelings. But the worst, surely, is the woman's coquetry with masculine characteristics, with the manners of ill-bred boys. -How cold she must have been withal, this insufferable artist! She wound herself up like a timepiece -and wrote ... Cold like Hugo, like Balzac, like all Romantics, as soon as they began to write! And how self-complacently she may then have reposed, this productive writing cow, who, like her master Rousseau himself, had in her something German in the bad sense, and at all events, was only possible owing to the decline of French taste! -But Renan adores her ...

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p8 s7

A moral for psychologists. - Never to occupy one's self with a peddler-of-devotional-literature psychology! Never to observe for the sake of observing! That results in false optics, in squinting, in something forced and exaggerated. Experiencing, as a desire to experience -that does not do. In experiencing anything, one must not look towards one's self; every look then becomes an "evil eye." A born psychologist is instinctively on his guard against seeing for the sake of seeing; the same is true of the born painter. He never works "according to nature," - he leaves the sifting and expressing of the "case," of "nature," or of the "experienced," to

his instinct, to his camera obscura ... He only becomes conscious of what is general, the conclusion, the result; he is unacquainted with that arbitrary abstracting from single cases.-What is the result when people do otherwise? for example, when they carry on a peddler-of devotional-literature-psychology after the manner of great and small Parisian romancers? That mode of business lies in wait, as it were, for the actual, it brings home a handful of curiosities every evening ... But let us only see what finally results from it. -A pile of daubs, at the best a mosaic, in every case, something pieced together, disquieting, loud-coloured. The Goncourts are the worst sinners in this respect; they do not put three sentences together, which are not simply painful to the eye, to the psychologist-eye.- Nature, estimated artistically, is no model. It exaggerates, it distorts, it leaves gaps. Nature is accident. Studying "according to nature" seems to me a bad sign; it betrays subjection, weakness, fatalism; this lying-in-the-dust before petits faits is unworthy of a complete artist. Seeing what is-that belongs to another species of intellects, to the anti-artistic, to the practical. One has to know who one is ...

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p8 s8

A psychology of the artist. -To the existence of art, to the existence of any aesthetic activity or perception whatsoever, a preliminary psychological condition is indispensable, namely, ecstasy. Ecstasy must first have intensified the sensitiveness of the whole mechanism; until this takes place art is not realised. All kinds of ecstasy, however differently conditioned, possess this power; above all the ecstasy of sexual excitement, the oldest and most primitive form of ecstasy. In like manner the ecstasy which follows in the train of all great desires, of all strong emotions; the ecstasy of the feast, of the contest, of a daring deed, of victory, of all extreme agitation; the ecstasy of cruelty; the ecstasy in destruction; the ecstasy under certain meteorological influences - for example, spring ecstasy; or under the influence of narcotics; finally, the ecstasy of will, the ecstasy of an overcharged and surging will.-The essential thing in ecstasy is the feeling of increased power and profusion. Out of this feeling we impart to things, we constrain them to accept something from us, we force them by violence; -this proceeding is called idealising. Let us here free ourselves from a prejudice: idealising does not consist, as is commonly believed, in

an abstraction or deduction of the insignificant or the contingent. An immense forcing out of principal traits is rather the decisive characteristic, so that the others thereby disappear.

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In this condition we enrich everything out of our own profusion; what we see, and what we wish for we see enlarged, crowded, strong, and overladen with power. He who, in this condition, transforms things till they mirror his power, -till they are reflections of his perfection. This constraint to transform into the perfect is -art. Everything that he is not, nevertheless becomes for him a delight in himself; in art man enjoys himself as perfection. -It would be allowable to imagine an opposite state of things, a specific anti-art of instinct-a mode of being which would impoverish everything, attenuate everything, make everything consumptive. In fact, history furnishes us with abundance of such anti-artists, persons with starved lives, who must necessarily lay hold of things, drain them, and make them more emaciated. This is the case with the genuine Christian, Pascal, for example; a Christian, who is at the same time an artist, is not to be found. Let no one be childish enough to refer me to the case of Raphael, or to any homoeopathic Christian of the nineteenth century. Raphael said yea, he did yea; consequently Raphael was no Christian ...

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What do the antithetical notions Apollinian and Dionysian (which I have introduced into aesthetics) imply, when we conceive of them both as modes of ecstasy? Apollinian ecstasy above all keeps the eye on the alert so that it acquires the faculty of vision. The painter, the sculptor, and the epic poet, are visionaries par excellence. In the Dionysian condition, on the other hand, the entire emotional system is excited, and has its energies augmented; so that it discharges itself simultaneously by all channels of expression, and forces the faculties of representation, of imitation,

of transfiguration, of metamorphosis-all kinds of mimicry and acting-in-to activity at one and the same time. The essential thing is the easiness of the metamorphosis, the incapacity to resist a stimulus (similar to the case of certain hysterical patients, who also act every role at every hint). It is impossible for Dionysian man not to understand any suggestion, he overlooks no symptom of emotion, he possesses the highest manifestation of knowing and divining instinct, as also the highest development of communicative art. He assumes every external appearance, every emotion; he changes himself continually.- Music, as we understand it at present, is also a collective excitement and collective discharge of the emotions, nevertheless it is only the survival of a much wider world of emotional expression, a mere residuum of Dionysian histrionics. To make music possible as a separate art, several of the senses -especially muscular sense -have here been eliminated (relatively at least, for to a certain extent all rhythm still speaks to our muscles); so that man no longer immediately imitates and gives bodily expression to every feeling. Nevertheless that is the Dionysian normal condition, at any rate the original condition: music is the slowly attained specialisation of this condition at the cost of the faculties nearest akin to it.

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p8 s11

The actor, the mime, the dancer, the musician, and the lyric poet are fundamentally akin in their instincts and one in their essence, but they have gradually specialised and separated from one another-till indeed they are in contradiction. The lyric poet remained longest united with the musician; the actor remained longest connected with the dancer. - The architect represents neither a Dionysian, nor an Apollinian condition; here it is the great act of will, the will which removes mountains, ecstasy of strong will that is desirous of art. The most powerful men have always inspired architects; the architect has always been under the suggestion of power. In the work of architecture pride, triumph over gravity and will to power, are intended to display themselves; architecture is a sort of eloquence of power embodied in forms, sometimes persuading, even flattering, and sometimes merely commanding. The highest feeling of power and security is expressed in that which has the grand style. Power which needs no further demonstration, which scorns to please, which

answers unwillingly, which has no sense of any witness near it, which is without consciousness that there is opposition to it, which reposes in itself, fatalistic, a law among laws: that is what speaks of itself as the grand style.

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p8 s12

I read the "Life of Thomas Carlyle," that unconscious and unintended farce, that heroico-moral interpretation of dyspeptic conditions.- Carlyle, a man of strong words and attitudes, a rhetorician from necessity, who was continually irritated by the longing for a strong belief and the feeling of incapacity for it (in that respect a typical Romanticist!). The longing for a strong belief is not evidence of a strong belief, rather the contrary. When one has this belief, one may allow one's self the choice luxury of scepticism; one is sufficiently sure, sufficiently resolute, and sufficiently bound for doing so. Carlyle deafens something in his nature by the fortissimo of his reverence for men of strong belief, and by his rage against the less stupid; he requires noise. A constant, passionate insincerity towards himself-that is his proprium; he is interesting, and will remain interesting thereby. In England, to be sure, he is admired precisely on account of his sincerity ... Well, that is English; and in consideration that the English are the people of consummate cant, it is not merely conceivable, but appropriate. After all, Carlyle is an English atheist, who aspires to honour for not being one.

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p8 s13

Emerson. -Much more enlightened, more discursive, more varied, more refined than Carlyle, above all more fortunate ... One who instinctively nourishes himself solely with ambrosia, leaving alone what is indigestible in things. A man of taste in comparison with Carlyle.- Carlyle, who had much love for Emerson, said nevertheless, "He does not give us enough to chew," which may rightly be said, but not to Emerson's prejudice. - Emerson possesses that kind-hearted and ingenuous cheerfulness,

which discourages all sternness; he does not by any means know how old he is already, and how young he will yet be; -he could say of himself, with an expression of Lope de Vega: "yo me sucedo a mi mismo." His mind always finds reasons for being contented, and even grateful; and now and then verges on the cheerful transcendence of that worthy man, who, returning from a love appointment, *tanquam re bene gesta*, said thankfully, "*Ut desint vires, tamen est laudanda voluptas.*" -

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p8 s14

Anti-Darwin. -As regards the celebrated "struggle for life," it seems to me, in the meantime, to be more asserted than proved. It occurs, but only as an exception; the general aspect of life is not a state of want or hunger; it is rather a state of opulence, luxuriance, and even absurd prodigality, - where there is a struggle, it is a struggle for power.-We must not confound Malthus with nature. Granted, however, that this struggle exists- and in fact it does occur-its results, alas, are the reverse of what the Darwinian school wish, the reverse of what one might perhaps wish, in accordance with them: it is prejudicial to the strong, the privileged, the fortunate exceptions. The species does not grow in perfection: the weak again and again get the upper hand of the strong, -their large number, and their greater cunning are the cause of it. Darwin forgot the intellect (that was English!); the weak have more intellect... One must need intellect in order to acquire it; one loses it when it is no longer necessary. He who was strength rids himself of intellect ("let it go hence!"¹ is what people think in Germany at present, "the Empire will remain" ...). As is obvious, under intellect I comprehend foresight, patience, craft, dissimulation, grand self-control, and all modifications of mimicry. A great deal of so-called virtue is included under mimicry.

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p8 s15

Psychologist casuistry.-This individual is an expert in the knowledge of men: for what end is he actually studying men? He wants to get some

little advantages over them, or even some great advantages,-he is a politician!... That individual is also an expert in the knowledge of men, and you say he wants nothing for himself thereby, he is one of the grand "impersonal." Look at him more carefully! Perhaps he even wants a more reprehensible advantage: to feel himself superior to men, to be allowed to look down on them, not to confound himself with them any longer. This "impersonal one" is a despiser of men; the former is the more humane species, whatever appearance may indicate. He at least places himself on an equality with men, he places himself among them ...

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p8 s16

The psychological tact of the Germans seems to me to be called in question by a whole series of cases, a list of which my modesty prevents me from bringing forward. In one case a remarkable inducement will not be lacking to establish my thesis: I have a grudge against the Germans for having made a mistake about Kant and his "back-door philosophy," as I call it,-that was not the type of intellectual honesty. -That other thing which I do not like to hear is a notorious "and:" the Germans say "Goethe and Schiller;" I am afraid lest they say "Schiller and Goethe" ... Is this Schiller not yet known?-There are still worse "ands;" I have heard with my own ears, "Schopenhauer and Hartmann;" to be sure, only among university professors ...

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p8 s17

The most intellectual men, provided they are the most courageous, experience by far the most painful tragedies; but they reverence life just on that account, because it places its most powerful hostile forces in opposition to them.

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"Intellectual conscience."-Nothing seems to me to be rarer at present than genuine hypocrisy. I have a strong suspicion that the mild air of our civilisation is not beneficial to this plant. Hypocrisy belongs to the ages of strong belief when people did not part with their own belief, even under the constraint of showing off another belief. At present people part with it; or, what is more common, they provide themselves with a second belief, -in all cases they remain honest. Undoubtedly, there is at present a very much greater variety of convictions possible than there was formerly: possible, that is to say they are permitted, they do no harm. Out of this state of things tolerance towards one's self originates.-Tolerance towards one's self permits of several convictions; these live together in agreement, -they take care, as everybody does at present, not to compromise themselves. What does one compromise one's self with at present? If one is consistent. If one goes in a straight line. If one is less than quinquivocal. If one is genuine ... I very much fear that modern man is simply too comfortable for some vices; so that these die out altogether. Everything wicked which is determined by strong will -perhaps there is nothing wicked without strength of will - degenerates to virtue in our lukewarm atmosphere ... The few hypocrites I have become acquainted with, imitated hypocrisy; they were actors, like almost every tenth man at present. -

Twilight of the Idols

Beautiful and ugly.- Nothing is more conditioned, let us say more restricted, than our sense of the beautiful. A person who would try to think of it as detached from the delight of man in man would immediately lose his footing. The "beautiful in itself" is merely an expression, not even a concept. In the beautiful, man posits himself as the standard of perfection; in select cases he worships himself in that standard. A species cannot possibly do otherwise than thus to say yea to itself. Its lowest instinct, that of self-maintenance and self-expansion, still radiates in such sublimities. Man believes the world itself to be overcharged with beauty, -he forgets that he is the cause of it. He alone has endowed it with beauty, alas! only with very human, all-too-human beauty ... In reality

man mirrors himself in things; he counts everything beautiful which reflects his likeness; the verdict "beautiful" is man's conceit of his species. A little suspicion may in fact whisper the question into a sceptic's ear-Is the world really beautified, just because man thinks it is? Man has humanised it; that is all. But nothing, nothing whatever warrants us in supposing that it is just man who furnishes the model of the beautiful. Who knows how he appears in the eyes of a higher judge of taste? Perhaps risky? perhaps even entertaining? perhaps a little arbitrary? ... "Oh divine Dionysus, why do you pull mine ears?" asked Ariadne once of her philosophic lover, in one of the celebrated dialogues at Naxos. "I find a sort of humour in your ears, Ariadne: why are they not longer?"

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Nothing is beautiful, except man: all aesthetics rest on this naivete, it is their first truth. Let us straightway add the second: nothing is ugly, except degenerating man; - the domain of aesthetic judgment is thereby limited. -Re-examined physiologically, all that is ugly weakens and afflicts man. It reminds him of deterioration, of danger, and of impotence; he actually suffers loss of power by it. The effect of ugliness can be measured by the dynamometer. Whenever man is depressed he has a sense of the proximity of something "ugly." His sense of power, his will to power, his courage, his pride -they decrease with the ugly, they increase with the beautiful. In both cases we draw an inference, the premises of which are accumulated in enormous fullness in instinct. The ugly is understood as a sign and symptom of degeneration; that which reminds us in the remotest manner of degeneracy prompts us to pronounce the verdict, "ugly." Every indication of exhaustion, gravity, age, or lassitude; every kind of constraint, such as cramp or paralysis; and above all the odour, the colour, and the likeness of decomposition or putrefaction, be it utterly attenuated even to a symbol:-all these things call forth a similar reaction, the evaluation "ugly." A hatred is there excited: whom does man hate there? There can be no doubt: the decline of his type. The hatred is inspired by the most profound instinct of the species; there is horror, foresight, profundity, and far-reaching vision in it-it is the profoundest of all hatreds. On account of it, art is profound.

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Schopenhauer. - Schopenhauer, the last German who comes into consideration (who is a European event, like Goethe, like Hegel, like Heinrich Heine, and not merely a local, a "national" occurrence), is a case of the first rank for a psychologist, as being an ill-natured, ingenious attempt to bring into the field, in favour of a general nihilistic valuation of the whole of life, the very opposite instances, the grand self-affirmations of "will to life," the exuberant forms of life. He has interpreted in turn, art, heroism, genius, beauty, grand sympathy, knowledge, will for truth, and tragedy, as phenomena resulting from "negation," or from the need of negation of "will," the most spurious psychological mintage, Christianity excepted, which history records. Looked at more closely, he appears therein merely the heir of Christian interpretation: only, he knew how to justify in a Christian sense (i.e. in a nihilistic sense) even the great facts of human civilisation, which had been repudiated by Christianity, - interpreting them as ways leading to "salvation," as early forms of "salvation," as stimulants for making "salvation" requisite ...

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I take a single instance. Schopenhauer speaks of beauty with melancholy ardor: what is his ultimate reason for it? Because he sees in it a bridge by which one may get further on, or acquire an incentive to get further on ... He regards it as a momentary salvation from "will" - it allures to everlasting salvation ... He especially praises it as the Saviour from the "focus of will," from sexuality, - in beauty he sees the generative impulse negated ... Strange saint! Somebody contradicts you, I fear it is nature. For what end at all is there beauty of tone, colour, odour, and rhythmical motion in nature? What evolves the display of beauty? Fortunately a philosopher contradicts him also: no less an authority than divine Plato (Schopenhauer himself calls him divine) maintains another thesis: that all beauty incites to procreation, - that this is precisely the proprium of its operation, from its most sensuous, up to its most intellectual

manifestations ...

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Plato goes further. He says, with an innocence for which one must be Greek and not "Christian," that there would be no Platonic philosophy at all, were there not such handsome youths in Athens; it was only the sight of them which put the soul of the philosopher into an erotic ecstasy, and gave it no rest until it had implanted the seed of all high things in such a fine soil. A strange saint also! - one does not trust one's ears, even if one trusts Plato. At least, one surmises that they philosophised differently at Athens, above all that they philosophised publicly. Nothing is less Grecian than the conceptual cobweb spinning of a recluse, amor intellectualis dei, according to the mode of Spinoza. Philosophy, according to Plato's mode, could rather be defined as an erotic competition, as a further development and a making inward of the old agonistic system of gymnastics, with its pre-requisites ... What ultimately grew out of this philosophical erotic of Plato? A new technical form of Grecian agon, dialectics. -I further call to mind, in opposition to Schopenhauer and to the honour of Plato, that the whole of the higher civilisation and literature of classical France has also grown up on the soil of sexual interest. One may search everywhere in it for gallantry, sensuality, erotic competition, "woman," - one will never search in vain ...

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p8 s24

L'art pour l'art.- The fighting against the end in art is always warfare against the moralising tendency in art, against its subordination to morality. L'art pour l'art: that is, "the devil take morality." But this very hostility betrays the domination of the prejudice. When the end of the ethical preacher and improver of mankind has been excluded from art, it does not at all follow that art in itself is without an end, without a goal, meaningless; in short, l'art pour l'art-a serpent which bites its own tail. "No end at all, rather than a moral end!" -thus speaks pure passion. A

psychologist, on the other hand, asks, what does all art do? does it not praise? does it not glorify? does it not select? does it not bring into prominence? In each of these cases it strengthens or weakens certain valuations ... Is this only a contingent matter? an accident? something with which the instinct of the artist would not at all be concerned? Or rather, is it not the pre-requisite which enables the artist to do something? Is his fundamental instinct directed towards art? or is it not rather directed towards the sense of art, namely, life? towards a desirableness of life? - Art is the great stimulus to life, how could art be understood as purposeless, as aimless, as *l'art pour l'art*? - A question still remains: art makes manifest also much that is ugly, harsh, and questionable in life, - does it not thereby seem to make life intolerable? - In fact there have been philosophers who gave this meaning to it: Schopenhauer taught that the whole purpose of art is "to disengage from will;" he honoured it as the great usefulness of tragedy "to dispose to resignation." - This however - I have already hinted at it - is pessimistic optics and the "evil eye:" - one must appeal to artists themselves. What of his own personality does the artist communicate to others in tragedy? It is not precisely the fearless state of mind in presence of the frightful and the questionable which he exhibits? - This state of mind is highly desirable in itself; whoever knows it, honours it with the highest regard. He communicates it, he is obliged to communicate it, provided he is an artist, a genius of communication. Bravery and self-possession in presence of a powerful enemy, an awful calamity, or a problem which awakens dread - it is this triumphal condition which the tragic artist selects and glorifies. In presence of tragedy the martial spirit in us celebrates its Saturnalia; he who is accustomed to affliction, he who seeks affliction - heroic man - extols his existence with tragedy, - to him alone the tragic artist offers the draught of this sweetest cruelty. -

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p8 s25

To put up with men, to keep open house with one's heart: that is liberal - but it is merely liberal. We recognise the hearts which are capable of noble hospitality by the many curtained windows and closed shutters: they keep their best rooms vacant. Why is that? - Because they expect guests with whom they have not to "put up" ...

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p8 s26

We no longer estimate ourselves sufficiently, when we communicate ourselves. Our true experiences are not at all loquacious. They could not communicate themselves, even if they wished. The reason is that they have no language. We have already got beyond what we can express in words. In all speaking there is an inkling of contempt. Language, it seems, has only been invented for the average, the middling, and the communicative. With speech the speaker has already vulgarised himself. - Extract from *Morals for deaf-mutes and other philosophers*.

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p8 s27

"This likeness is charmingly beautiful!"¹ - Literary woman, discontented, agitated, desolate in heart and bowels, ever listening with painful curiosity to the imperative which whispers out of the depths of her organisation, "aut liheri aut libri" ["either children or books"] literary woman, cultured enough to understand the voice of nature even when it speaks in Latin, and, on the other hand, conceited enough and goose enough to speak secretly with herself in French, "je me verrab , je me lirai, je m'extasierai et je dirai: Possible, que j'aie eu tant d'esprit?" ["I shall see myself, I shall read myself, I shall go into ecstasies, and I shall say: is it possible that I should have had so much wit?"]...

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p8 s28

The "impersonal" speak. - "Nothing comes easier to us than to be wise, patient, and superior. We drip with the oil of forbearance and sympathy, we are just to the verge of folly, we forgive all. For that very reason we should keep ourselves somewhat more strictly disciplined; for that very

reason we should cultivate in ourselves from time to time a little emotion, a little emotional vice. It may be hard for us, and among ourselves, we perhaps laugh at the appearance we thus present. But what does it matter! There is no other method available for conquering ourselves; this is our asceticism, our penance" ... To become personal-the virtue of the "impersonal" ...

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From a doctor's examination. - "What is the task of all higher instruction?"-To make man a machine. -"What is the means?" -He has to learn to be tired. -"How is that attained?" -By the notion of duty.- "Who is his model here?"-The philologist: he teaches how to fag. - "Who is the perfect man?"-The government official. -"What philosophy gives the best formula for the government official?" - Kant's: the government official as thing in itself, appointed arbiter over the government official as phenomenon.

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The right to stupidity.-The fatigued and slow-breathing working man who looks good-humoured and lets things take their course, this typical figure whom one meets with in all classes of society in this age of labour (and of the "Empire!" -), quite claims art for himself in the present day, including the book, and above all the journal, -how much more beautiful nature, Italy. The man of the evening, with the "wild impulses lulled to sleep," of which Faust speaks, requires the health resort, the sea coast, the glaciers, Bayreuth ... In such ages, art has a right to pure folly, as a sort of vacation-time for intellect, wit, and humour. That is what Wagner understood. Pure folly is a restorative ...

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Another problem of regimen.-The expedients with which Julius Caesar protected himself from sickness and headache - prodigious marches, the simplest mode of life, uninterrupted living in the open air, and constant military exercise -are, on the whole, the measures for maintenance and protection from extreme liability to injury of that complex machine working under the highest pressure and called genius.

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The immoralist speaks.-There is nothing more distasteful to a philosopher than man in as far as he wishes. When the philosopher sees man only in his doings, when he sees this bravest, most artful, and most enduring animal, led astray even into labyrinthine states of trouble, how worthy of admiration does man appear to him! The philosopher even furnishes man with encouragement... But he despises wishing man, "desirable" man also -and in general all desirabilities, all human ideals. If it were possible, a philosopher would be a nihilist, because he finds nothingness behind all human ideals. Or not even nothingness,-but only vileness, absurdity, sickness, cowardice, and fatigue: all sorts of dregs out of the drained goblet of his own life ... Man, who, as a reality, is so worthy of reverence, how is it that he deserves no respect in as far as he manifests his wishes? Has he to do penance for being so accomplished as a reality? Has he to compensate for his activity, for the exertion of thought and will in every activity, by the stretching of his limbs in the imaginary and absurd? The history of his desirabilities has until now been the *partie honteuse* of man; one must be careful not to read too long in it. What justifies man is his reality, - it will forever justify him. How much more worthy is actual man, compared with any merely wished, dreamt, or shamelessly falsified man! compared with any ideal man whatsoever... It is only ideal man that is distasteful to the philosopher.

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Natural value of egotism. - Selfishness has as much value as the physiological value of him who possesses it: it may be very valuable, or it may be vile and contemptible. Each individual may be looked at with respect to whether he represents an ascending or a descending line of life. When that is determined, we have a canon for determining the value of his selfishness. If he represent the ascent of the line of life, his value is in fact very great-and on account of the collective life which in him makes a further step, the concern about his maintenance, about providing his optimum of conditions, may even be extreme. For the single person, the "individual," as until now understood both popularly and philosophically, is certainly an error: he is nothing "by himself," no atom, no "ring of the chain," nothing merely inherited from former times, -he is the embodiment of the one entire line of descent up to himself... If he represent descending development, decay, chronic degeneration, or sickening (diseases, taken on the whole, are phenomena which result from decay already present, they are not the causes of it), he has little worth, and the greatest fairness would have him take away as little as possible from the well-constituted. He is no more than their parasite then ...

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Christian and anarchist. -When the anarchist, as the mouth-piece of degenerating strata of society, demands "justice," "righteousness," and "equal rights" with embellished indignation, he is only under the influence of his lack of civilisation, which prevents him understanding why he is actually in trouble, - in what respect he is impoverished, that it is in vital vigour that he is impoverished ... An impulse to seek for causes is strong in him: it must be somebody's fault that he is in a bad condition ... Even "embellished indignation" itself is pleasant to him; it is an enjoyment for every poor devil to vilify, - it gives a taste of the ecstasy of power. Even lamenting and bewailing one's self can give life a charm by which it becomes tolerable. There is a refined dose of revenge in every lament; people reproach those who are different from them for their own bad condition, and under certain circumstances even for their wickedness, as if it were injustice, as if it involved unpermitted privilege. "If I be canaille, you should be so also:" it is on the basis of such logic that

revolutions arise. - Bewailing one's self never does any good: it originates from weakness. Whether a person imputes his bad condition to others, or to himself- the socialist does the former, and the Christian, for example, does the latter-it makes no essential difference. That which both cases have in common, let us also say that which is unworthy in both cases, is that somebody is to be blamed for the suffering-in short, that the sufferer prescribes for himself the honey of revenge to alleviate his suffering. The objects towards which this need of revenge, as a need of enjoyment, is directed are furnished by occasional causes; the sufferer finds causes everywhere, which serve to cool his petty revenge, -if he is a Christian, we repeat, he finds the causes in himself... The Christian and the anarchist-both are decadents.- But moreover, when the Christian condemns, calumniates, and befouls the "world," he does it from the same instinctive motive which impels the socialistic working man to condemn, calumniate, and befoul society: "doomsday" even is the delicious comfort of revenge,- revolution, the same as the socialistic working man expects, merely conceived as somewhat more remote. The "other world" itself-what would be the use of it, if it were not a means for befouling this world?

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Criticism of decadence morality.- An "altruistic" morality, a morality which causes selfishness to languish, is, under all circumstances, a bad sign. This is true of the individual, it is especially true of peoples. The best is wanting, when selfishness begins to be deficient. To choose instinctively what is self-injurious, to be allured by "disinterested" motives, furnishes almost the formula for decadence. "Not to seek one's own advantage:" that is merely the moral fig-leaf for quite a different thing, for the physiological fact, - "one does not know any longer how to find one's own advantage" ... Separation of instincts! -It is at an end with him when man becomes altruistic -Instead of naively saying, "I am no longer of any account," the moral falsehood in the mouth of the decadent says, "nothing is of any account, - life is of no account" ... Such an opinion is ultimately a great danger; it is contagious, soon growing up luxuriantly to a tropical vegetation of ideas on the whole morbid soil of society, at one time as a religion (Christianity), at another time as a philosophy

(Schopenhauerity). Under certain circumstances such poisonous vegetation, grown out of corruption, poisons life with its far-reaching emanations for millenniums...

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Morality for physicians.-The sick are parasites of society. In certain conditions it is improper to live any longer. The continued vegetating in cowardly dependence on physicians and prescriptions after the meaning of life, the right to life, has been lost, should entail the profound contempt of society. The physicians, on the other hand, would have to be agents for communicating this contempt, - not recipes for their patients, but every day a new dose of aversion from them ... To create a new responsibility, the physician's responsibility, for all cases where the highest interest of life, of ascending life, requires the remorseless crushing down and thrusting aside of degenerating life -for example, for the right to procreation, for the right to be born, for the right to live ... To die proudly when it is no longer possible to live proudly. Death selected voluntarily, death at the right time, consummated with brightness and cheerfulness in the midst of children and witnesses: so that an actual leave-taking is possible where he is yet present who takes his leave, as also an actual appraisal of what has been realised and aspired after, a summing up of life -all in opposition to the pitiable and horrifying comedy which Christianity has practiced with the hour of dying. We must never forgive Christianity for having taken advantage of the weakness of the dying to outrage their consciences, for having misused even the mode of death to arrive at valuations of men and of the past. Here, in spite of all cowardice of prejudice, it is primarily a question of re-establishing the correct evaluation, i.e. physiological evaluation, of so-called natural death,-which, in the end, is nothing but an unnatural death, a suicide. One is never destroyed by anyone but one's self. But natural death is a death under the most contemptible conditions, involuntary death, death at the wrong time, a coward's death. Out of love to life we should desire a different kind of death-voluntary, conscious, not accidental or by surprise ... Finally, an advice to Messrs. the pessimists and other decadents. We have not it at our disposal to prevent being born; we can, however, rectify this error-for it is sometimes an error. When someone does away with

himself, he does the noblest thing in the world; by so doing he has almost entitled himself to live ... Society, what am I saying! life itself, is more advantaged thereby, than by any "life" of renunciation, anemia, or other virtue, -one has freed others from one's presence, one has removed an objection to life ... Pessimism, pur, vert, only proves itself by the self-refutation of Messrs. the pessimists: one must go a step further with one's logic, and not merely negative life with "Will and Representation," as Schopenhauer did, one must, in the first place, negative Schopenhauer ... Pessimism, let us say in passing, notwithstanding its contagiousness, does not on the whole increase the infirmity of an age or race: it is the expression of infirmity. One succumbs to it as one succumbs to cholera; one has to be morbidly enough disposed for it. Pessimism itself does not make a single additional decadent; I call to mind the result of the statistics, that the years in which the cholera rages do not differ from the other years in the total number of deaths.

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Whether we are become more moral. -As was to be expected, the whole ferocity of moral stupefaction, which avowedly passes for morality itself in Germany, has taken up arms against my conception, "beyond good and evil:" I could tell fine stories about it. My critics above all gave me the "undeniable superiority" of the moral sentiment of our age to reflect upon, the actual progress we have made in this respect; in comparison with us, a Cesare Borgia was on no account to be set up in my fashion as a "higher man," as a kind of beyond-man. A Swiss editor, of the "Bund," went so far (not without expressing his esteem of the courage for such a jeopardy) as to "understand" the meaning of my work to the effect that I proposed to do away with all decent sentiment. Very much obliged! -I permit myself, as an answer, to raise the question, whether we are really become more moral. That all the world believes it is already an objection against it... We modern men, very delicate, very readily injured, giving and taking consideration in a hundred ways, we conceit ourselves in fact that this delicate humanity which we manifest, this realised unanimity in forbearance, in helpfulness, and in mutual trust, is positive progress, and that we are thereby far above the men of the Renaissance. Every age, however, thinks in this manner, it is obliged to think thus. It is certain we

could not place ourselves in Renaissance conditions; we could not even conceive ourselves placed in them: our nerves would not stand that reality, not to speak of our muscles. No progress, however, is demonstrated by this incapacity, but only a different, a later condition, weaker, tenderer, and more readily injured, out of which a considerate morality necessarily evolves. If we were to think of our tenderness and lateness, our physiological aging, as absent, our "humanising" morality also would forthwith lose its value (no morality has value in itself); it would even let us despise it. Let us not doubt, on the other hand, that we modern men, with our thick-wadded humanity, which will not by any means strike against a stone, would furnish a comedy to the contemporaries of Cesare Borgia to laugh themselves to death over. In fact we are extraordinarily amusing, though involuntarily, with our modern "virtues" ... The decline of hostile and distrust-awakening instincts -for that would be our "progress" - represents only one of the consequences in the general decline of vitality: it costs a hundred times more pains and more foresight to effectuate an existence so conditioned and so late. Under such circumstances people mutually assist one another; to a certain extent everybody is sick, and everybody is a sick-nurse. That condition of things is then denominated "virtue:" among men who knew a different mode of life, fuller, more prodigal, more profuse, it would have had a different name, perhaps "cowardice," "pitiableness," or "old woman's morality" ... Our softening of manners - that is my thesis, it is, if you will, my innovation - is a consequence of decadence; severity, frightfulness of manners may, inversely, be a consequence of superabundance of life: for then much can be dared, much can be challenged, and much also can be squandered. What was formerly a seasoning of life would be poison to us... To be indifferent-that also is a form of strength -for that likewise we are too old and too late: our morality of sympathy against which I was the first to give warning, that which one might designate as *l'impressionisme morale*, is a further expression of the physiological over-excitability possessed by all that is decadent. That movement which has attempted to introduce itself scientifically by means of Schopenhauer's morality of sympathy - a very unfortunate attempt! - is the true decadence movement in morals, and, as such, is intrinsically related to Christian morality. Vigorous eras, noble civilisations, see something contemptible in sympathy, in "brotherly love," in the lack of self-assertion and self-reliance. -Eras are to be measured by their positive powers: the period of the Renaissance accordingly, so profuse and fateful, presents itself as the last great period; and we modern men, with our anxious self-nursing and brotherly love,

with our virtues of labour, unpretentiousness, fair play, and scientific spirit-accumulating, economic, mechanical, -we represent a weak period ... Our virtues are determined, are peremptorily called forth by our weakness ... "Equality," as an actual approximation to similarity, of which the theory of "equal rights" is but the expression, belongs essentially to decadence: the gap between man and man, between class and class, the multiplicity of types, the will to assert itself, to stand out in contrast, that which I call pathos of distance belongs to every vigorous period. The power of stretch, the width of stretch between the extremes, becomes always smaller at present, -the extremes themselves finally merge into similarity. All our political theories and state constitutions, the "German Empire" by no means excepted, are consequences, resulting necessities, of decadence; the unconscious operation of decadence has gained the ascendancy so far as to affect the ideals of some of the sciences. My objection against the whole of the sociology of England and France is that it only knows decaying types of society by experience, and quite innocently takes its own instincts of decay as the standard for sociological valuations. Deteriorating life, the decline of all organising power {i.e. separating, gap-making, subordinating and superordinating power) is formulated as the ideal, in the sociology of the present day. Our socialists are decadents; Mr. Herbert Spencer, however, is also a decadent, - he sees something desirable in the triumph of altruism.

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My concept of freedom.-The worth of a thing lies sometimes not in what one attains with it, but in what one pays for it,-what it costs us. I give an example. Liberal institutions immediately cease to be liberal, as soon as they are attained; afterwards, there are no more mischievous or more radical enemies of freedom than liberal institutions. One knows well enough what they accomplish: they undermine the will to power, they are the levelling of mountain and valley exalted into morality, they make people small, cowardly, and voluptuous,-with them the herding animal always triumphs. Liberalism: that is increased herding-animality ... The same institutions produce quite other results as long as they are fought for; they then, in fact, further freedom in a powerful manner. On looking more accurately, we see that it is warfare which produces these results,

warfare for liberal institutions, which, as war, allows illiberal instincts to continue. And warfare educates for freedom. For what is freedom? To have the will to be responsible for one's self. To keep the distance which separates us. To become more indifferent to hardship, severity, privation, and even to life. To be ready to sacrifice men for one's cause, one's self not excepted. Freedom implies that manly instincts, instincts which delight in war and triumph, dominate over other instincts; for example over the instincts of "happiness." The man who has become free, how much more the spirit which has become free, treads underfoot the contemptible species of well-being dreamt of by shopkeepers, Christians, cows, women, Englishmen, and other democrats. The free man is a warrior. - How is freedom measured, in individuals, as well as in nations? By the resistance which has to be overcome, by the effort which it costs to retain superiority. We should have to seek the highest type of free men where the highest resistance is constantly overcome: five paces from tyranny, close on the threshold of the danger of thralldom. This is psychologically true, when we mean by "tyrants" pitiless and frightful instincts, which peremptorily call forth the maximum of authority and discipline - the finest type is furnished by Julius Caesar; it is also politically true-let us but traverse the course of history. The people who were worth something, who became worth something, never acquired their greatness under liberal institutions: great danger made something out of them which deserves reverence,- danger which first teaches us to know our resources, our virtues, our shield and sword, our genius,-which compels us to be strong ... First principle: men must require strength; otherwise, they never attain it.- Those great forcing-houses for the strong, the strongest species of man that has until now existed, the aristocratic commonwealths of the pattern of Rome and Venice, understood freedom precisely in the sense in which I understand the word: as something which one has and has not, as something which one desires, which one wins by conquest...

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Criticism of modernism. - Our institutions are no longer worth anything: that is a matter on which we are unanimous. But the fault is not in the institutions, but in us. After we have lost all instincts out of which

institutions grow, the institutions themselves are being lost, because we are no longer suitable for them. Democratism has always been the decadence type of organising power: I have already (*Human, All-too-human*, Vol. I. Aphorism 472) characterised modern democracy (together with its incomplete forms, such as the "German Empire") as a declining type of the state. In order that there may be institutions, there must be a species of will, instinct, or imperative, antiliberal even to malignity: a will for tradition, for authority, for responsibility throughout centuries, a will for the solidarity of chains of generations forward and backward in infinitum. When this will exists, something establishes itself like the *Imperium Romanum*; or like Russia, the only power at present which has durability in its constitution, which can wait, and can yet promise something, - Russia, the antithetical conception to the pitiable European petty-state-misery and nervousness, which has got into a critical condition with the establishment of the German Empire ... The entire western world no longer possesses those instincts out of which institutions grow, out of which futurity grows; perhaps nothing is so much against the grain of its "modern spirit." We live for the present, we live very fast, - we live very irresponsibly: this is precisely what we call "freedom." That which makes institutions in reality, is despised, hated, and repudiated: wherever the word "authority" even becomes audible, people believe themselves in danger of a new slavery. Decadence goes so far in the appreciative instinct of our politicians and political parties, that they prefer instinctively what disintegrates, what hastens the end ... Witness modern marriage. All rationality has evidently been lost in modern marriage; that does not however furnish an objection against marriage, but against modernism. Rationality of marriage - it lay in the sole legal responsibility of the husband: marriage thus possessed gravity, while at present it halts on both legs. Rationality of marriage - it lay in its indissolubleness on principle: it thus acquired an emphasis which, opposed to the accident of sentiment, passion, and momentary impulse, knew how to make itself heard. Rationality of marriage - it lay likewise in the responsibility of families for the selection of the spouses. By the increasing indulgence in favour of marriages for love, the basis of marriage, that which first of all makes it an institution, has been almost eliminated. An institution is never, and never will be founded on an idiosyncrasy: marriage, as we have said, cannot be founded on "love," - it is founded on sexual impulse, on the impulse to possess property (woman and child as property), on the impulse to rule, which constantly organises for itself the smallest type of sovereignty (family), which needs children and heirs to maintain

physiologically an acquired measure of power, influence and riches, to prepare for long tasks, and for instinct-solidarity from one century to another. Marriage, as an institution, already involves the affirmation of the greatest and most permanent form of organisation: if society cannot as a whole pledge itself to the remotest generations, marriage has no meaning at all. - Modern marriage has lost its meaning, - consequently, it is being done away with.

Twilight of the Idols

p8 s40

The labour question. -The fact that there is a labour question is owing to stupidity, or, at bottom, instinct-degeneration, which is the cause of all existing stupidity. Regarding certain things one does not question: the first imperative of instinct. - I do not at all understand what people want to do with the European working man, now that they have made a question of him. He finds himself far too advantageously situated not to go on questioning further, ever less modestly. He has at last the majority on his side. There is no hope now that a modest and self-contented species of human being, a type like the Chinese, will here constitute itself into a class: this would have been the rational course, this would have been almost a necessity. But what have people done? - Everything possible to annihilate even the germ of the pre-requisite for such a course; -through the most unjustifiable thoughtlessness people have fundamentally destroyed the instincts in virtue of which the working man becomes possible as a class, possible for himself. The working man has been made capable of military service, he has been given the right of combination and the right of the franchise: no wonder he already feels his existence as a state of exigency (morally expressed, as injustice). But what do people want? let it be asked once more. If they want to realise an end, they must also be willing to use the means: if they want to have slaves, it is foolish to educate them to be masters.-

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p8 s41

"Freedom which I do not mean ... " - In such times as the present, it is an additional peril to be left to one's instincts. These instincts mutually contradict, disturb, and destroy themselves; I have already defined modernism as physiological self-contradiction. A rational education would claim that one, at least, of those instinct-systems should be paralysed under an iron pressure, to enable another system to attain power, to become strong and predominant ... At present one would have to make the individual possible in the first place, by pruning him. To make him possible, that is to say, to make him an entirety ... The very reverse happens: independence, free development, and *laissez aller*, are claimed the most vehemently precisely by those for whom no restraint would be too severe - this is true in politics, it is true in art. But that is a symptom of decadence: our modern notion of "freedom" is an additional proof of degeneration of instinct. -

Twilight of the Idols

p8 s42

Where belief is necessary. -Nothing is rarer among moralists and saints than rectitude; perhaps they say the contrary, perhaps they even believe it. For when a belief is more useful, more efficacious, and more convincing than conscious hypocrisy, owing to instinct, hypocrisy forthwith becomes innocence: first proposition for understanding great saints. Among philosophers also, another species of saints, the whole business involves the necessity of only admitting certain truths, namely those, on the basis of which their business has public sanction, - in Kantian language, the truths of practical reason. They know what they must prove, they are practical therein, -they recognise one another by being in mutual agreement with regard to "truths." -"Thou shalt not lie" - i.e. Mr. philosopher, be on your guard, lest you speak the truth ...

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p8 s43

Whispered into the ear of the conservatives. -What people did not know before, what they now know, or might know, - a retrogression, a return

in any sense, or to any extent, is quite impossible. We physiologists, at least, know that. But all priests and moralists have believed it possible,- they wanted to bring mankind back, to screw mankind down to an earlier standard of virtue. Morality has always been a Procrustes-bed. Politicians even have imitated the preachers of virtue in this respect; at present also, there are parties who dream of the crabs-march of everything, as the final goal. No one, however, is at liberty to be a crab. There is no help for it: we are obliged to go forward, that is to say, step by step onwards in decadence (this is my definition of modern "progress" ...) We can check this development, and by checking it, we can dam up and collect degeneration itself, making it more vehement and sudden; we cannot do more.-

Twilight of the Idols

p8 s44

My notion of genius.- Great men, like great periods, are explosive materials in which an immense force is accumulated; it is always prerequisite for such men, historically and physiologically, that for a long period there has been a collecting, a heaping up, an economising, and a hoarding, with respect to them,-that for a long time no explosion has taken place. When the tension in the substance has become too great, the most accidental stimulus suffices to call into the world the "genius," the "deed," and grand destiny. Of what consequence then is the environment, the epoch, the "spirit of the age," or "public opinion's-Let us take the case of Napoleon. The France of the Revolution (and still more pre-revolutionary France) would have produced a type antithetical to Napoleon: it did produce it. And because Napoleon was of a different type, the heir of a stronger, more enduring, and older civilisation than that which vanished into vapour and fragments in France, he became master, he alone was the master here. The great men are necessary, the time when they appear is contingent; that they almost always become masters of their age, just depends on the fact that they are stronger, older, and possess longer accumulated forces. Between a genius and his age there exists a relation like that between the strong and the weak, between the old and the young: the age is, relatively, always much younger, more slender, more immature, more unassured, and more childish.-That people at present think very differently concerning this matter in France

(and in Germany also, but that is of no consequence), that the theory of the milieu, a true neuropathic theory, has there become sacrosanct and almost scientific, finding belief even among physiologists -that "has a bad odour," it gives one melancholy thoughts. - In England also, the thing is understood in the very same manner; but nobody will fret about that. There are only two ways in which an Englishman can account for a genius or "great man:" either democratically in the manner of Buckle, or religiously in the manner of Carlyle.-The peril involved in great men and great ages is excessive; exhaustion of every kind, and sterility follow in their footsteps. The great man is a close; the great period, the Renaissance, for example, is a close. The genius -in work, in deed - is necessarily a squanderer; his greatness is that he expends himself. The instinct of self-preservation is, as it were, out of gear in the genius; the over-powerful pressure of the outflow of his energies forbids all such care and foresight. People call this "sacrifice," they praise the heroism of genius, his indifference to his own welfare, his devotion to an idea, to a great cause, or to his country: it is all misunderstanding, however ... He outflows, he overflows, he uses himself up, he does not spare himself-fatefully, portentously, involuntarily, as a river involuntarily overflows its banks. But because people owe much to such explosives they have, on the other hand, bestowed much upon them; for example, a sort of higher morality ... For that is the mode of human gratitude: it misunderstands its benefactors.-

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p8 s45

The criminal and those related to him.-The criminal type -that is the type of the strong man under unfavourable conditions, a strong man who has been made sick. He lacks the wilderness, a certain freer and more dangerous environment, and mode of being, in which all that is offensive and defensive in his instincts exists by right. His virtues are put in ban by society; the most lively impulses instinctive to him become forthwith interwoven with depressing emotions,-with suspicion, fear, and disgrace. But this is almost the recipe for producing physiological degeneration. He who, with prolonged suspense, foresight, and cunning, has to do secretly what he can best do, what he would most readily do, becomes anaemic; and because he gains nothing but danger, persecution,

and calamity through his instincts, his sentiment towards them quite alters: he regards them as fatalistic. It is society, our domesticated, mediocre, emasculated society, in which a man with his natural forces unimpaired, coming from the mountains or from sea-faring adventures, necessarily degenerates into a criminal. Or almost necessarily; for there are cases in which such a man proves himself stronger than society:-the Corsican Napoleon is the most celebrated case. For the problem before us, the testimony of Dostoyevsky is of importance - Dostoyevsky, the only psychologist, let it be said, from whom I had anything to learn; he belongs to the happiest chance incidents of my life, still more even than the discovering of Stendhal. This profound man, who was ten times right to depreciate the superficial Germans, has perceived that the Siberian convicts, in whose midst he lived for a long time (capital criminals for whom there was no return to society), were quite other than he himself expected, -persons carved almost out of the best, the hardest, and the most valuable material to be found in the Russian dominions. Let us generalise the case of the criminal: let us realise the disposition of persons, who, from any cause whatsoever, lack public approbation, who know that they are not regarded as salutary and serviceable to society, - that Chandala feeling of being counted inferior, outcast, unworthy, and defiling. All such natures have the colour of the subterranean, in their thoughts and actions; everything in them becomes paler than in those on whose existence daylight rests. But almost all modes of existence which we at present signalise, have formerly lived in this semi-sepulchral atmosphere,-the scientific man of character, the artist, the genius, the free spirit, the actor, the merchant, the great discoverer... As long as the priest passed for the highest type, every meritorious variety of human being was depreciated ... The time comes - I promise it-when the priest will be regarded as the lowest type, as our Chandala, as the most mendacious, the most disreputable variety of human being ... I direct attention to the fact that even at present (under the mildest sway of custom that has ever existed on earth, at least in Europe), every mode of separateness, every protracted, all-too-protracted condition of subterposition, every unusual, non-transparent mode of existence, approximates men to the type of which the criminal is the climax. All intellectual innovators have, for a time, the pale and portentous sign of the Chandala on their foreheads; not because they should be felt as such, but because they themselves are sensible of the frightful gulf which separates them from everything traditional and honourable. Almost every genius knows the "Catilinarian existence," as one of his developments, a hateful,

revengeful, insurrectionary feeling against everything which already is, which does not any longer become ... Catilina -the pre-existent form of every Caesar.-

Twilight of the Idols

p8 s46

Here the prospect is open..- It may be loftiness of soul when a philosopher is silent; it may be love when he contradicts himself; in a knowing one a courtesy which speaks falsely is possible. It has been said not without acuteness: *il est indigne des grands cœurs de repandre le trouble, qu'ils ressentent*; only one has to add that it may likewise be greatness of soul to have no fear of the meanest things. A woman who loves, sacrifices her honour; a knowing one who "loves," perhaps sacrifices his humanity; a God who loved, became a Jew ...

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p8 s47

Beauty no accident.-Even the beauty of a race or family, the pleasantness and kindness of their whole demeanour, is acquired by effort; like genius, it is the final result of the accumulated labour of generations. There must have been great sacrifices made to good taste; for the sake of it, much must have been done, and much refrained from -the seventeenth century in France is worthy of admiration in both ways; good taste must then have been a principle of selection, for society, place, dress, and sexual gratification: beauty must have been preferred to advantage, habit, opinion, indolence. Supreme rule: we must not "let ourselves go," even when only in our own presence. - Good things are costly beyond measure, and the rule always holds, that he who possesses them is other than he who acquires them. All excellence is inheritance; what has not been inherited is imperfect, it is a beginning ... At Athens in the time of Cicero, who expresses his surprise with regard to it, men and youths were far superior to Women in beauty: but what labour and effort in the service of beauty had the Athenian males required of themselves for centuries!-We must not make a mistake here with regard to method: the

mere rearing of feelings and thoughts is almost valueless (it is here that German culture, which is entirely illusory, makes its great mistake); we have first to persuade the body. The strict maintenance of significant and select demeanour, an obligation to live only with those who do not "let themselves go," suffices perfectly for becoming significant and select; in two or three generations everything has become internalized. It is decisive for the fortune of a people and of humanity, that civilisation begins at the right place -not at "soul" (as was the baneful superstition of priests and semi-priests); the right place is body, demeanour, regimen, physiology; the rest follows from this. It is on that account that the Greeks are the leading event in the history of civilisation: they knew, they did what was necessary; Christianity, which despised the body, has until now been the greatest misfortune for the human race.-

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p8 s48

Progress as I understand it. - I also speak of "return to nature," although it is not properly a going back, but a going up -up into high, free, and even frightful nature and naturalness, such as plays, may play with great tasks ... To express it in a simile, Napoleon was an instance of a "return to nature," as I understand it (for example, in rebus tacticis, and still more in strategy, as military men are aware). -But Rousseau - where did he really want to return to? Rousseau, that first modern man, idealist and canaille in one person; needing moral "dignity" to endure his own aspect; sick with wanton conceit and wanton self-contempt! And even this abortion, which deposited itself on the threshold of the modern age, wanted "return to nature"-where, let us ask again, did Rousseau want to return to? - I hate Rousseau, hate him in the revolution itself: it is the grand historical expression of this dualism of idealist and canaille. The bloody farce with which that revolution played itself out, its "immorality," is of little account to me; what I hate is its Rousseau-morality -the so-called "truths" of the revolution with which it operates to the present day, and wins over to itself all the shallow and mediocre. The doctrine of equality! ... But there exists no deadlier poison; for it seems to be preached by justice itself, while it does away with justice ... "Equality to the equal, inequality to the unequal"-that would be the true teaching of justice; and the corollary likewise, "Never make the unequal

equal."-That such dreadful and bloody events happened around the doctrine of equality, has given a sort of glory and luridness to this "modern idea" par excellence: so that the revolution as a spectacle has seduced even the noblest minds. That is, after all, no reason for esteeming it any higher. - I see only one who regarded it as it must be regarded, with disgust-Goethe ...

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p8 s49

Goethe. - No mere German event, but a European event; a grand attempt to surmount the eighteenth century, by a return to nature, by an ascension to the naturalness of the Renaissance, a kind of self-surmounting on the part of that century. - He possessed its strongest instincts: its sentimentality, its nature worship, its tendencies antihistoric, idealistic, unreal, and revolutionary (the last is only a form of the unreal). He called to his aid history, science, antiquity, and likewise Spinoza, but above all practical activity; he encircled himself with nothing but defined horizons; he did not sever himself from life, but placed himself in it; he was not desponding, and took as much as possible on himself, over himself, and into himself. What he aspired to was totality; he struggled against the severance of reason, sensuousness, emotion and will (preached in the most forbidding scholasticism by Kant, the antipode of Goethe), he disciplined himself to entirety, he created himself... Goethe was a convinced realist in the midst of an age disposed to the unreal; he was affirmative of everything analogous to himself in this respect, -he had no more important experience than that "most real being", named Napoleon. Goethe conceived of a personality robust and high-cultured, skilful in all physical accomplishments, keeping himself in check, and maintaining his self-reverence, who dares to allow himself the whole realm and riches of naturalness, and is strong enough for that freedom; the man of toleration, not out of weakness, but out of strength, because he knows how to use advantageously what would cause the ruin of average constitutions; the man to whom there is nothing prohibited - unless it be weakness,-whether it is designated vice or virtue... . A mind thus emancipated stands with a cheerful and confident fatalism in the midst of the universe, in the belief that only the single thing is rejectable, that, on the whole, everything is saved and maintained: he no longer denies ... But

such a belief is the highest of all possible beliefs: I have christened it with the name of Dionysus. -

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p8 s50

We might say that, in a certain sense, the nineteenth century has likewise aspired after all that Goethe himself aspired after: universality in understanding and approving, a quiet reserve towards everything, an audacious realism, and reverence for all matters of fact. How is it that the sum total is no Goethe, but a chaos, a nihilistic groaning, a grievous uncertainty as to whence and whither, an instinctive weariness which in practice impels men continually to hark back to the eighteenth century? (For example, as emotional Romanticism, as altruism, as hyper-sentimentality, as feminism in taste, and as socialism in politics.) Is not the nineteenth century, especially at its close, merely a strengthened and brutalised eighteenth century, i.e. a decadence century? So that Goethe would have been merely an episode, a splendid, vain effort, not only for Germany, but for Europe as a whole? But we misunderstand great men when we look at them from the narrow perspective of public utility. That we do not know how to derive advantage from them - that itself perhaps belongs to greatness ...

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Goethe is the last German for whom I have reverence; he would have felt three things which I feel, - we also understand one another with regard to the "cross" ... People often ask me why in the world I write in German: I was nowhere less read than in my own country. But who knows, after all, if I even want to be read at present? -To create things on which time vainly tries its teeth; as regards form, as regards substance, to make an effort after a little immortality. I was never yet modest enough to require less of myself. Aphorism and the sentence, in which I, as the foremost among the Germans, am master, are the forms of "eternity;" my ambition is to say in ten sentences what everyone else says in a book,-what

everyone else does not say in a book ...

I have given to mankind the profoundest book it possesses, my Zarathustra: I shall shortly give it the most independent one.

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WHAT I OWE TO THE ANCIENTS

p9 s1

A word in conclusion with regard to that world to which I have sought access, to which I have perhaps found a new entrance, -the ancient world. My taste, which may be the contrary of a tolerant taste, is here, as in other cases, far from making an unconditional affirmation: on the whole, it does not readily say yea; it rather prefers nay; it likes best of all to say nothing whatever... This applies to entire civilisations, it applies to books, -it applies also to places and landscapes. After all it is only a very small number of ancient books that count in my life; the most celebrated ones are not among them. My sense for style, for the epigram as style, awakened almost instantaneously on coming in contact with Sallust. I have not forgotten the astonishment of my venerated teacher Corssen, when he had to give the highest number of marks to his worst Latin scholar, -I had done all at once. Compressed, rigid, with as much substance as possible in the background, a cool malice against "fine words" and "fine sentiment" also, -I therewith found my vein. In my writings up to my Zarathustra, a very strenuous ambition to attain the Roman style, the "cetera perennius" in style will be recognised. - It was the same with me on my first contact with Horace. Up to the present, I have not received from any poet the same artistic rapture as was given to me from the first by an Horatian ode. In certain languages that which is attained there cannot even be willed. That lingual mosaic where every word, as sound, as position, and as notion, diffuses its force right, left, and over the whole, that minimum in the compass and number of signs, that maximum thus realised in their energy, -all that is Roman, and, if you will believe me, it is noble par excellence. All other poetry becomes somewhat too popular in comparison with it, - mere sentimental loquacity.

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p9 s2

I am not at all under obligation to the Greeks for any similarly strong impressions, and, to speak out candidly, they cannot be to us what the Romans are. We do not learn from the Greeks: their mode is too foreign, it is also too unstable to operate imperatively or "classically." Who would ever have learned to write from a Greek! Who would ever have learned it without the Romans! ... Plato need not be brought forward as an objection to me. With respect to Plato, I am a thorough sceptic, and I have always been unable to assent to the admiration of Plato the artist, which is traditional among scholars. After all, I have here the most refined judges of taste among the ancients themselves on my side. Plato, as it seems to me, jumbles together all the forms of style; he is thus a first decadent in style: he has something on his conscience like what the Cynics have, who discovered the satura Menippea. To be operated upon by the Platonic dialogue-that shockingly self-complacent and childish kind of dialectics, -a person must never have read good French literature, -Fontenelle, for example. Plato is tiresome. -In the end my distrust of Plato goes deeper than the surface: I find him strayed so far from all fundamental instincts of the Hellenes, so mismoralised, so pre-existently Christian (he has already the concept "good" as the highest concept), that I should prefer to employ the hard expression, "superior cheater," with reference to the whole phenomenon of Plato (or, if people like it better, idealism), rather than any other term. People have paid dearly for this Athenian's going to school with the Egyptians (or with the Jews in Egypt? ...). In the great fatality of Christianity, Plato is the ambiguity and fascination called the "ideal," which made it possible for the nobler minds of antiquity to misunderstand themselves, and enter on the bridge which led to the "cross" ... And how much of Plato is still in the conception of "Church," in the organisation, system, and practice of the Church! - My recreation, my predilection, my cure from all Platonism, has always been Thucydides. Thucydides, and perhaps Macchiavelli's Principe ate nearest akin to me in the unconditioned will to impose nothing on themselves, and in their determination to see the rational in reality, -not in "reason," and still less in "morality" ... There is no better corrective than Thucydides of the pitiable tendency to beautify the Greeks in the direction of the ideal, a tendency which the youth "trained in humanities" carries away with him

into life as the reward of his public-school drilling. One has to turn his writings over line by line, and read his mental reserve as distinctly as his words: there are few thinkers so rich in mental reserve. Sophist civilisation, I mean to say realist civilisation, attains its most perfect expression in Thucydides: that inestimable movement in the midst of the moral and ideal cheater of the Socratic Schools, which, just then, was breaking out everywhere. Greek philosophy as the decadence of Greek instinct; Thucydides as the great sum, the last revelation of that strong, stern, hard matter-of-factness, which was instinctive in the older Hellenes. Courage in presence of reality distinguishes in the end such natures as Thucydides from Plato: Plato is a coward in presence of reality,-consequently he takes refuge in the ideal; Thucydides is master of himself, consequently he maintains power also over things...

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p9 s3

To scent out "beautiful souls," "golden mediocrities," and other perfections in the Greeks, perhaps to admire in them the repose in grandeur, the ideal disposition, lofty simplicity-from this "lofty simplicity" (a *ni-aiserie allemande* in the end), I was preserved by the psychologist implanted in my nature. I saw their strongest instinct, the will to power, I saw them quake in presence of the intractable force of this impulse,- I saw all their institutions evolve out of protective measures to secure themselves mutually from their innate explosive material. The enormous internal tension then discharged itself externally, in dreadful and reckless hostility: the city communities lacerated themselves in conflict with one another, in order that the citizens of each might find peace within themselves. People required to be strong; danger was close at hand, - it lurked everywhere. The magnificently supple physique, the daring realism and immoralism which belonged to the Hellene, were an exigency, not a "temperament." These qualities only came in course of time, they were not there from the beginning. And the Greeks desired naught else but to feel themselves dominant, to show themselves dominant with their festivals and arts: these things were expedients for self-glorification, under certain circumstances for inspiring terror ... To judge the Greeks by their philosophers in the German manner, to avail one's self perchance of the affected virtuousness of the Socratic Schools for disclosures

as to what is fundamentally Hellenic! ... For the philosophers are the decadents of Grecianism, the counter-movement against ancient, noble taste (against the agonal instinct, against the polis, against the worth of the race, against the authority of tradition). Socratic virtues were preached because they had been lost by the Greeks: excitable, timid, fickle, all of them comedians, they had a few reasons too many for allowing morality to be preached to them. Not that it did help anything, but great words and attitudes suit decadents so well ...

Twilight of the Idols

p9 s4

I was the first for the purpose of understanding the older, still copious, and even overflowing Hellenic instinct, to take seriously that wonderful phenomenon which bears the name of Dionysus: it is only explainable by a surplus of energy. Whoever had devoted his attention to the Greeks, - like that profoundest student of their civilisation at present living, Jacob Burckhardt of Bale, - was at once aware that something has been achieved thereby: Burckhardt inserted a special chapter into his "Kultur der Griechen" on the phenomenon referred to. If one wants the contrast one may look at the almost exhilarating poverty of instinct in German philologists, when they come into proximity with the Dionysian. The celebrated Lobeck especially, who, with the venerable assurance of a worm dried up between books, crept into this world of mysterious conditions, and, by being frivolous and childish ad nauseam, persuaded himself that he was scientific, - Lobeck, with great display of learning, has given to understand that it is really no matter about all these curiosities. In fact, the priests might have communicated some not unimportant information to those who took part in such orgies; for example, that wine excites lust, that under certain circumstances man lives on fruit, that plants blossom in spring and wither in autumn. As regards that strange wealth of rites, symbols, and myths of orgiastic origin with which the ancient world is literally overgrown, Lobeck finds in it an occasion to become a trifle more ingenious. "The Greeks," he says (Aglaophamus I. 672) "when they had nothing else to do, laughed, jumped, and raged about, or, because people have also sometimes a desire for that, they sat down, wept, and lamented. Others came there later on, and sought, sure enough, some reason for the strange behaviour; and thus the numberless festival

legends and myths arose for the explanation of those practices. On the other hand, people believed that that ludicrous performance which took place by custom on the festive days, belonged necessarily to festal celebration, and they retained it as an indispensable part of Divine worship."- That is contemptible gossip, one will not for a moment take Lobeck seriously. We are affected quite otherwise when we examine the concept of "Grecian" which Winckelmann and Goethe had formed for themselves, and when we find it incompatible with that element-orgiasm -out of which Dionysian art evolves. In fact, I do not doubt that Goethe would have thoroughly excluded anything of that kind from the potentialities of the Greek soul. Consequently, Goethe did not understand the Greeks. For only in Dionysian mysteries, in the psychology of the Dionysian condition, does the fundamental fact of Hellenic instinct-its "will to life" - express itself. What did the Hellene pledge himself for with these mysteries? Internal life, eternal recurrence of life; the future promised and consecrated in the past; the triumphing affirmation of life beyond death and change; true life, as the universal continuation of life by generation, by the mysteries of sexuality. On that account, the sexual symbol was to the Greeks the symbol venerable in itself, the intrinsic profundity within all ancient piety. Every detail in the act of generation, in pregnancy, and in birth, awakened the most exalted and solemn sentiments. In the doctrine of mysteries pain is pronounced holy: the "pains of travail" sanctify pain in general, - all becoming and growing, all pledging for the future, involves suffering ... In order that the eternal delight of creating may exist, that the will to life may assert itself eternally, there must also exist eternally the "pains of travail." All this is implied by the word Dionysus: I know of no higher symbolism than this Greek symbolism of Dionysia. In them the deepest instinct of life, the instinct for the future of life, for the eternity of life, is felt religiously-the way itself to life, procreation, is recognised as the sacred way ... It is only Christianity, with its resentment against life at the bottom, which has caused sexuality to be regarded as something impure: it cast dirt on the commencement, on the pre-requisite of our life ...

Twilight of the Idols

p9 s5

The psychology of the orgiastic, as an exuberant feeling of life and

energy, in which pain even operates as a stimulus, gave me the key to the concept of tragic feeling which has been misunderstood, as well by Aristotle, as especially by our pessimists. Tragedy is so far from proving anything with regard to a pessimism of the Hellenes, in the sense of Schopenhauer, that it is rather to be looked upon as the decisive repudiation of pessimism, and as a verdict against it. The affirmation of life, even in its most unfamiliar and most severe problems, the will to life, enjoying its own inexhaustibility in the sacrifice of its highest types,- that is what I called Dionysian, that is what I divined as the bridge to a psychology of the tragic poet. Not in order to get rid of terror and pity, not to purify from a dangerous passion by its vehement discharge (it was thus that Aristotle understood it); but, beyond terror and pity, to realise in fact the eternal delight of becoming, - that delight which even involves in itself the joy of annihilating ... And hereby I again touch at the place from which I once set out, -the "Birth of Tragedy" was my first Transvaluation of all Values: hereby I place myself again on the soil out of which my willing, my ability has evolved -I, the last disciple of Dionysus the philosopher,—I, the teacher of eternal recurrence ...

THE HAMMER SPEAKETH

Thus Spake Zarathustra. III. Of the Spirit of Gravity, 29.

"Why so hard!" said once the charcoal unto the diamond, "are we not near relations?"

Why so soft? Oh my brethren, thus I ask you. Are you not my brethren? Why so soft, so unresisting, and yielding? Why is there so much disavowal and abnegation in your hearts? Why is there so little fate in your looks?

And if you are unwilling to be fates, and inexorable, how could you - conquer with me someday?

And if your hardness would not glance, and cut, and chip to pieces, how could you - create with me someday?

For all creators are hard. And it must seem blessedness unto you to press your hand upon millenniums as upon wax,-

- Blessedness to write upon the will of millenniums as upon brass, - harder than brass, nobler than brass. The noblest only is perfectly hard.

This new table, oh my brethren, I put over you: Become hard!——

THE END

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The Antichrist

THE ANTICHRIST

by Friedrich Nietzsche

Translation by H.L. Mencken (1919)

Reformatted and modified by Bill Chapko

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The Antichrist

Preface

pr

This book belongs to the most rare of men. Perhaps not one of them is yet alive. It is possible that they may be among those who understand my "Zarathustra": how could I confound myself with those who are now sprouting ears?—First the day after tomorrow must come for me. Some men are born posthumously.

The conditions under which anyone understands me, and necessarily understands me—I know them only too well. Even to endure my seriousness, my passion, he must carry intellectual integrity to the verge of hardness. He must be accustomed to living on mountain tops—and to looking upon the wretched gabble of politics and nationalism as beneath him. He must have become indifferent; he must never ask of the truth whether it brings profit to him or a fatality to him... He must have an inclination, born of strength, for questions that no one has the courage for; the courage for the forbidden; predestination for the labyrinth. The experience of seven solitudes. New ears for new music. New eyes for what is most distant. A new conscience for truths that have until now remained unheard. And the will to economize in the grand manner—to hold together his strength, his enthusiasm... Reverence for self; love of self; absolute freedom of self... ..

Very well, then! of that sort only are my readers, my true readers, my readers foreordained: of what account are the rest?—The rest are merely humanity.—One must make one's self superior to humanity, in power, in loftiness of soul,—in contempt.

FRIEDRICH W. NIETZSCHE.

The Antichrist

1

—Let us look each other in the face. We are Hyperboreans—we know well enough how remote our place is. "Neither by land nor by water will you find the road to the Hyperboreans": even Pindar¹, in his day, knew that much about us. Beyond the North, beyond the ice, beyond death—our life, our happiness... We have discovered that happiness; we know the way; we got our knowledge of it from thousands of years in the labyrinth. Who else has found it?—The man of today?—"I don't know either the way out or the way in; I am whatever doesn't know either the way out or the way in"—so sighs the man of today... This is the sort of modernity that made us ill,—we sickened on lazy peace, cowardly compromise, the whole virtuous dirtiness of the modern Yea and Nay. This tolerance and largeness of the heart that "forgives" everything because it "understands" everything is a sirocco to us. Rather live amid the ice than among modern virtues and other such south-winds! ... We were brave enough; we spared neither ourselves nor others; but we were a long time finding out where to direct our courage. We grew dismal; they called us fatalists. Our fate—it was the fullness, the tension, the storing up of powers. We thirsted for the lightnings and great deeds; we kept as far as possible from the happiness of the weakling, from "resignation" ... There was thunder in our air; nature, as we embodied it, became overcast—for we had not yet found the way. The formula of our happiness: a Yea, a Nay, a straight line, a goal...

The Antichrist

2

What is good?—Whatever augments the feeling of power, the will to power, power itself, in man. What is evil?—Whatever springs from weakness. What is happiness?—The feeling that power increases—that resistance is overcome. Not contentment, but more power; not peace at

any price, but war; not virtue, but efficiency (virtue in the Renaissance sense, *virtu*, virtue free of moral acid). The weak and the botched shall perish: first principle of our charity. And one should help them to it. What is more harmful than any vice?—Practical sympathy for the botched and the weak—Christianity...

The Antichrist

3

The problem that I set here is not what shall replace mankind in the order of living creatures (—man is an end—): but what type of man must be bred, must be willed, as being the most valuable, the most worthy of life, the most secure guarantee of the future.

This more valuable type has appeared often enough in the past: but always as a happy accident, as an exception, never as deliberately willed. Very often it has been precisely the most feared; until now it has been almost the terror of terrors ;—and out of that terror the contrary type has been willed, cultivated and attained: the domestic animal, the herd animal, the sick brute-man—the Christian...

The Antichrist

4

Mankind surely does not represent an evolution toward a better or stronger or higher level, as progress is now understood. This "progress" is merely a modern idea, which is to say, a false idea. The European of today, in his essential worth, falls far below the European of the Renaissance; the process of evolution does not necessarily mean elevation, enhancement, strengthening.

True enough, it succeeds in isolated and individual cases in various parts of the earth and under the most widely different cultures, and in these cases a higher type certainly manifests itself; something which, compared to mankind in the mass, appears as a sort of overman. Such happy strokes of high success have always been possible, and will remain

possible, perhaps, for all time to come. Even whole races, tribes and nations may occasionally represent such lucky accidents.

The Antichrist

5

We should not deck out and embellish Christianity: it has waged a war to the death against this higher type of man, it has put all the deepest instincts of this type under its ban, it has developed its concept of evil, of the Evil One himself, out of these instincts—the strong man as the typical reprobate, the "outcast among men." Christianity has taken the part of all the weak, the low, the botched; it has made an ideal out of antagonism to all the self-preservative instincts of sound life; it has corrupted even the faculties of those natures that are intellectually most vigorous, by representing the highest intellectual values as sinful, as misleading, as full of temptation. The most lamentable example: the corruption of Pascal, who believed that his intellect had been destroyed by original sin, whereas it was actually destroyed by Christianity!—

The Antichrist

6

It is a painful and tragic spectacle that rises before me: I have drawn back the curtain from the rottenness of man. This word, in my mouth, is at least free from one suspicion: that it involves a moral accusation against humanity. It is used—and I wish to emphasize the fact again—without any moral significance: and this is so far true that the rottenness I speak of is most apparent to me precisely in those quarters where there has been most aspiration, until now, toward "virtue" and "godliness." As you probably surmise, I understand rottenness in the sense of decadence: my argument is that all the values on which mankind now fixes its highest aspirations are decadence-values.

I call an animal, a species, an individual corrupt, when it loses its instincts, when it chooses, when it prefers, what is injurious to it. A history of the "higher feelings," the "ideals of humanity"—and it is possible that

I'll have to write it—would almost explain why man is so degenerate. Life itself appears to me as an instinct for growth, for survival, for the accumulation of forces, for power: whenever the will to power fails there is disaster. My contention is that all the highest values of humanity have been emptied of this will—that the values of decadence, of nihilism, now prevail under the holiest names.

The Antichrist

7

Christianity is called the religion of pity.— Pity stands in opposition to all the tonic passions that augment the energy of the feeling of aliveness: it is a depressant. A man loses power when he pities. Through pity that drain upon strength which suffering works is multiplied a thousandfold. Suffering is made contagious by pity; under certain circumstances it may lead to a total sacrifice of life and living energy—a loss out of all proportion to the magnitude of the cause (—the case of the death of the Nazarene). This is the first view of it; there is, however, a still more important one. If one measures the effects of pity by the gravity of the reactions it sets up, its character as a menace to life appears in a much clearer light. Pity thwarts the whole law of evolution, which is the law of natural selection. It preserves whatever is ripe for destruction; it fights on the side of those disinherited and condemned by life; by maintaining life in so many of the botched of all kinds, it gives life itself a gloomy and dubious aspect. Mankind has ventured to call pity a virtue (—in every superior moral system it appears as a weakness—); going still further, it has been called the virtue, the source and foundation of all other virtues—but let us always bear in mind that this was from the standpoint of a philosophy that was nihilistic, and upon whose shield the denial of life was inscribed. Schopenhauer was right in this: that by means of pity life is denied, and made worthy of denial—pity is the technique of nihilism. Let me repeat: this depressing and contagious instinct stands against all those instincts which work for the preservation and enhancement of life: in the role of protector of the miserable, it is a prime agent in the promotion of decadence—pity persuades to extinction... .Of course, one doesn't say "extinction": one says "the other world," or "God," or "the true life," or Nirvana, salvation, blessedness... . This innocent rhetoric, from the realm of religious-ethical balderdash, appears a good deal less innocent

when one reflects upon the tendency that it conceals beneath sublime words: the tendency to destroy life. Schopenhauer was hostile to life: that is why pity appeared to him as a virtue... . Aristotle, as everyone knows, saw in pity a sickly and dangerous state of mind, the remedy for which was an occasional purgative: he regarded tragedy as that purgative. The instinct of life should prompt us to seek some means of puncturing any such pathological and dangerous accumulation of pity as that appearing in Schopenhauer's case (and also, alack, in that of our whole literary decadence, from St. Petersburg to Paris, from Tolstoy to Wagner), that it may burst and be discharged... Nothing is more unhealthy, amid all our unhealthy modernism, than Christian pity. To be the doctors here, to be unmerciful here, to wield the knife here—all this is our business, all this is our sort of humanity, by this sign we are philosophers, we Hyperboreans !—

The Antichrist

8

It is necessary to say just whom we regard as our antagonists: theologians and all who have any theological blood in their veins—this is our whole philosophy... . One must have faced that menace at close hand, better still, one must have had experience of it directly and almost succumbed to it, to realize that it is not to be taken lightly (—the alleged free-thinking of our naturalists and physiologists seems to me to be a joke—they have no passion about such things; they have not suffered—). This poisoning goes a great deal further than most people think: I find the arrogant habit of the theologian among all who regard themselves as "idealists"—among all who, by virtue of a higher point of departure, claim a right to rise above reality, and to look upon it with suspicion... The idealist, like the ecclesiastic, carries all sorts of lofty concepts in his hand (—and not only in his hand!); he launches them with benevolent contempt against "understanding," "the senses," "honor," "good living," "science"; he sees such things as beneath him, as pernicious and seductive forces, on which "the soul" soars as a pure thing-in-itself—as if humility, chastity, poverty, in a word, holiness, had not already done much more damage to life than all imaginable horrors and vices... The pure soul is a pure lie... So long as the priest, that professional denier, calumniator and poisoner of life, is accepted as a higher variety of man, there

can be no answer to the question, What is truth? Truth has already been stood on its head when the obvious attorney of mere emptiness is mistaken for its representative.

The Antichrist

9

Upon this theological instinct I make war: I find the tracks of it everywhere. Whoever has theological blood in his veins is shifty and dishonourable in all things. The pathetic thing that grows out of this condition is called faith: in other words, closing one's eyes upon one's self once for all, to avoid suffering the sight of incurable falsehood. People erect a concept of morality, of virtue, of holiness upon this false view of all things; they ground good conscience upon faulty vision; they argue that no other sort of vision has value any more, once they have made theirs sacrosanct with the names of "God," "salvation" and "eternity." I unearth this theological instinct in all directions: it is the most widespread and the most subterranean form of falsehood to be found on earth. Whatever a theologian regards as true must be false: there you have almost a criterion of truth. His profound instinct of self-preservation stands against truth ever coming into honour in any way, or even getting stated. Wherever the influence of theologians is felt there is a transvaluation of values, and the concepts "true" and "false" are forced to change places: whatever is most damaging to life is there called "true," and whatever exalts it, intensifies it, approves it, justifies it and makes it triumphant is there called "false."... When theologians, working through the "consciences" of princes (or of peoples—), stretch out their hands for power, there is never any doubt as to the fundamental issue: the will to make an end, the nihilistic will exerts that power...

The Antichrist

10

Among Germans I am immediately understood when I say that theological blood is the ruin of philosophy. The Protestant pastor is the grandfather of German philosophy; Protestantism itself is its peccatum

originale. Definition of Protestantism: hemiplegic paralysis of Christianity—and of reason... . One need only utter the words "Tubingen School" to get an understanding of what German philosophy is at bottom—a very artful form of theology... The Suabians are the best liars in Germany; they lie innocently... . Why all the rejoicing over the appearance of Kant that went through the learned world of Germany, three-fourths of which is made up of the sons of preachers and teachers—why the German conviction still echoing, that with Kant came a change for the better? The theological instinct of German scholars made them see clearly just what had become possible again... . A backstairs leading to the old ideal stood open; the concept of the "true world," the concept of morality as the essence of the world (—the two most vicious errors that ever existed!), were once more, thanks to a subtle and wily scepticism, if not actually demonstrable, then at least no longer refutable... Reason, the prerogative of reason, does not go so far... Out of reality there had been made "appearance"; an absolutely false world, that of being, had been turned into reality... . The success of Kant is merely a theological success; he was, like Luther and Leibnitz, but one more impediment to German integrity, already far from steady.—

The Antichrist

11

A word now against Kant as a moralist. A virtue must be our invention; it must spring out of our personal need and defence. In every other case it is a source of danger. That which does not belong to our life menaces it; a virtue which has its roots in mere respect for the concept of "virtue," as Kant would have it, is pernicious. "Virtue," "duty," "good for its own sake," goodness grounded upon impersonality or a notion of universal validity—these are all chimeras, and in them one finds only an expression of the decay, the last collapse of life, the Chinese spirit of Konigsberg. Quite the contrary is demanded by the most profound laws of self-preservation and of growth: to wit, that every man find his own virtue, his own categorical imperative. A nation goes to pieces when it confounds its duty with the general concept of duty. Nothing works a more complete and penetrating disaster than every "impersonal" duty, every sacrifice before the Moloch of abstraction.—To think that no one has thought of Kant's categorical imperative as dangerous to life!... The

theological instinct alone took it under protection !—An action prompted by the life-instinct proves that it is a right action by the amount of pleasure that goes with it: and yet that Nihilist, with his bowels of Christian dogmatism, regarded pleasure as an objection ... What destroys a man more quickly than to work, think and feel without inner necessity, without any deep personal desire, without pleasure—as a mere automaton of duty? That is the recipe for decadence, and no less for idiocy... Kant became an idiot.—And such a man was the contemporary of Goethe! This calamitous spinner of cobwebs passed for the German philosopher—still passes today! ... I forbid myself to say what I think of the Germans... . Didn't Kant see in the French Revolution the transformation of the state from the inorganic form to the organic? Didn't he ask himself if there was a single event that could be explained save on the assumption of a moral faculty in man, so that on the basis of it, "the tendency of mankind toward the good" could be explained, once and for all time? Kant's answer: "That is revolution." Instinct at fault in everything and anything, instinct as a revolt against nature, German decadence as a philosophy—that is Kant!——

The Antichrist

12

I put aside a few sceptics, the types of decency in the history of philosophy: the rest haven't the slightest conception of intellectual integrity. They behave like women, all these great enthusiasts and prodigies—they regard "beautiful feelings" as arguments, the "heaving breast" as the bellows of divine inspiration, conviction as the criterion of truth. In the end, with "German" innocence, Kant tried to give a scientific flavour to this form of corruption, this dearth of intellectual conscience, by calling it "practical reason." He deliberately invented a variety of reasons for use on occasions when it was desirable not to trouble with reason—that is, when morality, when the sublime command "thou shalt," was heard. When one recalls the fact that, among all peoples, the philosopher is no more than a development from the old type of priest, this inheritance from the priest, this fraud upon self, ceases to be remarkable. When a man feels that he has a divine mission, say to lift up, to save or to liberate mankind—when a man feels the divine spark in his heart and believes that he is the mouthpiece of supernatural imperatives—when such a

mission in. flames him, it is only natural that he should stand beyond all merely reasonable standards of judgment. He feels that he is himself sanctified by this mission, that he is himself a type of a higher order! ... What has a priest to do with philosophy! He stands far above it!—And until now the priest has ruled!—He has determined the meaning of "true" and "not true"!

The Antichrist

13

Let us not under-estimate this fact: that we ourselves, we free spirits, are already a "transvaluation of all values," a visualized declaration of war and victory against all the old concepts of "true" and "not true." The most valuable intuitions are the last to be attained; the most valuable of all are those which determine methods. All the methods, all the principles of the scientific spirit of today, were the targets for thousands of years of the most profound contempt; if a man inclined to them he was excluded from the society of "decent" people—he passed as "an enemy of God," as a scoffer at the truth, as one "possessed." As a man of science, he belonged to the Chandala²... We have had the whole pathetic stupidity of mankind against us—their every notion of what the truth ought to be, of what the service of the truth ought to be—their every "thou shalt" was launched against us... . Our objectives, our methods, our quiet, cautious, distrustful manner—all appeared to them as absolutely discreditable and contemptible.—Looking back, one may almost ask one's self with reason if it was not actually an aesthetic sense that kept men blind so long: what they demanded of the truth was picturesque effectiveness, and of the learned a strong appeal to their senses. It was our modesty that stood out longest against their taste... How well they guessed that, these turkey-cocks of God!

The Antichrist

14

We have unlearned something. We have become more modest in every way. We no longer derive man from the "spirit," from the "god-head"; we

have dropped him back among the beasts. We regard him as the strongest of the beasts because he is the craftiest; one of the results thereof is his intellectuality. On the other hand, we guard ourselves against a conceit which would assert itself even here: that man is the great second thought in the process of organic evolution. He is, in truth, anything but the crown of creation: beside him stand many other animals, all at similar stages of development... And even when we say that we say a bit too much, for man, relatively speaking, is the most botched of all the animals and the sickliest, and he has wandered the most dangerously from his instincts—though for all that, to be sure, he remains the most interesting!—As regards the lower animals, it was Descartes who first had the really admirable daring to describe them as *machina*; the whole of our physiology is directed toward proving the truth of this doctrine. Moreover, it is illogical to set man apart, as Descartes did: what we know of man today is limited precisely by the extent to which we have regarded him, too, as a machine. Formerly we accorded to man, as his inheritance from some higher order of beings, what was called "free will"; now we have taken even this will from him, for the term no longer describes anything that we can understand. The old word "will" now connotes only a sort of result, an individual reaction, that follows inevitably upon a series of partly discordant and partly harmonious stimuli—the will no longer "acts," or "moves." ... Formerly it was thought that man's consciousness, his "spirit," offered evidence of his high origin, his divinity. That he might be perfected, he was advised, tortoise-like, to draw his senses in, to have no traffic with earthly things, to shuffle off his mortal coil—then only the important part of him, the "pure spirit," would remain. Here again we have thought out the thing better: to us consciousness, or "the spirit," appears as a symptom of a relative imperfection of the organism, as an experiment, a groping, a misunderstanding, as an affliction which uses up nervous force unnecessarily—we deny that anything can be done perfectly so long as it is done consciously. The "pure spirit" is a piece of pure stupidity: take away the nervous system and the senses, the so-called "mortal shell," and the rest is miscalculation—that is all!...

The Antichrist

Under Christianity neither morality nor religion has any point of contact with actuality. It offers purely imaginary causes ("God" "soul," "ego," "spirit," "free will"—or even "unfree"), and purely imaginary effects ("sin" "salvation" "grace," "punishment," "forgiveness of sins"). Intercourse between imaginary beings ("God," "spirits," "souls"); an imaginary natural history (anthropocentric; a total denial of the concept of natural causes); an imaginary psychology (misunderstandings of self, misinterpretations of agreeable or disagreeable general feelings—for example, of the states of the nervous sympathicus with the help of the sign-language of religio-ethical balderdash—, "repentance," "pangs of conscience," "temptation by the devil," "the presence of God"); an imaginary teleology (the "kingdom of God," "the last judgment," "eternal life").—This purely fictitious world, greatly to its disadvantage, is to be differentiated from the world of dreams; the latter at least reflects reality, whereas the former falsifies it, cheapens it and denies it. Once the concept of "nature" had been opposed to the concept of "God," the word "natural" necessarily took on the meaning of "abominable"—the whole of that fictitious world has its sources in hatred of the natural (—the real!—), and is no more than evidence of a profound uneasiness in the presence of reality... . This explains everything. Who alone has any reason for living his way out of reality? The man who suffers under it. But to suffer from reality one must be a botched reality... . The preponderance of pains over pleasures is the cause of this fictitious morality and religion: but such a preponderance also supplies the formula for decadence...

The Antichrist

16

A criticism of the Christian concept of God leads inevitably to the same conclusion.—A nation that still believes in itself holds fast to its own god. In him it does honour to the conditions which enable it to survive, to its virtues—it projects its joy in itself, its feeling of power, into a being to whom one may offer thanks. He who is rich will give of his riches; a proud people need a god to whom they can make sacrifices... Religion, within these limits, is a form of gratitude. A man is grateful for his own existence: to that end he needs a god.—Such a god must be able to work both benefits and injuries; he must be able to play either friend or foe—he is wondered at for the good he does as well as for the evil he

does. But the castration, against all nature, of such a god, making him a god of goodness alone, would be contrary to human inclination. Mankind has just as much need for an evil god as for a good god; it doesn't have to thank mere tolerance and humanitarianism for its own existence... . What would be the value of a god who knew nothing of anger, revenge, envy, scorn, cunning, violence? who had perhaps never experienced the rapturous ardeurs of victory and of destruction? No one would understand such a god: why should anyone want him?—True enough, when a nation is on the downward path, when it feels its belief in its own future, its hope of freedom slipping from it, when it begins to see submission as a first necessity and the virtues of submission as measures of self-preservation, then it must overhaul its god. He then becomes a hypocrite, timorous and demure; he counsels "peace of soul," hate-no-more, leniency, "love" of friend and foe. He moralizes endlessly; he creeps into every private virtue; he becomes the god of every man; he becomes a private citizen, a cosmopolitan... Formerly he represented a people, the strength of a people, everything aggressive and thirsty for power in the soul of a people; now he is simply the good god... The truth is that there is no other alternative for gods: either they are the will to power—in which case they are national gods—or incapacity for power—in which case they have to be good.

The Antichrist

17

Wherever the will to power begins to decline, in whatever form, there is always an accompanying decline physiologically, a decadence. The divinity of this decadence, shorn of its masculine virtues and passions, is converted perforce into a god of the physiologically degraded, of the weak. Of course, they do not call themselves the weak; they call themselves "the good." ... No hint is needed to indicate the moments in history at which the dualistic fiction of a good and an evil god first became possible. The same instinct which prompts the inferior to reduce their own god to "goodness-in-itself" also prompts them to eliminate all good qualities from the god of their superiors; they make revenge on their masters by making a devil of the latter's god.—The good god, and the devil like him—both are abortions of decadence.—How can we be so tolerant of the naïveté of Christian theologians as to join in their doctrine

that the evolution of the concept of god from "the god of Israel," the god of a people, to the Christian god, the essence of all goodness, is to be described as progress?—But even Renan does this. As if Renan had a right to be naïve! The contrary actually stares one in the face. When everything necessary to ascending life; when all that is strong, courageous, masterful and proud has been eliminated from the concept of a god; when he has sunk step by step to the level of a staff for the weary, a sheet-anchor for the drowning; when he becomes the poor man's god, the sinner's god, the invalid's god par excellence, and the attribute of "saviour" or "redeemer" remains as the one essential attribute of divinity—just what is the significance of such a metamorphosis? what does such a reduction of the godhead imply?—To be sure, the "kingdom of God" has thus grown larger. Formerly he had only his own people, his "chosen" people. But since then he has gone wandering, like his people themselves, into foreign parts; he has given up settling down quietly anywhere; finally he has come to feel at home everywhere, and is the great cosmopolitan—until now he has the "great majority" on his side, and half the earth. But this god of the "great majority," this democrat among gods, has not become a proud heathen god: on the contrary, he remains a Jew, he remains a god in a corner, a god of all the dark nooks and crevices, of all the noisesome quarters of the world! . . . His earthly kingdom, now as always, is a kingdom of the underworld, a souterrain kingdom, a ghetto kingdom... And he himself is so pale, so weak, so decadent... Even the palest of the pale are able to master him—messieurs the metaphysicians, those albinos of the intellect. They spun their webs around him for so long that finally he was hypnotized, and began to spin himself, and became another metaphysician. Thereafter he resumed once more his old business of spinning the world out of his inmost being sub specie Spinozae; thereafter he became ever thinner and paler—became the "ideal," became "pure spirit," became "the absolute," became "the thing-in-itself." ... The collapse of a god: he became a "thing-in-itself."

The Antichrist

18

The Christian concept of a god—the god as the patron of the sick, the god as a spinner of cobwebs, the god as a spirit—is one of the most

corrupt concepts that has ever been set up in the world: it probably touches low-water mark in the ebbing evolution of the god-type. God degenerated into the contradiction of life. Instead of being its transfiguration and eternal Yea! In him war is declared on life, on nature, on the will to live! God becomes the formula for every slander upon the "here and now," and for every lie about the "beyond"! In him nothingness is deified, and the will to nothingness is made holy! ...

The Antichrist

19

The fact that the strong races of northern Europe did not repudiate this Christian god does little credit to their gift for religion—and not much more to their taste. They ought to have been able to make an end of such a moribund and worn-out product of the decadence. A curse lies upon them because they were not equal to it; they made illness, decrepitude and contradiction a part of their instincts—and since then they have not managed to create any more gods. Two thousand years have come and gone—and not a single new god! Instead, there still exists, and as if by some intrinsic right,—as if he were the ultimatum and maximum of the power to create gods, of the creator spiritus in mankind—this pitiful god of Christian monotono-theism! This hybrid image of decay, conjured up out of emptiness, contradiction and vain imagining, in which all the instincts of decadence, all the cowardices and wearinesses of the soul find their sanction!—

The Antichrist

20

In my condemnation of Christianity I surely hope I do no injustice to a related religion with an even larger number of believers: I allude to Buddhism. Both are to be reckoned among the nihilistic religions—they are both decadence religions—but they are separated from each other in a very remarkable way. For the fact that he is able to compare them at all the critic of Christianity is indebted to the scholars of India.—Buddhism is a hundred times as realistic as Christianity—it is part of its living

heritage that it is able to face problems objectively and coolly; it is the product of long centuries of philosophical speculation. The concept, "god," was already disposed of before it appeared. Buddhism is the only genuinely positive religion to be encountered in history, and this applies even to its epistemology (which is a strict phenomenism) —It does not speak of a "struggle with sin," but, yielding to reality, of the "struggle with suffering." Sharply differentiating itself from Christianity, it puts the self-deception that lies in moral concepts behind it; it is, in my phrase, beyond good and evil.—The two physiological facts upon which it grounds itself and upon which it bestows its chief attention are: first, an excessive sensitiveness to sensation, which manifests itself as a refined susceptibility to pain, and secondly, an extraordinary spirituality, a too protracted concern with concepts and logical procedures, under the influence of which the instinct of personality has yielded to a notion of the "impersonal." (—Both of these states will be familiar to a few of my readers, the objectivists, by experience, as they are to me). These physiological states produced a depression, and Buddha tried to combat it by hygienic measures. Against it he prescribed a life in the open, a life of travel; moderation in eating and a careful selection of foods; caution in the use of intoxicants; the same caution in arousing any of the passions that foster a bilious habit and heat the blood; finally, no worry, either on one's own account or on account of others. He encourages ideas that make for either quiet contentment or good cheer—he finds means to combat ideas of other sorts. He understands good, the state of goodness, as something which promotes health. Prayer is not included, and neither is asceticism. There is no categorical imperative nor any disciplines, even within the walls of a monastery (—it is always possible to leave—). These things would have been simply means of increasing the excessive sensitiveness above mentioned. For the same reason he does not advocate any conflict with unbelievers; his teaching is antagonistic to nothing so much as to revenge, aversion, resentment (—"enmity never brings an end to enmity": the moving refrain of all Buddhism...) And in all this he was right, for it is precisely these passions which, in view of his main regiminal purpose, are unhealthful. The mental fatigue that he observes, already plainly displayed in too much "objectivity" (that is, in the individual's loss of interest in himself, in loss of balance and of "egoism"), he combats by strong efforts to lead even the spiritual interests back to the ego. In Buddha's teaching egoism is a duty. The "one thing needful," the question "how can you be delivered from suffering," regulates and determines the whole spiritual diet. (—Perhaps one will

here recall that Athenian who also declared war upon pure "scientificity," to wit, Socrates, who also elevated egoism to the estate of a morality) .

The Antichrist

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The things necessary to Buddhism are a very mild climate, customs of great gentleness and liberality, and no militarism; moreover, it must get its start among the higher and better educated classes. Cheerfulness, quiet and the absence of desire are the chief desiderata, and they are attained. Buddhism is not a religion in which perfection is merely an object of aspiration: perfection is actually normal.—Under Christianity the instincts of the subjugated and the oppressed come to the fore: it is only those who are at the bottom who seek their salvation in it. Here the prevailing pastime, the favourite remedy for boredom is the discussion of sin, self-criticism, the inquisition of conscience; here the emotion produced by power (called "God") is pumped up (by prayer); here the highest good is regarded as unattainable, as a gift, as "grace." Here, too, open dealing is lacking; concealment and the darkened room are Christian. Here body is despised and hygiene is denounced as sensual; the church even ranges itself against cleanliness (—the first Christian order after the banishment of the Moors closed the public baths, of which there were 270 in Cordova alone) . Christian, too; is a certain cruelty toward one's self and toward others; hatred of unbelievers; the will to persecute. Sombre and disquieting ideas are in the foreground; the most esteemed states of mind, bearing the most respectable names are epileptic; the diet is so regulated as to engender morbid symptoms and over-stimulate the nerves. Christian, again, is all deadly enmity to the rulers of the earth, to the "aristocratic"—along with a sort of secret rivalry with them (—one resigns one's "body" to them—one wants only one's "soul" ...). And Christian is all hatred of the intellect, of pride, of courage of freedom, of intellectual libertinage; Christian is all hatred of the senses, of joy in the senses, of joy in general ...

The Antichrist

When Christianity departed from its native soil, that of the lowest orders, the underworld of the ancient world, and began seeking power among barbarian peoples, it no longer had to deal with exhausted men, but with men still inwardly savage and capable of self torture—in brief, strong men, but bungled men. Here, unlike in the case of the Buddhists, the cause of discontent with self, suffering through self, is not merely a general sensitiveness and susceptibility to pain, but, on the contrary, an inordinate thirst for inflicting pain on others, a tendency to obtain subjective satisfaction in hostile deeds and ideas. Christianity had to embrace barbaric concepts and valuations in order to obtain mastery over barbarians: of such sort, for example, are the sacrifices of the first-born, the drinking of blood as a sacrament, the disdain of the intellect and of culture; torture in all its forms, whether bodily or not; the whole pomp of the cult. Buddhism is a religion for peoples in a further state of development, for races that have become kind, gentle and over-spiritualized (—Europe is not yet ripe for it—): it is a summons 'that takes them back to peace and cheerfulness, to a careful rationing of the spirit, to a certain hardening of the body. Christianity aims at mastering beasts of prey; its *modus operandi* is to make them ill—to make feeble is the Christian recipe for taming, for "civilizing." Buddhism is a religion for the closing, over-wearied stages of civilization. Christianity appears before civilization has so much as begun—under certain circumstances it lays the very foundations thereof.

The Antichrist

Buddhism, I repeat, is a hundred times more austere, more honest, more objective. It no longer has to justify its pains, its susceptibility to suffering, by interpreting these things in terms of sin—it simply says, as it simply thinks, "I suffer." To the barbarian, however, suffering in itself is scarcely understandable: what he needs, first of all, is an explanation as to why he suffers. (His mere instinct prompts him to deny his suffering altogether, or to endure it in silence.) Here the word "devil" was a blessing: man had to have an omnipotent and terrible enemy—there was no need to be ashamed of suffering at the hands of such an enemy.

—At the bottom of Christianity there are several subtleties that belong to the Orient. In the first place, it knows that it is of very little consequence whether a thing be true or not, so long as it is believed to be true. Truth and faith: here we have two wholly distinct worlds of ideas, almost two diametrically opposite worlds—the road to the one and the road to the other lie miles apart. To understand that fact thoroughly—this is almost enough, in the Orient, to make one a sage. The Brahmins knew it, Plato knew it, every student of the esoteric knows it. When, for example, a man gets any pleasure out of the notion that he has been saved from sin, it is not necessary for him to be actually sinful, but merely to feel sinful. But when faith is thus exalted above everything else, it necessarily follows that reason, knowledge and patient inquiry have to be discredited: the road to the truth becomes a forbidden road.—Hope, in its stronger forms, is a great deal more powerful stimulants to life than any sort of realized joy can ever be. Man must be sustained in suffering by a hope so high that no conflict with actuality can dash it—so high, indeed, that no fulfillment can satisfy it: a hope reaching out beyond this world. (Precisely because of this power that hope has of making the suffering hold out, the Greeks regarded it as the evil of evils, as the most malign of evils; it remained behind at the source of all evil.)—In order that love may be possible, God must become a person; in order that the lower instincts may take a hand in the matter God must be young. To satisfy the ardor of the woman a beautiful saint must appear on the scene, and to satisfy that of the men there must be a virgin. These things are necessary if Christianity is to assume lordship over a soil on which some aphrodisiacal or Adonis cult has already established a notion as to what a cult ought to be. To insist upon chastity greatly strengthens the vehemence and subjectivity of the religious instinct—it makes the cult warmer, more enthusiastic, more soulful.—Love is the state in which man sees things most decidedly as they are not. The force of illusion reaches its highest here, and so does the capacity for sweetening, for transfiguring. When a man is in love he endures more than at any other time; he submits to anything. The problem was to devise a religion which would allow one to love: by this means the worst that life has to offer is overcome—it is scarcely even noticed.—So much for the three Christian virtues: faith, hope and charity: I call them the three Christian ingenuities.—Buddhism is in too late a stage of development, too full of positivism, to be shrewd in any such way.—

Here I barely touch upon the problem of the origin of Christianity. The first thing necessary to its solution is this: that Christianity is to be understood only by examining the soil from which it sprung—it is not a reaction against Jewish instincts; it is their inevitable product; it is simply one more step in the awe-inspiring logic of the Jews. In the words of the Saviour, "salvation is of the Jews." —The second thing to remember is this: that the psychological type of the Galilean is still to be recognized, but it was only in its most degenerate form (which is at once maimed and overladen with foreign features) that it could serve in the manner in which it has been used: as a type of the Saviour of mankind.

—The Jews are the most remarkable people in the history of the world, for when they were confronted with the question, to be or not to be, they chose, with perfectly unearthly deliberation, to be at any price: this price involved a radical falsification of all nature, of all naturalness, of all reality, of the whole inner world, as well as of the outer. They put themselves against all those conditions under which, until now, a people had been able to live, or had even been permitted to live; out of themselves they evolved an idea which stood in direct opposition to natural conditions—one by one they distorted religion, civilization, morality, history and psychology until each became a contradiction of its natural significance. We meet with the same phenomenon later on, in an incalculably exaggerated form, but only as a copy: the Christian church, put beside the "people of God," shows a complete lack of any claim to originality. Precisely for this reason the Jews are the most fateful people in the history of the world: their influence has so falsified the reasoning of mankind in this matter that today the Christian can cherish anti-Semitism without realizing that it is no more than the final consequence of Judaism.

In my "Genealogy of Morals" I give the first psychological explanation of the concepts underlying those two antithetical things, a noble morality and a resentment morality, the second of which is a mere product of the denial of the former. The Judaeo-Christian moral system belongs to the second division, and in every detail. In order to be able to say Nay to

everything representing an ascending evolution of life—that is, to well-being, to power, to beauty, to self-approval—the instincts of resentment, here become downright genius, had to invent another world in which the acceptance of life appeared as the most evil and abominable thing imaginable. Psychologically, the Jews are a people gifted with the very strongest vitality, so much so that when they found themselves facing impossible conditions of life they chose voluntarily, and with a profound talent for self-preservation, the side of all those instincts which make for decadence—not as if mastered by them, but as if detecting in them a power by which "the world" could be defied. The Jews are the very opposite of decadents: they have simply been forced into appearing in that guise, and with a degree of skill approaching the non plus ultra of histrionic genius they have managed to put themselves at the head of all decadent movements (—for example, the Christianity of Paul—), and so make of them something stronger than any party frankly saying Yes to life. To the sort of men who reach out for power under Judaism and Christianity,—that is to say, to the priestly class-decadence is no more than a means to an end. Men of this sort have a vital interest in making mankind sick, and in confusing the values of "good" and "bad," "true" and "false" in a manner that is not only dangerous to life, but also slanders it.

The Antichrist

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The history of Israel is invaluable as a typical history of an attempt to denaturize all natural values: I point to five facts which bear this out. Originally, and above all in the time of the monarchy, Israel maintained the right attitude of things, which is to say, the natural attitude. Its Jahveh was an expression of its consciousness of power, its joy in itself, its hopes for itself: to him the Jews looked for victory and salvation and through him they expected nature to give them whatever was necessary to their existence—above all, rain. Jahveh is the god of Israel, and consequently the god of justice: this is the logic of every race that has power in its hands and a good conscience in the use of it. In the religious ceremonial of the Jews both aspects of this self-approval stand revealed. The nation is grateful for the high destiny that has enabled it to obtain dominion; it is grateful for the benign procession of the seasons, and for the good

fortune attending its herds and its crops.—This view of things remained an ideal for a long while, even after it had been robbed of validity by tragic blows: anarchy within and the Assyrian without. But the people still retained, as a projection of their highest yearnings, that vision of a king who was at once a gallant warrior and an upright judge—a vision best visualized in the typical prophet (i.e., critic and satirist of the moment), Isaiah. —But every hope remained unfulfilled. The old god no longer could do what he used to do. He ought to have been abandoned. But what actually happened? simply this: the conception of him was changed—the conception of him was denaturized; this was the price that had to be paid for keeping him.—Jahveh, the god of "justice"—he is in accord with Israel no more, he no longer visualizes the national egoism; he is now a god only conditionally... The public notion of this god now becomes merely a weapon in the hands of clerical agitators, who interpret all happiness as a reward and all unhappiness as a punishment for obedience or disobedience to him, for "sin": that most fraudulent of all imaginable interpretations, whereby a "moral order of the world" is set up, and the fundamental concepts, "cause" and "effect," are stood on their heads. Once natural causation has been swept out of the world by doctrines of reward and punishment some sort of unnatural causation becomes necessary: and all other varieties of the denial of nature follow it. A god who demands—in place of a god who helps, who gives counsel, who is at bottom merely a name for every happy inspiration of courage and self-reliance... Morality is no longer a reflection of the conditions which make for the sound life and development of the people; it is no longer the primary life-instinct; instead it has become abstract and in opposition to life—a fundamental perversion of the fancy, an "evil eye" on all things. What is Jewish, what is Christian morality? Chance robbed of its innocence; unhappiness polluted with the idea of "sin"; well-being represented as a danger, as a "temptation"; a physiological disorder produced by the canker worm of conscience...

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The concept of god falsified; the concept of morality falsified ;—but even here Jewish priest craft did not stop. The whole history of Israel ceased to be of any value: out with it!—These priests accomplished that miracle of

falsification of which a great part of the Bible is the documentary evidence; with a degree of contempt unparalleled, and in the face of all tradition and all historical reality, they translated the past of their people into religious terms, which is to say, they converted it into an idiotic mechanism of salvation, whereby all offences against Jahveh were punished and all devotion to him was rewarded. We would regard this act of historical falsification as something far more shameful if familiarity with the ecclesiastical interpretation of history for thousands of years had not blunted our inclinations for uprightness in historicism. And the philosophers support the church: the lie about a "moral order of the world" runs through the whole of philosophy, even the newest. What is the meaning of a "moral order of the world"? That there is a thing called the will of God which, once and for all time, determines what man ought to do and what he ought not to do; that the worth of a people, or of an individual thereof, is to be measured by the extent to which they or he obey this will of God; that the destinies of a people or of an individual are controlled by this will of God, which rewards or punishes according to the degree of obedience manifested.—In place of all that pitiable lie reality has this to say: the priest, a parasitical variety of man who can exist only at the cost of every sound view of life, takes the name of God in vain: he calls that state of human society in which he himself determines the value of all things "the kingdom of God"; he calls the means whereby that state of affairs is attained "the will of God"; with cold-blooded cynicism he estimates all peoples, all ages and all individuals by the extent of their subservience or opposition to the power of the priestly order. One observes him at work: under the hand of the Jewish priesthood the great age of Israel became an age of decline; the Exile, with its long series of misfortunes, was transformed into a punishment for that great age—during which priests had not yet come into existence. Out of the powerful and wholly free heroes of Israel's history they fashioned, according to their changing needs, either wretched bigots and hypocrites or men entirely "godless." They reduced every great event to the idiotic formula: "obedient or disobedient to God."—They went a step further: the "will of God" (in other words some means necessary for preserving the power of the priests) had to be determined—and to this end they had to have a "revelation." In plain English, a gigantic literary fraud had to be perpetrated, and "holy scriptures" had to be concocted—and so, with the utmost hierarchical pomp, and days of penance and much lamentation over the long days of "sin" now ended, they were duly published. The "will of God," it appears, had long stood like a rock; the trouble was that

mankind had neglected the "holy scriptures"... But the "will of God" had already been revealed to Moses... . What happened? Simply this: the priest had formulated, once and for all time and with the strictest meticulousness, what tithes were to be paid to him, from the largest to the smallest (—not forgetting the most appetizing cuts of meat, for the priest is a great consumer of beefsteaks); in brief, he let it be known just what he wanted, what "the will of God" was... . From this time forward things were so arranged that the priest became indispensable everywhere; at all the great natural events of life, at birth, at marriage, in sickness, at death, not to say at the "sacrifice" (that is, at meal-times), the holy parasite put in his appearance, and proceeded to denaturize it—in his own phrase, to "sanctify" it... . For this should be noted: that every natural habit, every natural institution (the state, the administration of justice, marriage, the care of the sick and of the poor), everything demanded by the life-instinct, in short, everything that has any value in itself, is reduced to absolute worthlessness and even made the reverse of valuable by the parasitism of priests (or, if you chose, by the "moral order of the world"). The fact requires a sanction—a power to grant values becomes necessary, and the only way it can create such values is by denying nature... . The priest depreciates and desecrates nature: it is only at this price that he can exist at all.—Disobedience to God, which actually means to the priest, to "the law," now gets the name of "sin"; the means prescribed for "reconciliation with God" are, of course, precisely the means which bring one most effectively under the thumb of the priest; he alone can "save". Psychologically considered, "sins" are indispensable to every society organized on an ecclesiastical basis; they are the only reliable weapons of power; the priest lives upon sins; it is necessary to him that there be "sinning"... . Prime axiom: "God forgiveth him that repenteth"—in plain English, him that submitteth to the priest.

The Antichrist

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Christianity sprang from a soil so corrupt that on it everything natural, every natural value, every reality was opposed by the deepest instincts of the ruling class—it grew up as a sort of war to the death upon reality, and as such it has never been surpassed. The "holy people," who had adopted priestly values and priestly names for all things, and who, with a

terrible logical consistency, had rejected everything of the earth as "unholy," "worldly," "sinful"—this people put its instinct into a final formula that was logical to the point of self-annihilation: as Christianity it actually denied even the last form of reality, the "holy people," the "chosen people," Jewish reality itself. The phenomenon is of the first order of importance: the small insurrectionary movement which took the name of Jesus of Nazareth is simply the Jewish instinct once more—in other words, it is the priestly instinct come to such a pass that it can no longer endure the priest as a fact; it is the discovery of a state of existence even more fantastic than any before it, of a vision of life even more unreal than that necessary to an ecclesiastical organization. Christianity actually denies the church...

I am unable to determine what was the target of the insurrection said to have been led (whether rightly or wrongly) by Jesus, if it was not the Jewish church—"church" being here used in exactly the same sense that the word has today. It was an insurrection against the "good and just," against the "prophets of Israel," against the whole hierarchy of society—not against corruption, but against caste, privilege, order, formalism. It was unbelief in "superior men," a Nay flung at everything that priests and theologians stood for. But the hierarchy that was called into question, if only for an instant, by this movement was the structure of piles which, above everything, was necessary to the safety of the Jewish people in the midst of the "waters"—it represented their last possibility of survival; it was the final residuum of their independent political existence; an attack upon it was an attack upon the most profound national instinct, the most powerful national will to live, that has ever appeared on earth. This saintly anarchist, who aroused the people of the abyss, the outcasts and "sinners," the Chandala of Judaism, to rise in revolt against the established order of things—and in language which, if the Gospels are to be credited, would get him sent to Siberia today—this man was certainly a political criminal, at least in so far as it was possible to be one in so absurdly unpolitical a community. This is what brought him to the cross: the proof thereof is to be found in the inscription that was put upon the cross. He died for his own sins—there is not the slightest ground for believing, no matter how often it is asserted, that he died for the sins of others.—

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As to whether he himself was conscious of this contradiction—whether, in fact, this was the only contradiction he was cognizant of—that is quite another question. Here, for the first time, I touch upon the problem of the psychology of the Saviour.—I confess, to begin with, that there are very few books which offer me harder reading than the Gospels. My difficulties are quite different from those which enabled the learned curiosity of the German mind to achieve one of its most unforgettable triumphs. It is a long while since I, like all other young scholars, enjoyed with all the sapient laboriousness of a fastidious philologist the work of the incomparable Strauss.⁵ At that time I was twenty years old: now I am too serious for that sort of thing. What do I care for the contradictions of "tradition"? How can anyone call pious legends "traditions"? The histories of saints present the most dubious variety of literature in existence; to examine them by the scientific method, in the entire absence of corroborative documents, seems to me to condemn the whole inquiry from the start—it is simply learned idling.

The Antichrist

What concerns me is the psychological type of the Saviour. This type might be depicted in the Gospels, in however mutilated a form and however much overladen with extraneous characters—that is, in spite of the Gospels; just as the figure of Francis of Assisi shows itself in his legends in spite of his legends. It is not a question of mere truthful evidence as to what he did, what he said and how he actually died; the question is, whether his type is still conceivable, whether it has been handed down to us.—All the attempts that I know of to read the history of a "soul" in the Gospels seem to me to reveal only a lamentable psychological levity. M. Renan, that mountebank in psychologicus, has contributed the two most unseemly notions to this business of explaining the type of Jesus: the notion of the genius and that of the hero ("heros"). But if there is anything essentially unevangelical, it is surely the concept of the hero. What the Gospels make instinctive is precisely the reverse of all heroic struggle, of all taste for conflict: the very incapacity for resistance

is here converted into something moral: ("resist not evil !"—the most profound sentence in the Gospels, perhaps the true key to them), to wit, the blessedness of peace, of gentleness, the inability to be an enemy. What is the meaning of "glad tidings"?—The true life, the life eternal has been found—it is not merely promised, it is here, it is in you; it is the life that lies in love free from all retreats and exclusions, from all keeping of distances. Everyone is the child of God—Jesus claims nothing for himself alone—as the child of God each man is the equal of every other man... .Imagine making Jesus a hero!—And what a tremendous misunderstanding appears in the word "genius"! Our whole conception of the "spiritual," the whole conception of our civilization, could have had no meaning in the world that Jesus lived in. In the strict sense of the physiologist, a quite different word ought to be used here... . We all know that there is a morbid sensibility of the tactile nerves which causes those suffering from it to recoil from every touch, and from every effort to grasp a solid object. Brought to its logical conclusion, such a physiological habit becomes an instinctive hatred of all reality, a flight into the "intangible," into the "incomprehensible"; a distaste for all formulae, for all conceptions of time and space, for everything established—customs, institutions, the church—; a feeling of being at home in a world in which no sort of reality survives, a merely "inner" world, a "true" world, an "eternal" world... . "The Kingdom of God is within you"... .

The Antichrist

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The instinctive hatred of reality: the consequence of an extreme susceptibility to pain and irritation—so great that merely to be "touched" becomes unendurable, for every sensation is too profound.

The instinctive exclusion of all aversion, all hostility, all bounds and distances in feeling: the consequence of an extreme susceptibility to pain and irritation—so great that it senses all resistance, all compulsion to resistance, as unbearable anguish (—that is to say, as harmful, as prohibited by the instinct of self-preservation), and regards blessedness (joy) as possible only when it is no longer necessary to offer resistance to anybody or anything, however evil or dangerous—love, as the only, as the ultimate possibility of life...

These are the two physiological realities upon and out of which the doctrine of salvation has sprung. I call them a sublime super-development of hedonism upon a thoroughly unsalubrious soil. What stands most closely related to them, though with a large admixture of Greek vitality and nerve-force, is Epicureanism, the theory of salvation of paganism. Epicurus was a typical decadent: I was the first to recognize him.—The fear of pain, even of infinitely slight pain—the end of this can be nothing save a religion of love... .

The Antichrist

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I have already given my answer to the problem. The prerequisite to it is the assumption that the type of the Saviour has reached us only in a greatly distorted form. This distortion is very probable: there are many reasons why a type of that sort should not be handed down in a pure form, complete and free of additions. The milieu in which this strange figure moved must have left marks upon him, and more must have been imprinted by the history, the destiny, of the early Christian communities; the latter indeed, must have embellished the type retrospectively with characters which can be understood only as serving the purposes of war and of propaganda. That strange and sickly world into which the Gospels lead us—a world apparently out of a Russian novel, in which the scum of society, nervous maladies and "childish" idiocy keep a tryst—must, in any case, have coarsened the type: the first disciples, in particular, must have been forced to translate an existence visible only in symbols and incomprehensibilities into their own crudity, in order to understand it at all—in their sight the type could take on reality only after it had been recast in a familiar mould... . The prophet, the messiah, the future judge, the teacher of morals, the worker of wonders, John the Baptist—all these merely presented chances to misunderstand it Finally, let us not underrate the proprium of all great, and especially all sectarian veneration: it tends to erase from the venerated objects all its original traits and idiosyncrasies, often so painfully strange—it does not even see them. It is greatly to be regretted that no Dostoyevsky lived in the neighbourhood of this most interesting decadent—I mean someone who would have felt the poignant charm of such a compound of the

sublime, the morbid and the childish. In the last analysis, the type, as a type of the decadence, may actually have been peculiarly complex and contradictory: such a possibility is not to be lost sight of. Nevertheless, the probabilities seem to be against it, for in that case tradition would have been particularly accurate and objective, whereas we have reasons for assuming the contrary. Meanwhile, there is a contradiction between the peaceful preacher of the mount, the sea-shore and the fields, who appears like a new Buddha on a soil very unlike India's, and the aggressive fanatic, the mortal enemy of theologians and ecclesiastics, who stands glorified by Renan's malice as "le grand maitre en ironie." I myself haven't any doubt that the greater part of this venom (and no less of esprit) got itself into the concept of the Master only as a result of the excited nature of Christian propaganda: we all know the unscrupulousness of sectarians when they set out to turn their leader into an apologia for themselves. When the early Christians had need of an adroit, contentious, pugnacious and maliciously subtle theologian to tackle other theologians, they created a "god" that met that need, just as they put into his mouth without hesitation certain ideas that were necessary to them but that were utterly at odds with the Gospels—"the second coming," "the last judgment," all sorts of expectations and promises, current at the time.—

The Antichrist

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I can only repeat that I set myself against all efforts to intrude the fanatic into the figure of the Saviour: the very word *imperieux*, used by Renan, is alone enough to annul the type. What the "glad tidings" tell us is simply that there are no more contradictions; the kingdom of heaven belongs to children; the faith that is voiced here is no more an embattled faith—it is at hand, it has been from the beginning, it is a sort of recrudescence of childishness of the spirit. The physiologists, at all events, are familiar with such a delayed and incomplete puberty in the living organism, the result of degeneration. A faith of this sort is not furious, it does not denounce, it does not defend itself: it does not come with "the sword"—it does not realize how it will one day set man against man. It does not manifest itself either by miracles, or by rewards and promises, or by "scriptures": it is itself, first and last, its own miracle, its own

reward, its own promise, its own "kingdom of God." This faith does not formulate itself—it simply lives, and so guards itself against formulae. To be sure, the accident of environment, of educational background gives prominence to concepts of a certain sort: in primitive Christianity one finds only concepts of a Judaeo—Semitic character (—that of eating and drinking at the last supper belongs to this category—an idea which, like everything else Jewish, has been badly mauled by the church). But let us be careful not to see in all this anything more than symbolical language, semantics⁶ an opportunity to speak in parables. It is only on the theory that no work is to be taken literally that this anti-realist is able to speak at all. Set down among Hindus he would have made use of the concepts of Sankhya, and among Chinese he would have employed those of Lao-tse —and in neither case would it have made any difference to him.—With a little freedom in the use of words, one might actually call Jesus a "free spirit" —he cares nothing for what is established: the word killeth, a whatever is established killeth. "The idea of "life" as an experience, as he alone conceives it, stands opposed to his mind to every sort of word, formula, law, belief and dogma. He speaks only of inner things: "life" or "truth" or "light" is his word for the innermost—in his sight everything else, the whole of reality, all nature, even language, has significance only as sign, as allegory. —Here it is of paramount importance to be led into no error by the temptations lying in Christian, or rather ecclesiastical prejudices: such a symbolism par excellence stands outside all religion, all notions of worship, all history, all natural science, all worldly experience, all knowledge, all politics, all psychology, all books, all art—his "wisdom" is precisely a pure ignorance of all such things. He has never heard of culture; he doesn't have to make war on it—he doesn't even deny it... The same thing may be said of the state, of the whole bourgeoisie social order, of labour, of war—he has no ground for denying" the world," for he knows nothing of the ecclesiastical concept of "the world" ... Denial is precisely the thing that is impossible to him.—In the same way he lacks argumentative capacity, and has no belief that an article of faith, a "truth," may be established by proofs (—his proofs are inner "lights," subjective sensations of happiness and self-approval, simple "proofs of power"—). Such a doctrine cannot contradict: it doesn't know that other doctrines exist, or can exist, and is wholly incapable of imagining anything opposed to it... If anything of the sort is ever encountered, it laments the "blindness" with sincere sympathy—for it alone has "light"—but it does not offer objections ...

In the whole psychology of the "Gospels" the concepts of guilt and punishment are lacking, and so is that of reward. "Sin," which means anything that puts a distance between God and man, is abolished—this is precisely the "glad tidings." Eternal bliss is not merely promised, nor is it bound up with conditions: it is conceived as the only reality—what remains consists merely of signs useful in speaking of it.

The results of such a point of view project themselves into a new way of life, the special evangelical way of life. It is not a "belief" that marks off the Christian; he is distinguished by a different mode of action; he acts differently. He offers no resistance, either by word or in his heart, to those who stand against him. He draws no distinction between strangers and countrymen, Jews and Gentiles ("neighbour," of course, means fellow-believer, Jew). He is angry with no one, and he despises no one. He neither appeals to the courts of justice nor heeds their mandates ("Swear not at all"). He never under any circumstances divorces his wife, even when he has proofs of her infidelity.—And under all of this is one principle; all of it arises from one instinct.—

The life of the Saviour was simply a carrying out of this way of life—and so was his death... He no longer needed any formula or ritual in his relations with God—not even prayer. He had rejected the whole of the Jewish doctrine of repentance and atonement; he knew that it was only by a way of life that one could feel one's self "divine," "blessed," "evangelical," a "child of God." Not by "repentance," not by "prayer and forgiveness" is the way to God: only the Gospel way leads to God—it is itself "God!"—What the Gospels abolished was the Judaism in the concepts of "sin," "forgiveness of sin," "faith," "salvation through faith"—the whole ecclesiastical dogma of the Jews was denied by the "glad tidings."

The deep instinct which prompts the Christian how to live so that he will feel that he is "in heaven" and is "immortal," despite many reasons for feeling that he is not "in heaven": this is the only psychological reality in "salvation."—A new way of life, not a new faith.

If I understand anything at all about this great symbolist, it is this: that he regarded only subjective realities as realities, as "truths"—that he saw everything else, everything natural, temporal, spatial and historical, merely as signs, as materials for parables. The concept of "the Son of God" does not connote a concrete person in history, an isolated and definite individual, but an "eternal" fact, a psychological symbol set free from the concept of time. The same thing is true, and in the highest sense, of the God of this typical symbolist, of the "kingdom of God," and of the "sonship of God." Nothing could be more un-Christian than the crude ecclesiastical notions of God as a person, of a "kingdom of God" that is to come, of a "kingdom of heaven" beyond, and of a "son of God" as the second person of the Trinity. All this—if I may be forgiven the phrase—is like thrusting one's fist into the eye (and what an eye!) of the Gospels: a disrespect for symbols amounting to world-historical cynicism... But it is nevertheless obvious enough what is meant by the symbols "Father" and "Son"—not, of course, to every one—: the word "Son" expresses entrance into the feeling that there is a general transformation of all things (beatitude), and "Father" expresses that feeling itself—the sensation of eternity and of perfection.—I am ashamed to remind you of what the church has made of this symbolism: has it not set an Amphitryon story at the threshold of the Christian "faith"? And a dogma of "immaculate conception" for good measure? . . . —And thereby it has robbed conception of its immaculateness—

The "kingdom of heaven" is a state of the heart—not something to come "beyond the world" or "after death." The whole idea of natural death is absent from the Gospels: death is not a bridge, not a passing; it is absent because it belongs to a quite different, a merely apparent world, useful only as a symbol. The "hour of death" is not a Christian idea—"hours," time, the physical life and its crises have no existence for the bearer of "glad tidings." ...

The "kingdom of God" is not something that men wait for: it had no yesterday and no day after tomorrow, it is not going to come at a "millennium"—it is an experience of the heart, it is everywhere and it is

nowhere... .

The Antichrist

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This "bearer of glad tidings" died as he lived and taught—not to "save mankind," but to show mankind how to live. It was a way of life that he bequeathed to man: his demeanour before the judges, before the officers, before his accusers—his demeanour on the cross. He does not resist; he does not defend his rights; he makes no effort to ward off the most extreme penalty—more, he invites it... And he prays, suffers and loves with those, in those, who do him evil ... Not to defend one's self, not to show anger, not to lay blames... On the contrary, to submit even to the Evil One—to love him... .

The Antichrist

36

—We free spirits—we are the first to have the necessary prerequisite to understanding what nineteen centuries have misunderstood—that instinct and passion for integrity which makes war upon the "holy lie" even more than upon all other lies... Mankind was unspeakably far from our benevolent and cautious neutrality, from that discipline of the spirit which alone makes possible the solution of such strange and subtle things: what men always sought, with shameless egoism, was their own advantage therein; they created the church out of denial of the Gospels...

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Whoever sought for signs of an ironical divinity's hand in the great drama of existence would find no small indication thereof in the stupendous question-mark that is called Christianity. That mankind should be on its knees before the very antithesis of what was the origin, the meaning and the law of the Gospels—that in the concept of the "church" the very things should be pronounced holy that the "bearer of glad tidings" regards as beneath him and behind him—it would be impossible to surpass this as a grand example of world-historical irony—

The Antichrist

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—Our age is proud of its historical sense: how, then, could it delude itself into believing that the crude fable of the wonder-worker and Saviour constituted the beginnings of Christianity—and that everything spiritual and symbolical in it only came later? Quite to the contrary, the whole history of Christianity—from the death on the cross onward—is the history of a progressively clumsier misunderstanding of an original symbolism. With every extension of Christianity among larger and ruder masses, even less capable of grasping the principles that gave birth to it, the need arose to make it more and more vulgar and barbarous—it absorbed the teachings and rites of all the subterranean cults of the imperium Romanum, and the absurdities engendered by all sorts of sickly reasoning. It was the fate of Christianity that its faith had to become as sickly, as low and as vulgar as the needs were sickly, low and vulgar to which it had to administer. A sickly barbarism finally lifts itself to power as the church—the church, that incarnation of deadly hostility to all honesty, to all loftiness of soul, to all discipline of the spirit, to all spontaneous and kindly humanity.—Christian values—noble values: it is only we, we free spirits, who have re-established this greatest of all antitheses in values!... .

The Antichrist

38

—I cannot, at this place, avoid a sigh. There are days when I am visited by a feeling blacker than the blackest melancholy—contempt of man. Let me leave no doubt as to what I despise, whom I despise: it is the man of today, the man with whom I am unhappily contemporaneous. The man of today—I am suffocated by his foul breath! ... Toward the past, like all who understand, I am full of tolerance, which is to say, generous self-control: with gloomy caution I pass through whole millenniums of this mad house of a world, call it "Christianity," "Christian faith" or the "Christian church," as you will—I take care not to hold mankind

responsible for its lunacies. But my feeling changes and breaks out irresistibly the moment I enter modern times, our times. Our age knows better... What was formerly merely sickly now becomes indecent—it is indecent to be a Christian today. And here my disgust begins.—I look about me: not a word survives of what was once called "truth"; we can no longer bear to hear a priest pronounce the word. Even a man who makes the most modest pretensions to integrity must know that a theologian, a priest, a pope of today not only errs when he speaks, but actually lies—and that he no longer escapes blame for his lie through "innocence" or "ignorance." The priest knows, as everyone knows, that there is no longer any "God," or any "sinner," or any "Saviour"—that "free will" and the "moral order of the world" are lies—: serious reflection, the profound self-conquest of the spirit, allow no man to pretend that he does not know it... All the ideas of the church are now recognized for what they are—as the worst counterfeits in existence, invented to debase nature and all natural values; the priest himself is seen as he actually is—as the most dangerous form of parasite, as the venomous spider of creation. . - - We know, our conscience now knows—just what the real value of all those sinister inventions of priest and church has been and what ends they have served, with their debasement of humanity to a state of self-pollution, the very sight of which excites loathing,—the concepts "the other world," "the last judgment," "the immortality of the soul," the "soul" itself: they are all merely so many instruments of torture, systems of cruelty, whereby the priest becomes master and remains master... Every one knows this, but nevertheless things remain as before. What has become of the last trace of decent feeling, of self-respect, when our statesmen, otherwise an unconventional class of men and thoroughly anti-Christian in their acts, now call themselves Christians and go to the communion table? ... A prince at the head of his armies, magnificent as the expression of the egoism and arrogance of his people—and yet acknowledging, without any shame, that he is a Christian! ... Whom, then, does Christianity deny? what does it call "the world"? To be a soldier, to be a judge, to be a patriot; to defend one's self; to be careful of one's honour; to desire one's own advantage; to be proud ... every act of everyday, every instinct, every valuation that shows itself in a deed, is now anti-Christian: what a monster of falsehood the modern man must be to call himself nevertheless, and without shame, a Christian!—

The Antichrist

—I shall go back a bit, and tell you the authentic history of Christianity.—The very word "Christianity" is a misunderstanding—at bottom there was only one Christian, and he died on the cross. The "Gospels" died on the cross. What, from that moment onward, was called the "Gospels" was the very reverse of what he had lived: "bad tidings," a *Dysangelium*.¹⁴ It is an error amounting to nonsensicality to see in "faith," and particularly in faith in salvation through Christ, the distinguishing mark of the Christian: only the Christian way of life, the life lived by him who died on the cross, is Christian... To this day such a life is still possible, and for certain men even necessary: genuine, primitive Christianity will remain possible in all ages... . Not faith, but acts; above all, an avoidance of acts, a different state of being... . States of consciousness, faith of a sort, the acceptance, for example, of anything as true—as every psychologist knows, the value of these things is perfectly indifferent and fifth-rate compared to that of the instincts: strictly speaking, the whole concept of intellectual causality is false. To reduce being a Christian, the state of Christianity, to an acceptance of truth, to a mere phenomenon of consciousness, is to formulate the negation of Christianity. In fact, there are no Christians. The "Christian"—he who for two thousand years has passed as a Christian—is simply a psychological self-delusion. Closely examined, it appears that, despite all his "faith," he has been ruled only by his instincts—and what instincts!—In all ages—for example, in the case of Luther—"faith" has been no more than a cloak, a pretense, a curtain behind which the instincts have played their game—a shrewd blindness to the domination of certain of the instincts ... I have already called "faith" the specially Christian form of shrewdness—people always talk of their "faith" and act according to their instincts... In the world of ideas of the Christian there is nothing that so much as touches reality: on the contrary, one recognizes an instinctive hatred of reality as the motive power, the only motive power at the bottom of Christianity. What follows from that? That even here, in psychologicis, there is a radical error, which is to say one conditioning fundamentals, which is to say, one in substance. Take away one idea and put a genuine reality in its place—and the whole of Christianity crumbles to nothingness!—Viewed calmly, this strangest of all phenomena, a religion not only depending on errors, but inventive and ingenious only in devising injurious errors, poisonous to life and to the heart—this remains a spectacle for the

gods—for those gods who are also philosophers, and whom I have encountered, for example, in the celebrated dialogues at Naxos. At the moment when their disgust leaves them (—and us!) they will be thankful for the spectacle afforded by the Christians: perhaps because of this curious exhibition alone the wretched little planet called the earth deserves a glance from omnipotence, a show of divine interest... . Therefore, let us not underestimate the Christians: the Christian, false to the point of innocence, is far above the ape—in its application to the Christians a well-known theory of descent becomes a mere piece of politeness... .

The Antichrist

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—The fate of the Gospels was decided by death—it hung on the "cross."... It was only death, that unexpected and shameful death; it was only the cross, which was usually reserved for the canaille only—it was only this appalling paradox which brought the disciples face to face with the real riddle: "Who was it? what was it?"—The feeling of dismay, of profound affront and injury; the suspicion that such a death might involve a refutation of their cause; the terrible question, "Why just in this way?"—this state of mind is only too easy to understand. Here everything must be accounted for as necessary; everything must have a meaning, a reason, the highest sort of reason; the love of a disciple excludes all chance. Only then did the chasm of doubt yawn: "Who put him to death? who was his natural enemy?"—this question flashed like a lightning-stroke. Answer: dominant Judaism, its ruling class. From that moment, one found one's self in revolt against the established order, and began to understand Jesus as in revolt against the established order. Until then this militant, this nay-saying, nay-doing element in his character had been lacking; what is more, he had appeared to present its opposite. Obviously, the little community had not understood what was precisely the most important thing of all: the example offered by this way of dying, the freedom from and superiority to every feeling of resentment—a plain indication of how little he was understood at all! All that Jesus could hope to accomplish by his death, in itself, was to offer the strongest possible proof, or example, of his teachings in the most public manner. But his disciples were very far from forgiving his death—though to have done so would have accorded with the Gospels

in the highest degree; and neither were they prepared to offer themselves, with gentle and serene calmness of heart, for a similar death... . On the contrary, it was precisely the most unevangelical of feelings, revenge, that now possessed them. It seemed impossible that the cause should perish with his death: "recompense" and "judgment" became necessary (—yet what could be less evangelical than "recompense," "punishment," and "sitting in judgment"!) —Once more the popular belief in the coming of a messiah appeared in the foreground; attention was riveted upon an historical moment: the "kingdom of God" is to come, with judgment upon his enemies... But in all this there was a wholesale misunderstanding: imagine the "kingdom of God" as a last act, as a mere promise! The Gospels had been, in fact, the incarnation, the fulfillment, the realization of this "kingdom of God." It was only now that all the familiar contempt for and bitterness against Pharisees and theologians began to appear in the character of the Master was thereby turned into a Pharisee and theologian himself! On the other hand, the savage veneration of these completely unbalanced souls could no longer endure the Gospel doctrine, taught by Jesus, of the equal right of all men to be children of God: their revenge took the form of elevating Jesus in an extravagant fashion, and thus separating him from themselves: just as, in earlier times, the Jews, to revenge themselves upon their enemies, separated themselves from their God, and placed him on a great height. The One God and the Only Son of God: both were products of resentment ...

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The Antichrist

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—And from that time onward an absurd problem offered itself: "how could God allow it!" To which the deranged reason of the little community formulated an answer that was terrifying in its absurdity: God gave his son as a sacrifice for the forgiveness of sins. At once there was an end of the gospels! Sacrifice for sin, and in its most obnoxious and barbarous form: sacrifice of the innocent for the sins of the guilty! What appalling paganism!—Jesus himself had done away with the very concept of "guilt," he denied that there was any gulf fixed between God and man; he lived this unity between God and man, and that was precisely his "glad tidings"... And not as a mere privilege!—From this time

forward the type of the Saviour was corrupted, bit by bit, by the doctrine of judgment and of the second coming, the doctrine of death as a sacrifice, the doctrine of the resurrection, by means of which the entire concept of "blessedness," the whole and only reality of the gospels, is juggled away—in favour of a state of existence after death! ... St. Paul, with that rabbinical impudence which shows itself in all his doings, gave a logical quality to that conception, that indecent conception, in this way: "If Christ did not rise from the dead, then all our faith is in vain!"—And at once there sprang from the Gospels the most contemptible of all unfulfillable promises, the shameless doctrine of personal immortality... Paul even preached it as a reward ...

The Antichrist

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One now begins to see just what it was that came to an end with the death on the cross: a new and thoroughly original effort to found a Buddhistic peace movement, and so establish happiness on earth—real, not merely promised. For this remains—as I have already pointed out—the essential difference between the two religions of decadence: Buddhism promises nothing, but actually fulfills; Christianity promises everything, but fulfills nothing.—Hard upon the heels of the "glad tidings" came the worst imaginable: those of Paul. In Paul is incarnated the very opposite of the "bearer of glad tidings"; he represents the genius for hatred, the vision of hatred, the relentless logic of hatred. What, indeed, has not this dysangelist sacrificed to hatred! Above all, the Saviour: he nailed him to his own cross. The life, the example, the teaching, the death of Christ, the meaning and the law of the whole gospels—nothing was left of all this after that counterfeiter in hatred had reduced it to his uses. Surely not reality; surely not historical truth! ... Once more the priestly instinct of the Jew perpetrated the same old master crime against history—he simply struck out the yesterday and the day before yesterday of Christianity, and invented his own history of Christian beginnings. Going further, he treated the history of Israel to another falsification, so that it became a mere prologue to his achievement: all the prophets, it now appeared, had referred to his "Saviour." ... Later on the church even falsified the history of man in order to make it a prologue to Christianity ... The figure of the Saviour, his teaching, his way of life, his death, the

meaning of his death, even the consequences of his death—nothing remained untouched, nothing remained in even remote contact with reality. Paul simply shifted the centre of gravity of that whole life to a place behind this existence—in the lie of the "risen" Jesus. At bottom, he had no use for the life of the Saviour—what he needed was the death on the cross, and something more. To see anything honest in such a man as Paul, whose home was at the centre of the Stoical enlightenment, when he converts an hallucination into a proof of the resurrection of the Saviour, or even to believe his tale that he suffered from this hallucination himself—this would be a genuine niaiserie in a psychologist. Paul willed the end; therefore he also willed the means. —What he himself didn't believe was swallowed readily enough by the idiots among whom he spread his teaching.—What he wanted was power; in Paul the priest once more reached out for power—he had use only for such concepts, teachings and symbols as served the purpose of tyrannizing over the masses and organizing mobs. What was the only part of Christianity that Mohammed borrowed later on? Paul's invention, his device for establishing priestly tyranny and organizing the mob: the belief in the immortality of the soul—that is to say, the doctrine of "judgment".

The Antichrist

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When the centre of gravity of life is placed, not in life itself, but in "the beyond"—in nothingness—then one has taken away its centre of gravity altogether. The vast lie of personal immortality destroys all reason, all natural instinct—henceforth, everything in the instincts that is beneficial, that fosters life and that safeguards the future is a cause of suspicion. So to live that life no longer has any meaning: this is now the "meaning" of life... . Why be public-spirited? Why take any pride in descent and forefathers? Why labour together, trust one another, or concern one's self about the common welfare, and try to serve it? ... Merely so many "temptations," so many strayings from the "straight path."—"One thing only is necessary"... That every man, because he has an "immortal soul," is as good as every other man; that in an infinite universe of things the "salvation" of every individual may lay claim to eternal importance; that insignificant bigots and the three-fourths insane may assume that the laws of nature are constantly suspended in their behalf—it is impossible

to lavish too much contempt upon such a magnification of every sort of selfishness to infinity, to insolence. And yet Christianity has to thank precisely this miserable flattery of personal vanity for its triumph—it was thus that it lured all the botched, the dissatisfied, the fallen upon evil days, the whole refuse and off-scouring of humanity to its side. The "salvation of the soul"—in plain English: "the world revolves around me." ... The poisonous doctrine, "equal rights for all," has been propagated as a Christian principle: out of the secret nooks and crannies of bad instinct Christianity has waged a deadly war upon all feelings of reverence and distance between man and man, which is to say, upon the first prerequisite to every step upward, to every development of civilization—out of the resentment of the masses it has forged its chief weapons against us, against everything noble, joyous and high spirited on earth, against our happiness on earth ... To allow "immortality" to every Peter and Paul was the greatest, the most vicious outrage upon noble humanity ever perpetrated.—And let us not underestimate the fatal influence that Christianity has had, even upon politics! Nowadays no one has courage any more for special rights, for the right of dominion, for feelings of honourable pride in himself and his equals—for the pathos of distance... Our politics is sick with this lack of courage!—The aristocratic attitude of mind has been undermined by the lie of the equality of souls; and if belief in the "privileges of the majority" makes and will continue to make revolution—it is Christianity, let us not doubt, and Christian valuations, which convert every revolution into a carnival of blood and crime! Christianity is a revolt of all creatures that creep on the ground against everything that is lofty: the gospel of the "lowly" lowers ...

The Antichrist

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—The gospels are invaluable as evidence of the corruption that was already persistent within the primitive community. That which Paul, with the cynical logic of a rabbi, later developed to a conclusion was at bottom merely a process of decay that had begun with the death of the Saviour.—These gospels cannot be read too carefully; difficulties lurk behind every word. I confess—I hope it will not be held against me—that it is precisely for this reason that they offer first-rate joy to a

psychologist—as the opposite of all merely naive corruption, as refinement par excellence, as an artistic triumph in psychological corruption. The gospels, in fact, stand alone. The Bible as a whole is not to be compared to them. Here we are among Jews: this is the first thing to be borne in mind if we are not to lose the thread of the matter. This positive genius for conjuring up a delusion of personal "holiness" unmatched anywhere else, either in books or by men; this elevation of fraud in word and attitude to the level of an art—all this is not an accident due to the chance talents of an individual, or to any violation of nature. The thing responsible is race. The whole of Judaism appears in Christianity as the art of concocting holy lies, and there, after many centuries of earnest Jewish training and hard practice of Jewish technic, the business comes to the stage of mastery. The Christian, that ultima ratio of lying, is the Jew all over again—he is threefold the Jew... The underlying will to make use only of such concepts, symbols and attitudes as fit into priestly practice, the instinctive repudiation of every other mode of thought, and every other method of estimating values and utilities—this is not only tradition, it is inheritance: only as an inheritance is it able to operate with the force of nature. The whole of mankind, even the best minds of the best ages (with one exception, perhaps hardly human—), have permitted themselves to be deceived. The gospels have been read as a book of innocence... surely no small indication of the high skill with which the trick has been done.—Of course, if we could actually see these astounding bigots and bogus saints, even if only for an instant, the farce would come to an end,—and it is precisely because I cannot read a word of theirs without seeing their attitudinizing that I have made an end of them... I simply cannot endure the way they have of rolling up their eyes.—For the majority, happily enough, books are mere literature.—Let us not be led astray: they say "judge not," and yet they condemn to hell whoever stands in their way. In letting God sit in judgment they judge themselves; in glorifying God they glorify themselves; in demanding that everyone show the virtues which they themselves happen to be capable of—still more, which they must have in order to remain on top—they assume the grand air of men struggling for virtue, of men engaging in a war that virtue may prevail. "We live, we die, we sacrifice ourselves for the good" ("the truth," "the light," "the kingdom of God"): in point of fact, they simply do what they cannot help doing. Forced, like hypocrites, to be sneaky, to hide in corners, to slink along in the shadows, they convert their necessity into aduty: it is on grounds of duty that they account for their lives of humility, and that humility becomes merely one

more proof of their piety... Ah, that humble, chaste, charitable brand of fraud! "Virtue itself shall bear witness for us."... . One may read the gospels as books of moral seduction: these petty folks fasten themselves to morality—they know the uses of morality! Morality is the best of all devices for leading mankind by the nose!—The fact is that the conscious conceit of the chosen here disguises itself as modesty: it is in this way that they, the "community," the "good and just," range themselves, once and for always, on one side, the side of "the truth"—and the rest of mankind, "the world," on the other... In that we observe the most fatal sort of megalomania that the earth has ever seen: little abortions of bigots and liars began to claim exclusive rights in the concepts of "God," "the truth," "the light," "the spirit," "love," "wisdom" and "life," as if these things were synonyms of themselves and thereby they sought to fence themselves off from the "world"; little super-Jews, ripe for some sort of madhouse, turned values upside down in order to meet their notions, just as if the Christian were the meaning, the salt, the standard and even the last judgment of all the rest... . The whole disaster was only made possible by the fact that there already existed in the world a similar megalomania, allied to this one in race, to wit, the Jewish: once a chasm began to yawn between Jews and Judaeo-Christians, the latter had no choice but to employ the self-preservative measures that the Jewish instinct had devised, even against the Jews themselves, whereas the Jews had employed them only against non-Jews. The Christian is simply a Jew of the "reformed" confession.—

The Antichrist

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—I offer a few examples of the sort of thing these petty people have got into their heads—what they have put into the mouth of the Master: the unalloyed creed of "beautiful souls."—

"And whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear you, when you depart thence, shake off the dust under your feet for a testimony against them. Verily I say unto you, it shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment, than for that city" (Mark vi, 11)—How evangelical!

"And whosoever shall offend one of these little ones that believe in me, it is better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea" (Mark ix, 42).—How evangelical! —

"And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out: it is better for thee to enter into the kingdom of God with one eye, than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire; Where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." (Mark ix, 47)—It is not exactly the eye that is meant.

"Verily I say unto you, That there be some of them that stand here, which shall not taste death, till they have seen the kingdom of God come with power." (Mark ix, 1.)—Well lied, lion!

"Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. For ... " (Note of a psychologist. Christian morality is refuted by its fors: its reasons are against it,—this makes it Christian.) Mark viii, 34.—

"Judge not, that ye be not judged. With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." (Matthew vii, 1.)—What a notion of justice, of a "just" judge! ...

"For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? do not even the publicans so?" (Matthew V, 46.)¹⁸—Principle of "Christian love": it insists upon being well paid in the end... .

"But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." (Matthew vi, 15.)—Very compromising for the said "father."

"But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." (Matthew vi, 33.)—All these things: namely, food, clothing, all the necessities of life. An error, to put it mildly... . A bit before this God appears as a tailor, at least in certain cases.

"Rejoice ye in that day, and leap for joy: for, behold, your reward is great in heaven: for in the like manner did their fathers unto the prophets."

(Luke vi, 23.)—Impudent rabble! It compares itself to the prophets...

"Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelt in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." (Paul, 1 Corinthians iii, 16.)—For that sort of thing one cannot have enough contempt... .

"Do ye not know that the saints shall judge the world? and if the world shall be judged by you, are ye unworthy to judge the smallest matters?" (Paul, 1 Corinthians vi, 2.)—Unfortunately, not merely the speech of a lunatic...

This frightful impostor then proceeds: "Know ye not that we shall judge angels? how much more things that pertain to this life?"...

"Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world? For after that in the wisdom of God the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe... . Not many wise men after the flesh, not men mighty, not many noble are called: But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; And base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: That no flesh should glory in his presence." (Paul, 1 Corinthians i, 20ff.) —In order to understand this passage, a first rate example of the psychology underlying every Chandala-morality, one should read the first part of my "Genealogy of Morals": there, for the first time, the antagonism between a noble morality and a morality born of resentment and impotent vengefulness is exhibited. Paul was the greatest of all apostles of revenge... .

The Antichrist

46

—What follows, then? That one had better put on gloves before reading the New Testament. The presence of so much filth makes it very advisable. One would as little choose "early Christians" for companions as

Polish Jews: not that one need seek out an objection to them ... Neither has a pleasant smell.—I have searched the New Testament in vain for a single sympathetic touch; nothing is there that is free, kindly, open-hearted or upright. In it humanity does not even make the first step upward—the instinct for cleanliness is lacking... . Only evil instincts are there, and there is not even the courage of these evil instincts. It is all cowardice; it is all a shutting of the eyes, a self-deception. Every other book becomes clean, once one has read the New Testament: for example, immediately after reading Paul I took up with delight that most charming and wanton of scoffers, Petronius, of whom one may say what Domenico Boccaccio wrote of Ceasar Borgia to the Duke of Parma: "e tutto Iesto"—immortally healthy, immortally cheerful and sound... . These petty bigots make a capital miscalculation. They attack, but everything they attack is thereby distinguished. Whoever is attacked by an "early Christian" is surely not befouled ... On the contrary, it is an honour to have an "early Christian" as an opponent. One cannot read the New Testament without acquired admiration for whatever it abuses—not to speak of the "wisdom of this world," which an impudent wind bag tries to dispose of "by the foolishness of preaching." ... Even the scribes and pharisees are benefitted by such opposition: they must certainly have been worth something to have been hated in such an indecent manner. Hypocrisy—as if this were a charge that the "early Christians" dared to make!—After all, they were the privileged, and that was enough: the hatred of the Chandala needed no other excuse. The "early Christian"—and also, I fear, the "last Christian," whom I may perhaps live to see—is a rebel against all privilege by profound instinct—he lives and makes war for ever for "equal rights." ... Strictly speaking, he has no alternative. When a man proposes to represent, in his own person, the "chosen of God"—or to be a "temple of God," or a "judge of the angels"—then every other criterion, whether based upon honesty, upon intellect, upon manliness and pride, or upon beauty and freedom of the heart, becomes simply "worldly"—evil in itself... Moral: every word that comes from the lips of an "early Christian" is a lie, and his every act is instinctively dishonest—all his values, all his aims are noxious, but whoever he hates, whatever he hates, has real value ... The Christian, and particularly the Christian priest, is thus a criterion of values.

—Must I add that, in the whole New Testament, there appears but a solitary figure worthy of honour? Pilate, the Roman viceroy. To regard a Jewish imbroglio seriously—that was quite beyond him. One Jew more

or less— what did it matter?... The noble scorn of a Roman, before whom the word "truth" was shamelessly mishandled, enriched the New Testament with the only saying that has any value—and that is at once its criticism and its destruction: "What is truth?"...

The Antichrist

47

—The thing that sets us apart is not that we are unable to find God, either in history, or in nature, or behind nature—but that we regard what has been honoured as God, not as "divine," but as pitiable, as absurd, as injurious; not as a mere error, but as acrimony against life... We deny that God is God ... If anyone were to show us this Christian God, we'd be still less inclined to believe in him.—In a formula: *deus, qualem Paulus creavit, dei negatio*.—Such a religion as Christianity, which does not touch reality at a single point and which goes to pieces the moment reality asserts its rights at any point, must be inevitably the deadly enemy of the "wisdom of this world," which is to say, of science—and it will give the name of good to whatever means serve to poison, calumniate and cry down all intellectual discipline, all lucidity and strictness in matters of intellectual conscience, and all noble coolness and freedom of the mind. "Faith," as an imperative, vetoes science—in praxi, lying at any price... . Paul well knew that lying—that "faith"—was necessary; later on the church borrowed the fact from Paul.—The God that Paul invented for himself, a God who "reduced to absurdity" "the wisdom of this world" (especially the two great enemies of superstition, philology and medicine), is in truth only an indication of Paul's resolute determination to accomplish that very thing himself: to give one's own will the name of God, *thora*—that is essentially Jewish. Paul wants to dispose of the "wisdom of this world": his enemies are the good philologists and physicians of the Alexandrine school—on them he makes his war. As a matter of fact no man can be a philologist or a physician without being also Antichrist. That is to say, as a philologist a man sees behind the "holy books," and as a physician he sees behind the physiological degeneration of the typical Christian. The physician says "incurable"; the philologist says "fraud."...

—Has anyone ever clearly understood the celebrated story at the beginning of the Bible—of God's mortal terror of science? ... No one, in fact, has understood it. This priest-book par excellence opens, as is fitting, with the great inner difficulty of the priest: he faces only one great danger; ergo, "God" faces only one great danger.—

The old God, wholly "spirit," wholly the high-priest, wholly perfect, is promenading his garden: he is bored and trying to kill time. Against boredom even gods struggle in vain. What does he do? He creates man—man is entertaining... But then he notices that man is also bored. God's pity for the only form of distress that invades all paradises knows no bounds: so he forthwith creates other animals. God's first mistake: to man these other animals were not entertaining—he sought dominion over them; he did not want to be an "animal" himself.—So God created woman. In the act he brought boredom to an end—and also many other things! Woman was the second mistake of God.—"Woman, at bottom, is a serpent, Heva"—every priest knows that; "from woman comes every evil in the world"—every priest knows that, too. Ergo, she is also to blame for science... It was through woman that man learned to taste of the tree of knowledge.—What happened? The old God was seized by mortal terror. Man himself had been his greatest blunder; he had created a rival to himself; science makes men godlike—it is all up with priests and gods when man becomes scientific!—Moral: science is the forbidden per se; it alone is forbidden. Science is the first of sins, the germ of all sins, the original sin. This is all there is of morality.—"Thou shalt not know"—the rest follows from that.—God's mortal terror, however, did not hinder him from being shrewd. How is one to protect one's self against science? For a long while this was the capital problem. Answer: Out of paradise with man! Happiness, leisure, foster thought—and all thoughts are bad thoughts!—Man must not think.—And so the priest invents distress, death, the mortal dangers of childbirth, all sorts of misery, old age, decrepitude, above all, sickness—nothing but devices for making war on science! The troubles of man don't allow him to think... Nevertheless—how terrible!—, the edifice of knowledge begins to tower aloft, invading heaven, shadowing the gods—what is to be done?—The old God invents war; he separates the peoples; he makes men destroy

one another (—the priests have always had need of war... .). War—among other things, a great disturber of science!—Incredible! Knowledge, deliverance from the priests, prospers in spite of war.—So the old God comes to his final resolution: "Man has become scientific—there is no help for it: he must be drowned!"... .

The Antichrist

49

—I have been understood. At the opening of the Bible there is the whole psychology of the priest.—The priest knows of only one great danger: that is science—the sound comprehension of cause and effect. But science flourishes, on the whole, only under favourable conditions—a man must have time, he must have an overflowing intellect, in order to "know." ... "Therefore, man must be made unhappy,"—this has been, in all ages, the logic of the priest.—It is easy to see just what, by this logic, was the first thing to come into the world :—"sin."... The concept of guilt and punishment, the whole "moral order of the world," was set up against science—against the deliverance of man from priests... . Man must not look outward; he must look inward. He must not look at things shrewdly and cautiously, to learn about them; he must not look at all; he must suffer ... And he must suffer so much that he is always in need of the priest.—Away with physicians! What is needed is a Saviour.—The concept of guilt and punishment, including the doctrines of "grace," of "salvation," of "forgiveness"—lies through and through, and absolutely without psychological reality—were devised to destroy man's sense of causality: they are an attack upon the concept of cause and effect !—And not an attack with the fist, with the knife, with honesty in hate and love! On the contrary, one inspired by the most cowardly, the most crafty, the most ignoble of instincts! An attack of priests! An attack of parasites! The vampirism of pale, subterranean leeches! ... When the natural consequences of an act are no longer "natural," but are regarded as produced by the ghostly creations of superstition—by "God," by "spirits," by "souls"—and reckoned as merely "moral" consequences, as rewards, as punishments, as hints, as lessons, then the whole ground-work of knowledge is destroyed—then the greatest of crimes against humanity has been perpetrated.—I repeat that sin, man's self-desecration par excellence, was invented in order to make science, culture, and every

elevation and ennobling of man impossible; the priest rules through the invention of sin.—

The Antichrist

50

—In this place I can't permit myself to omit a psychology of "belief," of the "believer," for the special benefit of "believers." If there remain any today who do not yet know how indecent it is to be "believing"—or how much a sign of decadence, of a broken will to live—then they will know it well enough tomorrow. My voice reaches even the deaf.—It appears, unless I have been incorrectly informed, that there prevails among Christians a sort of criterion of truth that is called "proof by power." Faith makes blessed: therefore it is true.—It might be objected right here that blessedness is not demonstrated, it is merely promised: it hangs upon "faith" as a condition—one shall be blessed because one believes... . But what of the thing that the priest promises to the believer, the wholly transcendental "beyond"—how is that to be demonstrated?—The "proof by power," thus assumed, is actually no more at bottom than a belief that the effects which faith promises will not fail to appear. In a formula: "I believe that faith makes for blessedness—therefore, it is true." . . . But this is as far as we may go. This "therefore" would be absurdum itself as a criterion of truth.—But let us admit, for the sake of politeness, that blessedness by faith may be demonstrated (—not merely hoped for, and not merely promised by the suspicious lips of a priest): even so, could blessedness—in a technical term, pleasure—ever be a proof of truth? So little is this true that it is almost a proof against truth when sensations of pleasure influence the answer to the question "What is true?" or, at all events, it is enough to make that "truth" highly suspicious. The proof by "pleasure" is a proof of "pleasure—nothing more; why in the world should it be assumed that true judgments give more pleasure than false ones, and that, in conformity to some pre-established harmony, they necessarily bring agreeable feelings in their train?—The experience of all disciplined and profound minds teaches the contrary. Man has had to fight for every atom of the truth, and has had to pay for it almost everything that the heart, that human love, that human trust cling to. Greatness of soul is needed for this business: the service of truth is the hardest of all services.—What, then, is the meaning of integrity in things

intellectual? It means that a man must be severe with his own heart, that he must scorn "beautiful feelings," and that he makes every Yea and Nay a matter of conscience!—Faith makes blessed:therefore, it lies... .

The Antichrist

51

The fact that faith, under certain circumstances, may work for blessedness, but that this blessedness produced by an *idee fixe* by no means makes the idea itself true, and the fact that faith actually moves no mountains, but instead raises them up where there were none before: all this is made sufficiently clear by a walk through a lunatic asylum. Not, of course, to a priest: for his instincts prompt him to the lie that sickness is not sickness and lunatic asylums not lunatic asylums. Christianity finds sickness necessary, just as the Greek spirit had need of a superabundance of health—the actual ulterior purpose of the whole system of salvation of the church is to make people ill. And the church itself—doesn't it set up a Catholic lunatic asylum as the ultimate ideal?—The whole earth as a madhouse?—The sort of religious man that the church wants is a typical decadent; the moment at which a religious crisis dominates a people is always marked by epidemics of nervous disorder; the "inner world" of the religious man is so much like the "inner world" of the overstrung and exhausted that it is difficult to distinguish between them; the "highest" states of mind, held up before mankind by Christianity as of supreme worth, are actually epileptoid in form—the church has granted the name of holy only to lunatics or to gigantic frauds in *majorem dei honorem*... . Once I ventured to designate the whole Christian system of training in penance and salvation (now best studied in England) as a method of producing a *folie circulaire* upon a soil already prepared for it, which is to say, a soil thoroughly unhealthy. Not everyone may be a Christian: one is not "converted" to Christianity—one must first be sick enough for it... .We others, who have the courage for health and likewise for contempt,—we may well despise a religion that teaches misunderstanding of the body! that refuses to rid itself of the superstition about the soul! that makes a "virtue" of insufficient nourishment! that combats health as a sort of enemy, devil, temptation! that persuades itself that it is possible to carry about a "perfect soul" in a cadaver of a body, and that, to this end, had to devise for itself a new concept of "perfection," a pale, sickly,

idiotically ecstatic state of existence, so-called "holiness"—a holiness that is itself merely a series of symptoms of an impoverished, enervated and incurably disordered body! ... The Christian movement, as a European movement, was from the start no more than a general uprising of all sorts of outcast and refuse elements (—who now, under cover of Christianity, aspire to power)— It does not represent the decay of a race; it represents, on the contrary, a conglomeration of decadence products from all directions, crowding together and seeking one another out. It was not, as has been thought, the corruption of antiquity, of noble antiquity, which made Christianity possible; one cannot too sharply challenge the learned imbecility which today maintains that theory. At the time when the sick and rotten Chandala classes in the whole imperium were Christianized, the contrary type, the nobility, reached its finest and ripest development. The majority became master; democracy, with its Christian instincts, triumphed ... Christianity was not "national," it was not based on race—it appealed to all the varieties of men disinherited by life, it had its allies everywhere. Christianity has the rancour of the sick at its very core—the instinct against the healthy, against health. Everything that is well—constituted, proud, gallant and, above all, beautiful gives offence to its ears and eyes. Again I remind you of Paul's priceless saying: "And God hath chosen the weak things of the world, the foolish things of the world, the base things of the world, and things which are despised": this was the formula; in hoc signo the decadence triumphed.—God on the cross—is man always to miss the frightful inner significance of this symbol?—Everything that suffers, everything that hangs on the cross, is divine... . We all hang on the cross, consequently we are divine... . We alone are divine... . Christianity was thus a victory: a nobler attitude of mind was destroyed by it—Christianity remains to this day the greatest misfortune of humanity.—

The Antichrist

52

Christianity also stands in opposition to all intellectual well-being,—sick reasoning is the only sort that it can use as Christian reasoning; it takes the side of everything that is idiotic; it pronounces a curse upon "intellect," upon the superbia of the healthy intellect. Since sickness is inherent in Christianity, it follows that the typically Christian state of

"faith" must be a form of sickness too, and that all straight, straightforward and scientific paths to knowledge must be banned by the church as forbidden ways. Doubt is thus a sin from the start... . The complete lack of psychological cleanliness in the priest—revealed by a glance at him—is a phenomenon resulting from decadence,—one may observe in hysterical women and in rachitic children how regularly the falsification of instincts, delight in lying for the mere sake of lying, and incapacity for looking straight and walking straight are symptoms of decadence. "Faith" means the will to avoid knowing what is true. The pietist, the priest of either sex, is a fraud because he is sick: his instinct demands that the truth shall never be allowed its rights on any point. "Whatever makes for illness is good; whatever issues from abundance, from super-abundance, from power, is evil": so argues the believer. The impulse to lie—it is by this that I recognize every foreordained theologian.—Another characteristic of the theologian is his unfitness for philology. What I here mean by philology is, in a general sense, the art of reading with profit—the capacity for absorbing facts without interpreting them falsely, and without losing caution, patience and subtlety in the effort to understand them. Philology as ephexis in interpretation: whether one be dealing with books, with newspaper reports, with the most fateful events or with weather statistics—not to mention the "salvation of the soul." ... The way in which a theologian, whether in Berlin or in Rome, is ready to explain, say, a "passage of Scripture," or an experience, or a victory by the national army, by turning upon it the high illumination of the Psalms of David, is always so daring that it is enough to make a philologist run up a wall. But what shall he do when pietists and other such cows from Suabia use the "finger of God" to convert their miserably commonplace and hugger-mugger existence into a miracle of "grace," a "providence" and an "experience of salvation"? The most modest exercise of the intellect, not to say of decency, should certainly be enough to convince these interpreters of the perfect childishness and unworthiness of such a misuse of the divine digital dexterity. However small our piety, if we ever encountered a god who always cured us of a cold in the head at just the right time, or got us into our carriage at the very instant heavy rain began to fall, he would seem so absurd a god that he'd have to be abolished even if he existed. God as a domestic servant, as a letter carrier, as an almanac—man—at bottom, he is' a mere name for the stupidest sort of chance... . "Divine Providence," which every third man in "educated Germany" still believes in, is so strong an argument against God that it would be impossible to think of a stronger. And in any case it is an

argument against Germans! ...

The Antichrist

53

—It is so little true that martyrs offer any support to the truth of a cause that I am inclined to deny that any martyr has ever had anything to do with the truth at all. In the very tone in which a martyr flings what he fancies to be true at the head of the world there appears so low a grade of intellectual honesty and such insensibility to the problem of "truth," that it is never necessary to refute him. Truth is not something that one man has and another man has not: at best, only peasants, or peasant apostles like Luther, can think of truth in any such way. One may rest assured that the greater the degree of a man's intellectual conscience the greater will be his modesty, his discretion, on this point. To know in five cases, and to refuse, with delicacy, to know anything further ... "Truth," as the word is understood by every prophet, every sectarian, every free-thinker, every Socialist and every churchman, is simply a complete proof that not even a beginning has been made in the intellectual discipline and self-control that are necessary to the unearthing of even the smallest truth.—The deaths of the martyrs, it may be said in passing, have been misfortunes of history: they have misled ... The conclusion that all idiots, women and plebeians come to, that there must be something in a cause for which anyone goes to his death (or which, as under primitive Christianity, sets off epidemics of death-seeking)—this conclusion has been an unspeakable drag upon the testing of facts, upon the whole spirit of inquiry and investigation. The martyrs have damaged the truth... . Even to this day the crude fact of persecution is enough to give an honourable name to the most empty sort of sectarianism.—But why? Is the worth of a cause altered by the fact that someone had laid down his life for it?—An error that becomes honourable is simply an error that has acquired one seductive charm the more: do you suppose, Messrs. Theologians, that we shall give you the chance to be martyred for your lies?—One best disposes of a cause by respectfully putting it on ice—that is also the best way to dispose of theologians... . This was precisely the world-historical stupidity of all the persecutors: that they gave the appearance of honour to the cause they opposed—that they made it a present of the fascination of martyrdom... . Women are still on their

knees before an error because they have been told that someone died on the cross for it. Is the cross, then, an argument?—But about all these things there is one, and one only, who has said what has been needed for thousands of years—Zarathustra.

They made signs in blood along the way that they went, and their folly taught them that the truth is proved by blood. But blood is the worst of all testimonies to the truth; blood poisoneth even the purest teaching and turneth it into madness and hatred in the heart. And when one goeth through fire for his teaching—what doth that prove? Verily, it is more when one's teaching cometh out of one's own burning!

The Antichrist

54

Do not let yourself be deceived: great intellects are sceptical. Zarathustra is a sceptic. The strength, the freedom which proceed from intellectual power, from a superabundance of intellectual power, manifest themselves as scepticism. Men of fixed convictions do not count when it comes to determining what is fundamental in values and lack of values. Men of convictions are prisoners. They do not see far enough, they do not see what is below them: whereas a man who would talk to any purpose about value and non-value must be able to see five hundred convictions beneath him—and behind him... . A mind that aspires to great things, and that wills the means thereto, is necessarily sceptical. Freedom from any sort of conviction belongs to strength, and to an independent point of view... That grand passion which is at once the foundation and the power of a sceptic's existence, and is both more enlightened and more despotic than he is himself, drafts the whole of his intellect into its service; it makes him unscrupulous; it gives him courage to employ unholy means; under certain circumstances it does not begrudge him even convictions. Conviction as a means: one may achieve a good deal by means of a conviction. A grand passion makes use of and uses up convictions; it does not yield to them—it knows itself to be sovereign.—On the contrary, the need of faith, of some thing unconditioned by yea or nay, of Carlylism, if I may be allowed the word, is a need of weakness. The man of faith, the "believer" of any sort, is necessarily a dependent man—such a man cannot posit himself as a goal, nor can he find goals

within himself. The "believer" does not belong to himself; he can only be a means to an end; he must be used up; he needs someone to use him up. His instinct gives the highest honours to an ethic of self-effacement; he is prompted to embrace it by everything: his prudence, his experience, his vanity. Every sort of faith is in itself an evidence of self-effacement, of self-estrangement... When one reflects how necessary it is to the great majority that there be regulations to restrain them from without and hold them fast, and to what extent control, or, in a higher sense, slavery, is the one and only condition which makes for the well-being of the weak-willed man, and especially woman, then one at once understands conviction and "faith." To the man with convictions they are his backbone. To avoid seeing many things, to be impartial about nothing, to be a party man through and through, to estimate all values strictly and infallibly—these are conditions necessary to the existence of such a man. But by the same token they are antagonists of the truthful man—of the truth... . The believer is not free to answer the question, "true" or "not true," according to the dictates of his own conscience: integrity on this point would work his instant downfall. The pathological limitations of his vision turn the man of convictions into a fanatic—Savonarola, Luther, Rousseau, Robespierre, Saint-Simon—these types stand in opposition to the strong, emancipated spirit. But the grandiose attitudes of these sick intellects, these intellectual epileptics, are of influence upon the great masses—fanatics are picturesque, and mankind prefers observing poses to listening to reasons....

The Antichrist

55

—One step further in the psychology of conviction, of "faith." It is now a good while since I first proposed for consideration the question whether convictions are not even more dangerous enemies to truth than lies. ("Human, All-Too-Human," I, aphorism 483.) This time I desire to put the question definitely: is there any actual difference between a lie and a conviction?—All the world believes that there is; but what is not believed by all the world!—Every conviction has its history, its primitive forms, its stage of tentativeness and error: it becomes a conviction only after having been, for a long time, not one, and then, for an even longer time, hardly one. What if falsehood be also one of these embryonic forms

of conviction?—Sometimes all that is needed is a change in persons: what was a lie in the father becomes a conviction in the son.—I call it lying to refuse to see what one sees, or to refuse to see it as it is: whether the lie be uttered before witnesses or not before witnesses is of no consequence. The most common sort of lie is that by which a man deceives himself: the deception of others is a relatively rare offence.—Now, this will not to see what one sees, this will not to see it as it is, is almost the first requisite for all who belong to a party of whatever sort: the party man becomes inevitably a liar. For example, the German historians are convinced that Rome was synonymous with despotism and that the Germanic peoples brought the spirit of liberty into the world: what is the difference between this conviction and a lie? Is it to be wondered at that all partisans, including the German historians, instinctively roll the fine phrases of morality upon their tongues—that morality almost owes its very survival to the fact that the party man of every sort has need of it every moment?—"This is our conviction: we publish it to the whole world; we live and die for it—let us respect all who have convictions!"—I have actually heard such sentiments from the mouths of anti-Semites. On the contrary, gentlemen! An anti-Semite surely does not become more respectable because he lies on principle... The priests, who have more finesse in such matters, and who well understand the objection that lies against the notion of a conviction, which is to say, of a falsehood that becomes a matter of principle because it serves a purpose, have borrowed from the Jews the shrewd device of sneaking in the concepts, "God," "the will of God" and "the revelation of God" at this place. Kant, too, with his categorical imperative, was on the same road: this was his practical reason.²⁸ There are questions regarding the truth or untruth of which it is not for man to decide; all the capital questions, all the capital problems of valuation, are beyond human reason... . To know the limits of reason—that alone is genuine philosophy. Why did God make a revelation to man? Would God have done anything superfluous? Man could not find out for himself what was good and what was evil, so God taught him His will. Moral: the priest does not lie—the question, "true" or "untrue," has nothing to do with such things as the priest discusses; it is impossible to lie about these things. In order to lie here it would be necessary to know what is true. But this is more than man can know; therefore, the priest is simply the mouth-piece of God.—Such a priestly syllogism is by no means merely Jewish and Christian; the right to lie and the shrewd dodge of "revelation" belong to the general priestly type—to the priest of the decadence as well as to the priest of pagan times (—Pagans

are all those who say yes to life, and to whom "God" is a word signifying acquiescence in all things) —The "law," the "will of God," the "holy book," and "inspiration"—all these things are merely words for the conditions under which the priest comes to power and with which he maintains his power,—these concepts are to be found at the bottom of all priestly organizations, and of all priestly or priestly-philosophical schemes of governments. The "holy lie"—common alike to Confucius, to the Code of Manu, to Mohammed and to the Christian church—is not even wanting in Plato. "Truth is here": this means, no matter where it is heard, the priest lies... .

The Antichrist

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—In the last analysis it comes to this: what is the end of lying? The fact that, in Christianity, "holy" ends are not visible is my objection to the means it employs. Only bad ends appear: the poisoning, the calumny, the denial of life, the despising of the body, the degradation and self-contamination of man by the concept of sin—therefore, its means are also bad.—I have a contrary feeling when I read the Code of Manu, an incomparably more intellectual and superior work, which it would be a sin against the intelligence to so much as name in the same breath with the Bible. It is easy to see why: there is a genuine philosophy behind it, in it, not merely an evil-smelling mess of Jewish rabbinism and superstition,—it gives even the most fastidious psychologist something to sink his teeth into. And, not to forget what is most important, it differs fundamentally from every kind of Bible: by means of it the nobles, the philosophers and the warriors keep the whip-hand over the majority; it is full of noble valuations, it shows a feeling of perfection, an acceptance of life, and triumphant feeling toward self and life—the sun shines upon the whole book.—All the things on which Christianity vents its fathomless vulgarity—for example, procreation, women and marriage—are here handled earnestly, with reverence and with love and confidence. How can anyone really put into the hands of children and ladies a book which contains such vile things as this: "to avoid fornication, let every man have his own wife, and let every woman have her own husband; ... it is better to marry than to burn"?²⁹ And is it possible to be a Christian so long as the origin of man is Christianized, which is to say, befouled, by

the doctrine of the immaculata conceptio? ... I know of no book in which so many delicate and kindly things are said of women as in the Code of Manu; these old grey-beards and saints have a way of being gallant to women that it would be impossible, perhaps, to surpass. "The mouth of a woman," it says in one place, "the breasts of a maiden, the prayer of a child and the smoke of sacrifice are always pure." In another place: "there is nothing purer than the light of the sun, the shadow cast by a cow, air, water, fire and the breath of a maiden." Finally, in still another place—perhaps this is also a holy lie—: "all the orifices of the body above the navel are pure, and all below are impure. Only in the maiden is the whole body pure."

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One catches the unholiness of Christian means in *flagranti* by the simple process of putting the ends sought by Christianity beside the ends sought by the Code of Manu—by putting these enormously antithetical ends under a strong light. The critic of Christianity cannot evade the necessity of making Christianity contemptible.—A book of laws such as the Code of Manu has the same origin as every other good law-book: it epitomizes the experience, the sagacity and the ethical experimentation of long centuries; it brings things to a conclusion; it no longer creates. The prerequisite to a codification of this sort is recognition of the fact that the means which establish the authority of a slowly and painfully attained truth are fundamentally different from those which one would make use of to prove it. A law-book never recites the utility, the grounds, the casuistical antecedents of a law: for if it did so it would lose the imperative tone, the "thou shalt," on which obedience is based. The problem lies exactly here.—At a certain point in the evolution of a people, the class within it of the greatest insight, which is to say, the greatest hindsight and foresight, declares that the series of experiences determining how all shall live—or can live—has come to an end. The object now is to reap as rich and as complete a harvest as possible from the days of experiment and hard experience. In consequence, the thing that is to be avoided above everything is further experimentation—the continuation of the state in which values are fluent, and are tested, chosen and criticized *ad infinitum*. Against this a double wall is set up: on the one hand,

revelation, which is the assumption that the reasons lying behind the laws are not of human origin, that they were not sought out and found by a slow process and after many errors, but that they are of divine ancestry, and came into being complete, perfect, without a history, as a free gift, a miracle ... ; and on the other hand, tradition, which is the assumption that the law has stood unchanged from time immemorial, and that it is impious and a crime against one's forefathers to bring it into question. The authority of the law is thus grounded on the thesis: God gave it, and the fathers lived it.—The higher motive of such procedure lies in the design to distract consciousness, step by step, from its concern with notions of right living (that is to say, those that have been proved to be right by wide and carefully considered experience), so that instinct attains to a perfect automatism—a primary necessity to every sort of mastery, to every sort of perfection in the art of life. To draw up such a law-book as Manu's means to lay before a people the possibility of future mastery, of attainable perfection—it permits them to aspire to the highest reaches of the art of life. To that end the thing must be made unconscious: that is the aim of every holy lie.—The order of castes, the highest, the dominating law, is merely the ratification of an order of nature, of a natural law of the first rank, over which no arbitrary fiat, no "modern idea," can exert any influence. In every healthy society there are three physiological types, gravitating toward differentiation but mutually conditioning one another, and each of these has its own hygiene, its own sphere of work, its own special mastery and feeling of perfection. It is not Manu but nature that sets off in one class those who are chiefly intellectual, in another those who are marked by muscular strength and temperament, and in a third those who are distinguished in neither one way or the other, but show only mediocrity—the last-named represents the great majority, and the first two the select. The superior caste—I call it the fewest—has, as the most perfect, the privileges of the few: it stands for happiness, for beauty, for everything good upon earth. Only the most intellectual of men have any right to beauty, to the beautiful; only in them can goodness escape being weakness. *Pulchrum est paucorum hominum*:³⁰ goodness is a privilege. Nothing could be more unbecoming to them than uncouth manners or a pessimistic look, or an eye that sees ugliness—or indignation against the general aspect of things. Indignation is the privilege of the Chandala; so is pessimism. "The world is perfect"—so prompts the instinct of the intellectual, the instinct of the man who says yes to life. "Imperfection, whatever is inferior to us, distance, the pathos of distance, even the Chandala themselves are parts of

this perfection. "The most intelligent men, like the strongest, find their happiness where others would find only disaster: in the labyrinth, in being hard with themselves and with others, in effort; their delight is in self-mastery; in them asceticism becomes second nature, a necessity, an instinct. They regard a difficult task as a privilege; it is to them a recreation to play with burdens that would crush all others... . Knowledge—a form of asceticism.—They are the most honourable kind of men: but that does not prevent them being the most cheerful and most amiable. They rule, not because they want to, but because they are; they are not at liberty to play second.—The second caste: to this belong the guardians of the law, the keepers of order and security, the more noble warriors, above all, the king as the highest form of warrior, judge and preserver of the law. The second in rank constitute the executive arm of the intellectuals, the next to them in rank, taking from them all that is rough in the business of ruling—their followers, their right hand, their most apt disciples.—In all this, I repeat, there is nothing arbitrary, nothing "made up"; whatever is to the contrary is made up—by it nature is brought to shame... The order of castes, the order of rank, simply formulates the supreme law of life itself; the separation of the three types is necessary to the maintenance of society, and to the evolution of higher types, and the highest types—the inequality of rights is essential to the existence of any rights at all.—A right is a privilege. Everyone enjoys the privileges that accord with his state of existence. Let us not underestimate the privileges of the mediocre. Life is always harder as one mounts the heights—the cold increases, responsibility increases. A high civilization is a pyramid: it can stand only on a broad base; its primary prerequisite is a strong and soundly consolidated mediocrity. The handicrafts, commerce, agriculture, science, the greater part of art, in brief, the whole range of occupational activities, are compatible only with mediocre ability and aspiration; such callings would be out of place for exceptional men; the instincts which belong to them stand as much opposed to aristocracy as to anarchism. The fact that a man is publicly useful, that he is a wheel, a function, is evidence of a natural predisposition; it is not society, but the only sort of happiness that the majority are capable of, that makes them intelligent machines. To the mediocre mediocrity is a form of happiness; they have a natural instinct for mastering one thing, for specialization. It would be altogether unworthy of a profound intellect to see anything objectionable in mediocrity in itself. It is, in fact, the first prerequisite to the appearance of the exceptional: it is a necessary condition to a high degree of civilization. When the exceptional man handles the mediocre man

with more delicate fingers than he applies to himself or to his equals, this is not merely kindness of heart—it is simply his duty... . Whom do I hate most heartily among the rabbles of today? The rabble of Socialists, the apostles to the Chandala, who undermine the workingman's instincts, his pleasure, his feeling of contentment with his petty existence—who make him envious and teach him revenge... . Wrong never lies in unequal rights; it lies in the assertion of "equal" rights... . What is bad? But I have already answered: all that proceeds from weakness, from envy, from revenge.—The anarchist and the Christian have the same ancestry... .

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In point of fact, the end for which one lies makes a great difference: whether one preserves thereby or destroys. There is a perfect likeness between Christian and anarchist: their object, their instinct, points only toward destruction. One need only turn to history for a proof of this: there it appears with appalling distinctness. We have just studied a code of religious legislation whose object it was to convert the conditions which cause life to flourish into an "eternal" social organization,—Christianity found its mission in putting an end to such an organization, because life flourished under it. There the benefits that reason had produced during long ages of experiment and insecurity were applied to the most remote uses, and an effort was made to bring in a harvest that should be as large, as rich and as complete as possible; here, on the contrary, the harvest is blighted overnight... . That which stood there aere perennis, the imperium Romanum, the most magnificent form of organization under difficult conditions that has ever been achieved, and compared to which everything before it and after it appears as patchwork, bungling, dilletantism—those holy anarchists made it a matter of "piety" to destroy "the world, "which is to say, the imperium Romanum, so that in the end not a stone stood upon another—and even Germans and other such louts were able to become its masters... . The Christian and the anarchist: both are decadents; both are incapable of any act that is not disintegrating, poisonous, degenerating, blood-sucking; both have an instinct of mortal hatred of everything that stands up, and is great, and has durability, and promises life a future... . Christianity was the

vampire of the imperium Romanum,— overnight it destroyed the vast achievement of the Romans: the conquest of the soil for a great culture that could await its time. Can it be that this fact is not yet understood? The imperium Romanum that we know, and that the history of the Roman provinces teaches us to know better and better,—this most admirable of all works of art in the grand manner was merely the beginning, and the structure to follow was not to prove its worth for thousands of years. To this day, nothing on a like scale *sub specie aeterni* has been brought into being, or even dreamed of!—This organization was strong enough to withstand bad emperors: the accident of personality has nothing to do with such things—the first principle of all genuinely great architecture. But it was not strong enough to stand up against the corruptest of all forms of corruption—against Christians... . These stealthy worms, which under the cover of night, mist and duplicity, crept upon every individual, sucking him dry of all earnest interest in real things, of all instinct for reality—this cowardly, effeminate and sugar-coated gang gradually alienated all "souls," step by step, from that colossal edifice, turning against it all the meritorious, manly and noble natures that had found in the cause of Rome their own cause, their own serious purpose, their own pride. The sneakishness of hypocrisy, the secrecy of the conventicle, concepts as black as hell, such as the sacrifice of the innocent, the *unio mystica* in the drinking of blood, above all, the slowly rekindled fire of revenge, of Chandala revenge—all that sort of thing became master of Rome: the same kind of religion which, in a pre-existent form, Epicurus had combatted. One has but to read Lucretius to know what Epicurus made war upon—not paganism, but "Christianity," which is to say, the corruption of souls by means of the concepts of guilt, punishment and immortality.—He combatted the subterranean cults, the whole of latent Christianity—to deny immortality was already a form of genuine salvation.—Epicurus had triumphed, and every respectable intellect in Rome was Epicurean—when Paul appeared... Paul, the Chandala hatred of Rome, of "the world," in the flesh and inspired by genius—the Jew, the eternal Jew *par excellence*... . What he saw was how, with the aid of the small sectarian Christian movement that stood apart from Judaism, a "world conflagration" might be kindled; how, with the symbol of "God on the cross," all secret seditions, all the fruits of anarchistic intrigues in the empire, might be amalgamated into one immense power. "Salvation is of the Jews."—Christianity is the formula for exceeding and summing up the subterranean cults of all varieties, that of Osiris, that of the Great Mother, that of Mithras, for instance: in his discernment of this fact the

genius of Paul showed itself. His instinct was here so sure that, with reckless violence to the truth, he put the ideas which lent fascination to every sort of Chandala religion into the mouth of the "Saviour" as his own inventions, and not only into the mouth—he made out of him something that even a priest of Mithras could understand... This was his revelation at Damascus: he grasped the fact that he needed the belief in immortality in order to rob "the world" of its value, that the concept of "hell" would master Rome—that the notion of a "beyond" is the death of life. Nihilist and Christian: they rhyme in German, and they do more than rhyme.

The Antichrist

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The whole labour of the ancient world gone for naught: I have no word to describe the feelings that such an enormity arouses in me.—And, considering the fact that its labour was merely preparatory, that with adamantine self-consciousness it laid only the foundations for a work to go on for thousands of years, the whole meaning of antiquity disappears! . . . To what end the Greeks? to what end the Romans?—All the prerequisites to a learned culture, all the methods of science, were already there; man had already perfected the great and incomparable art of reading profitably—that first necessity to the tradition of culture, the unity of the sciences; the natural sciences, in alliance with mathematics and mechanics, were on the right road,—the sense of fact, the last and more valuable of all the senses, had its schools, and its traditions were already centuries old! Is all this properly understood? Every essential to the beginning of the work was ready;—and the most essential, it cannot be said too often, are methods, and also the most difficult to develop, and the longest opposed by habit and laziness. What we have today reconquered, with unspeakable self-discipline, for ourselves—for certain bad instincts, certain Christian instincts, still lurk in our bodies—that is to say, the keen eye for reality, the cautious hand, patience and seriousness in the smallest things, the whole integrity of knowledge—all these things were already there, and had been there for two thousand years! More, there was also a refined and excellent tact and taste! Not as mere brain-drilling! Not as "German" culture, with its loutish manners! But as body, as bearing, as instinct—in short, as reality... All gone for naught!

Overnight it became merely a memory !—The Greeks! The Romans! Instinctive nobility, taste, methodical inquiry, genius for organization and administration, faith in and the will to secure the future of man, a great yes to everything entering into the imperium Romanum and palpable to all the senses, a grand style that was beyond mere art, but had become reality, truth, life . . —All overwhelmed in a night, but not by a convulsion of nature! Not trampled to death by Teutons and others of heavy hoof! But brought to shame by crafty, sneaking, invisible, anemic vampires! Not conquered,—only sucked dry! ... Hidden vengefulness, petty envy, became master! Everything wretched, intrinsically ailing, and invaded by bad feelings, the whole ghetto-world of the soul, was at once on top!—One needs but read any of the Christian agitators, for example, St. Augustine, in order to realize, in order to smell, what filthy fellows came to the top. It would be an error, however, to assume that there was any lack of understanding in the leaders of the Christian movement:—ah, but they were clever, clever to the point of holiness, these fathers of the church! What they lacked was something quite different. Nature neglected—perhaps forgot—to give them even the most modest endowment of respectable, of upright, of cleanly instincts... Between ourselves, they are not even men... . If Islam despises Christianity, it has a thousandfold right to do so: Islam at least assumes that it is dealing with men... .

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Christianity destroyed for us the whole harvest of ancient civilization, and later it also destroyed for us the whole harvest of Mohammedan civilization. The wonderful culture of the Moors in Spain, which was fundamentally nearer to us and appealed more to our senses and tastes than that of Rome and Greece, was trampled down (—I do not say by what sort of feet—) Why? Because it had to thank noble and manly instincts for its origin—because it said yes to life, even to the rare and refined luxuriousness of Moorish life! ... The crusaders later made war on something before which it would have been more fitting for them to have grovelled in the dust—a civilization beside which even that of our nineteenth century seems very poor and very "senile."—What they wanted, of course, was booty: the orient was rich... . Let us put aside our

prejudices! The crusades were a higher form of piracy, nothing more! The German nobility, which is fundamentally a Viking nobility, was in its element there: the church knew only too well how the German nobility was to be won ... The German noble, always the "Swiss guard" of the church, always in the service of every bad instinct of the church—but well paid... Consider the fact that it is precisely the aid of German swords and German blood and valour that has enabled the church to carry through its war to the death upon everything noble on earth! At this point a host of painful questions suggest themselves. The German nobility stands outside the history of the higher civilization: the reason is obvious... Christianity, alcohol—the two great means of corruption... . Intrinsically there should be no more choice between Islam and Christianity than there is between an Arab and a Jew. The decision is already reached; nobody remains at liberty to choose here. Either a man is a Chandala or he is not... . "War to the knife with Rome! Peace and friendship with Islam!": this was the feeling, this was the act, of that great free spirit, that genius among German emperors, Frederick II. What! must a German first be a genius, a free spirit, before he can feel decently? I can't make out how a German could ever feel Christian... .

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Here it becomes necessary to call up a memory that must be a hundred times more painful to Germans. The Germans have destroyed for Europe the last great harvest of civilization that Europe was ever to reap—the Renaissance. Is it understood at last, will it ever be understood, what the Renaissance was? The transvaluation of Christian values,—an attempt with all available means, all instincts and all the resources of genius to bring about a triumph of the opposite values, the more noble values... . This has been the one great war of the past; there has never been a more critical question than that of the Renaissance—it is my question too—; there has never been a form of attack more fundamental, more direct, or more violently delivered by a whole front upon the center of the enemy! To attack at the critical place, at the very seat of Christianity, and there enthrone the more noble values—that is to say, to insinuate them into the instincts, into the most fundamental needs and appetites of those sitting there ... I see before me the possibility of a perfectly heavenly

enchantment and spectacle :—it seems to me to scintillate with all the vibrations of a fine and delicate beauty, and within it there is an art so divine, so infernally divine, that one might search in vain for thousands of years for another such possibility; I see a spectacle so rich in significance and at the same time so wonderfully full of paradox that it should arouse all the gods on Olympus to immortal laughter—Caesar Borgia as pope! ... Am I understood? ... Well then, that would have been the sort of triumph that I alone am longing for today—: by it Christianity would have been swept away!—What happened? A German monk, Luther, came to Rome. This monk, with all the vengeful instincts of an unsuccessful priest in him, raised a rebellion against the Renaissance in Rome... . Instead of grasping, with profound thanksgiving, the miracle that had taken place: the conquest of Christianity at its capital—instead of this, his hatred was stimulated by the spectacle. A religious man thinks only of himself.—Luther saw only the depravity of the papacy at the very moment when the opposite was becoming apparent: the old corruption, the peccatum originale, Christianity itself, no longer occupied the papal chair! Instead there was life! Instead there was the triumph of life! Instead there was a great yea to all lofty, beautiful and daring things! ... And Luther restored the church: he attacked it... . The Renaissance—an event without meaning, a great futility !—Ah, these Germans, what they have not cost us! Futility—that has always been the work of the Germans.—The Reformation; Liebnitz; Kant and so-called German philosophy; the war of "liberation"; the empire—every time a futile substitute for something that once existed, for something irrecoverable ... These Germans, I confess, are my enemies: I despise all their uncleanness in concept and valuation, their cowardice before every honest yea and nay. For nearly a thousand years they have tangled and confused everything their fingers have touched; they have on their conscience all the half-way measures, all the three-eighths-way measures, that Europe is sick of,—they also have on their conscience the uncleanest variety of Christianity that exists, and the most incurable and indestructible—Protestantism... . If mankind never manages to get rid of Christianity the Germans will be to blame.... .

The Antichrist

—With this I come to a conclusion and pronounce my judgment. I condemn Christianity; I bring against the Christian church the most terrible of all the accusations that an accuser has ever had in his mouth. It is, to me, the greatest of all imaginable corruptions; it seeks to work the ultimate corruption, the worst possible corruption. The Christian church has left nothing untouched by its depravity; it has turned every value into worthlessness, and every truth into a lie, and every integrity into baseness of soul. Let anyone dare to speak to me of its "humanitarian" blessings! Its deepest necessities range it against any effort to abolish distress; it lives by distress; it creates distress to make itself immortal... . For example, the worm of sin: it was the church that first enriched mankind with this misery!—The "equality of souls before God"—this fraud, this pretext for the rancunes of all the base-minded—this explosive concept, ending in revolution, the modern idea, and the notion of overthrowing the whole social order—this is Christian dynamite... . The "humanitarian" blessings of Christianity indeed! To breed out of *humanitas* a self-contradiction, an art of self-pollution, a will to lie at any price, an aversion and contempt for all good and honest instincts! All this, to me, is the "humanitarianism" of Christianity!—Parasitism as the only practice of the church; with its anemic and "holy" ideals, sucking all the blood, all the love, all the hope out of life; the beyond as the will to deny all reality; the cross as the distinguishing mark of the most subterranean conspiracy ever heard of,—against health, beauty, well-being, intellect, kindness of soul—against life itself... .

This eternal accusation against Christianity I shall write upon all walls, wherever walls are to be found—I have letters that even the blind will be able to see... . I call Christianity the one great curse, the one great intrinsic depravity, the one great instinct of revenge, for which no means are venomous enough, or secret, subterranean and small enough,—I call it the one immortal blemish upon the human race... .

And mankind reckons time from the *dies nefastus* when this fatality befell—from the first day of Christianity!—Why not rather from its last?—From today?—The transvaluation of all values! ...

THE END

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Beyond Good and Evil

BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL

by Friedrich Nietzsche

Translated by Helen Zimmern (1909)

Reformatted and modified by Bill Chapko

PREFACE

PREJUDICES OF PHILOSOPHERS

THE FREE SPIRIT

THE RELIGIOUS MOOD

APOPHTHEGMS AND INTERLUDES

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF MORALS

WE SCHOLARS

OUR VIRTUES

PEOPLES AND COUNTRIES

WHAT IS NOBLE?

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Beyond Good and Evil

PREFACE

[Note: words below in CAPITALS were in italics in the original German text.]

SUPPOSING that Truth is a woman—what then? Is there not ground for suspecting that all philosophers, in so far as they have been dogmatists, have failed to understand women—that the terrible seriousness and clumsy importunity with which they have usually paid their addresses to Truth, have been unskilled and unseemly methods for winning a woman? Certainly she has never allowed herself to be won; and at present

every kind of dogma stands with sad and discouraged mien—IF, indeed, it stands at all! For there are scoffers who maintain that it has fallen, that all dogma lies on the ground—nay more, that it is at its last gasp. But to speak seriously, there are good grounds for hoping that all dogmatizing in philosophy, whatever solemn, whatever conclusive and decided airs it has assumed, may have been only a noble puerilism and tyronism; and probably the time is at hand when it will be once and again understood WHAT has actually sufficed for the basis of such imposing and absolute philosophical edifices as the dogmatists have until now reared: perhaps some popular superstition of immemorial time (such as the soul-superstition, which, in the form of subject- and ego-superstition, has not yet ceased doing mischief): perhaps some play upon words, a deception on the part of grammar, or an audacious generalization of very restricted, very personal, very human—all-too-human facts. The philosophy of the dogmatists, it is to be hoped, was only a promise for thousands of years afterwards, as was astrology in still earlier times, in the service of which probably more labour, gold, acuteness, and patience have been spent than on any actual science until now: we owe to it, and to its "super-terrestrial" pretensions in Asia and Egypt, the grand style of architecture. It seems that in order to inscribe themselves upon the heart of humanity with everlasting claims, all great things have first to wander about the earth as enormous and awe-inspiring caricatures: dogmatic philosophy has been a caricature of this kind—for instance, the Vedanta doctrine in Asia, and Platonism in Europe. Let us not be ungrateful to it, although it must certainly be confessed that the worst, the most tiresome, and the most dangerous of errors until now has been a dogmatist error—namely, Plato's invention of Pure Spirit and the Good in Itself. But now when it has been surmounted, when Europe, rid of this nightmare, can again draw breath freely and at least enjoy a healthier—sleep, we, WHOSE DUTY IS WAKEFULNESS ITSELF, are the heirs of all the strength which the struggle against this error has fostered. It amounted to the very inversion of truth, and the denial of the PERSPECTIVE—the fundamental condition—of life, to speak of Spirit and the Good as Plato spoke of them; indeed one might ask, as a physician: "How did such a malady attack that finest product of antiquity, Plato? Had the wicked Socrates really corrupted him? Was Socrates after all a corrupter of youths, and deserved his hemlock?" But the struggle against Plato, or—to speak plainer, and for the "people"—the struggle against the ecclesiastical oppression of millenniums of Christianity (FOR CHRISTIANITY IS PLATONISM FOR THE "PEOPLE"), produced in Europe a magnificent

tension of soul, such as had not existed anywhere previously; with such a tensely strained bow one can now aim at the furthest goals. As a matter of fact, the European feels this tension as a state of distress, and twice attempts have been made in grand style to unbend the bow: once by means of Jesuitism, and the second time by means of democratic enlightenment—which, with the aid of liberty of the press and newspaper-reading, might, in fact, bring it about that the spirit would not so easily find itself in "distress"! (The Germans invented gunpowder—all credit to them! but they again made things square—they invented printing.) But we, who are neither Jesuits, nor democrats, nor even sufficiently Germans, we GOOD EUROPEANS, and free, VERY free spirits—we have it still, all the distress of spirit and all the tension of its bow! And perhaps also the arrow, the duty, and, who knows? THE GOAL TO AIM AT... .

Sils Maria Upper Engadine, JUNE, 1885.

CHAPTER I

PREJUDICES OF PHILOSOPHERS

Beyond Good and Evil

1

The Will to Truth, which is to tempt us to many a hazardous enterprise, the famous Truthfulness of which all philosophers have until now spoken with respect, what questions has this Will to Truth not laid before us! What strange, perplexing, questionable questions! It is already a long story; yet it seems as if it were hardly commenced. Is it any wonder if we at last grow distrustful, lose patience, and turn impatiently away? That this Sphinx teaches us at last to ask questions ourselves? WHO is it really that puts questions to us here? WHAT really is this "Will to Truth" in us? In fact we made a long halt at the question as to the origin of this Will—until at last we came to an absolute standstill before a yet more

fundamental question. We inquired about the VALUE of this Will. Granted that we want the truth: WHY NOT RATHER untruth? And uncertainty? Even ignorance? The problem of the value of truth presented itself before us—or was it we who presented ourselves before the problem? Which of us is the Oedipus here? Which the Sphinx? It would seem to be a rendezvous of questions and notes of interrogation. And could it be believed that it at last seems to us as if the problem had never been propounded before, as if we were the first to discern it, get a sight of it, and RISK RAISING it? For there is risk in raising it, perhaps there is no greater risk.

Beyond Good and Evil

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"HOW COULD anything originate out of its opposite? For example, truth out of error? or the Will to Truth out of the will to deception? or the generous deed out of selfishness? or the pure sun-bright vision of the wise man out of covetousness? Such genesis is impossible; whoever dreams of it is a fool, nay, worse than a fool; things of the highest value must have a different origin, an origin of THEIR own—in this transitory, seductive, illusory, paltry world, in this turmoil of delusion and cupidity, they cannot have their source. But rather in the lap of Being, in the intransitory, in the concealed God, in the "Thing-in-itself—THERE must be their source, and nowhere else!"—This mode of reasoning discloses the typical prejudice by which metaphysicians of all times can be recognized, this mode of valuation is at the back of all their logical procedure; through this "belief" of theirs, they exert themselves for their "knowledge," for something that is in the end solemnly christened "the Truth." The fundamental belief of metaphysicians is THE BELIEF IN ANTITHESES OF VALUES. It never occurred even to the wariest of them to doubt here on the very threshold (where doubt, however, was most necessary); though they had made a solemn vow, "DE OMNIBUS DUBITANDUM." For it may be doubted, firstly, whether antitheses exist at all; and secondly, whether the popular valuations and antitheses of value upon which metaphysicians have set their seal, are not perhaps merely superficial estimates, merely provisional perspectives, besides being probably made from some corner, perhaps from below—"frog

perspectives," as it were, to borrow an expression current among painters. In spite of all the value which may belong to the true, the positive, and the unselfish, it might be possible that a higher and more fundamental value for life generally should be assigned to pretence, to the will to delusion, to selfishness, and cupidity. It might even be possible that WHAT constitutes the value of those good and respected things, consists precisely in their being insidiously related, knotted, and crocheted to these evil and apparently opposed things—perhaps even in being essentially identical with them. Perhaps! But who wishes to concern himself with such dangerous "Perhapses"! For that investigation one must await the advent of a new order of philosophers, such as will have other tastes and inclinations, the reverse of those until now prevalent—philosophers of the dangerous "Perhaps" in every sense of the term. And to speak in all seriousness, I see such new philosophers beginning to appear.

Beyond Good and Evil

3

Having kept a sharp eye on philosophers, and having read between their lines long enough, I now say to myself that the greater part of conscious thinking must be counted among the instinctive functions, and it is so even in the case of philosophical thinking; one has here to learn anew, as one learned anew about heredity and "innateness." As little as the act of birth comes into consideration in the whole process and procedure of heredity, just as little is "being-conscious" OPPOSED to the instinctive in any decisive sense; the greater part of the conscious thinking of a philosopher is secretly influenced by his instincts, and forced into definite channels. And behind all logic and its seeming sovereignty of movement, there are valuations, or to speak more plainly, physiological demands, for the maintenance of a definite mode of life. For example, that the certain is worth more than the uncertain, that illusion is less valuable than "truth" such valuations, in spite of their regulative importance for US, might notwithstanding be only superficial valuations, special kinds of *niaiserie* [folly, silliness], such as may be necessary for the maintenance of beings such as ourselves. Supposing, in effect, that man is not just the "measure of things."

Beyond Good and Evil

4

The falseness of an opinion is not for us any objection to it: it is here, perhaps, that our new language sounds most strangely. The question is, how far an opinion is life-furthering, life-preserving, species-preserving, perhaps species-rearing, and we are fundamentally inclined to maintain that the falsest opinions (to which the synthetic judgments a priori belong), are the most indispensable to us, that without a recognition of logical fictions, without a comparison of reality with the purely IMAGINED world of the absolute and immutable, without a constant counterfeiting of the world by means of numbers, man could not live—that the renunciation of false opinions would be a renunciation of life, a negation of life. TO RECOGNISE UNTRUTH AS A CONDITION OF LIFE; that is certainly to impugn the traditional ideas of value in a dangerous manner, and a philosophy which ventures to do so, has thereby alone placed itself beyond good and evil.

Beyond Good and Evil

5

That which causes philosophers to be regarded half-distrustfully and half-mockingly, is not the oft-repeated discovery how innocent they are—how often and easily they make mistakes and lose their way, in short, how childish and childlike they are,—but that there is not enough honest dealing with them, whereas they all raise a loud and virtuous outcry when the problem of truthfulness is even hinted at in the remotest manner. They all pose as though their real opinions had been discovered and attained through the self-evolving of a cold, pure, divinely indifferent dialectic (in contrast to all sorts of mystics, who, fairer and foolisher, talk of "inspiration"), whereas, in fact, a prejudiced proposition, idea, or "suggestion," which is generally their heart's desire abstracted and refined, is defended by them with arguments sought out after the event. They are all advocates who do not wish to be regarded as such, generally

astute defenders, also, of their prejudices, which they dub "truths,"—and VERY far from having the conscience which bravely admits this to itself, very far from having the good taste of the courage which goes so far as to let this be understood, perhaps to warn friend or foe, or in cheerful confidence and self-ridicule. The spectacle of the Tartuffery of old Kant, equally stiff and decent, with which he entices us into the dialectic by-ways that lead (more correctly mislead) to his "categorical imperative"—makes us fastidious ones smile, we who find no small amusement in spying out the subtle tricks of old moralists and ethical preachers. Or, still more so, the hocus-pocus in mathematical form, by means of which Spinoza has, as it were, clad his philosophy in mail and mask—in fact, the "love of HIS wisdom," to translate the term fairly and squarely—in order thereby to strike terror at once into the heart of the assailant who should dare to cast a glance on that invincible maiden, that Pallas Athene:—how much of personal timidity and vulnerability does this masquerade of a sickly recluse betray!

Beyond Good and Evil

6

It has gradually become clear to me what every great philosophy up till now has consisted of—namely, the confession of its originator, and a species of involuntary and unconscious auto-biography; and moreover that the moral (or immoral) purpose in every philosophy has constituted the true vital germ out of which the entire plant has always grown. Indeed, to understand how the abstrusest metaphysical assertions of a philosopher have been arrived at, it is always well (and wise) to first ask oneself: "What morality do they (or does he) aim at?" Accordingly, I do not believe that an "impulse to knowledge" is the father of philosophy; but that another impulse, here as elsewhere, has only made use of knowledge (and mistaken knowledge!) as an instrument. But whoever considers the fundamental impulses of man with a view to determining how far they may have here acted as INSPIRING GENII (or as demons and kobolds), will find that they have all practiced philosophy at one time or another, and that each one of them would have been only too glad to look upon itself as the ultimate end of existence and the legitimate LORD over all the other impulses. For every impulse is imperious, and as

SUCH, attempts to philosophize. To be sure, in the case of scholars, in the case of really scientific men, it may be otherwise—"better," if you will; there there may really be such a thing as an "impulse to knowledge," some kind of small, independent clock-work, which, when well wound up, works away industriously to that end, WITHOUT the rest of the scholarly impulses taking any material part therein. The actual "interests" of the scholar, therefore, are generally in quite another direction—in the family, perhaps, or in money-making, or in politics; it is, in fact, almost indifferent at what point of research his little machine is placed, and whether the hopeful young worker becomes a good philologist, a mushroom specialist, or a chemist; he is not CHARACTERISED by becoming this or that. In the philosopher, on the contrary, there is absolutely nothing impersonal; and above all, his morality furnishes a decided and decisive testimony as to WHO HE IS,—that is to say, in what order the deepest impulses of his nature stand to each other.

Beyond Good and Evil

7

How malicious philosophers can be! I know of nothing more stinging than the joke Epicurus took the liberty of making on Plato and the Platonists; he called them Dionysiokolakes. In its original sense, and on the face of it, the word signifies "Flatterers of Dionysius"—consequently, tyrants' accessories and lick-spittles; besides this, however, it is as much as to say, "They are all ACTORS, there is nothing genuine about them" (for Dionysiokolax was a popular name for an actor). And the latter is really the malignant reproach that Epicurus cast upon Plato: he was annoyed by the grandiose manner, the *mise en scene* style of which Plato and his scholars were masters—of which Epicurus was not a master! He, the old school-teacher of Samos, who sat concealed in his little garden at Athens, and wrote three hundred books, perhaps out of rage and ambitious envy of Plato, who knows! Greece took a hundred years to find out who the garden-god Epicurus really was. Did she ever find out?

Beyond Good and Evil

There is a point in every philosophy at which the "conviction" of the philosopher appears on the scene; or, to put it in the words of an ancient mystery:

Adventavit asinus, Pulcher et fortissimus.

Beyond Good and Evil

You desire to LIVE "according to Nature"? Oh, you noble Stoics, what fraud of words! Imagine to yourselves a being like Nature, boundlessly extravagant, boundlessly indifferent, without purpose or consideration, without pity or justice, at once fruitful and barren and uncertain: imagine to yourselves INDIFFERENCE as a power—how COULD you live in accordance with such indifference? To live—is not that just endeavouring to be otherwise than this Nature? Is not living valuing, preferring, being unjust, being limited, endeavouring to be different? And granted that your imperative, "living according to Nature," means actually the same as "living according to life"—how could you do DIFFERENTLY? Why should you make a principle out of what you yourselves are, and must be? In reality, however, it is quite otherwise with you: while you pretend to read with rapture the canon of your law in Nature, you want something quite the contrary, you extraordinary stage-players and self-deluders! In your pride you wish to dictate your morals and ideals to Nature, to Nature herself, and to incorporate them therein; you insist that it shall be Nature "according to the Stoa," and would like everything to be made after your own image, as a vast, eternal glorification and generalism of Stoicism! With all your love for truth, you have forced yourselves so long, so persistently, and with such hypnotic rigidity to see Nature FALSELY, that is to say, Stoically, that you are no longer able to see it otherwise—and to crown all, some unfathomable superciliousness gives you the Bedlamite hope that BECAUSE you are able to tyrannize over yourselves—Stoicism is self-tyranny—Nature will also allow herself to be tyrannized over: is not the Stoic a PART of Nature? ... But this is an

old and everlasting story: what happened in old times with the Stoics still happens today, as soon as ever a philosophy begins to believe in itself. It always creates the world in its own image; it cannot do otherwise; philosophy is this tyrannical impulse itself, the most spiritual Will to Power, the will to "creation of the world," the will to the *causa prima*.

Beyond Good and Evil

10

The eagerness and subtlety, I should even say craftiness, with which the problem of "the real and the apparent world" is dealt with at present throughout Europe, furnishes food for thought and attention; and he who hears only a "Will to Truth" in the background, and nothing else, cannot certainly boast of the sharpest ears. In rare and isolated cases, it may really have happened that such a Will to Truth—a certain extravagant and adventurous pluck, a metaphysician's ambition of the forlorn hope—has participated therein: that which in the end always prefers a handful of "certainty" to a whole cartload of beautiful possibilities; there may even be puritanical fanatics of conscience, who prefer to put their last trust in a sure nothing, rather than in an uncertain something. But that is Nihilism, and the sign of a despairing, mortally wearied soul, notwithstanding the courageous bearing such a virtue may display. It seems, however, to be otherwise with stronger and livelier thinkers who are still eager for life. In that they side AGAINST appearance, and speak superciliously of "perspective," in that they rank the credibility of their own bodies about as low as the credibility of the ocular evidence that "the earth stands still," and thus, apparently, allowing with complacency their securest possession to escape (for what does one at present believe in more firmly than in one's body?),—who knows if they are not really trying to win back something which was formerly an even securer possession, something of the old domain of the faith of former times, perhaps the "immortal soul," perhaps "the old God," in short, ideas by which they could live better, that is to say, more vigorously and more joyously, than by "modern ideas"? There is DISTRUST of these modern ideas in this mode of looking at things, a disbelief in all that has been constructed yesterday and today; there is perhaps some slight admixture of satiety and scorn, which can no longer endure the BRIC-A-BRAC of ideas of the

most varied origin, such as so-called Positivism at present throws on the market; a disgust of the more refined taste at the village-fair motley and patchiness of all these reality-philosophasters, in whom there is nothing either new or true, except this motley. Therein it seems to me that we should agree with those skeptical anti-realists and knowledge-microscopists of the present day; their instinct, which repels them from MODERN reality, is unrefuted ... what do their retrograde by-paths concern us! The main thing about them is NOT that they wish to go "back," but that they wish to get AWAY from that. A little MORE strength, swing, courage, and artistic power, and they would be OFF—and not back!

Beyond Good and Evil

11

It seems to me that there is everywhere an attempt at present to divert attention from the actual influence which Kant exercised on German philosophy, and especially to ignore prudently the value which he set upon himself. Kant was first and foremost proud of his Table of Categories; with it in his hand he said: "This is the most difficult thing that could ever be undertaken on behalf of metaphysics." Let us only understand this "could be"! He was proud of having DISCOVERED a new faculty in man, the faculty of synthetic judgment a priori. Granting that he deceived himself in this matter; the development and rapid flourishing of German philosophy depended nevertheless on his pride, and on the eager rivalry of the younger generation to discover if possible something—at all events "new faculties"—of which to be still prouder!—But let us reflect for a moment—it is high time to do so. "How are synthetic judgments a priori POSSIBLE?" Kant asks himself—and what is really his answer? "BY MEANS OF A MEANS (faculty)"—but unfortunately not in five words, but so circumstantially, imposingly, and with such display of German profundity and verbal flourishes, that one altogether loses sight of the comical *niaiserie allemande* involved in such an answer. People were beside themselves with delight over this new faculty, and the jubilation reached its climax when Kant further discovered a moral faculty in man—for at that time Germans were still moral, not yet dabbling in the "Politics of hard fact." Then came the

honeymoon of German philosophy. All the young theologians of the Tübingen institution went immediately into the groves—all seeking for "faculties." And what did they not find—in that innocent, rich, and still youthful period of the German spirit, to which Romanticism, the malicious fairy, piped and sang, when one could not yet distinguish between "finding" and "inventing"! Above all a faculty for the "transcendental"; Schelling christened it, intellectual intuition, and thereby gratified the most earnest longings of the naturally pious-inclined Germans. One can do no greater wrong to the whole of this exuberant and eccentric movement (which was really youthfulness, notwithstanding that it disguised itself so boldly, in hoary and senile conceptions), than to take it seriously, or even treat it with moral indignation. Enough, however—the world grew older, and the dream vanished. A time came when people rubbed their foreheads, and they still rub them today. People had been dreaming, and first and foremost—old Kant. "By means of a means (faculty)"—he had said, or at least meant to say. But, is that—an answer? An explanation? Or is it not rather merely a repetition of the question? How does opium induce sleep? "By means of a means (faculty)," namely the *virtus dormitiva*, replies the doctor in Moliere,

Quia est in eo virtus dormitiva, Cujus est natura sensus assoupire.

But such replies belong to the realm of comedy, and it is high time to replace the Kantian question, "How are synthetic judgments a *PRIORI* possible?" by another question, "Why is belief in such judgments necessary?"—in effect, it is high time that we should understand that such judgments must be believed to be true, for the sake of the preservation of creatures like ourselves; though they still might naturally be false judgments! Or, more plainly spoken, and roughly and readily—synthetic judgments a priori should not "be possible" at all; we have no right to them; in our mouths they are nothing but false judgments. Only, of course, the belief in their truth is necessary, as plausible belief and ocular evidence belonging to the perspective view of life. And finally, to call to mind the enormous influence which "German philosophy"—I hope you understand its right to inverted commas (goosefeet)?—has exercised throughout the whole of Europe, there is no doubt that a certain *VIRTUS DORMITIVA* had a share in it; thanks to German philosophy, it was a delight to the noble idlers, the virtuous, the mystics, the artiste, the three-fourths Christians, and the political obscurantists of all nations, to find an antidote to the still overwhelming sensualism which overflowed from

the last century into this, in short—"sensus assoupire." ...

Beyond Good and Evil

12

As regards materialistic atomism, it is one of the best-refuted theories that have been advanced, and in Europe there is now perhaps no one in the learned world so unscholarly as to attach serious signification to it, except for convenient everyday use (as an abbreviation of the means of expression)—thanks chiefly to the Pole Boscovich: he and the Pole Copernicus have until now been the greatest and most successful opponents of ocular evidence. For while Copernicus has persuaded us to believe, contrary to all the senses, that the earth does NOT stand fast, Boscovich has taught us to abjure the belief in the last thing that "stood fast" of the earth—the belief in "substance," in "matter," in the earth-residuum, and particle-atom: it is the greatest triumph over the senses that has until now been gained on earth. One must, however, go still further, and also declare war, relentless war to the knife, against the "atomistic requirements" which still lead a dangerous after-life in places where no one suspects them, like the more celebrated "metaphysical requirements": one must also above all give the finishing stroke to that other and more portentous atomism which Christianity has taught best and longest, the SOUL-ATOMISM. Let it be permitted to designate by this expression the belief which regards the soul as something indestructible, eternal, indivisible, as a monad, as an atomon: this belief ought to be expelled from science! Between ourselves, it is not at all necessary to get rid of "the soul" thereby, and thus renounce one of the oldest and most venerated hypotheses—as happens frequently to the clumsiness of naturalists, who can hardly touch on the soul without immediately losing it. But the way is open for new acceptations and refinements of the soul-hypothesis; and such conceptions as "mortal soul," and "soul of subjective multiplicity," and "soul as social structure of the instincts and passions," want henceforth to have legitimate rights in science. In that the NEW psychologist is about to put an end to the superstitions which have until now flourished with almost tropical luxuriance around the idea of the soul, he is really, as it were, thrusting himself into a new desert and a new distrust—it is possible that the older psychologists had a merrier and more comfortable

time of it; eventually, however, he finds that precisely thereby he is also condemned to INVENT—and, who knows? perhaps to DISCOVER the new.

Beyond Good and Evil

13

Psychologists should bethink themselves before putting down the instinct of self-preservation as the cardinal instinct of an organic being. A living thing seeks above all to DISCHARGE its strength—life itself is WILL TO POWER; self-preservation is only one of the indirect and most frequent RESULTS thereof. In short, here, as everywhere else, let us beware of SUPERFLUOUS teleological principles!—one of which is the instinct of self-preservation (we owe it to Spinoza's inconsistency). It is thus, in effect, that method ordains, which must be essentially economy of principles.

Beyond Good and Evil

14

It is perhaps just dawning on five or six minds that natural philosophy is only a world-exposition and world-arrangement (according to us, if I may say so!) and NOT a world-explanation; but in so far as it is based on belief in the senses, it is regarded as more, and for a long time to come must be regarded as more—namely, as an explanation. It has eyes and fingers of its own, it has ocular evidence and palpableness of its own: this operates fascinatingly, persuasively, and CONVINCINGLY upon an age with fundamentally plebeian tastes—in fact, it follows instinctively the canon of truth of eternal popular sensualism. What is clear, what is "explained"? Only that which can be seen and felt—one must pursue every problem thus far. Obversely, however, the charm of the Platonic mode of thought, which was an ARISTOCRATIC mode, consisted precisely in RESISTANCE to obvious sense-evidence—perhaps among men who enjoyed even stronger and more fastidious senses than our

contemporaries, but who knew how to find a higher triumph in remaining masters of them: and this by means of pale, cold, grey conceptional networks which they threw over the motley whirl of the senses—the mob of the senses, as Plato said. In this overcoming of the world, and interpreting of the world in the manner of Plato, there was an ENJOYMENT different from that which the physicists of today offer us—and likewise the Darwinists and anti-teleologists among the physiological workers, with their principle of the "smallest possible effort," and the greatest possible blunder. "Where there is nothing more to see or to grasp, there is also nothing more for men to do"—that is certainly an imperative different from the Platonic one, but it may notwithstanding be the right imperative for a hardy, laborious race of machinists and bridge-builders of the future, who have nothing but ROUGH work to perform.

Beyond Good and Evil

15

To study physiology with a clear conscience, one must insist on the fact that the sense-organs are not phenomena in the sense of the idealistic philosophy; as such they certainly could not be causes! Sensualism, therefore, at least as regulative hypothesis, if not as heuristic principle. What? And others say even that the external world is the work of our organs? But then our body, as a part of this external world, would be the work of our organs! But then our organs themselves would be the work of our organs! It seems to me that this is a complete REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM, if the conception CAUSA SUI is something fundamentally absurd. Consequently, the external world is NOT the work of our organs—?

Beyond Good and Evil

16

There are still harmless self-observers who believe that there are

"immediate certainties"; for instance, "I think," or as the superstition of Schopenhauer puts it, "I will"; as though cognition here got hold of its object purely and simply as "the thing in itself," without any falsification taking place either on the part of the subject or the object. I would repeat it, however, a hundred times, that "immediate certainty," as well as "absolute knowledge" and the "thing in itself," involve a CONTRADICTION IN ADJECTO; we really ought to free ourselves from the misleading significance of words! The people on their part may think that cognition is knowing all about things, but the philosopher must say to himself: "When I analyze the process that is expressed in the sentence, 'I think,' I find a whole series of daring assertions, the argumentative proof of which would be difficult, perhaps impossible: for instance, that it is I who think, that there must necessarily be something that thinks, that thinking is an activity and operation on the part of a being who is thought of as a cause, that there is an 'ego,' and finally, that it is already determined what is to be designated by thinking—that I KNOW what thinking is. For if I had not already decided within myself what it is, by what standard could I determine whether that which is just happening is not perhaps 'willing' or 'feeling'? In short, the assertion 'I think,' assumes that I COMPARE my state at the present moment with other states of myself which I know, in order to determine what it is; on account of this retrospective connection with further 'knowledge,' it has, at any rate, no immediate certainty for me."—In place of the "immediate certainty" in which the people may believe in the special case, the philosopher thus finds a series of metaphysical questions presented to him, veritable conscience questions of the intellect, to wit: "Whence did I get the notion of 'thinking'? Why do I believe in cause and effect? What gives me the right to speak of an 'ego,' and even of an 'ego' as cause, and finally of an 'ego' as cause of thought?" He who ventures to answer these metaphysical questions at once by an appeal to a sort of INTUITIVE perception, like the person who says, "I think, and know that this, at least, is true, actual, and certain"—will encounter a smile and two notes of interrogation in a philosopher nowadays. "Sir," the philosopher will perhaps give him to understand, "it is improbable that you are not mistaken, but why should it be the truth?"

Beyond Good and Evil

With regard to the superstitions of logicians, I shall never tire of emphasizing a small, terse fact, which is unwillingly recognized by these credulous minds—namely, that a thought comes when "it" wishes, and not when "I" wish; so that it is a PERVERSION of the facts of the case to say that the subject "I" is the condition of the predicate "think." ONE thinks; but that this "one" is precisely the famous old "ego," is, to put it mildly, only a supposition, an assertion, and assuredly not an "immediate certainty." After all, one has even gone too far with this "one thinks"—even the "one" contains an INTERPRETATION of the process, and does not belong to the process itself. One infers here according to the usual grammatical formula—"To think is an activity; every activity requires an agency that is active; consequently" ... It was pretty much on the same lines that the older atomism sought, besides the operating "power," the material particle wherein it resides and out of which it operates—the atom. More rigorous minds, however, learnt at last to get along without this "earth-residuum," and perhaps someday we shall accustom ourselves, even from the logician's point of view, to get along without the little "one" (to which the worthy old "ego" has refined itself).

Beyond Good and Evil

It is certainly not the least charm of a theory that it is refutable; it is precisely thereby that it attracts the more subtle minds. It seems that the hundred-times-refuted theory of the "free will" owes its persistence to this charm alone; someone is always appearing who feels himself strong enough to refute it.

Beyond Good and Evil

Philosophers are accustomed to speak of the will as though it were the

best-known thing in the world; indeed, Schopenhauer has given us to understand that the will alone is really known to us, absolutely and completely known, without deduction or addition. But it again and again seems to me that in this case Schopenhauer also only did what philosophers are in the habit of doing—he seems to have adopted a POPULAR PREJUDICE and exaggerated it. Willing seems to me to be above all something COMPLICATED, something that is a unity only in name—and it is precisely in a name that popular prejudice lurks, which has got the mastery over the inadequate precautions of philosophers in all ages. So let us for once be more cautious, let us be "unphilosophical": let us say that in all willing there is firstly a plurality of sensations, namely, the sensation of the condition "AWAY FROM WHICH we go," the sensation of the condition "TOWARDS WHICH we go," the sensation of this "FROM" and "TOWARDS" itself, and then besides, an accompanying muscular sensation, which, even without our putting in motion "arms and legs," commences its action by force of habit, directly we "will" anything. Therefore, just as sensations (and indeed many kinds of sensations) are to be recognized as ingredients of the will, so, in the second place, thinking is also to be recognized; in every act of the will there is a ruling thought;—and let us not imagine it possible to sever this thought from the "willing," as if the will would then remain over! In the third place, the will is not only a complex of sensation and thinking, but it is above all an EMOTION, and in fact the emotion of the command. That which is termed "freedom of the will" is essentially the emotion of supremacy in respect to him who must obey: "I am free, 'he' must obey"—this consciousness is inherent in every will; and equally so the straining of the attention, the straight look which fixes itself exclusively on one thing, the unconditional judgment that "this and nothing else is necessary now," the inward certainty that obedience will be rendered—and whatever else pertains to the position of the commander. A man who WILLS commands something within himself which renders obedience, or which he believes renders obedience. But now let us notice what is the strangest thing about the will,—this affair so extremely complex, for which the people have only one name. Inasmuch as in the given circumstances we are at the same time the commanding AND the obeying parties, and as the obeying party we know the sensations of constraint, impulsion, pressure, resistance, and motion, which usually commence immediately after the act of will; inasmuch as, on the other hand, we are accustomed to disregard this duality, and to deceive ourselves about it by means of the synthetic term "I": a whole series of erroneous

conclusions, and consequently of false judgments about the will itself, has become attached to the act of willing—to such a degree that he who wills believes firmly that willing SUFFICES for action. Since in the majority of cases there has only been exercise of will when the effect of the command—consequently obedience, and therefore action—was to be EXPECTED, the APPEARANCE has translated itself into the sentiment, as if there were a NECESSITY OF EFFECT; in a word, he who wills believes with a fair amount of certainty that will and action are somehow one; he ascribes the success, the carrying out of the willing, to the will itself, and thereby enjoys an increase of the sensation of power which accompanies all success. "Freedom of Will"—that is the expression for the complex state of delight of the person exercising volition, who commands and at the same time identifies himself with the executor of the order—who, as such, enjoys also the triumph over obstacles, but thinks within himself that it was really his own will that overcame them. In this way the person exercising volition adds the feelings of delight of his successful executive instruments, the useful "underwills" or under-souls—indeed, our body is but a social structure composed of many souls—to his feelings of delight as commander. L'EFFET C'EST MOI. what happens here is what happens in every well-constructed and happy commonwealth, namely, that the governing class identifies itself with the successes of the commonwealth. In all willing it is absolutely a question of commanding and obeying, on the basis, as already said, of a social structure composed of many "souls", on which account a philosopher should claim the right to include willing-as-such within the sphere of morals—regarded as the doctrine of the relations of supremacy under which the phenomenon of "life" manifests itself.

Beyond Good and Evil

20

That the separate philosophical ideas are not anything optional or autonomously evolving, but grow up in connection and relationship with each other, that, however suddenly and arbitrarily they seem to appear in the history of thought, they nevertheless belong just as much to a system as the collective members of the fauna of a Continent—is betrayed in the end by the circumstance: how unfailingly the most diverse

philosophers always fill in again a definite fundamental scheme of POSSIBLE philosophies. Under an invisible spell, they always revolve once more in the same orbit, however independent of each other they may feel themselves with their critical or systematic wills, something within them leads them, something impels them in definite order the one after the other—to wit, the innate methodology and relationship of their ideas. Their thinking is, in fact, far less a discovery than a re-recognizing, a remembering, a return and a home-coming to a far-off, ancient common-household of the soul, out of which those ideas formerly grew: philosophizing is so far a kind of atavism of the highest order. The wonderful family resemblance of all Indian, Greek, and German philosophizing is easily enough explained. In fact, where there is affinity of language, owing to the common philosophy of grammar—I mean owing to the unconscious domination and guidance of similar grammatical functions—it cannot but be that everything is prepared at the outset for a similar development and succession of philosophical systems, just as the way seems barred against certain other possibilities of world-interpretation. It is highly probable that philosophers within the domain of the Ural-Altaic languages (where the conception of the subject is least developed) look otherwise "into the world," and will be found on paths of thought different from those of the Indo-Germans and Muslims, the spell of certain grammatical functions is ultimately also the spell of PHYSIOLOGICAL valuations and racial conditions.—So much by way of rejecting Locke's superficiality with regard to the origin of ideas.

Beyond Good and Evil

21

The CAUSA SUI is the best self-contradiction that has yet been conceived, it is a sort of logical violation and unnaturalness; but the extravagant pride of man has managed to entangle itself profoundly and frightfully with this very folly. The desire for "freedom of will" in the superlative, metaphysical sense, such as still holds sway, unfortunately, in the minds of the half-educated, the desire to bear the entire and ultimate responsibility for one's actions oneself, and to absolve God, the world, ancestors, chance, and society from that, involves nothing less than to be precisely this CAUSA SUI, and, with more than Munchausen daring, to

pull oneself up into existence by the hair, out of the slough of nothingness. If anyone should find out in this manner the crass stupidity of the celebrated conception of "free will" and put it out of his head altogether, I beg of him to carry his "enlightenment" a step further, and also put out of his head the contrary of this monstrous conception of "free will": I mean "non-free will," which is tantamount to a misuse of cause and effect. One should not wrongly MATERIALISE "cause" and "effect," as the natural philosophers do (and whoever like them naturalize in thinking at present), according to the prevailing mechanical doltishness which makes the cause press and push until it "effects" its end; one should use "cause" and "effect" only as pure CONCEPTIONS, that is to say, as conventional fictions for the purpose of designation and mutual understanding,—NOT for explanation. In "being-in-itself" there is nothing of "casual-connection," of "necessity," or of "psychological non-freedom"; there the effect does NOT follow the cause, there "law" does not obtain. It is WE alone who have devised cause, sequence, reciprocity, relativity, constraint, number, law, freedom, motive, and purpose; and when we interpret and intermix this symbol-world, as "being-in-itself," with things, we act once more as we have always acted—MYTHOLOGICALLY. The "non-free will" is mythology; in real life it is only a question of STRONG and WEAK wills.—It is almost always a symptom of what is lacking in himself, when a thinker, in every "causal-connection" and "psychological necessity," manifests something of compulsion, indigence, obsequiousness, oppression, and non-freedom; it is suspicious to have such feelings—the person betrays himself. And in general, if I have observed correctly, the "non-freedom of the will" is regarded as a problem from two entirely opposite standpoints, but always in a profoundly PERSONAL manner: some will not give up their "responsibility," their belief in THEMSELVES, the personal right to THEIR merits, at any price (the vain races belong to this class); others on the contrary, do not wish to be answerable for anything, or blamed for anything, and owing to an inward self-contempt, seek to GET OUT OF THE BUSINESS, no matter how. The latter, when they write books, are in the habit at present of taking the side of criminals; a sort of socialistic sympathy is their favourite disguise. And as a matter of fact, the fatalism of the weak-willed embellishes itself surprisingly when it can pose as "la religion de la souffrance humaine"; that is ITS "good taste."

Beyond Good and Evil

22

Let me be pardoned, as an old philologist who cannot desist from the mischief of putting his finger on bad modes of interpretation, but "Nature's conformity to law," of which you physicists talk so proudly, as though—why, it exists only owing to your interpretation and bad "philology." It is no matter of fact, no "text," but rather just a naively humanitarian adjustment and perversion of meaning, with which you make abundant concessions to the democratic instincts of the modern soul! "Everywhere equality before the law—Nature is not different in that respect, nor better than we": a fine instance of secret motive, in which the vulgar antagonism to everything privileged and autocratic—likewise a second and more refined atheism—is once more disguised. "Ni dieu, ni maitre"—that, also, is what you want; and therefore "Cheers for natural law!"—is it not so? But, as has been said, that is interpretation, not text; and somebody might come along, who, with opposite intentions and modes of interpretation, could read out of the same "Nature," and with regard to the same phenomena, just the tyrannically inconsiderate and relentless enforcement of the claims of power—an interpreter who should so place the unexceptionalness and unconditionality of all "Will to Power" before your eyes, that almost every word, and the word "tyranny" itself, would eventually seem unsuitable, or like a weakening and softening metaphor—as being too human; and who should, nevertheless, end by asserting the same about this world as you do, namely, that it has a "necessary" and "calculable" course, NOT, however, because laws obtain in it, but because they are absolutely LACKING, and every power effects its ultimate consequences every moment. Granted that this also is only interpretation—and you will be eager enough to make this objection?—well, so much the better.

Beyond Good and Evil

23

All psychology until now has run aground on moral prejudices and timidities, it has not dared to launch out into the depths. In so far as it is

allowable to recognize in that which has until now been written, evidence of that which has until now been kept silent, it seems as if nobody had yet harboured the notion of psychology as the Morphology and DEVELOPMENT-DOCTRINE OF THE WILL TO POWER, as I conceive of it. The power of moral prejudices has penetrated deeply into the most intellectual world, the world apparently most indifferent and unprejudiced, and has obviously operated in an injurious, obstructive, blinding, and distorting manner. A proper physio-psychology has to contend with unconscious antagonism in the heart of the investigator, it has "the heart" against it even a doctrine of the reciprocal conditionality of the "good" and the "bad" impulses, causes (as refined immorality) distress and aversion in a still strong and manly conscience—still more so, a doctrine of the derivation of all good impulses from bad ones. If, however, a person should regard even the emotions of hatred, envy, covetousness, and imperiousness as life-conditioning emotions, as factors which must be present, fundamentally and essentially, in the general economy of life (which must, therefore, be further developed if life is to be further developed), he will suffer from such a view of things as from sea-sickness. And yet this hypothesis is far from being the strangest and most painful in this immense and almost new domain of dangerous knowledge, and there are in fact a hundred good reasons why everyone should keep away from it who CAN do so! On the other hand, if one has once drifted hither with one's bark, well! very good! now let us set our teeth firmly! let us open our eyes and keep our hand fast on the helm! We sail away right OVER morality, we crush out, we destroy perhaps the remains of our own morality by daring to make our voyage thither—but what do WE matter. Never yet did a PROFOUNDER world of insight reveal itself to daring travelers and adventurers, and the psychologist who thus "makes a sacrifice"—it is not the sacrificio dell' intelletto, on the contrary!—will at least be entitled to demand in return that psychology shall once more be recognized as the queen of the sciences, for whose service and equipment the other sciences exist. For psychology is once more the path to the fundamental problems.

CHAPTER II

THE FREE SPIRIT

Beyond Good and Evil

24

O sancta simplicitas! In what strange simplification and falsification man lives! One can never cease wondering when once one has got eyes for beholding this marvel! How we have made everything around us clear and free and easy and simple! how we have been able to give our senses a passport to everything superficial, our thoughts a godlike desire for wanton pranks and wrong inferences!—how from the beginning, we have contrived to retain our ignorance in order to enjoy an almost inconceivable freedom, thoughtlessness, imprudence, heartiness, and gaiety—in order to enjoy life! And only on this solidified, granite-like foundation of ignorance could knowledge rear itself until now, the will to knowledge on the foundation of a far more powerful will, the will to ignorance, to the uncertain, to the untrue! Not as its opposite, but—as its refinement! It is to be hoped, indeed, that LANGUAGE, here as elsewhere, will not get over its awkwardness, and that it will continue to talk of opposites where there are only degrees and many refinements of gradation; it is equally to be hoped that the incarnated Tartuffery of morals, which now belongs to our unconquerable "flesh and blood," will turn the words round in the mouths of us discerning ones. Here and there we understand it, and laugh at the way in which precisely the best knowledge seeks most to retain us in this SIMPLIFIED, thoroughly artificial, suitably imagined, and suitably falsified world: at the way in which, whether it will or not, it loves error, because, as living itself, it loves life!

Beyond Good and Evil

25

After such a cheerful commencement, a serious word would gladly be heard; it appeals to the most serious minds. Take care, you philosophers and friends of knowledge, and beware of martyrdom! Of suffering "for the truth's sake"! even in your own defense! It spoils all the innocence and fine neutrality of your conscience; it makes you headstrong against

objections and red rags; it stupefies, animalizes, and brutalizes, when in the struggle with danger, slander, suspicion, expulsion, and even worse consequences of enmity, you have at last to play your last card as protectors of truth upon earth—as though "the Truth" were such an innocent and incompetent creature as to require protectors! and you of all people, you knights of the sorrowful countenance, Messrs Loafers and Cobweb-spinners of the spirit! Finally, you know sufficiently well that it cannot be of any consequence if YE just carry your point; you know that until now no philosopher has carried his point, and that there might be a more laudable truthfulness in every little interrogative mark which you place after your special words and favourite doctrines (and occasionally after yourselves) than in all the solemn pantomime and trumping games before accusers and law-courts! Rather go out of the way! Flee into concealment! And have your masks and your ruses, that you may be mistaken for what you are, or somewhat feared! And pray, don't forget the garden, the garden with golden trellis-work! And have people around you who are as a garden—or as music on the waters at eventide, when already the day becomes a memory. Choose the GOOD solitude, the free, wanton, lightsome solitude, which also gives you the right still to remain good in any sense whatsoever! How poisonous, how crafty, how bad, does every long war make one, which cannot be waged openly by means of force! How PERSONAL does a long fear make one, a long watching of enemies, of possible enemies! These pariahs of society, these long-pursued, badly-persecuted ones—also the compulsory recluses, the Spinozas or Giordano Brunos—always become in the end, even under the most intellectual masquerade, and perhaps without being themselves aware of it, refined vengeance-seekers and poison-Brewers (just lay bare the foundation of Spinoza's ethics and theology!), not to speak of the stupidity of moral indignation, which is the unfailing sign in a philosopher that the sense of philosophical humour has left him. The martyrdom of the philosopher, his "sacrifice for the sake of truth," forces into the light whatever of the agitator and actor lurks in him; and if one has until now contemplated him only with artistic curiosity, with regard to many a philosopher it is easy to understand the dangerous desire to see him also in his deterioration (deteriorated into a "martyr," into a stage-and-tribune-bawler). Only, that it is necessary with such a desire to be clear WHAT spectacle one will see in any case—merely a satyric play, merely an epilogue farce, merely the continued proof that the long, real tragedy IS AT AN END, supposing that every philosophy has been a long tragedy in its origin.

Every select man strives instinctively for a citadel and a privacy, where he is FREE from the crowd, the many, the majority—where he may forget "men who are the rule," as their exception;—exclusive only of the case in which he is pushed straight to such men by a still stronger instinct, as a discernor in the great and exceptional sense. Whoever, in intercourse with men, does not occasionally glisten in all the green and grey colours of distress, owing to disgust, satiety, sympathy, gloominess, and solitariness, is assuredly not a man of elevated tastes; supposing, however, that he does not voluntarily take all this burden and disgust upon himself, that he persistently avoids it, and remains, as I said, quietly and proudly hidden in his citadel, one thing is then certain: he was not made, he was not predestined for knowledge. For as such, he would one day have to say to himself: "The devil take my good taste! but 'the rule' is more interesting than the exception—than myself, the exception!" And he would go DOWN, and above all, he would go "inside." The long and serious study of the AVERAGE man—and consequently much disguise, self-overcoming, familiarity, and bad intercourse (all intercourse is bad intercourse except with one's equals):—that constitutes a necessary part of the life-history of every philosopher; perhaps the most disagreeable, odious, and disappointing part. If he is fortunate, however, as a favourite child of knowledge should be, he will meet with suitable auxiliaries who will shorten and lighten his task; I mean so-called cynics, those who simply recognize the animal, the commonplace and "the rule" in themselves, and at the same time have so much spirituality and ticklishness as to make them talk of themselves and their like BEFORE WITNESSES—sometimes they wallow, even in books, as on their own dung-hill. Cynicism is the only form in which base souls approach what is called honesty; and the higher man must open his ears to all the coarser or finer cynicism, and congratulate himself when the clown becomes shameless right before him, or the scientific satyr speaks out. There are even cases where enchantment mixes with the disgust—namely, where by a freak of nature, genius is bound to some such indiscreet billy-goat and ape, as in the case of the Abbe Galiani, the profoundest, acutest, and

perhaps also filthiest man of his century—he was far profounder than Voltaire, and consequently also, a good deal more silent. It happens more frequently, as has been hinted, that a scientific head is placed on an ape's body, a fine exceptional understanding in a base soul, an occurrence by no means rare, especially among doctors and moral physiologists. And whenever anyone speaks without bitterness, or rather quite innocently, of man as a belly with two requirements, and a head with one; whenever anyone sees, seeks, and WANTS to see only hunger, sexual instinct, and vanity as the real and only motives of human actions; in short, when anyone speaks "badly"—and not even "ill"—of man, then ought the lover of knowledge to listen attentively and diligently; he ought, in general, to have an open ear wherever there is talk without indignation. For the indignant man, and he who perpetually tears and lacerates himself with his own teeth (or, in place of himself, the world, God, or society), may indeed, morally speaking, stand higher than the laughing and self-satisfied satyr, but in every other sense he is the more ordinary, more indifferent, and less instructive case. And no one is such a LIAR as the indignant man.

Beyond Good and Evil

27

It is difficult to be understood, especially when one thinks and lives *gangasrotogati* [Footnote: Like the river Ganges: presto.] among those only who think and live otherwise—namely, *kurmagati* [Footnote: Like the tortoise: lento.], or at best "froglike," *mandeikagati* [Footnote: Like the frog: staccato.] (I do everything to be "difficultly understood" myself!)—and one should be heartily grateful for the good will to some refinement of interpretation. As regards "the good friends," however, who are always too easy-going, and think that as friends they have a right to ease, one does well at the very first to grant them a play-ground and romping-place for misunderstanding—one can thus laugh still; or get rid of them altogether, these good friends—and laugh then also!

Beyond Good and Evil

What is most difficult to render from one language into another is the TEMPO of its style, which has its basis in the character of the race, or to speak more physiologically, in the average TEMPO of the assimilation of its nutriment. There are honestly meant translations, which, as involuntary vulgarizations, are almost falsifications of the original, merely because its lively and merry TEMPO (which overleaps and obviates all dangers in word and expression) could not also be rendered. A German is almost incapacitated for PRESTO in his language; consequently also, as may be reasonably inferred, for many of the most delightful and daring NUANCES of free, free-spirited thought. And just as the buffoon and satyr are foreign to him in body and conscience, so Aristophanes and Petronius are untranslatable for him. Everything ponderous, viscous, and pompously clumsy, all long-winded and wearying species of style, are developed in profuse variety among Germans—pardon me for stating the fact that even Goethe's prose, in its mixture of stiffness and elegance, is no exception, as a reflection of the "good old time" to which it belongs, and as an expression of German taste at a time when there was still a "German taste," which was a rococo-taste in moribus et artibus. Lessing is an exception, owing to his histrionic nature, which understood much, and was versed in many things; he who was not the translator of Bayle to no purpose, who took refuge willingly in the shadow of Diderot and Voltaire, and still more willingly among the Roman comedy-writers—Lessing loved also free-spiritism in the TEMPO, and flight out of Germany. But how could the German language, even in the prose of Lessing, imitate the TEMPO of Machiavelli, who in his "Principe" makes us breathe the dry, fine air of Florence, and cannot help presenting the most serious events in a boisterous allegrissimo, perhaps not without a malicious artistic sense of the contrast he ventures to present—long, heavy, difficult, dangerous thoughts, and a TEMPO of the gallop, and of the best, wantonest humour? Finally, who would venture on a German translation of Petronius, who, more than any great musician until now, was a master of PRESTO in invention, ideas, and words? What matter in the end about the swamps of the sick, evil world, or of the "ancient world," when like him, one has the feet of a wind, the rush, the breath, the emancipating scorn of a wind, which makes everything healthy, by making everything RUN! And with regard to Aristophanes—that transfiguring, complementary genius, for whose sake one PARDONS all

Hellenism for having existed, provided one has understood in its full profundity ALL that there requires pardon and transfiguration; there is nothing that has caused me to meditate more on PLATO'S secrecy and sphinx-like nature, than the happily preserved petit fait that under the pillow of his death-bed there was found no "Bible," nor anything Egyptian, Pythagorean, or Platonic—but a book of Aristophanes. How could even Plato have endured life—a Greek life which he repudiated—without an Aristophanes!

Beyond Good and Evil

29

It is the business of the very few to be independent; it is a privilege of the strong. And whoever attempts it, even with the best right, but without being OBLIGED to do so, proves that he is probably not only strong, but also daring beyond measure. He enters into a labyrinth, he multiplies a thousandfold the dangers which life in itself already brings with it; not the least of which is that no one can see how and where he loses his way, becomes isolated, and is torn piecemeal by some minotaur of conscience. Supposing such a one comes to grief, it is so far from the comprehension of men that they neither feel it, nor sympathize with it. And he cannot any longer go back! He cannot even go back again to the sympathy of men!

Beyond Good and Evil

30

Our deepest insights must—and should—appear as follies, and under certain circumstances as crimes, when they come unauthorizedly to the ears of those who are not disposed and predestined for them. The exoteric and the esoteric, as they were formerly distinguished by philosophers—among the Indians, as among the Greeks, Persians, and Muslims, in short, wherever people believed in gradations of rank and NOT in equality and equal rights—are not so much in contradistinction to one another

in respect to the exoteric class, standing without, and viewing, estimating, measuring, and judging from the outside, and not from the inside; the more essential distinction is that the class in question views things from below upwards—while the esoteric class views things FROM ABOVE DOWNWARDS. There are heights of the soul from which tragedy itself no longer appears to operate tragically; and if all the woe in the world were taken together, who would dare to decide whether the sight of it would NECESSARILY seduce and constrain to sympathy, and thus to a doubling of the woe? ... That which serves the higher class of men for nourishment or refreshment, must be almost poison to an entirely different and lower order of human beings. The virtues of the common man would perhaps mean vice and weakness in a philosopher; it might be possible for a highly developed man, supposing him to degenerate and go to ruin, to acquire qualities thereby alone, for the sake of which he would have to be honoured as a saint in the lower world into which he had sunk. There are books which have an inverse value for the soul and the health according as the inferior soul and the lower vitality, or the higher and more powerful, make use of them. In the former case they are dangerous, disturbing, unsettling books, in the latter case they are herald-calls which summon the bravest to THEIR bravery. Books for the general reader are always ill-smelling books, the odour of paltry people clings to them. Where the populace eat and drink, and even where they reverence, it is accustomed to stink. One should not go into churches if one wishes to breathe PURE air.

Beyond Good and Evil

31

In our youthful years we still venerate and despise without the art of NUANCE, which is the best gain of life, and we have rightly to do hard penance for having fallen upon men and things with Yea and Nay. Everything is so arranged that the worst of all tastes, THE TASTE FOR THE UNCONDITIONAL, is cruelly befooled and abused, until a man learns to introduce a little art into his sentiments, and prefers to try conclusions with the artificial, as do the real artists of life. The angry and reverent spirit peculiar to youth appears to allow itself no peace, until it has suitably falsified men and things, to be able to vent its passion upon

them: youth in itself even, is something falsifying and deceptive. Later on, when the young soul, tortured by continual disillusion, finally turns suspiciously against itself—still ardent and savage even in its suspicion and remorse of conscience: how it upbraids itself, how impatiently it tears itself, how it revenges itself for its long self-blinding, as though it had been a voluntary blindness! In this transition one punishes oneself by distrust of one's sentiments; one tortures one's enthusiasm with doubt, one feels even the good conscience to be a danger, as if it were the self-concealment and lassitude of a more refined uprightness; and above all, one espouses upon principle the cause AGAINST "youth."—A decade later, and one comprehends that all this was also still—youth!

Beyond Good and Evil

32

Throughout the longest period of human history—one calls it the prehistoric period—the value or non-value of an action was inferred from its CONSEQUENCES; the action in itself was not taken into consideration, any more than its origin; but pretty much as in China at present, where the distinction or disgrace of a child redounds to its parents, the retro-operating power of success or failure was what induced men to think well or ill of an action. Let us call this period the PRE-MORAL period of mankind; the imperative, "Know yourself!" was then still unknown. —In the last ten thousand years, on the other hand, on certain large portions of the earth, one has gradually got so far, that one no longer lets the consequences of an action, but its origin, decide with regard to its worth: a great achievement as a whole, an important refinement of vision and of criterion, the unconscious effect of the supremacy of aristocratic values and of the belief in "origin," the mark of a period which may be designated in the narrower sense as the MORAL one: the first attempt at self-knowledge is thereby made. Instead of the consequences, the origin—what an inversion of perspective! And assuredly an inversion effected only after long struggle and wavering! To be sure, an ominous new superstition, a peculiar narrowness of interpretation, attained supremacy precisely thereby: the origin of an action was interpreted in the most definite sense possible, as origin out of an INTENTION; people were agreed in the belief that the value of an action lay in the value of its

intention. The intention as the sole origin and antecedent history of an action: under the influence of this prejudice moral praise and blame have been bestowed, and men have judged and even philosophized almost up to the present day.—Is it not possible, however, that the necessity may now have arisen of again making up our minds with regard to the reversing and fundamental shifting of values, owing to a new self-consciousness and acuteness in man—is it not possible that we may be standing on the threshold of a period which to begin with, would be distinguished negatively as ULTRA-MORAL: nowadays when, at least among us immoralists, the suspicion arises that the decisive value of an action lies precisely in that which is NOT INTENTIONAL, and that all its intentionality, all that is seen, sensible, or "sensed" in it, belongs to its surface or skin—which, like every skin, betrays something, but CONCEALS still more? In short, we believe that the intention is only a sign or symptom, which first requires an explanation—a sign, moreover, which has too many interpretations, and consequently hardly any meaning in itself alone: that morality, in the sense in which it has been understood until now, as intention-morality, has been a prejudice, perhaps a prematureness or preliminariness, probably something of the same rank as astrology and alchemy, but in any case something which must be surmounted. The surmounting of morality, in a certain sense even the self-mounting of morality—let that be the name for the long-secret labour which has been reserved for the most refined, the most upright, and also the most wicked consciences of today, as the living touchstones of the soul.

Beyond Good and Evil

33

It cannot be helped: the sentiment of surrender, of sacrifice for one's neighbour, and all self-renunciation-morality, must be mercilessly called to account, and brought to judgment; just as the aesthetics of "disinterested contemplation," under which the emasculation of art nowadays seeks insidiously enough to create itself a good conscience. There is far too much witchery and sugar in the sentiments "for others" and "NOT for myself," for one not needing to be doubly distrustful here, and for one asking promptly: "Are they not

perhaps—DECEPTIONS?"—That they PLEASE—him who has them, and him who enjoys their fruit, and also the mere spectator—that is still no argument in their FAVOUR, but just calls for caution. Let us therefore be cautious!

Beyond Good and Evil

34

At whatever standpoint of philosophy one may place oneself nowadays, seen from every position, the ERRONEOUSNESS of the world in which we think we live is the surest and most certain thing our eyes can light upon: we find proof after proof thereof, which would gladly allure us into surmises concerning a deceptive principle in the "nature of things." He, however, who makes thinking itself, and consequently "the spirit," responsible for the falseness of the world—an honourable exit, which every conscious or unconscious advocatus dei avails himself of—he who regards this world, including space, time, form, and movement, as falsely DEDUCED, would have at least good reason in the end to become distrustful also of all thinking; has it not until now been playing upon us the worst of scurvy tricks? and what guarantee would it give that it would not continue to do what it has always been doing? In all seriousness, the innocence of thinkers has something touching and respect-inspiring in it, which even nowadays permits them to wait upon consciousness with the request that it will give them HONEST answers: for example, whether it be "real" or not, and why it keeps the outer world so resolutely at a distance, and other questions of the same description. The belief in "immediate certainties" is a MORAL NAIVETE which does honour to us philosophers; but—we have now to cease being "MERELY moral" men! Apart from morality, such belief is a folly which does little honour to us! If in middle-class life an ever-ready distrust is regarded as the sign of a "bad character," and consequently as an imprudence, here among us, beyond the middle-class world and its Yeas and Nays, what should prevent our being imprudent and saying: the philosopher has at length a RIGHT to "bad character," as the being who has until now been most befooled on earth—he is now under OBLIGATION to distrustfulness, to the wickedest squinting out of every abyss of suspicion.—Forgive me the joke of this gloomy grimace and turn of

expression; for I myself have long ago learned to think and estimate differently with regard to deceiving and being deceived, and I keep at least a couple of pokes in the ribs ready for the blind rage with which philosophers struggle against being deceived. Why NOT? It is nothing more than a moral prejudice that truth is worth more than semblance; it is, in fact, the worst proved supposition in the world. So much must be conceded: there could have been no life at all except upon the basis of perspective estimates and semblances; and if, with the virtuous enthusiasm and stupidity of many philosophers, one wished to do away altogether with the "seeming world"—well, granted that YOU could do that,—at least nothing of your "truth" would thereby remain! Indeed, what is it that forces us in general to the supposition that there is an essential opposition of "true" and "false"? Is it not enough to suppose degrees of seemingness, and as it were lighter and darker shades and tones of semblance—different valeurs, as the painters say? Why might not the world WHICH CONCERNS US—be a fiction? And to anyone who suggested: "But to a fiction belongs an originator?"—might it not be bluntly replied: WHY? May not this "belong" also belong to the fiction? Is it not at length permitted to be a little ironical towards the subject, just as towards the predicate and object? Might not the philosopher elevate himself above faith in grammar? All respect to governesses, but is it not time that philosophy should renounce governess-faith?

Beyond Good and Evil

35

O Voltaire! O humanity! O idiocy! There is something ticklish in "the truth," and in the SEARCH for the truth; and if man goes about it too humanely—"il ne cherche le vrai que pour faire le bien"—I wager he finds nothing!

Beyond Good and Evil

36

Supposing that nothing else is "given" as real but our world of desires and passions, that we cannot sink or rise to any other "reality" but just that of our impulses—for thinking is only a relation of these impulses to one another:—are we not permitted to make the attempt and to ask the question whether this which is "given" does not SUFFICE, by means of our counterparts, for the understanding even of the so-called mechanical (or "material") world? I do not mean as an illusion, a "semblance," a "representation" (in the Berkeleyan and Schopenhauerian sense), but as possessing the same degree of reality as our emotions themselves—as a more primitive form of the world of emotions, in which everything still lies locked in a mighty unity, which afterwards branches off and develops itself in organic processes (naturally also, refines and debilitates)—as a kind of instinctive life in which all organic functions, including self-regulation, assimilation, nutrition, secretion, and change of matter, are still synthetically united with one another—as a PRIMARY FORM of life?—In the end, it is not only permitted to make this attempt, it is commanded by the conscience of LOGICAL METHOD. Not to assume several kinds of causality, so long as the attempt to get along with a single one has not been pushed to its furthest extent (to absurdity, if I may be allowed to say so): that is a morality of method which one may not repudiate nowadays—it follows "from its definition," as mathematicians say. The question is ultimately whether we really recognize the will as OPERATING, whether we believe in the causality of the will; if we do so—and fundamentally our belief IN THIS is just our belief in causality itself—we MUST make the attempt to posit hypothetically the causality of the will as the only causality. "Will" can naturally only operate on "will"—and not on "matter" (not on "nerves," for instance): in short, the hypothesis must be hazarded, whether will does not operate on will wherever "effects" are recognized—and whether all mechanical action, inasmuch as a power operates therein, is not just the power of will, the effect of will. Granted, finally, that we succeeded in explaining our entire instinctive life as the development and ramification of one fundamental form of will—namely, the Will to Power, as my thesis puts it; granted that all organic functions could be traced back to this Will to Power, and that the solution of the problem of generation and nutrition—it is one problem—could also be found therein: one would thus have acquired the right to define ALL active force unequivocally as WILL TO POWER. The world seen from within, the world defined and designated according to its "intelligible character"—it would simply be "Will to Power," and nothing else.

Beyond Good and Evil

37

"What? Does not that mean in popular language: God is disproved, but not the devil?"—On the contrary! On the contrary, my friends! And who the devil also compels you to speak popularly!

Beyond Good and Evil

38

As happened finally in all the enlightenment of modern times with the French Revolution (that terrible farce, quite superfluous when judged close at hand, into which, however, the noble and visionary spectators of all Europe have interpreted from a distance their own indignation and enthusiasm so long and passionately, UNTIL THE TEXT HAS DISAPPEARED UNDER THE INTERPRETATION), so a noble posterity might once more misunderstand the whole of the past, and perhaps only thereby make ITS aspect endurable.—Or rather, has not this already happened? Have not we ourselves been—that "noble posterity"? And, in so far as we now comprehend this, is it not—thereby already past?

Beyond Good and Evil

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Nobody will very readily regard a doctrine as true merely because it makes people happy or virtuous—excepting, perhaps, the amiable "Idealists," who are enthusiastic about the good, true, and beautiful, and let all kinds of motley, coarse, and good-natured desirabilities swim about promiscuously in their pond. Happiness and virtue are no arguments. It is willingly forgotten, however, even on the part of thoughtful

minds, that to make unhappy and to make bad are just as little counter-arguments. A thing could be TRUE, although it were in the highest degree injurious and dangerous; indeed, the fundamental constitution of existence might be such that one succumbed by a full knowledge of it—so that the strength of a mind might be measured by the amount of "truth" it could endure—or to speak more plainly, by the extent to which it REQUIRED truth attenuated, veiled, sweetened, damped, and falsified. But there is no doubt that for the discovery of certain PORTIONS of truth the wicked and unfortunate are more favourably situated and have a greater likelihood of success; not to speak of the wicked who are happy—a species about whom moralists are silent. Perhaps severity and craft are more favourable conditions for the development of strong, independent spirits and philosophers than the gentle, refined, yielding good-nature, and habit of taking things easily, which are prized, and rightly prized in a learned man. Presupposing always, to begin with, that the term "philosopher" be not confined to the philosopher who writes books, or even introduces HIS philosophy into books!—Stendhal furnishes a last feature of the portrait of the free-spirited philosopher, which for the sake of German taste I will not omit to underline—for it is OPPOSED to German taste. "Pour etre bon philosophe," says this last great psychologist, "il faut etre sec, clair, sans illusion. Un banquier, qui a fait fortune, a une partie du caractere requis pour faire des decouvertes en philosophie, c'est-a-dire pour voir clair dans ce qui est."

Beyond Good and Evil

40

Everything that is profound loves the mask: the profoundest things have a hatred even of figure and likeness. Should not the CONTRARY only be the right disguise for the shame of a God to go about in? A question worth asking!—it would be strange if some mystic has not already ventured on the same kind of thing. There are proceedings of such a delicate nature that it is well to overwhelm them with coarseness and make them unrecognizable; there are actions of love and of an extravagant magnanimity after which nothing can be wiser than to take a stick and thrash the witness soundly: one thereby obscures his recollection. Many a one is able to obscure and abuse his own memory, in order at least to have

vengeance on this sole party in the secret: shame is inventive. They are not the worst things of which one is most ashamed: there is not only deceit behind a mask—there is so much goodness in craft. I could imagine that a man with something costly and fragile to conceal, would roll through life clumsily and rotundly like an old, green, heavily-hooped wine-cask: the refinement of his shame requiring it to be so. A man who has depths in his shame meets his destiny and his delicate decisions upon paths which few ever reach, and with regard to the existence of which his nearest and most intimate friends may be ignorant; his mortal danger conceals itself from their eyes, and equally so his regained security. Such a hidden nature, which instinctively employs speech for silence and concealment, and is inexhaustible in evasion of communication, DESIRES and insists that a mask of himself shall occupy his place in the hearts and heads of his friends; and supposing he does not desire it, his eyes will someday be opened to the fact that there is nevertheless a mask of him there—and that it is well to be so. Every profound spirit needs a mask; nay, more, around every profound spirit there continually grows a mask, owing to the constantly false, that is to say, SUPERFICIAL interpretation of every word he utters, every step he takes, every sign of life he manifests.

Beyond Good and Evil

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One must subject oneself to one's own tests that one is destined for independence and command, and do so at the right time. One must not avoid one's tests, although they constitute perhaps the most dangerous game one can play, and are in the end tests made only before ourselves and before no other judge. Not to cleave to any person, be it even the dearest—every person is a prison and also a recess. Not to cleave to a fatherland, be it even the most suffering and necessitous—it is even less difficult to detach one's heart from a victorious fatherland. Not to cleave to a sympathy, be it even for higher men, into whose peculiar torture and helplessness chance has given us an insight. Not to cleave to a science, though it tempt one with the most valuable discoveries, apparently specially reserved for us. Not to cleave to one's own liberation, to the voluptuous distance and remoteness of the bird, which always flies further

aloft in order always to see more under it—the danger of the flier. Not to cleave to our own virtues, nor become as a whole a victim to any of our specialties, to our "hospitality" for instance, which is the danger of dangers for highly developed and wealthy souls, who deal prodigally, almost indifferently with themselves, and push the virtue of liberality so far that it becomes a vice. One must know how TO CONSERVE ONESELF—the best test of independence.

Beyond Good and Evil

42

A new order of philosophers is appearing; I shall venture to baptize them by a name not without danger. As far as I understand them, as far as they allow themselves to be understood—for it is their nature to WISH to remain something of a puzzle—these philosophers of the future might rightly, perhaps also wrongly, claim to be designated as "tempters." This name itself is after all only an attempt, or, if it be preferred, a temptation.

Beyond Good and Evil

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Will they be new friends of "truth," these coming philosophers? Very probably, for all philosophers until now have loved their truths. But assuredly they will not be dogmatists. It must be contrary to their pride, and also contrary to their taste, that their truth should still be truth for every one—that which has until now been the secret wish and ultimate purpose of all dogmatic efforts. "My opinion is MY opinion: another person has not easily a right to it"—such a philosopher of the future will say, perhaps. One must renounce the bad taste of wishing to agree with many people. "Good" is no longer good when one's neighbour takes it into his mouth. And how could there be a "common good"! The expression contradicts itself; that which can be common is always of small value. In the end things must be as they are and have always been—the great

things remain for the great, the abysses for the profound, the delicacies and thrills for the refined, and, to sum up shortly, everything rare for the rare.

Beyond Good and Evil

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Need I say expressly after all this that they will be free, VERY free spirits, these philosophers of the future—as certainly also they will not be merely free spirits, but something more, higher, greater, and fundamentally different, which does not wish to be misunderstood and mistaken? But while I say this, I feel under OBLIGATION almost as much to them as to ourselves (we free spirits who are their heralds and forerunners), to sweep away from ourselves altogether a stupid old prejudice and misunderstanding, which, like a fog, has too long made the conception of "free spirit" obscure. In every country of Europe, and the same in America, there is at present something which makes an abuse of this name a very narrow, prepossessed, enchained class of spirits, who desire almost the opposite of what our intentions and instincts prompt—not to mention that in respect to the NEW philosophers who are appearing, they must still more be closed windows and bolted doors. Briefly and regrettably, they belong to the LEVELLERS, these wrongly named "free spirits"—as glib-tongued and scribe-fingered slaves of the democratic taste and its "modern ideas" all of them men without solitude, without personal solitude, blunt honest fellows to whom neither courage nor honourable conduct ought to be denied, only, they are not free, and are ludicrously superficial, especially in their innate partiality for seeing the cause of almost ALL human misery and failure in the old forms in which society has until now existed—a notion which happily inverts the truth entirely! What they would gladly attain with all their strength, is the universal, green-meadow happiness of the herd, together with security, safety, comfort, and alleviation of life for everyone, their two most frequently chanted songs and doctrines are called "Equality of Rights" and "Sympathy with All Sufferers"—and suffering itself is looked upon by them as something which must be DONE AWAY WITH. We opposite ones, however, who have opened our eye and conscience to the question

how and where the plant "man" has until now grown most vigorously, believe that this has always taken place under the opposite conditions, that for this end the dangerousness of his situation had to be increased enormously, his inventive faculty and dissembling power (his "spirit") had to develop into subtlety and daring under long oppression and compulsion, and his Will to Life had to be increased to the unconditioned Will to Power—we believe that severity, violence, slavery, danger in the street and in the heart, secrecy, stoicism, tempter's art and devilry of every kind,—that everything wicked, terrible, tyrannical, predatory, and serpentine in man, serves as well for the elevation of the human species as its opposite—we do not even say enough when we only say THIS MUCH, and in any case we find ourselves here, both with our speech and our silence, at the OTHER extreme of all modern ideology and gregarious desirability, as their antipodes perhaps? What wonder that we "free spirits" are not exactly the most communicative spirits? that we do not wish to betray in every respect WHAT a spirit can free itself from, and WHERE perhaps it will then be driven? And as to the import of the dangerous formula, "Beyond Good and Evil," with which we at least avoid confusion, we ARE something else than "libres-penseurs," "liben pensatori" "free-thinkers," and whatever these honest advocates of "modern ideas" like to call themselves. Having been at home, or at least guests, in many realms of the spirit, having escaped again and again from the gloomy, agreeable nooks in which preferences and prejudices, youth, origin, the accident of men and books, or even the weariness of travel seemed to confine us, full of malice against the seductions of dependency which he concealed in honours, money, positions, or exaltation of the senses, grateful even for distress and the vicissitudes of illness, because they always free us from some rule, and its "prejudice," grateful to the God, devil, sheep, and worm in us, inquisitive to a fault, investigators to the point of cruelty, with unhesitating fingers for the intangible, with teeth and stomachs for the most indigestible, ready for any business that requires sagacity and acute senses, ready for every adventure, owing to an excess of "free will", with anterior and posterior souls, into the ultimate intentions of which it is difficult to pry, with foregrounds and backgrounds to the end of which no foot may run, hidden ones under the mantles of light, appropriators, although we resemble heirs and spendthrifts, arrangers and collectors from morning till night, misers of our wealth and our full-crammed drawers, economical in learning and forgetting, inventive in scheming, sometimes proud of tables of categories, sometimes pedants, sometimes night-owls of work

even in full day, yea, if necessary, even scarecrows—and it is necessary nowadays, that is to say, inasmuch as we are the born, sworn, jealous friends of SOLITUDE, of our own profoundest midnight and midday solitude—such kind of men are we, we free spirits! And perhaps you are also something of the same kind, you coming ones? you NEW philosophers?

CHAPTER III

THE RELIGIOUS MOOD

Beyond Good and Evil

45

The human soul and its limits, the range of man's inner experiences until now attained, the heights, depths, and distances of these experiences, the entire history of the soul UP TO THE PRESENT TIME, and its still unexhausted possibilities: this is the preordained hunting-domain for a born psychologist and lover of a "big hunt". But how often must he say despairingly to himself: "A single individual! alas, only a single individual! and this great forest, this virgin forest!" So he would like to have some hundreds of hunting assistants, and fine trained hounds, that he could send into the history of the human soul, to drive HIS game together. In vain: again and again he experiences, profoundly and bitterly, how difficult it is to find assistants and dogs for all the things that directly excite his curiosity. The evil of sending scholars into new and dangerous hunting-domains, where courage, sagacity, and subtlety in every sense are required, is that they are no longer serviceable just when the "BIG hunt," and also the great danger commences,—it is precisely then that they lose their keen eye and nose. In order, for instance, to divine and determine what sort of history the problem of KNOWLEDGE AND CONSCIENCE has until now had in the souls of homines religiosi, a person would perhaps himself have to possess as profound, as bruised, as immense an experience as the intellectual conscience of Pascal; and then

he would still require that wide-spread heaven of clear, wicked spirituality, which, from above, would be able to oversee, arrange, and effectively formulize this mass of dangerous and painful experiences.—But who could do me this service! And who would have time to wait for such servants!—they evidently appear too rarely, they are so improbable at all times! Eventually one must do everything ONESELF in order to know something; which means that one has MUCH to do!—But a curiosity like mine is once for all the most agreeable of vices—pardon me! I mean to say that the love of truth has its reward in heaven, and already upon earth.

Beyond Good and Evil

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Faith, such as early Christianity desired, and not infrequently achieved in the midst of a skeptical and southernly free-spirited world, which had centuries of struggle between philosophical schools behind it and in it, counting besides the education in tolerance which the Imperium Romanum gave—this faith is NOT that sincere, austere slave-faith by which perhaps a Luther or a Cromwell, or some other northern barbarian of the spirit remained attached to his God and Christianity, it is much rather the faith of Pascal, which resembles in a terrible manner a continuous suicide of reason—a tough, long-lived, worm-like reason, which is not to be slain at once and with a single blow. The Christian faith from the beginning, is sacrifice the sacrifice of all freedom, all pride, all self-confidence of spirit, it is at the same time subjection, self-derision, and self-mutilation. There is cruelty and religious Phoenicianism in this faith, which is adapted to a tender, many-sided, and very fastidious conscience, it takes for granted that the subjection of the spirit is indescribably PAINFUL, that all the past and all the habits of such a spirit resist the absurdissimum, in the form of which "faith" comes to it. Modern men, with their obtuseness as regards all Christian nomenclature, have no longer the sense for the terribly superlative conception which was implied to an antique taste by the paradox of the formula, "God on the Cross". Until now there had never and nowhere been such boldness in inversion, nor anything at once so dreadful, questioning, and questionable as this formula: it promised a transvaluation of all ancient values—It was the

Orient, the PROFOUND Orient, it was the Oriental slave who thus took revenge on Rome and its noble, light-minded toleration, on the Roman "Catholicism" of non-faith, and it was always not the faith, but the freedom from the faith, the half-stoical and smiling indifference to the seriousness of the faith, which made the slaves indignant at their masters and revolt against them. "Enlightenment" causes revolt, for the slave desires the unconditioned, he understands nothing but the tyrannous, even in morals, he loves as he hates, without NUANCE, to the very depths, to the point of pain, to the point of sickness—his many HIDDEN sufferings make him revolt against the noble taste which seems to DENY suffering. The skepticism with regard to suffering, fundamentally only an attitude of aristocratic morality, was not the least of the causes, also, of the last great slave-insurrection which began with the French Revolution.

Beyond Good and Evil

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Wherever the religious neurosis has appeared on the earth so far, we find it connected with three dangerous prescriptions as to regimen: solitude, fasting, and sexual abstinence—but without its being possible to determine with certainty which is cause and which is effect, or IF any relation at all of cause and effect exists there. This latter doubt is justified by the fact that one of the most regular symptoms among savage as well as among civilized peoples is the most sudden and excessive sensuality, which then with equal suddenness transforms into penitential paroxysms, world-renunciation, and will-renunciation, both symptoms perhaps explainable as disguised epilepsy? But nowhere is it MORE obligatory to put aside explanations around no other type has there grown such a mass of absurdity and superstition, no other type seems to have been more interesting to men and even to philosophers—perhaps it is time to become just a little indifferent here, to learn caution, or, better still, to look AWAY, TO GO AWAY—Yet in the background of the most recent philosophy, that of Schopenhauer, we find almost as the problem in itself, this terrible note of interrogation of the religious crisis and awakening. How is the negation of will POSSIBLE? how is the saint possible?—that seems to have been the very question with which Schopenhauer made a start and became a philosopher. And thus it was a genuine

Schopenhauerian consequence, that his most convinced adherent (perhaps also his last, as far as Germany is concerned), namely, Richard Wagner, should bring his own life-work to an end just here, and should finally put that terrible and eternal type upon the stage as Kundry, type vecu, and as it loved and lived, at the very time that the mad-doctors in almost all European countries had an opportunity to study the type close at hand, wherever the religious neurosis—or as I call it, "the religious mood"—made its latest epidemical outbreak and display as the "Salvation Army"—If it be a question, however, as to what has been so extremely interesting to men of all sorts in all ages, and even to philosophers, in the whole phenomenon of the saint, it is undoubtedly the appearance of the miraculous therein—namely, the immediate SUCCESSION OF OPPOSITES, of states of the soul regarded as morally antithetical: it was believed here to be self-evident that a "bad man" was all at once turned into a "saint," a good man. The until now existing psychology was wrecked at this point, is it not possible it may have happened principally because psychology had placed itself under the dominion of morals, because it BELIEVED in oppositions of moral values, and saw, read, and INTERPRETED these oppositions into the text and facts of the case? What? "Miracle" only an error of interpretation? A lack of philology?

Beyond Good and Evil

48

It seems that the Latin races are far more deeply attached to their Catholicism than we Northerners are to Christianity generally, and that consequently unbelief in Catholic countries means something quite different from what it does among Protestants—namely, a sort of revolt against the spirit of the race, while with us it is rather a return to the spirit (or non-spirit) of the race.

We Northerners undoubtedly derive our origin from barbarous races, even as regards our talents for religion—we have POOR talents for it. One may make an exception in the case of the Celts, who have theretofore furnished also the best soil for Christian infection in the North: the Christian ideal blossomed forth in France as much as ever the pale sun of

the north would allow it. How strangely pious for our taste are still these later French skeptics, whenever there is any Celtic blood in their origin! How Catholic, how un-German does Auguste Comte's Sociology seem to us, with the Roman logic of its instincts! How Jesuitical, that amiable and shrewd cicerone of Port Royal, Sainte-Beuve, in spite of all his hostility to Jesuits! And even Ernest Renan: how inaccessible to us Northerners does the language of such a Renan appear, in whom every instant the merest touch of religious thrill throws his refined voluptuous and comfortably couching soul off its balance! Let us repeat after him these fine sentences—and what wickedness and haughtiness is immediately aroused by way of answer in our probably less beautiful but harder souls, that is to say, in our more German souls!—"DISONS DONC HARDIMENT QUE LA RELIGION EST UN PRODUIT DE L'HOMME NORMAL, QUE L'HOMME EST LE PLUS DANS LE VRAI QUANT IL EST LE PLUS RELIGIEUX ET LE PLUS ASSURE D'UNE DESTINEE INFINIE... C'EST QUAND IL EST BON QU'IL VEUT QUE LA VIRTU CORRESPONDE A UN ORDER ETERNAL, C'EST QUAND IL CONTEMPLER LES CHOSES D'UNE MANIERE DESINTERESSEE QU'IL TROUVE LA MORT REVOLTANTE ET ABSURDE. COMMENT NE PAS SUPPOSER QUE C'EST DANS CES MOMENTS-LA, QUE L'HOMME VOIT LE MIEUX?" ... These sentences are so extremely ANTIPODAL to my ears and habits of thought, that in my first impulse of rage on finding them, I wrote on the margin, "LA NIAISERIE RELIGIEUSE PAR EXCELLENCE!"—until in my later rage I even took a fancy to them, these sentences with their truth absolutely inverted! It is so nice and such a distinction to have one's own antipodes!

Beyond Good and Evil

49

That which is so astonishing in the religious life of the ancient Greeks is the irrestrainable stream of GRATITUDE which it pours forth—it is a very superior kind of man who takes SUCH an attitude towards nature and life.—Later on, when the populace got the upper hand in Greece, FEAR became rampant also in religion; and Christianity was preparing itself.

Beyond Good and Evil

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The passion for God: there are churlish, honest-hearted, and importunate kinds of it, like that of Luther—the whole of Protestantism lacks the southern DELICATEZZA. There is an Oriental exaltation of the mind in it, like that of an undeservedly favoured or elevated slave, as in the case of St. Augustine, for instance, who lacks in an offensive manner, all nobility in bearing and desires. There is a feminine tenderness and sensuality in it, which modestly and unconsciously longs for a UNIO MYSTICA ET PHYSICA, as in the case of Madame de Guyon. In many cases it appears, curiously enough, as the disguise of a girl's or youth's puberty; here and there even as the hysteria of an old maid, also as her last ambition. The Church has frequently canonized the woman in such a case.

Beyond Good and Evil

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The mightiest men have until now always bowed reverently before the saint, as the enigma of self-subjugation and utter voluntary privation—why did they thus bow? They divined in him—and as it were behind the questionableness of his frail and wretched appearance—the superior force which wished to test itself by such a subjugation; the strength of will, in which they recognized their own strength and love of power, and knew how to honour it: they honoured something in themselves when they honoured the saint. In addition to this, the contemplation of the saint suggested to them a suspicion: such an enormity of self-negation and anti-naturalness will not have been coveted for nothing—they have said, inquiringly. There is perhaps a reason for it, some very great danger, about which the ascetic might wish to be more accurately informed through his secret interlocutors and visitors? In a word, the mighty ones of the world learned to have a new fear before him, they divined a new power, a strange, still unconquered enemy:—it was the "Will to Power" which obliged them to halt before the saint. They had to

question him.

Beyond Good and Evil

52

In the Jewish "Old Testament," the book of divine justice, there are men, things, and sayings on such an immense scale, that Greek and Indian literature has nothing to compare with it. One stands with fear and reverence before those stupendous remains of what man was formerly, and one has sad thoughts about old Asia and its little out-pushed peninsula Europe, which would like, by all means, to figure before Asia as the "Progress of Mankind." To be sure, he who is himself only a slender, tame house-animal, and knows only the wants of a house-animal (like our cultured people of today, including the Christians of "cultured" Christianity), need neither be amazed nor even sad amid those ruins—the taste for the Old Testament is a touchstone with respect to "great" and "small": perhaps he will find that the New Testament, the book of grace, still appeals more to his heart (there is much of the odour of the genuine, tender, stupid beadsman and petty soul in it). To have bound up this New Testament (a kind of ROCOCO of taste in every respect) along with the Old Testament into one book, as the "Bible," as "The Book in Itself," is perhaps the greatest audacity and "sin against the Spirit" which literary Europe has upon its conscience.

Beyond Good and Evil

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Why Atheism nowadays? "The father" in God is thoroughly refuted; equally so "the judge," "the rewarder." Also his "free will": he does not hear—and even if he did, he would not know how to help. The worst is that he seems incapable of communicating himself clearly; is he uncertain?—This is what I have made out (by questioning and listening at a variety of conversations) to be the cause of the decline of European theism; it appears to me that though the religious instinct is in vigorous

growth,—it rejects the theistic satisfaction with profound distrust.

Beyond Good and Evil

54

What does all modern philosophy mainly do? Since Descartes—and indeed more in defiance of him than on the basis of his procedure—an ATTENTAT has been made on the part of all philosophers on the old conception of the soul, under the guise of a criticism of the subject and predicate conception—that is to say, an ATTENTAT on the fundamental presupposition of Christian doctrine. Modern philosophy, as epistemological skepticism, is secretly or openly ANTI-CHRISTIAN, although (for keener ears, be it said) by no means anti-religious. Formerly, in effect, one believed in "the soul" as one believed in grammar and the grammatical subject: one said, "I" is the condition, "think" is the predicate and is conditioned—to think is an activity for which one MUST suppose a subject as cause. The attempt was then made, with marvelous tenacity and subtlety, to see if one could not get out of this net,—to see if the opposite was not perhaps true: "think" the condition, and "I" the conditioned; "I," therefore, only a synthesis which has been MADE by thinking itself. KANT really wished to prove that, starting from the subject, the subject could not be proved—nor the object either: the possibility of an APPARENT EXISTENCE of the subject, and therefore of "the soul," may not always have been strange to him,—the thought which once had an immense power on earth as the Vedanta philosophy.

Beyond Good and Evil

55

There is a great ladder of religious cruelty, with many rounds; but three of these are the most important. Once on a time men sacrificed human beings to their God, and perhaps just those they loved the best—to this category belong the firstling sacrifices of all primitive religions, and also the sacrifice of the Emperor Tiberius in the Mithra-Grotto on the Island

of Capri, that most terrible of all Roman anachronisms. Then, during the moral epoch of mankind, they sacrificed to their God the strongest instincts they possessed, their "nature"; THIS festal joy shines in the cruel glances of ascetics and "anti-natural" fanatics. Finally, what still remained to be sacrificed? Was it not necessary in the end for men to sacrifice everything comforting, holy, healing, all hope, all faith in hidden harmonies, in future blessedness and justice? Was it not necessary to sacrifice God himself, and out of cruelty to themselves to worship stone, stupidity, gravity, fate, nothingness? To sacrifice God for nothingness—this paradoxical mystery of the ultimate cruelty has been reserved for the rising generation; we all know something thereof already.

Beyond Good and Evil

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Whoever, like myself, prompted by some enigmatical desire, has long endeavoured to go to the bottom of the question of pessimism and free it from the half-Christian, half-German narrowness and stupidity in which it has finally presented itself to this century, namely, in the form of Schopenhauer's philosophy; whoever, with an Asiatic and super-Asiatic eye, has actually looked inside, and into the most world-renouncing of all possible modes of thought—beyond good and evil, and no longer like Buddha and Schopenhauer, under the dominion and delusion of morality,—whoever has done this, has perhaps just thereby, without really desiring it, opened his eyes to behold the opposite ideal: the ideal of the most world-approving, exuberant, and vivacious man, who has not only learnt to compromise and arrange with that which was and is, but wishes to have it again AS IT WAS AND IS, for all eternity, insatiably calling out da capo, not only to himself, but to the whole piece and play; and not only the play, but actually to him who requires the play—and makes it necessary; because he always requires himself anew—and makes himself necessary.—What? And this would not be—*circulus vitiosus deus*?

Beyond Good and Evil

The distance, and as it were the space around man, grows with the strength of his intellectual vision and insight: his world becomes profounder; new stars, new enigmas, and notions are ever coming into view. Perhaps everything on which the intellectual eye has exercised its acuteness and profundity has just been an occasion for its exercise, something of a game, something for children and childish minds. Perhaps the most solemn conceptions that have caused the most fighting and suffering, the conceptions "God" and "sin," will one day seem to us of no more importance than a child's plaything or a child's pain seems to an old man;—and perhaps another plaything and another pain will then be necessary once more for "the old man"—always childish enough, an eternal child!

Beyond Good and Evil

Has it been observed to what extent outward idleness, or semi-idleness, is necessary to a real religious life (alike for its favourite microscopic labour of self-examination, and for its soft placidity called "prayer," the state of perpetual readiness for the "coming of God"), I mean the idleness with a good conscience, the idleness of olden times and of blood, to which the aristocratic sentiment that work is DISHONOURING—that it vulgarizes body and soul—is not quite unfamiliar? And that consequently the modern, noisy, time-engrossing, conceited, foolishly proud laboriousness educates and prepares for "unbelief" more than anything else? Among these, for instance, who are at present living apart from religion in Germany, I find "free-thinkers" of diversified species and origin, but above all a majority of those in whom laboriousness from generation to generation has dissolved the religious instincts; so that they no longer know what purpose religions serve, and only note their existence in the world with a kind of dull astonishment. They feel themselves already fully occupied, these good people, be it by their business or by their pleasures, not to mention the "Fatherland," and the newspapers, and their "family duties"; it seems that they have no time whatever left for religion; and above all, it is not obvious to them whether it is a question of

a new business or a new pleasure—for it is impossible, they say to themselves, that people should go to church merely to spoil their tempers. They are by no means enemies of religious customs; should certain circumstances, State affairs perhaps, require their participation in such customs, they do what is required, as so many things are done—with a patient and unassuming seriousness, and without much curiosity or discomfort;—they live too much apart and outside to feel even the necessity for a FOR or AGAINST in such matters. Among those indifferent persons may be reckoned nowadays the majority of German Protestants of the middle classes, especially in the great laborious centres of trade and commerce; also the majority of laborious scholars, and the entire University personnel (with the exception of the theologians, whose existence and possibility there always gives psychologists new and more subtle puzzles to solve). On the part of pious, or merely church-going people, there is seldom any idea of HOW MUCH good-will, one might say arbitrary will, is now necessary for a German scholar to take the problem of religion seriously; his whole profession (and as I have said, his whole workmanlike laboriousness, to which he is compelled by his modern conscience) inclines him to a lofty and almost charitable serenity as regards religion, with which is occasionally mingled a slight disdain for the "uncleanliness" of spirit which he takes for granted wherever anyone still professes to belong to the Church. It is only with the help of history (NOT through his own personal experience, therefore) that the scholar succeeds in bringing himself to a respectful seriousness, and to a certain timid deference in presence of religions; but even when his sentiments have reached the stage of gratitude towards them, he has not personally advanced one step nearer to that which still maintains itself as Church or as piety; perhaps even the contrary. The practical indifference to religious matters in the midst of which he has been born and brought up, usually sublimates itself in his case into circumspection and cleanliness, which shuns contact with religious men and things; and it may be just the depth of his tolerance and humanity which prompts him to avoid the delicate trouble which tolerance itself brings with it.—Every age has its own divine type of naivete, for the discovery of which other ages may envy it: and how much naivete—adorable, childlike, and boundlessly foolish naivete is involved in this belief of the scholar in his superiority, in the good conscience of his tolerance, in the unsuspecting, simple certainty with which his instinct treats the religious man as a lower and less valuable type, beyond, before, and ABOVE which he himself has developed—he, the little arrogant dwarf and mob-man, the

sedulously alert, head-and-hand drudge of "ideas," of "modern ideas"!

Beyond Good and Evil

59

Whoever has seen deeply into the world has doubtless divined what wisdom there is in the fact that men are superficial. It is their preservative instinct which teaches them to be flighty, lightsome, and false. Here and there one finds a passionate and exaggerated adoration of "pure forms" in philosophers as well as in artists: it is not to be doubted that whoever has NEED of the cult of the superficial to that extent, has at one time or another made an unlucky dive BENEATH it. Perhaps there is even an order of rank with respect to those burnt children, the born artists who find the enjoyment of life only in trying to FALSIFY its image (as if taking wearisome revenge on it), one might guess to what degree life has disgusted them, by the extent to which they wish to see its image falsified, attenuated, ultrified, and deified,—one might reckon the homines religiosi among the artists, as their HIGHEST rank. It is the profound, suspicious fear of an incurable pessimism which compels whole centuries to fasten their teeth into a religious interpretation of existence: the fear of the instinct which divines that truth might be attained TOO soon, before man has become strong enough, hard enough, artist enough... . Piety, the "Life in God," regarded in this light, would appear as the most elaborate and ultimate product of the FEAR of truth, as artist-adoration and artist-intoxication in presence of the most logical of all falsifications, as the will to the inversion of truth, to untruth at any price. Perhaps there has until now been no more effective means of beautifying man than piety, by means of it man can become so artful, so superficial, so iridescent, and so good, that his appearance no longer offends.

Beyond Good and Evil

60

To love mankind FOR GOD'S SAKE—this has so far been the noblest and remotest sentiment to which mankind has attained. That love to mankind, without any redeeming intention in the background, is only an ADDITIONAL folly and brutishness, that the inclination to this love has first to get its proportion, its delicacy, its gram of salt and sprinkling of ambergris from a higher inclination—whoever first perceived and "experienced" this, however his tongue may have stammered as it attempted to express such a delicate matter, let him for all time be holy and respected, as the man who has so far flown highest and gone astray in the finest fashion!

Beyond Good and Evil

61

The philosopher, as WE free spirits understand him—as the man of the greatest responsibility, who has the conscience for the general development of mankind,—will use religion for his disciplining and educating work, just as he will use the contemporary political and economic conditions. The selecting and disciplining influence—destructive, as well as creative and fashioning—which can be exercised by means of religion is manifold and varied, according to the sort of people placed under its spell and protection. For those who are strong and independent, destined and trained to command, in whom the judgment and skill of a ruling race is incorporated, religion is an additional means for overcoming resistance in the exercise of authority—as a bond which binds rulers and subjects in common, betraying and surrendering to the former the conscience of the latter, their inmost heart, which would gladly escape obedience. And in the case of the unique natures of noble origin, if by virtue of superior spirituality they should incline to a more retired and contemplative life, reserving to themselves only the more refined forms of government (over chosen disciples or members of an order), religion itself may be used as a means for obtaining peace from the noise and trouble of managing GROSSER affairs, and for securing immunity from the UNAVOIDABLE filth of all political agitation. The Brahmins, for instance, understood this fact. With the help of a religious organization, they secured to themselves the power of nominating kings for the people, while their sentiments prompted them to keep apart and outside,

as men with a higher and super-regal mission. At the same time religion gives inducement and opportunity to some of the subjects to qualify themselves for future ruling and commanding the slowly ascending ranks and classes, in which, through fortunate marriage customs, volitional power and delight in self-control are on the increase. To them religion offers sufficient incentives and temptations to aspire to higher intellectuality, and to experience the sentiments of authoritative self-control, of silence, and of solitude. Asceticism and Puritanism are almost indispensable means of educating and ennobling a race which seeks to rise above its hereditary baseness and work itself upwards to future supremacy. And finally, to ordinary men, to the majority of the people, who exist for service and general utility, and are only so far entitled to exist, religion gives invaluable contentedness with their lot and condition, peace of heart, ennoblement of obedience, additional social happiness and sympathy, with something of transfiguration and embellishment, something of justification of all the commonplaceness, all the meanness, all the semi-animal poverty of their souls. Religion, together with the religious significance of life, sheds sunshine over such perpetually harassed men, and makes even their own aspect endurable to them, it operates upon them as the Epicurean philosophy usually operates upon sufferers of a higher order, in a refreshing and refining manner, almost TURNING suffering TO ACCOUNT, and in the end even hallowing and vindicating it. There is perhaps nothing so admirable in Christianity and Buddhism as their art of teaching even the lowest to elevate themselves by piety to a seemingly higher order of things, and thereby to retain their satisfaction with the actual world in which they find it difficult enough to live—this very difficulty being necessary.

Beyond Good and Evil

62

To be sure—to make also the bad counter-reckoning against such religions, and to bring to light their secret dangers—the cost is always excessive and terrible when religions do NOT operate as an educational and disciplinary medium in the hands of the philosopher, but rule voluntarily and PARAMOUNTLY, when they wish to be the final end, and not a means along with other means. Among men, as among all other

animals, there is a surplus of defective, diseased, degenerating, infirm, and necessarily suffering individuals; the successful cases, among men also, are always the exception; and in view of the fact that man is THE ANIMAL NOT YET PROPERLY ADAPTED TO HIS ENVIRONMENT, the rare exception. But worse still. The higher the type a man represents, the greater is the improbability that he will SUCCEED; the accidental, the law of irrationality in the general constitution of mankind, manifests itself most terribly in its destructive effect on the higher orders of men, the conditions of whose lives are delicate, diverse, and difficult to determine. What, then, is the attitude of the two greatest religions above-mentioned to the SURPLUS of failures in life? They endeavour to preserve and keep alive whatever can be preserved; in fact, as the religions FOR SUFFERERS, they take the part of these upon principle; they are always in favour of those who suffer from life as from a disease, and they would gladly treat every other experience of life as false and impossible. However highly we may esteem this indulgent and preservative care (inasmuch as in applying to others, it has applied, and applies also to the highest and usually the most suffering type of man), the until now PARAMOUNT religions—to give a general appreciation of them—are among the principal causes which have kept the type of "man" upon a lower level—they have preserved too much THAT WHICH SHOULD HAVE PERISHED. One has to thank them for invaluable services; and who is sufficiently rich in gratitude not to feel poor at the contemplation of all that the "spiritual men" of Christianity have done for Europe until now! But when they had given comfort to the sufferers, courage to the oppressed and despairing, a staff and support to the helpless, and when they had allured from society into convents and spiritual penitentiaries the broken-hearted and distracted: what else had they to do in order to work systematically in that fashion, and with a good conscience, for the preservation of all the sick and suffering, which means, in deed and in truth, to work for the DETERIORATION OF THE EUROPEAN RACE? To REVERSE all estimates of value—THAT is what they had to do! And to shatter the strong, to spoil great hopes, to cast suspicion on the delight in beauty, to break down everything autonomous, manly, conquering, and imperious—all instincts which are natural to the highest and most successful type of "man"—into uncertainty, distress of conscience, and self-destruction; indeed, to invert all love of the earthly and of supremacy over the earth, into hatred of the earth and earthly things—THAT is the task the Church imposed on itself, and was obliged to impose, until, according to its standard of value, "unworldliness," "unsensuousness,"

and "higher man" fused into one sentiment. If one could observe the strangely painful, equally coarse and refined comedy of European Christianity with the derisive and impartial eye of an Epicurean god, I should think one would never cease marvelling and laughing; does it not actually seem that some single will has ruled over Europe for eighteen centuries in order to make a SUBLIME ABORTION of man? He, however, who, with opposite requirements (no longer Epicurean) and with some divine hammer in his hand, could approach this almost voluntary degeneration and stunting of mankind, as exemplified in the European Christian (Pascal, for instance), would he not have to cry aloud with rage, pity, and horror: "Oh, you bunglers, presumptuous pitiful bunglers, what have you done! Was that a work for your hands? How you have hacked and botched my finest stone! What have you presumed to do!"—I should say that Christianity has until now been the most portentous of presumptions. Men, not great enough, nor hard enough, to be entitled as artists to take part in fashioning MAN; men, not sufficiently strong and far-sighted to ALLOW, with sublime self-constraint, the obvious law of the thousandfold failures and perishings to prevail; men, not sufficiently noble to see the radically different grades of rank and intervals of rank that separate man from man:—SUCH men, with their "equality before God," have until now swayed the destiny of Europe; until at last a dwarfed, almost ludicrous species has been produced, a gregarious animal, something obliging, sickly, mediocre, the European of the present day.

CHAPTER IV

APOPHTHEGMS AND INTERLUDES

Beyond Good and Evil

63

He who is a thorough teacher takes things seriously—and even himself—only in relation to his pupils.

Beyond Good and Evil

64

"Knowledge for its own sake"—that is the last snare laid by morality: we are thereby completely entangled in morals once more.

Beyond Good and Evil

65

The charm of knowledge would be small, were it not so much shame has to be overcome on the way to it.

65A. We are most dishonourable towards our God: he is not PERMITTED to sin.

Beyond Good and Evil

66

The tendency of a person to allow himself to be degraded, robbed, deceived, and exploited might be the diffidence of a God among men.

Beyond Good and Evil

67

Love to one only is a barbarity, for it is exercised at the expense of all others. Love to God also!

Beyond Good and Evil

68

"I did that," says my memory. "I could not have done that," says my pride, and remains inexorable. Eventually—the memory yields.

Beyond Good and Evil

69

One has regarded life carelessly, if one has failed to see the hand that—kills with leniency.

Beyond Good and Evil

70

If a man has character, he has also his typical experience, which always recurs.

Beyond Good and Evil

71

THE SAGE AS ASTRONOMER.—So long as you feel the stars as an "above you," you lack the eye of the discerning one.

Beyond Good and Evil

72

It is not the strength, but the duration of great sentiments that makes great men.

Beyond Good and Evil

73

He who attains his ideal, precisely thereby surpasses it.

Many a peacock hides his tail from every eye—and calls it his pride.

Beyond Good and Evil

74

A man of genius is unbearable, unless he possess at least two things besides: gratitude and purity.

Beyond Good and Evil

75

The degree and nature of a man's sensuality extends to the highest altitudes of his spirit.

Beyond Good and Evil

76

Under peaceful conditions the militant man attacks himself.

Beyond Good and Evil

77

With his principles a man seeks either to dominate, or justify, or honour, or reproach, or conceal his habits: two men with the same principles probably seek fundamentally different ends therewith.

Beyond Good and Evil

78

He who despises himself, nevertheless esteems himself thereby, as a des-piser.

Beyond Good and Evil

79

A soul which knows that it is loved, but does not itself love, betrays its sediment: its dregs come up.

Beyond Good and Evil

80

A thing that is explained ceases to concern us—What did the God mean who gave the advice, "Know yourself!" Did it perhaps imply "Cease to be concerned about yourself! become objective!"—And Socrates?—And the "scientific man"?

Beyond Good and Evil

81

It is terrible to die of thirst at sea. Is it necessary that you should so salt your truth that it will no longer—quench thirst?

Beyond Good and Evil

82

"Sympathy for all"—would be harshness and tyranny for you, my good neighbour.

Beyond Good and Evil

83

INSTINCT—When the house is on fire one forgets even the dinner—Yes, but one recovers it from among the ashes.

Beyond Good and Evil

84

Woman learns how to hate in proportion as she—forgets how to charm.

Beyond Good and Evil

85

The same emotions are in man and woman, but in different TEMPO, on that account man and woman never cease to misunderstand each other.

Beyond Good and Evil

86

In the background of all their personal vanity, women themselves have still their impersonal scorn—for "woman".

Beyond Good and Evil

87

FETTERED HEART, FREE SPIRIT—When one firmly fetters one's heart and keeps it prisoner, one can allow one's spirit many liberties: I said this once before But people do not believe it when I say so, unless they know it already.

Beyond Good and Evil

88

One begins to distrust very clever persons when they become embarrassed.

Beyond Good and Evil

89

Dreadful experiences raise the question whether he who experiences

them is not something dreadful also.

Beyond Good and Evil

90

Heavy, melancholy men turn lighter, and come temporarily to their surface, precisely by that which makes others heavy—by hatred and love.

Beyond Good and Evil

91

So cold, so icy, that one burns one's finger at the touch of him! Every hand that lays hold of him shrinks back!—And for that very reason many think him red-hot.

Beyond Good and Evil

92

Who has not, at one time or another—sacrificed himself for the sake of his good name?

Beyond Good and Evil

93

In affability there is no hatred of men, but precisely on that account a great deal too much contempt of men.

Beyond Good and Evil

94

The maturity of man—that means, to have reacquired the seriousness that one had as a child at play.

Beyond Good and Evil

95

To be ashamed of one's immorality is a step on the ladder at the end of which one is ashamed also of one's morality.

Beyond Good and Evil

96

One should part from life as Ulysses parted from Nausicaa—blessing it rather than in love with it.

Beyond Good and Evil

97

What? A great man? I always see merely the play-actor of his own ideal.

Beyond Good and Evil

98

When one trains one's conscience, it kisses one while it bites.

Beyond Good and Evil

99

THE DISAPPOINTED ONE SPEAKS—"I listened for the echo and I heard only praise."

Beyond Good and Evil

100

We all feign to ourselves that we are simpler than we are, we thus relax ourselves away from our fellows.

Beyond Good and Evil

101

A discerning one might easily regard himself at present as the animalization of God.

Beyond Good and Evil

102

Discovering reciprocal love should really disenchant the lover with regard to the beloved. "What! She is modest enough to love even you? Or stupid enough? Or—or—"

Beyond Good and Evil

103

THE DANGER IN HAPPINESS.—"Everything now turns out best for me, I now love every fate:—who would like to be my fate?"

Beyond Good and Evil

104

Not their love of humanity, but the impotence of their love, prevents the Christians of today—burning us.

Beyond Good and Evil

105

The pia fraus is still more repugnant to the taste (the "piety") of the free spirit (the "pious man of knowledge") than the impia fraus. Hence the profound lack of judgment, in comparison with the Church, characteristic of the type "free spirit"—as ITS non-freedom.

Beyond Good and Evil

106

By means of music the very passions enjoy themselves.

Beyond Good and Evil

107

A sign of strong character, when once the resolution has been taken, to shut the ear even to the best counter-arguments. Occasionally, therefore, a will to stupidity.

Beyond Good and Evil

108

There is no such thing as moral phenomena, but only a moral interpretation of phenomena.

Beyond Good and Evil

109

The criminal is often enough not equal to his deed: he extenuates and maligns it.

Beyond Good and Evil

110

The advocates of a criminal are seldom artists enough to turn the beautiful terribleness of the deed to the advantage of the doer.

Beyond Good and Evil

111

Our vanity is most difficult to wound just when our pride has been

wounded.

Beyond Good and Evil

112

To him who feels himself preordained to contemplation and not to belief, all believers are too noisy and obtrusive; he guards against them.

Beyond Good and Evil

113

"You want to prepossess him in your favour? Then you must be embarrassed before him."

Beyond Good and Evil

114

The immense expectation with regard to sexual love, and the coyness in this expectation, spoils all the perspectives of women at the outset.

Beyond Good and Evil

115

Where there is neither love nor hatred in the game, woman's play is mediocre.

Beyond Good and Evil

116

The great epochs of our life are at the points when we gain courage to re-baptize our badness as the best in us.

Beyond Good and Evil

117

The will to overcome an emotion, is ultimately only the will of another, or of several other, emotions.

Beyond Good and Evil

118

There is an innocence of admiration: it is possessed by him to whom it has not yet occurred that he himself may be admired some day.

Beyond Good and Evil

119

Our loathing of dirt may be so great as to prevent our cleaning ourselves—"justifying" ourselves.

Beyond Good and Evil

120

Sensuality often forces the growth of love too much, so that its root remains weak, and is easily torn up.

Beyond Good and Evil

121

It is a curious thing that God learned Greek when he wished to turn author—and that he did not learn it better.

Beyond Good and Evil

122

To rejoice on account of praise is in many cases merely politeness of heart—and the very opposite of vanity of spirit.

Beyond Good and Evil

123

Even concubinage has been corrupted—by marriage.

Beyond Good and Evil

124

He who exults at the stake, does not triumph over pain, but because of the fact that he does not feel pain where he expected it. A parable.

Beyond Good and Evil

125

When we have to change an opinion about any one, we charge heavily to his account the inconvenience he thereby causes us.

Beyond Good and Evil

126

A nation is a detour of nature to arrive at six or seven great men.—Yes, and then to get round them.

Beyond Good and Evil

127

In the eyes of all true women science is hostile to the sense of shame. They feel as if one wished to peep under their skin with it—or worse still! under their dress and finery.

Beyond Good and Evil

128

The more abstract the truth you wish to teach, the more must you allure the senses to it.

Beyond Good and Evil

129

The devil has the most extensive perspectives for God; on that account he keeps so far away from him:—the devil, in effect, as the oldest friend of knowledge.

Beyond Good and Evil

130

What a person IS begins to betray itself when his talent decreases,—when he ceases to show what he CAN do. Talent is also an adornment; an adornment is also a concealment.

Beyond Good and Evil

131

The sexes deceive themselves about each other: the reason is that in reality they honour and love only themselves (or their own ideal, to express it more agreeably). Thus man wishes woman to be peaceable: but in fact woman is ESSENTIALLY unpeaceable, like the cat, however well she may have assumed the peaceable demeanour.

Beyond Good and Evil

132

One is punished best for one's virtues.

Beyond Good and Evil

133

He who cannot find the way to HIS ideal, lives more frivolously and shamelessly than the man without an ideal.

Beyond Good and Evil

134

From the senses originate all trustworthiness, all good conscience, all evidence of truth.

Beyond Good and Evil

135

Pharisaism is not a deterioration of the good man; a considerable part of it is rather an essential condition of being good.

Beyond Good and Evil

136

The one seeks an accoucheur for his thoughts, the other seeks someone whom he can assist: a good conversation thus originates.

Beyond Good and Evil

137

In intercourse with scholars and artists one readily makes mistakes of opposite kinds: in a remarkable scholar one not infrequently finds a mediocre man; and often, even in a mediocre artist, one finds a very

remarkable man.

Beyond Good and Evil

138

We do the same when awake as when dreaming: we only invent and imagine him with whom we have intercourse—and forget it immediately.

Beyond Good and Evil

139

In revenge and in love woman is more barbarous than man.

Beyond Good and Evil

140

ADVICE AS A RIDDLE.—"If the band is not to break, bite it first—secure to make!"

Beyond Good and Evil

141

The belly is the reason why man does not so readily take himself for a God.

Beyond Good and Evil

142

The chastest utterance I ever heard: "Dans le veritable amour c'est l'ame qui enveloppe le corps."

Beyond Good and Evil

143

Our vanity would like what we do best to pass precisely for what is most difficult to us.—Concerning the origin of many systems of morals.

Beyond Good and Evil

144

When a woman has scholarly inclinations there is generally something wrong with her sexual nature. Barrenness itself conduces to a certain virility of taste; man, indeed, if I may say so, is "the barren animal."

Beyond Good and Evil

145

Comparing man and woman generally, one may say that woman would not have the genius for adornment, if she had not the instinct for the SECONDARY role.

Beyond Good and Evil

146

He who fights with monsters should be careful lest he thereby become a monster. And if you gaze long into an abyss, the abyss will also gaze into you.

Beyond Good and Evil

147

From old Florentine novels—moreover, from life: Buona femmina e mala femmina vuol bastone.—Sacchetti, Nov. 86.

Beyond Good and Evil

148

To seduce their neighbour to a favourable opinion, and afterwards to believe implicitly in this opinion of their neighbour—who can do this conjuring trick so well as women?

Beyond Good and Evil

149

That which an age considers evil is usually an unseasonable echo of what was formerly considered good—the atavism of an old ideal.

Beyond Good and Evil

150

Around the hero everything becomes a tragedy; around the demigod everything becomes a satyr-play; and around God everything becomes—what? perhaps a "world"?

Beyond Good and Evil

151

It is not enough to possess a talent: one must also have your permission to possess it;—eh, my friends?

Beyond Good and Evil

152

"Where there is the tree of knowledge, there is always Paradise": so say the most ancient and the most modern serpents.

Beyond Good and Evil

153

What is done out of love always takes place beyond good and evil.

Beyond Good and Evil

154

Objection, evasion, joyous distrust, and love of irony are signs of health; everything absolute belongs to pathology.

Beyond Good and Evil

155

The sense of the tragic increases and declines with sensuousness.

Beyond Good and Evil

156

Insanity in individuals is something rare—but in groups, parties, nations, and epochs it is the rule.

Beyond Good and Evil

157

The thought of suicide is a great consolation: by means of it one gets successfully through many a bad night.

Beyond Good and Evil

158

Not only our reason, but also our conscience, truckles to our strongest impulse—the tyrant in us.

Beyond Good and Evil

159

One MUST repay good and ill; but why just to the person who did us good or ill?

Beyond Good and Evil

160

One no longer loves one's knowledge sufficiently after one has communicated it.

Beyond Good and Evil

161

Poets act shamelessly towards their experiences: they exploit them.

Beyond Good and Evil

162

"Our fellow-creature is not our neighbour, but our neighbour's neighbour":—so thinks every nation.

Beyond Good and Evil

163

Love brings to light the noble and hidden qualities of a lover—his rare and exceptional traits: it is thus liable to be deceptive as to his normal character.

Beyond Good and Evil

164

Jesus said to his Jews: "The law was for servants;—love God as I love him, as his Son! What have we Sons of God to do with morals!"

Beyond Good and Evil

165

IN SIGHT OF EVERY PARTY.—A shepherd has always need of a bell-wether—or he has himself to be a wether occasionally.

Beyond Good and Evil

166

One may indeed lie with the mouth; but with the accompanying grimace one nevertheless tells the truth.

Beyond Good and Evil

167

To vigorous men intimacy is a matter of shame—and something precious.

Beyond Good and Evil

168

Christianity gave Eros poison to drink; he did not die of it, certainly, but degenerated to Vice.

Beyond Good and Evil

169

To talk much about oneself may also be a means of concealing oneself.

Beyond Good and Evil

170

In praise there is more obtrusiveness than in blame.

Beyond Good and Evil

171

Pity has an almost ludicrous effect on a man of knowledge, like tender hands on a Cyclops.

Beyond Good and Evil

172

One occasionally embraces someone or other, out of love to mankind (because one cannot embrace all); but this is what one must never confess to the individual.

Beyond Good and Evil

173

One does not hate as long as one disesteems, but only when one esteems equal or superior.

Beyond Good and Evil

174

You Utilitarians—you, too, love the UTILE only as a VEHICLE for your inclinations,—you, too, really find the noise of its wheels insupportable!

Beyond Good and Evil

175

One loves ultimately one's desires, not the thing desired.

Beyond Good and Evil

176

The vanity of others is only counter to our taste when it is counter to our vanity.

Beyond Good and Evil

177

With regard to what "truthfulness" is, perhaps nobody has ever been sufficiently truthful.

Beyond Good and Evil

178

One does not believe in the follies of clever men: what a forfeiture of the rights of man!

Beyond Good and Evil

179

The consequences of our actions seize us by the forelock, very indifferent to the fact that we have meanwhile "reformed."

Beyond Good and Evil

180

There is an innocence in lying which is the sign of good faith in a cause.

Beyond Good and Evil

181

It is inhuman to bless when one is being cursed.

Beyond Good and Evil

182

The familiarity of superiors embitters one, because it may not be returned.

Beyond Good and Evil

183

"I am affected, not because you have deceived me, but because I can no longer believe in you."

Beyond Good and Evil

184

There is a haughtiness of kindness which has the appearance of wickedness.

Beyond Good and Evil

185

"I dislike him."—Why?—"I am not a match for him."—Did anyone ever answer so?

CHAPTER V

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF MORALS

The moral sentiment in Europe at present is perhaps as subtle, belated, diverse, sensitive, and refined, as the "Science of Morals" belonging thereto is recent, initial, awkward, and coarse-fingered:—an interesting contrast, which sometimes becomes incarnate and obvious in the very person of a moralist. Indeed, the expression, "Science of Morals" is, in respect to what is designated thereby, far too presumptuous and counter to GOOD taste,—which is always a foretaste of more modest expressions. One ought to avow with the utmost fairness WHAT is still necessary here for a long time, WHAT is alone proper for the present: namely, the collection of material, the comprehensive survey and classification of an immense domain of delicate sentiments of worth, and distinctions of worth, which live, grow, propagate, and perish—and perhaps attempts to give a clear idea of the recurring and more common forms of these living crystallizations—as preparation for a THEORY OF TYPES of morality. To be sure, people have not until now been so modest. All the philosophers, with a pedantic and ridiculous seriousness, demanded of themselves something very much higher, more pretentious, and ceremonious, when they concerned themselves with morality as a science: they wanted to GIVE A BASIC to morality—and every philosopher until now has believed that he has given it a basis; morality itself, however, has been regarded as something "given." How far from their awkward pride was the seemingly insignificant problem—left in dust and decay—of a description of forms of morality, notwithstanding that the finest hands and senses could hardly be fine enough for it! It was precisely owing to moral philosophers' knowing the moral facts imperfectly, in an arbitrary epitome, or an accidental abridgement—perhaps as the morality of their environment, their position, their church, their Zeitgeist, their climate and zone—it was precisely because they were badly instructed with regard to nations, eras, and past ages, and were by no means eager to know about these matters, that they did not even come in sight of the real problems of morals—problems which only disclose themselves by a comparison of MANY kinds of morality. In every "Science of Morals" until now, strange as it may sound, the problem of morality itself has been OMITTED: there has been no suspicion that there was anything problematic there! That

which philosophers called "giving a basis to morality," and endeavoured to realize, has, when seen in a right light, proved merely a learned form of good FAITH in prevailing morality, a new means of its EXPRESSION, consequently just a matter-of-fact within the sphere of a definite morality, yea, in its ultimate motive, a sort of denial that it is LAWFUL for this morality to be called in question—and in any case the reverse of the testing, analyzing, doubting, and vivisectioning of this very faith. Hear, for instance, with what innocence—almost worthy of honour—Schopenhauer represents his own task, and draw your conclusions concerning the scientificness of a "Science" whose latest master still talks in the strain of children and old wives: "The principle," he says (page 136 of the *Grundprobleme der Ethik*), [Footnote: Pages 54-55 of Schopenhauer's *Basis of Morality*, translated by Arthur B. Bullock, M.A. (1903).] "the axiom about the purport of which all moralists are PRACTICALLY agreed: *neminem laede, immo omnes quantum potes juva*—is REALLY the proposition which all moral teachers strive to establish,... the REAL basis of ethics which has been sought, like the philosopher's stone, for centuries."—The difficulty of establishing the proposition referred to may indeed be great—it is well known that Schopenhauer also was unsuccessful in his efforts; and whoever has thoroughly realized how absurdly false and sentimental this proposition is, in a world whose essence is Will to Power, may be reminded that Schopenhauer, although a pessimist, ACTUALLY—played the flute ... daily after dinner: one may read about the matter in his biography. A question by the way: a pessimist, a repudiator of God and of the world, who MAKES A HALT at morality—who assents to morality, and plays the flute to *laede-neminem* morals, what? Is that really—a pessimist?

Beyond Good and Evil

187

Apart from the value of such assertions as "there is a categorical imperative in us," one can always ask: What does such an assertion indicate about him who makes it? There are systems of morals which are meant to justify their author in the eyes of other people; other systems of morals are meant to tranquilize him, and make him self-satisfied; with other systems he wants to crucify and humble himself, with others he wishes to

take revenge, with others to conceal himself, with others to glorify himself and gave superiority and distinction,—this system of morals helps its author to forget, that system makes him, or something of him, forgotten, many a moralist would like to exercise power and creative arbitrariness over mankind, many another, perhaps, Kant especially, gives us to understand by his morals that "what is estimable in me, is that I know how to obey—and with you it SHALL not be otherwise than with me!" In short, systems of morals are only a SIGN-LANGUAGE OF THE EMOTIONS.

Beyond Good and Evil

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In contrast to *laissez-aller*, every system of morals is a sort of tyranny against "nature" and also against "reason", that is, however, no objection, unless one should again decree by some system of morals, that all kinds of tyranny and unreasonableness are unlawful. What is essential and invaluable in every system of morals, is that it is a long constraint. In order to understand Stoicism, or Port Royal, or Puritanism, one should remember the constraint under which every language has attained to strength and freedom—the metrical constraint, the tyranny of rhyme and rhythm. How much trouble have the poets and orators of every nation given themselves!—not excepting some of the prose writers of today, in whose ear dwells an inexorable conscientiousness—"for the sake of a folly," as utilitarian bunglers say, and thereby deem themselves wise—"from submission to arbitrary laws," as the anarchists say, and thereby fancy themselves "free," even free-spirited. The singular fact remains, however, that everything of the nature of freedom, elegance, boldness, dance, and masterly certainty, which exists or has existed, whether it be in thought itself, or in administration, or in speaking and persuading, in art just as in conduct, has only developed by means of the tyranny of such arbitrary law, and in all seriousness, it is not at all improbable that precisely this is "nature" and "natural"—and not *laissez-aller*! Every artist knows how different from the state of letting himself go, is his "most natural" condition, the free arranging, locating, disposing, and constructing in the moments of "inspiration"—and how strictly and delicately he then obeys a thousand laws, which, by their very rigidity and precision, defy all

formulation by means of ideas (even the most stable idea has, in comparison therewith, something floating, manifold, and ambiguous in it). The essential thing "in heaven and in earth" is, apparently (to repeat it once more), that there should be long OBEDIENCE in the same direction, there thereby results, and has always resulted in the long run, something which has made life worth living; for instance, virtue, art, music, dancing, reason, spirituality—anything whatever that is transfiguring, refined, foolish, or divine. The long bondage of the spirit, the distrustful constraint in the communicability of ideas, the discipline which the thinker imposed on himself to think in accordance with the rules of a church or a court, or conformable to Aristotelian premises, the persistent spiritual will to interpret everything that happened according to a Christian scheme, and in every occurrence to rediscover and justify the Christian God:—all this violence, arbitrariness, severity, dreadfulness, and unreasonableness, has proved itself the disciplinary means whereby the European spirit has attained its strength, its remorseless curiosity and subtle mobility; granted also that much irrecoverable strength and spirit had to be stifled, suffocated, and spoilt in the process (for here, as everywhere, "nature" shows herself as she is, in all her extravagant and INDIFFERENT magnificence, which is shocking, but nevertheless noble). That for centuries European thinkers only thought in order to prove something—nowadays, on the contrary, we are suspicious of every thinker who "wishes to prove something"—that it was always settled beforehand what WAS TO BE the result of their strictest thinking, as it was perhaps in the Asiatic astrology of former times, or as it is still at the present day in the innocent, Christian-moral explanation of immediate personal events "for the glory of God," or "for the good of the soul":—this tyranny, this arbitrariness, this severe and magnificent stupidity, has EDUCATED the spirit; slavery, both in the coarser and the finer sense, is apparently an indispensable means even of spiritual education and discipline. One may look at every system of morals in this light: it is "nature" therein which teaches to hate the *laissez-aller*, the too great freedom, and implants the need for limited horizons, for immediate duties—it teaches the NARROWING OF PERSPECTIVES, and thus, in a certain sense, that stupidity is a condition of life and development. "You must obey some one, and for a long time; OTHERWISE you wilt come to grief, and lose all respect for yourself"—this seems to me to be the moral imperative of nature, which is certainly neither "categorical," as old Kant wished (consequently the "otherwise"), nor does it address itself to the individual (what does nature care for the individual!), but to nations,

racess, ages, and ranks; above all, however, to the animal "man" generally, to MANKIND.

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Industrious races find it a great hardship to be idle: it was a master stroke of ENGLISH instinct to hallow and begloom Sunday to such an extent that the Englishman unconsciously hankers for his week—and work-day again:—as a kind of cleverly devised, cleverly intercalated FAST, such as is also frequently found in the ancient world (although, as is appropriate in southern nations, not precisely with respect to work). Many kinds of fasts are necessary; and wherever powerful influences and habits prevail, legislators have to see that intercalary days are appointed, on which such impulses are fettered, and learn to hunger anew. Viewed from a higher standpoint, whole generations and epochs, when they show themselves infected with any moral fanaticism, seem like those intercalated periods of restraint and fasting, during which an impulse learns to humble and submit itself—at the same time also to PURIFY and SHARPEN itself; certain philosophical sects likewise admit of a similar interpretation (for instance, the Stoa, in the midst of Hellenic culture, with the atmosphere rank and overcharged with Aphrodisiacal odours).—Here also is a hint for the explanation of the paradox, why it was precisely in the most Christian period of European history, and in general only under the pressure of Christian sentiments, that the sexual impulse sublimated into love (amour-passion).

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There is something in the morality of Plato which does not really belong to Plato, but which only appears in his philosophy, one might say, in spite of him: namely, Socratism, for which he himself was too noble. "No one desires to injure himself, hence all evil is done unwittingly. The evil

man inflicts injury on himself; he would not do so, however, if he knew that evil is evil. The evil man, therefore, is only evil through error; if one free him from error one will necessarily make him—good."—This mode of reasoning savours of the POPULACE, who perceive only the unpleasant consequences of evil-doing, and practically judge that "it is STUPID to do wrong"; while they accept "good" as identical with "useful and pleasant," without further thought. As regards every system of utilitarianism, one may at once assume that it has the same origin, and follow the scent: one will seldom err.—Plato did all he could to interpret something refined and noble into the tenets of his teacher, and above all to interpret himself into them—he, the most daring of all interpreters, who lifted the entire Socrates out of the street, as a popular theme and song, to exhibit him in endless and impossible modifications—namely, in all his own disguises and multiplicities. In jest, and in Homeric language as well, what is the Platonic Socrates, if not— [Greek words inserted here.]

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The old theological problem of "Faith" and "Knowledge," or more plainly, of instinct and reason—the question whether, in respect to the valuation of things, instinct deserves more authority than rationality, which wants to appreciate and act according to motives, according to a "Why," that is to say, in conformity to purpose and utility—it is always the old moral problem that first appeared in the person of Socrates, and had divided men's minds long before Christianity. Socrates himself, following, of course, the taste of his talent—that of a surpassing dialectician—took first the side of reason; and, in fact, what did he do all his life but laugh at the awkward incapacity of the noble Athenians, who were men of instinct, like all noble men, and could never give satisfactory answers concerning the motives of their actions? In the end, however, though silently and secretly, he laughed also at himself: with his finer conscience and introspection, he found in himself the same difficulty and incapacity. "But why"—he said to himself—"should one on that account separate oneself from the instincts! One must set them right, and the reason ALSO—one must follow the instincts, but at the same time

persuade the reason to support them with good arguments." This was the real FALSENESS of that great and mysterious ironist; he brought his conscience up to the point that he was satisfied with a kind of self-out-witting: in fact, he perceived the irrationality in the moral judgment.—Plato, more innocent in such matters, and without the craftiness of the plebeian, wished to prove to himself, at the expenditure of all his strength—the greatest strength a philosopher had ever expended—that reason and instinct lead spontaneously to one goal, to the good, to "God"; and since Plato, all theologians and philosophers have followed the same path—which means that in matters of morality, instinct (or as Christians call it, "Faith," or as I call it, "the herd") has until now triumphed. Unless one should make an exception in the case of Descartes, the father of rationalism (and consequently the grandfather of the Revolution), who recognized only the authority of reason: but reason is only a tool, and Descartes was superficial.

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Whoever has followed the history of a single science, finds in its development a clue to the understanding of the oldest and commonest processes of all "knowledge and cognizance": there, as here, the premature hypotheses, the fictions, the good stupid will to "belief," and the lack of distrust and patience are first developed—our senses learn late, and never learn completely, to be subtle, reliable, and cautious organs of knowledge. Our eyes find it easier on a given occasion to produce a picture already often produced, than to seize upon the divergence and novelty of an impression: the latter requires more force, more "morality." It is difficult and painful for the ear to listen to anything new; we hear strange music badly. When we hear another language spoken, we involuntarily attempt to form the sounds into words with which we are more familiar and conversant—it was thus, for example, that the Germans modified the spoken word ARCUBALISTA into ARMBRUST (cross-bow). Our senses are also hostile and averse to the new; and generally, even in the "simplest" processes of sensation, the emotions DOMINATE—such as fear, love, hatred, and the passive emotion of indolence.—As little as a reader nowadays reads all the single words (not to speak of syllables) of

a page—he rather takes about five out of every twenty words at random, and "guesses" the probably appropriate sense to them—just as little do we see a tree correctly and completely in respect to its leaves, branches, colour, and shape; we find it so much easier to fancy the chance of a tree. Even in the midst of the most remarkable experiences, we still do just the same; we fabricate the greater part of the experience, and can hardly be made to contemplate any event, EXCEPT as "inventors" thereof. All this goes to prove that from our fundamental nature and from remote ages we have been—ACCUSTOMED TO LYING. Or, to express it more politely and hypocritically, in short, more pleasantly—one is much more of an artist than one is aware of.—In an animated conversation, I often see the face of the person with whom I am speaking so clearly and sharply defined before me, according to the thought he expresses, or which I believe to be evoked in his mind, that the degree of distinctness far exceeds the STRENGTH of my visual faculty—the delicacy of the play of the muscles and of the expression of the eyes MUST therefore be imagined by me. Probably the person put on quite a different expression, or none at all.

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Quidquid luce fuit, tenebris agit: but also contrariwise. What we experience in dreams, provided we experience it often, pertains at last just as much to the general belongings of our soul as anything "actually" experienced; by virtue thereof we are richer or poorer, we have a requirement more or less, and finally, in broad daylight, and even in the brightest moments of our waking life, we are ruled to some extent by the nature of our dreams. Supposing that someone has often flown in his dreams, and that at last, as soon as he dreams, he is conscious of the power and art of flying as his privilege and his peculiarly enviable happiness; such a person, who believes that on the slightest impulse, he can actualize all sorts of curves and angles, who knows the sensation of a certain divine levity, an "upwards" without effort or constraint, a "downwards" without descending or lowering—without TROUBLE!—how could the man with such dream-experiences and dream-habits fail to find "happiness" differently coloured and defined, even in his waking hours! How could he

fail—to long DIFFERENTLY for happiness? "Flight," such as is described by poets, must, when compared with his own "flying," be far too earthly, muscular, violent, far too "troublesome" for him.

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The difference among men does not manifest itself only in the difference of their lists of desirable things—in their regarding different good things as worth striving for, and being disagreed as to the greater or less value, the order of rank, of the commonly recognized desirable things:—it manifests itself much more in what they regard as actually HAVING and POSSESSING a desirable thing. As regards a woman, for instance, the control over her body and her sexual gratification serves as an amply sufficient sign of ownership and possession to the more modest man; another with a more suspicious and ambitious thirst for possession, sees the "questionableness," the mere apparentness of such ownership, and wishes to have finer tests in order to know especially whether the woman not only gives herself to him, but also gives up for his sake what she has or would like to have—only THEN does he look upon her as "possessed." A third, however, has not even here got to the limit of his distrust and his desire for possession: he asks himself whether the woman, when she gives up everything for him, does not perhaps do so for a phantom of him; he wishes first to be thoroughly, indeed, profoundly well known; in order to be loved at all he ventures to let himself be found out. Only then does he feel the beloved one fully in his possession, when she no longer deceives herself about him, when she loves him just as much for the sake of his devilry and concealed insatiability, as for his goodness, patience, and spirituality. One man would like to possess a nation, and he finds all the higher arts of Cagliostro and Catalina suitable for his purpose. Another, with a more refined thirst for possession, says to himself: "One may not deceive where one desires to possess"—he is irritated and impatient at the idea that a mask of him should rule in the hearts of the people: "I must, therefore, MAKE myself known, and first of all learn to know myself!" Among helpful and charitable people, one almost always finds the awkward craftiness which first gets up suitably him who has to be helped, as though, for instance, he should "merit"

help, seek just THEIR help, and would show himself deeply grateful, attached, and subservient to them for all help. With these conceits, they take control of the needy as a property, just as in general they are charitable and helpful out of a desire for property. One finds them jealous when they are crossed or forestalled in their charity. Parents involuntarily make something like themselves out of their children—they call that "education"; no mother doubts at the bottom of her heart that the child she has borne is thereby her property, no father hesitates about his right to HIS OWN ideas and notions of worth. Indeed, in former times fathers deemed it right to use their discretion concerning the life or death of the newly born (as among the ancient Germans). And like the father, so also do the teacher, the class, the priest, and the prince still see in every new individual an unobjectionable opportunity for a new possession. The consequence is ...

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The Jews—a people "born for slavery," as Tacitus and the whole ancient world say of them; "the chosen people among the nations," as they themselves say and believe—the Jews performed the miracle of the inversion of valuations, by means of which life on earth obtained a new and dangerous charm for a couple of millenniums. Their prophets fused into one the expressions "rich," "godless," "wicked," "violent," "sensual," and for the first time coined the word "world" as a term of reproach. In this inversion of valuations (in which is also included the use of the word "poor" as synonymous with "saint" and "friend") the significance of the Jewish people is to be found; it is with THEM that the SLAVE-INSURRECTION IN MORALS commences.

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It is to be INFERRED that there are countless dark bodies near the

sun—such as we shall never see. Among ourselves, this is an allegory; and the psychologist of morals reads the whole star-writing merely as an allegorical and symbolic language in which much may be unexpressed.

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The beast of prey and the man of prey (for instance, Caesar Borgia) are fundamentally misunderstood, "nature" is misunderstood, so long as one seeks a "morbidness" in the constitution of these healthiest of all tropical monsters and growths, or even an innate "hell" in them—as almost all moralists have done until now. Does it not seem that there is a hatred of the virgin forest and of the tropics among moralists? And that the "tropical man" must be discredited at all costs, whether as disease and deterioration of mankind, or as his own hell and self-torture? And why? In favour of the "temperate zones"? In favour of the temperate men? The "moral"? The mediocre?—This for the chapter: "Morals as Timidity."

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All the systems of morals which address themselves with a view to their "happiness," as it is called—what else are they but suggestions for behaviour adapted to the degree of DANGER from themselves in which the individuals live; recipes for their passions, their good and bad propensities, insofar as such have the Will to Power and would like to play the master; small and great expedencies and elaborations, permeated with the musty odour of old family medicines and old-wife wisdom; all of them grotesque and absurd in their form—because they address themselves to "all," because they generalize where generalization is not authorized; all of them speaking unconditionally, and taking themselves unconditionally; all of them flavoured not merely with one grain of salt, but rather endurable only, and sometimes even seductive, when they are over-spiced and begin to smell dangerously, especially of "the other

world." That is all of little value when estimated intellectually, and is far from being "science," much less "wisdom"; but, repeated once more, and three times repeated, it is expediency, expediency, expediency, mixed with stupidity, stupidity, stupidity—whether it be the indifference and statuesque coldness towards the heated folly of the emotions, which the Stoics advised and fostered; or the no-more-laughing and no-more-weeping of Spinoza, the destruction of the emotions by their analysis and vivisection, which he recommended so naively; or the lowering of the emotions to an innocent mean at which they may be satisfied, the Aristotelianism of morals; or even morality as the enjoyment of the emotions in a voluntary attenuation and spiritualization by the symbolism of art, perhaps as music, or as love of God, and of mankind for God's sake—for in religion the passions are once more enfranchised, provided that ... ; or, finally, even the complaisant and wanton surrender to the emotions, as has been taught by Hafis and Goethe, the bold letting-go of the reins, the spiritual and corporeal licentia morum in the exceptional cases of wise old codgers and drunkards, with whom it "no longer has much danger." —This also for the chapter: "Morals as Timidity."

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Inasmuch as in all ages, as long as mankind has existed, there have also been human herds (family alliances, communities, tribes, peoples, states, churches), and always a great number who obey in proportion to the small number who command—in view, therefore, of the fact that obedience has been most practiced and fostered among mankind until now, one may reasonably suppose that, generally speaking, the need thereof is now innate in every one, as a kind of FORMAL CONSCIENCE which gives the command "You shall unconditionally do something, unconditionally refrain from something", in short, "You shall". This need tries to satisfy itself and to fill its form with a content, according to its strength, impatience, and eagerness, it at once seizes as an omnivorous appetite with little selection, and accepts whatever is shouted into its ear by all sorts of commanders—parents, teachers, laws, class prejudices, or public opinion. The extraordinary limitation of human development, the hesitation, protractedness, frequent retrogression, and turning thereof, is

attributable to the fact that the herd-instinct of obedience is transmitted best, and at the cost of the art of command. If one imagine this instinct increasing to its greatest extent, commanders and independent individuals will finally be lacking altogether, or they will suffer inwardly from a bad conscience, and will have to impose a deception on themselves in the first place in order to be able to command just as if they also were only obeying. This condition of things actually exists in Europe at present—I call it the moral hypocrisy of the commanding class. They know no other way of protecting themselves from their bad conscience than by playing the role of executors of older and higher orders (of predecessors, of the constitution, of justice, of the law, or of God himself), or they even justify themselves by maxims from the current opinions of the herd, as "first servants of their people," or "instruments of the public weal". On the other hand, the gregarious European man nowadays assumes an air as if he were the only kind of man that is allowable, he glorifies his qualities, such as public spirit, kindness, deference, industry, temperance, modesty, indulgence, sympathy, by virtue of which he is gentle, endurable, and useful to the herd, as the peculiarly human virtues. In cases, however, where it is believed that the leader and bellwether cannot be dispensed with, attempt after attempt is made nowadays to replace commanders by the summing together of clever gregarious men all representative constitutions, for example, are of this origin. In spite of all, what a blessing, what a deliverance from a weight becoming unendurable, is the appearance of an absolute ruler for these gregarious Europeans—of this fact the effect of the appearance of Napoleon was the last great proof the history of the influence of Napoleon is almost the history of the higher happiness to which the entire century has attained in its worthiest individuals and periods.

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The man of an age of dissolution which mixes the races with one another, who has the inheritance of a diversified descent in his body—that is to say, contrary, and often not only contrary, instincts and standards of value, which struggle with one another and are seldom at peace—such a man of late culture and broken lights, will, on an average, be a weak

man. His fundamental desire is that the war which is IN HIM should come to an end; happiness appears to him in the character of a soothing medicine and mode of thought (for instance, Epicurean or Christian); it is above all things the happiness of repose, of undisturbedness, of repletion, of final unity—it is the "Sabbath of Sabbaths," to use the expression of the holy rhetorician, St. Augustine, who was himself such a man.—Should, however, the contrariety and conflict in such natures operate as an ADDITIONAL incentive and stimulus to life—and if, on the other hand, in addition to their powerful and irreconcilable instincts, they have also inherited and indoctrinated into them a proper mastery and subtlety for carrying on the conflict with themselves (that is to say, the faculty of self-control and self-deception), there then arise those marvelously incomprehensible and inexplicable beings, those enigmatical men, predestined for conquering and circumventing others, the finest examples of which are Alcibiades and Caesar (with whom I should like to associate the FIRST of Europeans according to my taste, the Hohenstaufen, Frederick the Second), and among artists, perhaps Leonardo da Vinci. They appear precisely in the same periods when that weaker type, with its longing for repose, comes to the front; the two types are complementary to each other, and spring from the same causes.

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As long as the utility which determines moral estimates is only gregarious utility, as long as the preservation of the community is only kept in view, and the immoral is sought precisely and exclusively in what seems dangerous to the maintenance of the community, there can be no "morality of love to one's neighbour." Granted even that there is already a little constant exercise of consideration, sympathy, fairness, gentleness, and mutual assistance, granted that even in this condition of society all those instincts are already active which are latterly distinguished by honourable names as "virtues," and eventually almost coincide with the conception "morality": in that period they do not as yet belong to the domain of moral valuations—they are still ULTRA-MORAL. A sympathetic action, for instance, is neither called good nor bad, moral nor immoral, in the best period of the Romans; and should it be praised, a sort of

resentful disdain is compatible with this praise, even at the best, directly the sympathetic action is compared with one which contributes to the welfare of the whole, to the RES PUBLICA. After all, "love to our neighbour" is always a secondary matter, partly conventional and arbitrarily manifested in relation to our FEAR OF OUR NEIGHBOUR. After the fabric of society seems on the whole established and secured against external dangers, it is this fear of our neighbour which again creates new perspectives of moral valuation. Certain strong and dangerous instincts, such as the love of enterprise, foolhardiness, revengefulness, astuteness, rapacity, and love of power, which up till then had not only to be honoured from the point of view of general utility—under other names, of course, than those here given—but had to be fostered and cultivated (because they were perpetually required in the common danger against the common enemies), are now felt in their dangerousness to be doubly strong—when the outlets for them are lacking—and are gradually branded as immoral and given over to calumny. The contrary instincts and inclinations now attain to moral honour, the gregarious instinct gradually draws its conclusions. How much or how little dangerousness to the community or to equality is contained in an opinion, a condition, an emotion, a disposition, or an endowment—that is now the moral perspective, here again fear is the mother of morals. It is by the loftiest and strongest instincts, when they break out passionately and carry the individual far above and beyond the average, and the low level of the gregarious conscience, that the self-reliance of the community is destroyed, its belief in itself, its backbone, as it were, breaks, consequently these very instincts will be most branded and defamed. The lofty independent spirituality, the will to stand alone, and even the cogent reason, are felt to be dangers, everything that elevates the individual above the herd, and is a source of fear to the neighbour, is henceforth called EVIL, the tolerant, unassuming, self-adapting, self-equalizing disposition, the MEDIOCRITY of desires, attains to moral distinction and honour. Finally, under very peaceful circumstances, there is always less opportunity and necessity for training the feelings to severity and rigour, and now every form of severity, even in justice, begins to disturb the conscience, a lofty and rigorous nobleness and self-responsibility almost offends, and awakens distrust, "the lamb," and still more "the sheep," wins respect. There is a point of diseased mellowness and effeminacy in the history of society, at which society itself takes the part of him who injures it, the part of the CRIMINAL, and does so, in fact, seriously and honestly. To punish, appears to it to be somehow unfair—it is certain that the idea of

"punishment" and "the obligation to punish" are then painful and alarming to people. "Is it not sufficient if the criminal be rendered HARMLESS? Why should we still punish? Punishment itself is terrible!"—with these questions gregarious morality, the morality of fear, draws its ultimate conclusion. If one could at all do away with danger, the cause of fear, one would have done away with this morality at the same time, it would no longer be necessary, it WOULD NOT CONSIDER ITSELF any longer necessary!—Whoever examines the conscience of the present-day European, will always elicit the same imperative from its thousand moral folds and hidden recesses, the imperative of the timidity of the herd "we wish that some time or other there may be NOTHING MORE TO FEAR!" Some time or other—the will and the way THERETO is nowadays called "progress" all over Europe.

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Let us at once say again what we have already said a hundred times, for people's ears nowadays are unwilling to hear such truths—OUR truths. We know well enough how offensive it sounds when anyone plainly, and without metaphor, counts man among the animals, but it will be accounted to us almost a CRIME, that it is precisely in respect to men of "modern ideas" that we have constantly applied the terms "herd," "herd-instincts," and such like expressions. What avail is it? We cannot do otherwise, for it is precisely here that our new insight is. We have found that in all the principal moral judgments, Europe has become unanimous, including likewise the countries where European influence prevails in Europe people evidently KNOW what Socrates thought he did not know, and what the famous serpent of old once promised to teach—they "know" today what is good and evil. It must then sound hard and be distasteful to the ear, when we always insist that that which here thinks it knows, that which here glorifies itself with praise and blame, and calls itself good, is the instinct of the herding human animal, the instinct which has come and is ever coming more and more to the front, to preponderance and supremacy over other instincts, according to the increasing physiological approximation and resemblance of which it is the symptom. MORALITY IN EUROPE AT PRESENT IS HERDING-ANIMAL

MORALITY, and therefore, as we understand the matter, only one kind of human morality, beside which, before which, and after which many other moralities, and above all HIGHER moralities, are or should be possible. Against such a "possibility," against such a "should be," however, this morality defends itself with all its strength, it says obstinately and inexorably "I am morality itself and nothing else is morality!" Indeed, with the help of a religion which has humoured and flattered the sublimest desires of the herding-animal, things have reached such a point that we always find a more visible expression of this morality even in political and social arrangements: the DEMOCRATIC movement is the inheritance of the Christian movement. That its TEMPO, however, is much too slow and sleepy for the more impatient ones, for those who are sick and distracted by the herding-instinct, is indicated by the increasingly furious howling, and always less disguised teeth-gnashing of the anarchist dogs, who are now roving through the highways of European culture. Apparently in opposition to the peacefully industrious democrats and Revolution-ideologues, and still more so to the awkward philosophers and fraternity-visionaries who call themselves Socialists and want a "free society," those are really at one with them all in their thorough and instinctive hostility to every form of society other than that of the AUTONOMOUS herd (to the extent even of repudiating the notions "master" and "servant"—*ni dieu ni maitre*, says a socialist formula); at one in their tenacious opposition to every special claim, every special right and privilege (this means ultimately opposition to EVERY right, for when all are equal, no one needs "rights" any longer); at one in their distrust of punitive justice (as though it were a violation of the weak, unfair to the NECESSARY consequences of all former society); but equally at one in their religion of sympathy, in their compassion for all that feels, lives, and suffers (down to the very animals, up even to "God"—the extravagance of "sympathy for God" belongs to a democratic age); altogether at one in the cry and impatience of their sympathy, in their deadly hatred of suffering generally, in their almost feminine incapacity for witnessing it or ALLOWING it; at one in their involuntary begloom and heart-softening, under the spell of which Europe seems to be threatened with a new Buddhism; at one in their belief in the morality of MUTUAL sympathy, as though it were morality in itself, the climax, the ATTAINED climax of mankind, the sole hope of the future, the consolation of the present, the great discharge from all the obligations of the past; altogether at one in their belief in the community as the DELIVERER, in the herd, and therefore in "themselves."

We, who hold a different belief—we, who regard the democratic movement, not only as a degenerating form of political organization, but as equivalent to a degenerating, a waning type of man, as involving his mediocrising and depreciation: where have WE to fix our hopes? In NEW PHILOSOPHERS—there is no other alternative: in minds strong and original enough to initiate opposite estimates of value, to transvalue and invert "eternal valuations"; in forerunners, in men of the future, who in the present shall fix the constraints and fasten the knots which will compel millenniums to take NEW paths. To teach man the future of humanity as his WILL, as depending on human will, and to make preparation for vast hazardous enterprises and collective attempts in rearing and educating, in order thereby to put an end to the frightful rule of folly and chance which has until now gone by the name of "history" (the folly of the "greatest number" is only its last form)—for that purpose a new type of philosopher and commander will some time or other be needed, at the very idea of which everything that has existed in the way of occult, terrible, and benevolent beings might look pale and dwarfed. The image of such leaders hovers before OUR eyes:—is it lawful for me to say it aloud, you free spirits? The conditions which one would partly have to create and partly utilize for their genesis; the presumptive methods and tests by virtue of which a soul should grow up to such an elevation and power as to feel a CONSTRAINT to these tasks; a transvaluation of values, under the new pressure and hammer of which a conscience should be steeled and a heart transformed into brass, so as to bear the weight of such responsibility; and on the other hand the necessity for such leaders, the dreadful danger that they might be lacking, or miscarry and degenerate:—these are OUR real anxieties and glooms, you know it well, you free spirits! these are the heavy distant thoughts and storms which sweep across the heaven of OUR life. There are few pains so grievous as to have seen, divined, or experienced how an exceptional man has missed his way and deteriorated; but he who has the rare eye for the universal danger of "man" himself DETERIORATING, he who like us has recognized the extraordinary fortuitousness which has until now played

its game in respect to the future of mankind—a game in which neither the hand, nor even a "finger of God" has participated!—he who divines the fate that is hidden under the idiotic unwariness and blind confidence of "modern ideas," and still more under the whole of Christo-European morality—suffers from an anguish with which no other is to be compared. He sees at a glance all that could still BE MADE OUT OF MAN through a favourable accumulation and augmentation of human powers and arrangements; he knows with all the knowledge of his conviction how unexhausted man still is for the greatest possibilities, and how often in the past the type man has stood in presence of mysterious decisions and new paths:—he knows still better from his painfulest recollections on what wretched obstacles promising developments of the highest rank have until now usually gone to pieces, broken down, sunk, and become contemptible. The UNIVERSAL DEGENERACY OF MANKIND to the level of the "man of the future"—as idealized by the socialistic fools and shallow-pates—this degeneracy and dwarfing of man to an absolutely gregarious animal (or as they call it, to a man of "free society"), this brutalizing of man into a pigmy with equal rights and claims, is undoubtedly POSSIBLE! He who has thought out this possibility to its ultimate conclusion knows ANOTHER loathing unknown to the rest of mankind—and perhaps also a new MISSION!

CHAPTER VI

WE SCHOLARS

Beyond Good and Evil

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At the risk that moralizing may also reveal itself here as that which it has always been—namely, resolutely MONTRER SES PLAIES, according to Balzac—I would venture to protest against an improper and injurious alteration of rank, which quite unnoticed, and as if with the best conscience, threatens nowadays to establish itself in the relations of science

and philosophy. I mean to say that one must have the right out of one's own EXPERIENCE—experience, as it seems to me, always implies unfortunate experience?—to treat of such an important question of rank, so as not to speak of colour like the blind, or AGAINST science like women and artists ("Ah! this dreadful science!" sigh their instinct and their shame, "it always FINDS THINGS OUT!"). The declaration of independence of the scientific man, his emancipation from philosophy, is one of the subtler after-effects of democratic organization and disorganization: the self-glorification and self-conceitedness of the learned man is now everywhere in full bloom, and in its best springtime—which does not mean to imply that in this case self-praise smells sweet. Here also the instinct of the populace cries, "Freedom from all masters!" and after science has, with the happiest results, resisted theology, whose "hand-maid" it had been too long, it now proposes in its wantonness and indiscretion to lay down laws for philosophy, and in its turn to play the "master"—what am I saying! to play the PHILOSOPHER on its own account. My memory—the memory of a scientific man, if you please!—teems with the naivetes of insolence which I have heard about philosophy and philosophers from young naturalists and old physicians (not to mention the most cultured and most conceited of all learned men, the philologists and schoolmasters, who are both the one and the other by profession). On one occasion it was the specialist and the Jack Horner who instinctively stood on the defensive against all synthetic tasks and capabilities; at another time it was the industrious worker who had got a scent of OTIUM and refined luxuriousness in the internal economy of the philosopher, and felt himself aggrieved and belittled thereby. On another occasion it was the colour-blindness of the utilitarian, who sees nothing in philosophy but a series of REFUTED systems, and an extravagant expenditure which "does nobody any good". At another time the fear of disguised mysticism and of the boundary-adjustment of knowledge became conspicuous, at another time the disregard of individual philosophers, which had involuntarily extended to disregard of philosophy generally. In fine, I found most frequently, behind the proud disdain of philosophy in young scholars, the evil after-effect of some particular philosopher, to whom on the whole obedience had been foresworn, without, however, the spell of his scornful estimates of other philosophers having been got rid of—the result being a general ill-will to all philosophy. (Such seems to me, for instance, the after-effect of Schopenhauer on the most modern Germany: by his unintelligent rage against Hegel, he has succeeded in severing the whole of the last generation of Germans

from its connection with German culture, which culture, all things considered, has been an elevation and a divining refinement of the HISTORICAL SENSE, but precisely at this point Schopenhauer himself was poor, irreceptive, and un-German to the extent of ingeniousness.) On the whole, speaking generally, it may just have been the humanness, all-too-humanness of the modern philosophers themselves, in short, their contemptibleness, which has injured most radically the reverence for philosophy and opened the doors to the instinct of the populace. Let it but be acknowledged to what an extent our modern world diverges from the whole style of the world of Heraclitus, Plato, Empedocles, and whatever else all the royal and magnificent anchorites of the spirit were called, and with what justice an honest man of science MAY feel himself of a better family and origin, in view of such representatives of philosophy, who, owing to the fashion of the present day, are just as much aloft as they are down below—in Germany, for instance, the two lions of Berlin, the anarchist Eugen Dühring and the amalgamist Eduard von Hartmann. It is especially the sight of those hodge-podge philosophers, who call themselves "realists," or "positivists," which is calculated to implant a dangerous distrust in the soul of a young and ambitious scholar those philosophers, at the best, are themselves but scholars and specialists, that is very evident! All of them are persons who have been vanquished and BROUGHT BACK AGAIN under the dominion of science, who at one time or another claimed more from themselves, without having a right to the "more" and its responsibility—and who now, creditably, rancorously, and vindictively, represent in word and deed, DISBELIEF in the master-task and supremacy of philosophy After all, how could it be otherwise? Science flourishes nowadays and has the good conscience clearly visible on its countenance, while that to which the entire modern philosophy has gradually sunk, the remnant of philosophy of the present day, excites distrust and displeasure, if not scorn and pity Philosophy reduced to a "theory of knowledge," no more in fact than a diffident science of epochs and doctrine of forbearance a philosophy that never even gets beyond the threshold, and rigorously DENIES itself the right to enter—that is philosophy in its last throes, an end, an agony, something that awakens pity. How could such a philosophy—RULE!

Beyond Good and Evil

The dangers that beset the evolution of the philosopher are, in fact, so manifold nowadays, that one might doubt whether this fruit could still come to maturity. The extent and towering structure of the sciences have increased enormously, and therewith also the probability that the philosopher will grow tired even as a learner, or will attach himself somewhere and "specialize" so that he will no longer attain to his elevation, that is to say, to his superspection, his circumspection, and his DESPECTION. Or he gets aloft too late, when the best of his maturity and strength is past, or when he is impaired, coarsened, and deteriorated, so that his view, his general estimate of things, is no longer of much importance. It is perhaps just the refinement of his intellectual conscience that makes him hesitate and linger on the way, he dreads the temptation to become a dilettante, a millepede, a milleantenna, he knows too well that as a discerner, one who has lost his self-respect no longer commands, no longer LEADS, unless he should aspire to become a great play-actor, a philosophical Cagliostro and spiritual rat-catcher—in short, a misleader. This is in the last instance a question of taste, if it has not really been a question of conscience. To double once more the philosopher's difficulties, there is also the fact that he demands from himself a verdict, a Yea or Nay, not concerning science, but concerning life and the worth of life—he learns unwillingly to believe that it is his right and even his duty to obtain this verdict, and he has to seek his way to the right and the belief only through the most extensive (perhaps disturbing and destroying) experiences, often hesitating, doubting, and dumbfounded. In fact, the philosopher has long been mistaken and confused by the multitude, either with the scientific man and ideal scholar, or with the religiously elevated, desensualized, desecularized visionary and God-intoxicated man; and even yet when one hears anybody praised, because he lives "wisely," or "as a philosopher," it hardly means anything more than "prudently and apart." Wisdom: that seems to the populace to be a kind of flight, a means and artifice for withdrawing successfully from a bad game; but the GENUINE philosopher—does it not seem so to US, my friends?—lives "unphilosophically" and "unwisely," above all, IMPRUDENTLY, and feels the obligation and burden of a hundred attempts and temptations of life—he risks HIMSELF constantly, he plays THIS bad game.

In relation to the genius, that is to say, a being who either ENGENDERS or PRODUCES—both words understood in their fullest sense—the man of learning, the scientific average man, has always something of the old maid about him; for, like her, he is not conversant with the two principal functions of man. To both, of course, to the scholar and to the old maid, one concedes respectability, as if by way of indemnification—in these cases one emphasizes the respectability—and yet, in the compulsion of this concession, one has the same admixture of vexation. Let us examine more closely: what is the scientific man? Firstly, a commonplace type of man, with commonplace virtues: that is to say, a non-ruling, non-authoritative, and non-self-sufficient type of man; he possesses industry, patient adaptableness to rank and file, equability and moderation in capacity and requirement; he has the instinct for people like himself, and for that which they require—for instance: the portion of independence and green meadow without which there is no rest from labour, the claim to honour and consideration (which first and foremost presupposes recognition and recognisability), the sunshine of a good name, the perpetual ratification of his value and usefulness, with which the inward DISTRUST which lies at the bottom of the heart of all dependent men and gregarious animals, has again and again to be overcome. The learned man, as is appropriate, has also maladies and faults of an ignoble kind: he is full of petty envy, and has a lynx-eye for the weak points in those natures to whose elevations he cannot attain. He is confiding, yet only as one who lets himself go, but does not FLOW; and precisely before the man of the great current he stands all the colder and more reserved—his eye is then like a smooth and irresponsive lake, which is no longer moved by rapture or sympathy. The worst and most dangerous thing of which a scholar is capable results from the instinct of mediocrity of his type, from the Jesuitism of mediocrity, which labours instinctively for the destruction of the exceptional man, and endeavours to break—or still better, to relax—every bent bow. To relax, of course, with consideration, and naturally with an indulgent hand—to RELAX with confiding sympathy that is the real art of Jesuitism, which has always understood how to introduce itself as the religion of sympathy.

However gratefully one may welcome the OBJECTIVE spirit—and who has not been sick to death of all subjectivity and its confounded IPSISIMOSITY!—in the end, however, one must learn caution even with regard to one's gratitude, and put a stop to the exaggeration with which the unselfing and depersonalizing of the spirit has recently been celebrated, as if it were the goal in itself, as if it were salvation and glorification—as is especially accustomed to happen in the pessimist school, which has also in its turn good reasons for paying the highest honours to "disinterested knowledge" The objective man, who no longer curses and scolds like the pessimist, the IDEAL man of learning in whom the scientific instinct blossoms forth fully after a thousand complete and partial failures, is assuredly one of the most costly instruments that exist, but his place is in the hand of one who is more powerful He is only an instrument, we may say, he is a MIRROR—he is no "purpose in himself" The objective man is in truth a mirror accustomed to prostration before everything that wants to be known, with such desires only as knowing or "reflecting" implies—he waits until something comes, and then expands himself sensitively, so that even the light footsteps and gliding-past of spiritual beings may not be lost on his surface and film Whatever "personality" he still possesses seems to him accidental, arbitrary, or still oftener, disturbing, so much has he come to regard himself as the passage and reflection of outside forms and events He calls up the recollection of "himself" with an effort, and not infrequently wrongly, he readily confounds himself with other persons, he makes mistakes with regard to his own needs, and here only is he unrefined and negligent Perhaps he is troubled about the health, or the pettiness and confined atmosphere of wife and friend, or the lack of companions and society—indeed, he sets himself to reflect on his suffering, but in vain! His thoughts already rove away to the MORE GENERAL case, and tomorrow he knows as little as he knew yesterday how to help himself He does not now take himself seriously and devote time to himself he is serene, NOT from lack of trouble, but from lack of capacity for grasping and dealing with HIS trouble The habitual complaisance with respect to all objects and

experiences, the radiant and impartial hospitality with which he receives everything that comes his way, his habit of inconsiderate good-nature, of dangerous indifference as to Yea and Nay: alas! there are enough of cases in which he has to atone for these virtues of his!—and as man generally, he becomes far too easily the CAPUT MORTUUM of such virtues. Should one wish love or hatred from him—I mean love and hatred as God, woman, and animal understand them—he will do what he can, and furnish what he can. But one must not be surprised if it should not be much—if he should show himself just at this point to be false, fragile, questionable, and deteriorated. His love is constrained, his hatred is artificial, and rather UN TOUR DE FORCE, a slight ostentation and exaggeration. He is only genuine so far as he can be objective; only in his serene totality is he still "nature" and "natural." His mirroring and eternally self-polishing soul no longer knows how to affirm, no longer how to deny; he does not command; neither does he destroy. "JE NE MEPRISE PRESQUE RIEN"—he says, with Leibniz: let us not overlook nor undervalue the PRESQUE! Neither is he a model man; he does not go in advance of any one, nor after, either; he places himself generally too far off to have any reason for espousing the cause of either good or evil. If he has been so long confounded with the PHILOSOPHER, with the Caesarian trainer and dictator of civilization, he has had far too much honour, and what is more essential in him has been overlooked—he is an instrument, something of a slave, though certainly the sublimest sort of slave, but nothing in himself—PRESQUE RIEN! The objective man is an instrument, a costly, easily injured, easily tarnished measuring instrument and mirroring apparatus, which is to be taken care of and respected; but he is no goal, not outgoing nor upgoing, no complementary man in whom the REST of existence justifies itself, no termination—and still less a commencement, an engendering, or primary cause, nothing hardy, powerful, self-centred, that wants to be master; but rather only a soft, inflated, delicate, movable potter's-form, that must wait for some kind of content and frame to "shape" itself thereto—for the most part a man without frame and content, a "selfless" man. Consequently, also, nothing for women, IN PARENTHESI.

Beyond Good and Evil

When a philosopher nowadays makes known that he is not a skeptic—I hope that has been gathered from the foregoing description of the objective spirit?—people all hear it impatiently; they regard him on that account with some apprehension, they would like to ask so many, many questions ... indeed among timid hearers, of whom there are now so many, he is henceforth said to be dangerous. With his repudiation of skepticism, it seems to them as if they heard some evil-threatening sound in the distance, as if a new kind of explosive were being tried somewhere, a dynamite of the spirit, perhaps a newly discovered Russian NIHILINE, a pessimism BONAE VOLUNTATIS, that not only denies, means denial, but—dreadful thought! PRACTISES denial. Against this kind of "good-will"—a will to the veritable, actual negation of life—there is, as is generally acknowledged nowadays, no better soporific and sedative than skepticism, the mild, pleasing, lulling poppy of skepticism; and Hamlet himself is now prescribed by the doctors of the day as an antidote to the "spirit," and its underground noises. "Are not our ears already full of bad sounds?" say the skeptics, as lovers of repose, and almost as a kind of safety police; "this subterranean Nay is terrible! Be still, you pessimistic moles!" The skeptic, in effect, that delicate creature, is far too easily frightened; his conscience is schooled so as to start at every Nay, and even at that sharp, decided Yea, and feels something like a bite thereby. Yea! and Nay!—they seem to him opposed to morality; he loves, on the contrary, to make a festival to his virtue by a noble aloofness, while perhaps he says with Montaigne: "What do I know?" Or with Socrates: "I know that I know nothing." Or: "Here I do not trust myself, no door is open to me." Or: "Even if the door were open, why should I enter immediately?" Or: "What is the use of any hasty hypotheses? It might quite well be in good taste to make no hypotheses at all. Are you absolutely obliged to straighten at once what is crooked? to stuff every hole with some kind of oakum? Is there not time enough for that? Has not the time leisure? Oh, you demons, can you not at all WAIT? The uncertain also has its charms, the Sphinx, too, is a Circe, and Circe, too, was a philosopher."—Thus does a skeptic console himself; and in truth he needs some consolation. For skepticism is the most spiritual expression of a certain many-sided physiological temperament, which in ordinary language is called nervous debility and sickliness; it arises whenever races or classes which have been long separated, decisively and suddenly blend with one another. In the new generation, which has inherited as it were different standards and valuations in its blood, everything

is disquiet, derangement, doubt, and tentativeness; the best powers operate restrictively, the very virtues prevent each other growing and becoming strong, equilibrium, ballast, and perpendicular stability are lacking in body and soul. That, however, which is most diseased and degenerated in such nondescripts is the WILL; they are no longer familiar with independence of decision, or the courageous feeling of pleasure in willing—they are doubtful of the "freedom of the will" even in their dreams. Our present-day Europe, the scene of a senseless, precipitate attempt at a radical blending of classes, and CONSEQUENTLY of races, is therefore skeptical in all its heights and depths, sometimes exhibiting the mobile skepticism which springs impatiently and wantonly from branch to branch, sometimes with gloomy aspect, like a cloud over-charged with interrogative signs—and often sick unto death of its will! Paralysis of will, where do we not find this cripple sitting nowadays! And yet how bedecked oftentimes! How seductively ornamented! There are the finest gala dresses and disguises for this disease, and that, for instance, most of what places itself nowadays in the show-cases as "objectiveness," "the scientific spirit," "L'ART POUR L'ART," and "pure voluntary knowledge," is only decked-out skepticism and paralysis of will—I am ready to answer for this diagnosis of the European disease—The disease of the will is diffused unequally over Europe, it is worst and most varied where civilization has longest prevailed, it decreases according as "the barbarian" still—or again—asserts his claims under the loose drapery of Western culture. It is therefore in the France of today, as can be readily disclosed and comprehended, that the will is most infirm, and France, which has always had a masterly aptitude for converting even the portentous crises of its spirit into something charming and seductive, now manifests emphatically its intellectual ascendancy over Europe, by being the school and exhibition of all the charms of skepticism. The power to will and to persist, moreover, in a resolution, is already somewhat stronger in Germany, and again in the North of Germany it is stronger than in Central Germany, it is considerably stronger in England, Spain, and Corsica, associated with phlegm in the former and with hard skulls in the latter—not to mention Italy, which is too young yet to know what it wants, and must first show whether it can exercise will, but it is strongest and most surprising of all in that immense middle empire where Europe as it were flows back to Asia—namely, in Russia. There the power to will has been long stored up and accumulated, there the will—uncertain whether to be negative or affirmative—waits threateningly to be discharged (to borrow their pet phrase from our physicists)

Perhaps not only Indian wars and complications in Asia would be necessary to free Europe from its greatest danger, but also internal subversion, the shattering of the empire into small states, and above all the introduction of parliamentary imbecility, together with the obligation of everyone to read his newspaper at breakfast I do not say this as one who desires it, in my heart I should rather prefer the contrary—I mean such an increase in the threatening attitude of Russia, that Europe would have to make up its mind to become equally threatening—namely, TO ACQUIRE ONE WILL, by means of a new caste to rule over the Continent, a persistent, dreadful will of its own, that can set its aims thousands of years ahead; so that the long spun-out comedy of its petty-statism, and its dynastic as well as its democratic many-willed-ness, might finally be brought to a close. The time for petty politics is past; the next century will bring the struggle for the dominion of the world—the COMPULSION to great politics.

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As to how far the new warlike age on which we Europeans have evidently entered may perhaps favour the growth of another and stronger kind of skepticism, I should like to express myself preliminarily merely by a parable, which the lovers of German history will already understand. That unscrupulous enthusiast for big, handsome grenadiers (who, as King of Prussia, brought into being a military and skeptical genius—and therewith, in reality, the new and now triumphantly emerged type of German), the problematic, crazy father of Frederick the Great, had on one point the very knack and lucky grasp of the genius: he knew what was then lacking in Germany, the want of which was a hundred times more alarming and serious than any lack of culture and social form—his ill-will to the young Frederick resulted from the anxiety of a profound instinct. MEN WERE LACKING; and he suspected, to his bitterest regret, that his own son was not man enough. There, however, he deceived himself; but who would not have deceived himself in his place? He saw his son lapsed to atheism, to the ESPRIT, to the pleasant frivolity of clever Frenchmen—he saw in the background the great bloodsucker, the spider skepticism; he suspected the incurable

wretchedness of a heart no longer hard enough either for evil or good, and of a broken will that no longer commands, is no longer ABLE to command. Meanwhile, however, there grew up in his son that new kind of harder and more dangerous skepticism—who knows TO WHAT EXTENT it was encouraged just by his father's hatred and the icy melancholy of a will condemned to solitude?—the skepticism of daring manliness, which is closely related to the genius for war and conquest, and made its first entrance into Germany in the person of the great Frederick. This skepticism despises and nevertheless grasps; it undermines and takes possession; it does not believe, but it does not thereby lose itself; it gives the spirit a dangerous liberty, but it keeps strict guard over the heart. It is the GERMAN form of skepticism, which, as a continued Fredericianism, risen to the highest spirituality, has kept Europe for a considerable time under the dominion of the German spirit and its critical and historical distrust Owing to the insuperably strong and tough masculine character of the great German philologists and historical critics (who, rightly estimated, were also all of them artists of destruction and dissolution), a NEW conception of the German spirit gradually established itself—in spite of all Romanticism in music and philosophy—in which the leaning towards masculine skepticism was decidedly prominent whether, for instance, as fearlessness of gaze, as courage and sternness of the dissecting hand, or as resolute will to dangerous voyages of discovery, to spiritualized North Pole expeditions under barren and dangerous skies. There may be good grounds for it when warm-blooded and superficial humanitarians cross themselves before this spirit, CET ESPRIT FATALISTE, IRONIQUE, MEPHISTOPHELIQUE, as Michelet calls it, not without a shudder. But if one would realize how characteristic is this fear of the "man" in the German spirit which awakened Europe out of its "dogmatic slumber," let us call to mind the former conception which had to be overcome by this new one—and that it is not so very long ago that a masculinized woman could dare, with unbridled presumption, to recommend the Germans to the interest of Europe as gentle, good-hearted, weak-willed, and poetical fools. Finally, let us only understand profoundly enough Napoleon's astonishment when he saw Goethe it reveals what had been regarded for centuries as the "German spirit" "VOILA UN HOMME!"—that was as much as to say "But this is a MAN! And I only expected to see a German!"

Supposing, then, that in the picture of the philosophers of the future, some trait suggests the question whether they must not perhaps be skeptics in the last-mentioned sense, something in them would only be designated thereby—and not they themselves. With equal right they might call themselves critics, and assuredly they will be men of experiments. By the name with which I ventured to baptize them, I have already expressly emphasized their attempting and their love of attempting is this because, as critics in body and soul, they will love to make use of experiments in a new, and perhaps wider and more dangerous sense? In their passion for knowledge, will they have to go further in daring and painful attempts than the sensitive and pampered taste of a democratic century can approve of?—There is no doubt these coming ones will be least able to dispense with the serious and not unscrupulous qualities which distinguish the critic from the skeptic I mean the certainty as to standards of worth, the conscious employment of a unity of method, the wary courage, the standing-alone, and the capacity for self-responsibility, indeed, they will avow among themselves a DELIGHT in denial and dissection, and a certain considerate cruelty, which knows how to handle the knife surely and deftly, even when the heart bleeds. They will be STERNER (and perhaps not always towards themselves only) than humane people may desire, they will not deal with the "truth" in order that it may "please" them, or "elevate" and "inspire" them—they will rather have little faith in "TRUTH" bringing with it such revels for the feelings. They will smile, those rigorous spirits, when anyone says in their presence "That thought elevates me, why should it not be true?" or "That work enchants me, why should it not be beautiful?" or "That artist enlarges me, why should he not be great?" Perhaps they will not only have a smile, but a genuine disgust for all that is thus rapturous, idealistic, feminine, and hermaphroditic, and if anyone could look into their inmost hearts, he would not easily find therein the intention to reconcile "Christian sentiments" with "antique taste," or even with "modern parliamentarism" (the kind of reconciliation necessarily found even among philosophers in our very uncertain and consequently very conciliatory century). Critical discipline, and every habit that conduces to purity and rigour in intellectual matters, will not only be demanded from themselves by these philosophers of the future, they may even make a display thereof as their

special adornment—nevertheless they will not want to be called critics on that account. It will seem to them no small indignity to philosophy to have it decreed, as is so welcome nowadays, that "philosophy itself is criticism and critical science—and nothing else whatever!" Though this estimate of philosophy may enjoy the approval of all the Positivists of France and Germany (and possibly it even flattered the heart and taste of KANT: let us call to mind the titles of his principal works), our new philosophers will say, notwithstanding, that critics are instruments of the philosopher, and just on that account, as instruments, they are far from being philosophers themselves! Even the great Chinaman of Konigsberg was only a great critic.

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I insist upon it that people finally cease confounding philosophical workers, and in general scientific men, with philosophers—that precisely here one should strictly give "each his own," and not give those far too much, these far too little. It may be necessary for the education of the real philosopher that he himself should have once stood upon all those steps upon which his servants, the scientific workers of philosophy, remain standing, and MUST remain standing he himself must perhaps have been critic, and dogmatist, and historian, and besides, poet, and collector, and traveler, and riddle-reader, and moralist, and seer, and "free spirit," and almost everything, in order to traverse the whole range of human values and estimations, and that he may BE ABLE with a variety of eyes and consciences to look from a height to any distance, from a depth up to any height, from a nook into any expanse. But all these are only preliminary conditions for his task; this task itself demands something else—it requires him TO CREATE VALUES. The philosophical workers, after the excellent pattern of Kant and Hegel, have to fix and formalize some great existing body of valuations—that is to say, former DETERMINATIONS OF VALUE, creations of value, which have become prevalent, and are for a time called "truths"—whether in the domain of the LOGICAL, the POLITICAL (moral), or the ARTISTIC. It is for these investigators to make whatever has happened and been esteemed until now, conspicuous, conceivable, intelligible, and manageable, to shorten everything

long, even "time" itself, and to SUBJUGATE the entire past: an immense and wonderful task, in the carrying out of which all refined pride, all tenacious will, can surely find satisfaction. THE REAL PHILOSOPHERS, HOWEVER, ARE COMMANDERS AND LAW-GIVERS; they say: "Thus SHALL it be!" They determine first the Whither and the Why of mankind, and thereby set aside the previous labour of all philosophical workers, and all subjugators of the past—they grasp at the future with a creative hand, and whatever is and was, becomes for them thereby a means, an instrument, and a hammer. Their "knowing" is CREATING, their creating is a law-giving, their will to truth is—WILL TO POWER. —Are there at present such philosophers? Have there ever been such philosophers? MUST there not be such philosophers some day?...

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It is always more obvious to me that the philosopher, as a man INDISPENSABLE for the morrow and the day after the morrow, has ever found himself, and HAS BEEN OBLIGED to find himself, in contradiction to the day in which he lives; his enemy has always been the ideal of his day. Until now all those extraordinary furtherers of humanity whom one calls philosophers—who rarely regarded themselves as lovers of wisdom, but rather as disagreeable fools and dangerous interrogators—have found their mission, their hard, involuntary, imperative mission (in the end, however, the greatness of their mission), in being the bad conscience of their age. In putting the vivisector's knife to the breast of the very VIRTUES OF THEIR AGE, they have betrayed their own secret; it has been for the sake of a NEW greatness of man, a new untrodden path to his aggrandizement. They have always disclosed how much hypocrisy, indolence, self-indulgence, and self-neglect, how much falsehood was concealed under the most venerated types of contemporary morality, how much virtue was OUTLIVED, they have always said "We must remove hence to where YOU are least at home" In the face of a world of "modern ideas," which would like to confine everyone in a corner, in a "specialty," a philosopher, if there could be philosophers nowadays, would be compelled to place the greatness of man, the conception of "greatness," precisely in his comprehensiveness and

multifariousness, in his all-roundness, he would even determine worth and rank according to the amount and variety of that which a man could bear and take upon himself, according to the EXTENT to which a man could stretch his responsibility. Nowadays the taste and virtue of the age weaken and attenuate the will, nothing is so adapted to the spirit of the age as weakness of will; consequently, in the ideal of the philosopher, strength of will, sternness, and capacity for prolonged resolution, must specially be included in the conception of "greatness", with as good a right as the opposite doctrine, with its ideal of a silly, renouncing, humble, selfless humanity, was suited to an opposite age—such as the sixteenth century, which suffered from its accumulated energy of will, and from the wildest torrents and floods of selfishness. In the time of Socrates, among men only of worn-out instincts, old conservative Athenians who let themselves go—"for the sake of happiness," as they said, for the sake of pleasure, as their conduct indicated—and who had continually on their lips the old pompous words to which they had long forfeited the right by the life they led, IRONY was perhaps necessary for greatness of soul, the wicked Socratic assurance of the old physician and plebeian, who cut ruthlessly into his own flesh, as into the flesh and heart of the "noble," with a look that said plainly enough "Do not dissemble before me! here—we are equal!" At present, on the contrary, when throughout Europe the herding-animal alone attains to honours, and dispenses honours, when "equality of right" can too readily be transformed into equality in wrong—I mean to say into general war against everything rare, strange, and privileged, against the higher man, the higher soul, the higher duty, the higher responsibility, the creative plenipotence and lordliness—at present it belongs to the conception of "greatness" to be noble, to wish to be apart, to be capable of being different, to stand alone, to have to live by personal initiative, and the philosopher will betray something of his own ideal when he asserts "He shall be the greatest who can be the most solitary, the most concealed, the most divergent, the man beyond good and evil, the master of his virtues, and of super-abundance of will; precisely this shall be called GREATNESS: as diversified as can be entire, as ample as can be full." And to ask once more the question: Is greatness POSSIBLE—nowadays?

Beyond Good and Evil

It is difficult to learn what a philosopher is, because it cannot be taught: one must "know" it by experience—or one should have the pride NOT to know it. The fact that at present people all talk of things of which they CANNOT have any experience, is true more especially and unfortunately as concerns the philosopher and philosophical matters:—the very few know them, are permitted to know them, and all popular ideas about them are false. Thus, for instance, the truly philosophical combination of a bold, exuberant spirituality which runs at presto pace, and a dialectic rigour and necessity which makes no false step, is unknown to most thinkers and scholars from their own experience, and therefore, should anyone speak of it in their presence, it is incredible to them. They conceive of every necessity as troublesome, as a painful compulsory obedience and state of constraint; thinking itself is regarded by them as something slow and hesitating, almost as a trouble, and often enough as "worthy of the SWEAT of the noble"—but not at all as something easy and divine, closely related to dancing and exuberance! "To think" and to take a matter "seriously," "arduously"—that is one and the same thing to them; such only has been their "experience."—Artists have here perhaps a finer intuition; they who know only too well that precisely when they no longer do anything "arbitrarily," and everything of necessity, their feeling of freedom, of subtlety, of power, of creatively fixing, disposing, and shaping, reaches its climax—in short, that necessity and "freedom of will" are then the same thing with them. There is, in fine, a gradation of rank in psychical states, to which the gradation of rank in the problems corresponds; and the highest problems repel ruthlessly everyone who ventures too near them, without being predestined for their solution by the loftiness and power of his spirituality. Of what use is it for nimble, everyday intellects, or clumsy, honest mechanics and empiricists to press, in their plebeian ambition, close to such problems, and as it were into this "holy of holies"—as so often happens nowadays! But coarse feet must never tread upon such carpets: this is provided for in the primary law of things; the doors remain closed to those intruders, though they may dash and break their heads thereon. People have always to be born to a high station, or, more definitely, they have to be BRED for it: a person has only a right to philosophy—taking the word in its higher significance—in virtue of his descent; the ancestors, the "blood," decide here also. Many generations must have prepared the way for the coming of the philosopher; each of his virtues must have been separately acquired,

nurtured, transmitted, and embodied; not only the bold, easy, delicate course and current of his thoughts, but above all the readiness for great responsibilities, the majesty of ruling glance and contemning look, the feeling of separation from the multitude with their duties and virtues, the kindly patronage and defense of whatever is misunderstood and calumniated, be it God or devil, the delight and practice of supreme justice, the art of commanding, the amplitude of will, the lingering eye which rarely admires, rarely looks up, rarely loves... .

CHAPTER VII

OUR VIRTUES

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OUR Virtues?—It is probable that we, too, have still our virtues, although naturally they are not those sincere and massive virtues on account of which we hold our grandfathers in esteem and also at a little distance from us. We Europeans of the day after tomorrow, we firstlings of the twentieth century—with all our dangerous curiosity, our multifariousness and art of disguising, our mellow and seemingly sweetened cruelty in sense and spirit—we shall presumably, IF we must have virtues, have those only which have come to agreement with our most secret and heartfelt inclinations, with our most ardent requirements: well, then, let us look for them in our labyrinths!—where, as we know, so many things lose themselves, so many things get quite lost! And is there anything finer than to SEARCH for one's own virtues? Is it not almost to BELIEVE in one's own virtues? But this "believing in one's own virtues"—is it not practically the same as what was formerly called one's "good conscience," that long, respectable pigtail of an idea, which our grandfathers used to hang behind their heads, and often enough also behind their understandings? It seems, therefore, that however little we may imagine ourselves to be old-fashioned and grandfatherly

respectable in other respects, in one thing we are nevertheless the worthy grandchildren of our grandfathers, we last Europeans with good consciences: we also still wear their pigtail.—Ah! if you only knew how soon, so very soon—it will be different!

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As in the stellar firmament there are sometimes two suns which determine the path of one planet, and in certain cases suns of different colours shine around a single planet, now with red light, now with green, and then simultaneously illumine and flood it with motley colours: so we modern men, owing to the complicated mechanism of our "firmament," are determined by DIFFERENT moralities; our actions shine alternately in different colours, and are seldom unequivocal—and there are often cases, also, in which our actions are MOTLEY-COLOURED.

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To love one's enemies? I think that has been well learnt: it takes place thousands of times at present on a large and small scale; indeed, at times the higher and sublimer thing takes place:—we learn to DESPISE when we love, and precisely when we love best; all of it, however, unconsciously, without noise, without ostentation, with the shame and secrecy of goodness, which forbids the utterance of the pompous word and the formula of virtue. Morality as attitude—is opposed to our taste nowadays. This is ALSO an advance, as it was an advance in our fathers that religion as an attitude finally became opposed to their taste, including the enmity and Voltairean bitterness against religion (and all that formerly belonged to freethinker-pantomime). It is the music in our conscience, the dance in our spirit, to which Puritan litanies, moral sermons, and goody-goodness won't chime.

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Let us be careful in dealing with those who attach great importance to being credited with moral tact and subtlety in moral discernment! They never forgive us if they have once made a mistake BEFORE us (or even with REGARD to us)—they inevitably become our instinctive calumniators and detractors, even when they still remain our "friends."—Blessed are the forgetful: for they "get the better" even of their blunders.

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The psychologists of France—and where else are there still psychologists nowadays?—have never yet exhausted their bitter and manifold enjoyment of the *betise bourgeoise*, just as though ... in short, they betray something thereby. Flaubert, for instance, the honest citizen of Rouen, neither saw, heard, nor tasted anything else in the end; it was his mode of self-torment and refined cruelty. As this is growing wearisome, I would now recommend for a change something else for a pleasure—namely, the unconscious astuteness with which good, fat, honest mediocrity always behaves towards loftier spirits and the tasks they have to perform, the subtle, barbed, Jesuitical astuteness, which is a thousand times subtler than the taste and understanding of the middle-class in its best moments—subtler even than the understanding of its victims:—a repeated proof that "instinct" is the most intelligent of all kinds of intelligence which have until now been discovered. In short, you psychologists, study the philosophy of the "rule" in its struggle with the "exception": there you have a spectacle fit for Gods and godlike malignity! Or, in plainer words, practise vivisection on "good people," on the "*homo bonae voluntatis*," ON YOURSELVES!

The practice of judging and condemning morally, is the favourite revenge of the intellectually shallow on those who are less so, it is also a kind of indemnity for their being badly endowed by nature, and finally, it is an opportunity for acquiring spirit and BECOMING subtle—malice spiritualises. They are glad in their inmost heart that there is a standard according to which those who are over-endowed with intellectual goods and privileges, are equal to them, they contend for the "equality of all before God," and almost NEED the belief in God for this purpose. It is among them that the most powerful antagonists of atheism are found. If anyone were to say to them "A lofty spirituality is beyond all comparison with the honesty and respectability of a merely moral man"—it would make them furious, I shall take care not to say so. I would rather flatter them with my theory that lofty spirituality itself exists only as the ultimate product of moral qualities, that it is a synthesis of all qualities attributed to the "merely moral" man, after they have been acquired singly through long training and practice, perhaps during a whole series of generations, that lofty spirituality is precisely the spiritualising of justice, and the beneficent severity which knows that it is authorized to maintain GRADATIONS OF RANK in the world, even among things—and not only among men.

Now that the praise of the "disinterested person" is so popular one must—probably not without some danger—get an idea of WHAT people actually take an interest in, and what are the things generally which fundamentally and profoundly concern ordinary men—including the cultured, even the learned, and perhaps philosophers also, if appearances do not deceive. The fact thereby becomes obvious that the greater part of what interests and charms higher natures, and more refined and fastidious tastes, seems absolutely "uninteresting" to the average man—if, notwithstanding, he perceive devotion to these interests, he calls it

desinteresse, and wonders how it is possible to act "disinterestedly." There have been philosophers who could give this popular astonishment a seductive and mystical, other-worldly expression (perhaps because they did not know the higher nature by experience?), instead of stating the naked and candidly reasonable truth that "disinterested" action is very interesting and "interested" action, provided that... "And love?"—What! Even an action for love's sake shall be "unegoistic"? But you fools—! "And the praise of the self-sacrificer?"—But whoever has really offered sacrifice knows that he wanted and obtained something for it—perhaps something from himself for something from himself; that he relinquished here in order to have more there, perhaps in general to be more, or even feel himself "more." But this is a realm of questions and answers in which a more fastidious spirit does not like to stay: for here truth has to stifle her yawns so much when she is obliged to answer. And after all, truth is a woman; one must not use force with her.

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"It sometimes happens," said a moralistic pedant and trifle-retailer, "that I honour and respect an unselfish man: not, however, because he is unselfish, but because I think he has a right to be useful to another man at his own expense. In short, the question is always who HE is, and who THE OTHER is. For instance, in a person created and destined for command, self-denial and modest retirement, instead of being virtues, would be the waste of virtues: so it seems to me. Every system of unegoistic morality which takes itself unconditionally and appeals to every one, not only sins against good taste, but is also an incentive to sins of omission, an ADDITIONAL seduction under the mask of philanthropy—and precisely a seduction and injury to the higher, rarer, and more privileged types of men. Moral systems must be compelled first of all to bow before the GRADATIONS OF RANK; their presumption must be driven home to their conscience—until they thoroughly understand at last that it is IMMORAL to say that 'what is right for one is proper for another.'"—So said my moralistic pedant and bonhomme. Did he perhaps deserve to be laughed at when he thus exhorted systems of morals to practise morality? But one should not be too much in the right if one

wishes to have the laughs on ONE'S OWN side; a grain of wrong pertains even to good taste.

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Wherever sympathy (fellow-suffering) is preached nowadays—and, if I gather rightly, no other religion is any longer preached—let the psychologist have his ears open through all the vanity, through all the noise which is natural to these preachers (as to all preachers), he will hear a hoarse, groaning, genuine note of SELF-CONTEMPT. It belongs to the overshadowing and uglifying of Europe, which has been on the increase for a century (the first symptoms of which are already specified documentarily in a thoughtful letter of Galiani to Madame d'Epainay)—IF IT IS NOT REALLY THE CAUSE THEREOF! The man of "modern ideas," the conceited ape, is excessively dissatisfied with himself—this is perfectly certain. He suffers, and his vanity wants him only "to suffer with his fellows."

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The hybrid European—a tolerably ugly plebeian, taken all in all—absolutely requires a costume: he needs history as a storeroom of costumes. To be sure, he notices that none of the costumes fit him properly—he changes and changes. Let us look at the nineteenth century with respect to these hasty preferences and changes in its masquerades of style, and also with respect to its moments of desperation on account of "nothing suiting" us. It is in vain to get ourselves up as romantic, or classical, or Christian, or Florentine, or barocco, or "national," in moribus et artibus: it does not "clothe us"! But the "spirit," especially the "historical spirit," profits even by this desperation: once and again a new sample of the past or of the foreign is tested, put on, taken off, packed up, and above all studied—we are the first studious age in puncto of "costumes,"

I mean as concerns morals, articles of belief, artistic tastes, and religions; we are prepared as no other age has ever been for a carnival in the grand style, for the most spiritual festival—laughter and arrogance, for the transcendental height of supreme folly and Aristophanic ridicule of the world. Perhaps we are still discovering the domain of our invention just here, the domain where even we can still be original, probably as parodists of the world's history and as God's Merry-Andrews,—perhaps, though nothing else of the present have a future, our laughter itself may have a future!

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The historical sense (or the capacity for divining quickly the order of rank of the valuations according to which a people, a community, or an individual has lived, the "divining instinct" for the relationships of these valuations, for the relation of the authority of the valuations to the authority of the operating forces),—this historical sense, which we Europeans claim as our specialty, has come to us in the train of the enchanting and mad semi-barbarity into which Europe has been plunged by the democratic mingling of classes and races—it is only the nineteenth century that has recognized this faculty as its sixth sense. Owing to this mingling, the past of every form and mode of life, and of cultures which were formerly closely contiguous and superimposed on one another, flows forth into us "modern souls"; our instincts now run back in all directions, we ourselves are a kind of chaos: in the end, as we have said, the spirit perceives its advantage therein. By means of our semi-barbarity in body and in desire, we have secret access everywhere, such as a noble age never had; we have access above all to the labyrinth of imperfect civilizations, and to every form of semi-barbarity that has at any time existed on earth; and in so far as the most considerable part of human civilization until now has just been semi-barbarity, the "historical sense" implies almost the sense and instinct for everything, the taste and tongue for everything: whereby it immediately proves itself to be an **IGNOBLE** sense. For instance, we enjoy Homer once more: it is perhaps our happiest acquisition that we know how to appreciate Homer, whom men of distinguished culture (as the French of the seventeenth century,

like Saint-Evremond, who reproached him for his *ESPRIT VASTE*, and even Voltaire, the last echo of the century) cannot and could not so easily appropriate—whom they scarcely permitted themselves to enjoy. The very decided Yea and Nay of their palate, their promptly ready disgust, their hesitating reluctance with regard to everything strange, their horror of the bad taste even of lively curiosity, and in general the averseness of every distinguished and self-sufficing culture to avow a new desire, a dissatisfaction with its own condition, or an admiration of what is strange: all this determines and disposes them unfavourably even towards the best things of the world which are not their property or could not become their prey—and no faculty is more unintelligible to such men than just this historical sense, with its truckling, plebeian curiosity. The case is not different with Shakespeare, that marvelous Spanish-Moorish-Saxon synthesis of taste, over whom an ancient Athenian of the circle of *AEschylus* would have half-killed himself with laughter or irritation: but we—accept precisely this wild motley, this medley of the most delicate, the most coarse, and the most artificial, with a secret confidence and cordiality; we enjoy it as a refinement of art reserved expressly for us, and allow ourselves to be as little disturbed by the repulsive fumes and the proximity of the English populace in which Shakespeare's art and taste lives, as perhaps on the Chiaia of Naples, where, with all our senses awake, we go our way, enchanted and voluntarily, in spite of the drain-odour of the lower quarters of the town. That as men of the "historical sense" we have our virtues, is not to be disputed:—we are unpretentious, unselfish, modest, brave, habituated to self-control and self-renunciation, very grateful, very patient, very complaisant—but with all this we are perhaps not very "tasteful." Let us finally confess it, that what is most difficult for us men of the "historical sense" to grasp, feel, taste, and love, what finds us fundamentally prejudiced and almost hostile, is precisely the perfection and ultimate maturity in every culture and art, the essentially noble in works and men, their moment of smooth sea and halcyon self-sufficiency, the goldenness and coldness which all things show that have perfected themselves. Perhaps our great virtue of the historical sense is in necessary contrast to *GOOD* taste, at least to the very bad taste; and we can only evoke in ourselves imperfectly, hesitatingly, and with compulsion the small, short, and happy godsend and glorifications of human life as they shine here and there: those moments and marvelous experiences when a great power has voluntarily come to a halt before the boundless and infinite,—when a super-abundance of refined delight has been enjoyed by a sudden checking and petrifying, by

standing firmly and planting oneself fixedly on still trembling ground. PROPORTIONATENESS is strange to us, let us confess it to ourselves; our itching is really the itching for the infinite, the immeasurable. Like the rider on his forward panting horse, we let the reins fall before the infinite, we modern men, we semi-barbarians—and are only in OUR highest bliss when we—ARE IN MOST DANGER.

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Whether it be hedonism, pessimism, utilitarianism, or eudaemonism, all those modes of thinking which measure the worth of things according to PLEASURE and PAIN, that is, according to accompanying circumstances and secondary considerations, are plausible modes of thought and naivetes, which everyone conscious of CREATIVE powers and an artist's conscience will look down upon with scorn, though not without sympathy. Sympathy for you!—to be sure, that is not sympathy as you understand it: it is not sympathy for social "distress," for "society" with its sick and misfortuneds, for the hereditarily vicious and defective who lie on the ground around us; still less is it sympathy for the grumbling, vexed, revolutionary slave-classes who strive after power—they call it "freedom." OUR sympathy is a loftier and further-sighted sympathy:—we see how MAN dwarfs himself, how YOU dwarf him! and there are moments when we view YOUR sympathy with an indescribable anguish, when we resist it,—when we regard your seriousness as more dangerous than any kind of levity. You want, if possible—and there is not a more foolish "if possible" —TO DO AWAY WITH SUFFERING; and we?—it really seems that WE would rather have it increased and made worse than it has ever been! Well-being, as you understand it—is certainly not a goal; it seems to us an END; a condition which at once renders man ludicrous and contemptible—and makes his destruction DESIRABLE! The discipline of suffering, of GREAT suffering—know you not that it is only THIS discipline that has produced all the elevations of humanity until now? The tension of soul in misfortune which communicates to it its energy, its shuddering in view of rack and ruin, its inventiveness and bravery in undergoing, enduring, interpreting, and exploiting misfortune, and whatever depth, mystery, disguise,

spirit, artifice, or greatness has been bestowed upon the soul—has it not been bestowed through suffering, through the discipline of great suffering? In man CREATURE and CREATOR are united: in man there is not only matter, shred, excess, clay, mire, folly, chaos; but there is also the creator, the sculptor, the hardness of the hammer, the divinity of the spectator, and the seventh day—do you understand this contrast? And that YOUR sympathy for the "creature in man" applies to that which has to be fashioned, bruised, forged, stretched, roasted, annealed, refined—to that which must necessarily SUFFER, and IS MEANT to suffer? And our sympathy—do you not understand what our REVERSE sympathy applies to, when it resists your sympathy as the worst of all pampering and enervation?—So it is sympathy AGAINST sympathy!—But to repeat it once more, there are higher problems than the problems of pleasure and pain and sympathy; and all systems of philosophy which deal only with these are naivetes.

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WE IMMORALISTS.—This world with which WE are concerned, in which we have to fear and love, this almost invisible, inaudible world of delicate command and delicate obedience, a world of "almost" in every respect, captious, insidious, sharp, and tender—yes, it is well protected from clumsy spectators and familiar curiosity! We are woven into a strong net and garment of duties, and CANNOT disengage ourselves—precisely here, we are "men of duty," even we! Occasionally, it is true, we dance in our "chains" and between our "swords"; it is none the less true that more often we gnash our teeth under the circumstances, and are impatient at the secret hardship of our lot. But do what we will, fools and appearances say of us: "These are men WITHOUT duty,"—we have always fools and appearances against us!

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Honesty, granting that it is the virtue of which we cannot rid ourselves, we free spirits—well, we will labour at it with all our perversity and love, and not tire of "perfecting" ourselves in OUR virtue, which alone remains: may its glance some day overspread like a gilded, blue, mocking twilight this aging civilization with its dull gloomy seriousness! And if, nevertheless, our honesty should one day grow weary, and sigh, and stretch its limbs, and find us too hard, and would gladly have it pleasanter, easier, and gentler, like an agreeable vice, let us remain HARD, we latest Stoics, and let us send to its help whatever devilry we have in us:—our disgust at the clumsy and undefined, our "NITIMUR IN VETITUM," our love of adventure, our sharpened and fastidious curiosity, our most subtle, disguised, intellectual Will to Power and universal conquest, which rambles and roves avidiously around all the realms of the future—let us go with all our "devils" to the help of our "God"! It is probable that people will misunderstand and mistake us on that account: what does it matter! They will say: "Their 'honesty'—that is their devilry, and nothing else!" What does it matter! And even if they were right—have not all Gods until now been such sanctified, re-baptized devils? And after all, what do we know of ourselves? And what the spirit that leads us wants TO BE CALLED? (It is a question of names.) And how many spirits we harbour? Our honesty, we free spirits—let us be careful lest it become our vanity, our ornament and ostentation, our limitation, our stupidity! Every virtue inclines to stupidity, every stupidity to virtue; "stupid to the point of sanctity," they say in Russia,—let us be careful lest out of pure honesty we eventually become saints and bores! Is not life a hundred times too short for us—to bore ourselves? One would have to believe in eternal life in order to ...

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I hope to be forgiven for discovering that all moral philosophy until now has been tedious and has belonged to the soporific appliances—and that "virtue," in my opinion, has been MORE injured by the TEDIOUSNESS of its advocates than by anything else; at the same time, however, I would not wish to overlook their general usefulness. It is desirable that

as few people as possible should reflect upon morals, and consequently it is very desirable that morals should not some day become interesting! But let us not be afraid! Things still remain today as they have always been: I see no one in Europe who has (or DISCLOSES) an idea of the fact that philosophizing concerning morals might be conducted in a dangerous, captious, and ensnaring manner—that CALAMITY might be involved therein. Observe, for example, the indefatigable, inevitable English utilitarians: how ponderously and respectably they stalk on, stalk along (a Homeric metaphor expresses it better) in the footsteps of Bentham, just as he had already stalked in the footsteps of the respectable Helvetius! (no, he was not a dangerous man, Helvetius, CE SENATEUR POCOCURANTE, to use an expression of Galiani). No new thought, nothing of the nature of a finer turning or better expression of an old thought, not even a proper history of what has been previously thought on the subject: an IMPOSSIBLE literature, taking it all in all, unless one knows how to leaven it with some mischief. In effect, the old English vice called CANT, which is MORAL TARTUFFISM, has insinuated itself also into these moralists (whom one must certainly read with an eye to their motives if one MUST read them), concealed this time under the new form of the scientific spirit; moreover, there is not absent from them a secret struggle with the pangs of conscience, from which a race of former Puritans must naturally suffer, in all their scientific tinkering with morals. (Is not a moralist the opposite of a Puritan? That is to say, as a thinker who regards morality as questionable, as worthy of interrogation, in short, as a problem? Is moralizing not-immoral?) In the end, they all want English morality to be recognized as authoritative, inasmuch as mankind, or the "general utility," or "the happiness of the greatest number,"—no! the happiness of ENGLAND, will be best served thereby. They would like, by all means, to convince themselves that the striving after English happiness, I mean after COMFORT and FASHION (and in the highest instance, a seat in Parliament), is at the same time the true path of virtue; in fact, that in so far as there has been virtue in the world until now, it has just consisted in such striving. Not one of those ponderous, conscience-stricken herding-animals (who undertake to advocate the cause of egoism as conducive to the general welfare) wants to have any knowledge or inkling of the facts that the "general welfare" is no ideal, no goal, no notion that can be at all grasped, but is only a nostrum,—that what is fair to one MAY NOT at all be fair to another, that the requirement of one morality for all is really a detriment to higher men, in short, that there is a DISTINCTION OF RANK between man and

man, and consequently between morality and morality. They are an unassuming and fundamentally mediocre species of men, these utilitarian Englishmen, and, as already remarked, in so far as they are tedious, one cannot think highly enough of their utility. One ought even to ENCOURAGE them, as has been partially attempted in the following rhymes:—

Hail, you worthies, barrow-wheeling, "Longer—better," aye revealing,

Stiffer aye in head and knee; Unenraptured, never jesting, Mediocre everlasting,

SANS GENIE ET SANS ESPRIT!

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In these later ages, which may be proud of their humanity, there still remains so much fear, so much SUPERSTITION of the fear, of the "cruel wild beast," the mastering of which constitutes the very pride of these humaner ages—that even obvious truths, as if by the agreement of centuries, have long remained unuttered, because they have the appearance of helping the finally slain wild beast back to life again. I perhaps risk something when I allow such a truth to escape; let others capture it again and give it so much "milk of pious sentiment" [FOOTNOTE: An expression from Schiller's *William Tell*, Act IV, Scene 3.] to drink, that it will lie down quiet and forgotten, in its old corner.—One ought to learn anew about cruelty, and open one's eyes; one ought at last to learn impatience, in order that such immodest gross errors—as, for instance, have been fostered by ancient and modern philosophers with regard to tragedy—may no longer wander about virtuously and boldly. Almost everything that we call "higher culture" is based upon the spiritualising and intensifying of CRUELTY—this is my thesis; the "wild beast" has not been slain at all, it lives, it flourishes, it has only been—transfigured. That which constitutes the painful delight of tragedy is cruelty; that which operates agreeably in so-called tragic sympathy, and at the basis even of everything sublime, up to the highest and most delicate thrills of

metaphysics, obtains its sweetness solely from the intermingled ingredient of cruelty. What the Roman enjoys in the arena, the Christian in the ecstasies of the cross, the Spaniard at the sight of the faggot and stake, or of the bull-fight, the present-day Japanese who presses his way to the tragedy, the workman of the Parisian suburbs who has a homesickness for bloody revolutions, the Wagnerienne who, with unhinged will, "undergoes" the performance of "Tristan and Isolde"—what all these enjoy, and strive with mysterious ardour to drink in, is the philtre of the great Circe "cruelty." Here, to be sure, we must put aside entirely the blundering psychology of former times, which could only teach with regard to cruelty that it originated at the sight of the suffering of OTHERS: there is an abundant, super-abundant enjoyment even in one's own suffering, in causing one's own suffering—and wherever man has allowed himself to be persuaded to self-denial in the RELIGIOUS sense, or to self-mutilation, as among the Phoenicians and ascetics, or in general, to desensualisation, decarnalisation, and contrition, to Puritanical repentance-spasms, to vivisection of conscience and to Pascal-like SACRIFIZIA DELL' INTELLETO, he is secretly allured and impelled forwards by his cruelty, by the dangerous thrill of cruelty TOWARDS HIMSELF.—Finally, let us consider that even the seeker of knowledge operates as an artist and glorifier of cruelty, in that he compels his spirit to perceive AGAINST its own inclination, and often enough against the wishes of his heart:—he forces it to say Nay, where he would like to affirm, love, and adore; indeed, every instance of taking a thing profoundly and fundamentally, is a violation, an intentional injuring of the fundamental will of the spirit, which instinctively aims at appearance and superficiality,—even in every desire for knowledge there is a drop of cruelty.

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Perhaps what I have said here about a "fundamental will of the spirit" may not be understood without further details; I may be allowed a word of explanation.—That imperious something which is popularly called "the spirit," wishes to be master internally and externally, and to feel itself master; it has the will of a multiplicity for a simplicity, a binding,

taming, imperious, and essentially ruling will. Its requirements and capacities here, are the same as those assigned by physiologists to everything that lives, grows, and multiplies. The power of the spirit to appropriate foreign elements reveals itself in a strong tendency to assimilate the new to the old, to simplify the manifold, to overlook or repudiate the absolutely contradictory; just as it arbitrarily re-underlines, makes prominent, and falsifies for itself certain traits and lines in the foreign elements, in every portion of the "outside world." Its object thereby is the incorporation of new "experiences," the assortment of new things in the old arrangements—in short, growth; or more properly, the FEELING of growth, the feeling of increased power—is its object. This same will has at its service an apparently opposed impulse of the spirit, a suddenly adopted preference of ignorance, of arbitrary shutting out, a closing of windows, an inner denial of this or that, a prohibition to approach, a sort of defensive attitude against much that is knowable, a contentment with obscurity, with the shutting-in horizon, an acceptance and approval of ignorance: as that which is all necessary according to the degree of its appropriating power, its "digestive power," to speak figuratively (and in fact "the spirit" resembles a stomach more than anything else). Here also belong an occasional propensity of the spirit to let itself be deceived (perhaps with a waggish suspicion that it is NOT so and so, but is only allowed to pass as such), a delight in uncertainty and ambiguity, an exulting enjoyment of arbitrary, out-of-the-way narrowness and mystery, of the too-near, of the foreground, of the magnified, the diminished, the misshapen, the beautified—an enjoyment of the arbitrariness of all these manifestations of power. Finally, in this connection, there is the not unscrupulous readiness of the spirit to deceive other spirits and dissemble before them—the constant pressing and straining of a creating, shaping, changeable power: the spirit enjoys therein its craftiness and its variety of disguises, it enjoys also its feeling of security therein—it is precisely by its Protean arts that it is best protected and concealed!—COUNTER TO this propensity for appearance, for simplification, for a disguise, for a cloak, in short, for an outside—for every outside is a cloak—there operates the sublime tendency of the man of knowledge, which takes, and INSISTS on taking things profoundly, variously, and thoroughly; as a kind of cruelty of the intellectual conscience and taste, which every courageous thinker will acknowledge in himself, provided, as it ought to be, that he has sharpened and hardened his eye sufficiently long for introspection, and is accustomed to severe discipline and even severe words. He will say: "There is something cruel in the tendency of my spirit": let

the virtuous and amiable try to convince him that it is not so! In fact, it would sound nicer, if, instead of our cruelty, perhaps our "extravagant honesty" were talked about, whispered about, and glorified—we free, VERY free spirits—and some day perhaps SUCH will actually be our—posthumous glory! Meanwhile—for there is plenty of time until then—we should be least inclined to deck ourselves out in such florid and fringed moral verbiage; our whole former work has just made us sick of this taste and its sprightly exuberance. They are beautiful, glistening, jingling, festive words: honesty, love of truth, love of wisdom, sacrifice for knowledge, heroism of the truthful—there is something in them that makes one's heart swell with pride. But we anchorites and marmots have long ago persuaded ourselves in all the secrecy of an anchorite's conscience, that this worthy parade of verbiage also belongs to the old false adornment, frippery, and gold-dust of unconscious human vanity, and that even under such flattering colour and repainting, the terrible original text HOMO NATURA must again be recognized. In effect, to translate man back again into nature; to master the many vain and visionary interpretations and subordinate meanings which have until now been scratched and daubed over the eternal original text, HOMO NATURA; to bring it about that man shall henceforth stand before man as he now, hardened by the discipline of science, stands before the OTHER forms of nature, with fearless Oedipus-eyes, and stopped Ulysses-ears, deaf to the enticements of old metaphysical bird-catchers, who have piped to him far too long: "You art more! you art higher! you have a different origin!"—this may be a strange and foolish task, but that it is a TASK, who can deny! Why did we choose it, this foolish task? Or, to put the question differently: "Why knowledge at all?" everyone will ask us about this. And thus pressed, we, who have asked ourselves the question a hundred times, have not found and cannot find any better answer....

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Learning alters us, it does what all nourishment does that does not merely "conserve"—as the physiologist knows. But at the bottom of our souls, quite "down below," there is certainly something unteachable, a

granite of spiritual fate, of predetermined decision and answer to predetermined, chosen questions. In each cardinal problem there speaks an unchangeable "I am this"; a thinker cannot learn anew about man and woman, for instance, but can only learn fully—he can only follow to the end what is "fixed" about them in himself. Occasionally we find certain solutions of problems which make strong beliefs for us; perhaps they are henceforth called "convictions." Later on—one sees in them only foot-steps to self-knowledge, guide-posts to the problem which we ourselves ARE—or more correctly to the great stupidity which we embody, our spiritual fate, the UNTEACHABLE in us, quite "down below."—In view of this liberal compliment which I have just paid myself, permission will perhaps be more readily allowed me to utter some truths about "woman as she is," provided that it is known at the outset how literally they are merely—MY truths.

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Woman wishes to be independent, and therefore she begins to enlighten men about "woman as she is"—THIS is one of the worst developments of the general UGLIFYING of Europe. For what must these clumsy attempts of feminine scientificity and self-exposure bring to light! Woman has so much cause for shame; in woman there is so much pedantry, superficiality, schoolmasterliness, petty presumption, unbridledness, and indiscretion concealed—study only woman's behaviour towards children!—which has really been best restrained and dominated until now by the FEAR of man. Alas, if ever the "eternally tedious in woman"—she has plenty of it!—is allowed to venture forth! if she begins radically and on principle to unlearn her wisdom and art-of charming, of playing, of frightening away sorrow, of alleviating and taking easily; if she forgets her delicate aptitude for agreeable desires! Female voices are already raised, which, by Saint Aristophanes! make one afraid:—with medical explicitness it is stated in a threatening manner what woman first and last REQUIRES from man. Is it not in the very worst taste that woman thus sets herself up to be scientific? Enlightenment until now has fortunately been men's affair, men's gift—we remained therewith "among ourselves"; and in the end, in view of all that women write about

"woman," we may well have considerable doubt as to whether woman really DESIRES enlightenment about herself—and CAN desire it. If woman does not thereby seek a new ORNAMENT for herself—I believe ornamentation belongs to the eternally feminine?—why, then, she wishes to make herself feared: perhaps she thereby wishes to get the mastery. But she does not want truth—what does woman care for truth? From the very first, nothing is more foreign, more repugnant, or more hostile to woman than truth—her great art is falsehood, her chief concern is appearance and beauty. Let us confess it, we men: we honour and love this very art and this very instinct in woman: we who have the hard task, and for our recreation gladly seek the company of beings under whose hands, glances, and delicate follies, our seriousness, our gravity, and profundity appear almost like follies to us. Finally, I ask the question: Did a woman herself ever acknowledge profundity in a woman's mind, or justice in a woman's heart? And is it not true that on the whole "woman" has until now been most despised by woman herself, and not at all by us?—We men desire that woman should not continue to compromise herself by enlightening us; just as it was man's care and the consideration for woman, when the church decreed: *mulier taceat in ecclesia*. It was to the benefit of woman when Napoleon gave the too eloquent Madame de Stael to understand: *mulier taceat in politicis*!—and in my opinion, he is a true friend of woman who calls out to women today: *mulier taceat de mulierel*.

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It betrays corruption of the instincts—apart from the fact that it betrays bad taste—when a woman refers to Madame Roland, or Madame de Stael, or Monsieur George Sand, as though something were proved thereby in favour of "woman as she is." Among men, these are the three comical women as they are—nothing more!—and just the best involuntary counter-arguments against feminine emancipation and autonomy.

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Stupidity in the kitchen; woman as cook; the terrible thoughtlessness with which the feeding of the family and the master of the house is managed! Woman does not understand what food means, and she insists on being cook! If woman had been a thinking creature, she should certainly, as cook for thousands of years, have discovered the most important physiological facts, and should likewise have got possession of the healing art! Through bad female cooks—through the entire lack of reason in the kitchen—the development of mankind has been longest retarded and most interfered with: even today matters are very little better. A word to High School girls.

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There are turns and casts of fancy, there are sentences, little handfuls of words, in which a whole culture, a whole society suddenly crystallises itself. Among these is the incidental remark of Madame de Lambert to her son: "MON AMI, NE VOUS PERMETTEZ JAMAIS QUE DES FOLIES, QUI VOUS FERONT GRAND PLAISIR"—the motherliest and wisest remark, by the way, that was ever addressed to a son.

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I have no doubt that every noble woman will oppose what Dante and Goethe believed about woman—the former when he sang, "ELLA GUARDAVA SUSO, ED IO IN LEI," and the latter when he interpreted it, "the eternally feminine draws us ALOFT"; for THIS is just what she believes of the eternally masculine.

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SEVEN APOPTHEGMS FOR WOMEN

How the longest ennui flees, When a man comes to our knees!

Age, alas! and science staid, Furnish even weak virtue aid.

Sombre garb and silence meet: Dress for every dame—discreet.

Whom I thank when in my bliss? God!—and my good tailoress!

Young, a flower-decked cavern home; Old, a dragon thence does roam.

Noble title, leg that's fine, Man as well: Oh, were HE mine!

Speech in brief and sense in mass—Slippery for the jenny-ass!

237A. Woman has until now been treated by men like birds, which, losing their way, have come down among them from an elevation: as something delicate, fragile, wild, strange, sweet, and animating—but as something also which must be cooped up to prevent it flying away.

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To be mistaken in the fundamental problem of "man and woman," to deny here the profoundest antagonism and the necessity for an eternally hostile tension, to dream here perhaps of equal rights, equal training, equal claims and obligations: that is a TYPICAL sign of shallow-mindedness; and a thinker who has proved himself shallow at this dangerous

spot—shallow in instinct!—may generally be regarded as suspicious, nay more, as betrayed, as discovered; he will probably prove too "short" for all fundamental questions of life, future as well as present, and will be unable to descend into ANY of the depths. On the other hand, a man who has depth of spirit as well as of desires, and has also the depth of benevolence which is capable of severity and harshness, and easily confounded with them, can only think of woman as ORIENTALS do: he must conceive of her as a possession, as confinable property, as a being predestined for service and accomplishing her mission therein—he must take his stand in this matter upon the immense rationality of Asia, upon the superiority of the instinct of Asia, as the Greeks did formerly; those best heirs and scholars of Asia—who, as is well known, with their INCREASING culture and amplitude of power, from Homer to the time of Pericles, became gradually STRICTER towards woman, in short, more Oriental. HOW necessary, HOW logical, even HOW humanely desirable this was, let us consider for ourselves!

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The weaker sex has in no previous age been treated with so much respect by men as at present—this belongs to the tendency and fundamental taste of democracy, in the same way as disrespectfulness to old age—what wonder is it that abuse should be immediately made of this respect? They want more, they learn to make claims, the tribute of respect is at last felt to be well-nigh galling; rivalry for rights, indeed actual strife itself, would be preferred: in a word, woman is losing modesty. And let us immediately add that she is also losing taste. She is unlearning to FEAR man: but the woman who "unlearns to fear" sacrifices her most womanly instincts. That woman should venture forward when the fear-inspiring quality in man—or more definitely, the MAN in man—is no longer either desired or fully developed, is reasonable enough and also intelligible enough; what is more difficult to understand is that precisely thereby—woman deteriorates. This is what is happening nowadays: let us not deceive ourselves about it! Wherever the industrial spirit has triumphed over the military and aristocratic spirit, woman strives for the economic and legal independence of a clerk: "woman as

clerkess" is inscribed on the portal of the modern society which is in course of formation. While she thus appropriates new rights, aspires to be "master," and inscribes "progress" of woman on her flags and banners, the very opposite realises itself with terrible obviousness: WOMAN RETROGRADES. Since the French Revolution the influence of woman in Europe has DECLINED in proportion as she has increased her rights and claims; and the "emancipation of woman," insofar as it is desired and demanded by women themselves (and not only by masculine shallow-pates), thus proves to be a remarkable symptom of the increased weakening and deadening of the most womanly instincts. There is STUPIDITY in this movement, an almost masculine stupidity, of which a well-reared woman—who is always a sensible woman—might be heartily ashamed. To lose the intuition as to the ground upon which she can most surely achieve victory; to neglect exercise in the use of her proper weapons; to let-herself-go before man, perhaps even "to the book," where formerly she kept herself in control and in refined, artful humility; to neutralize with her virtuous audacity man's faith in a VEILED, fundamentally different ideal in woman, something eternally, necessarily feminine; to emphatically and loquaciously dissuade man from the idea that woman must be preserved, cared for, protected, and indulged, like some delicate, strangely wild, and often pleasant domestic animal; the clumsy and indignant collection of everything of the nature of servitude and bondage which the position of woman in the until now existing order of society has entailed and still entails (as though slavery were a counter-argument, and not rather a condition of every higher culture, of every elevation of culture):—what does all this betoken, if not a disintegration of womanly instincts, a defeminising? Certainly, there are enough of idiotic friends and corrupters of woman among the learned asses of the masculine sex, who advise woman to defeminize herself in this manner, and to imitate all the stupidities from which "man" in Europe, European "manliness," suffers,—who would like to lower woman to "general culture," indeed even to newspaper reading and meddling with politics. Here and there they wish even to make women into free spirits and literary workers: as though a woman without piety would not be something perfectly obnoxious or ludicrous to a profound and godless man;—almost everywhere her nerves are being ruined by the most morbid and dangerous kind of music (our latest German music), and she is daily being made more hysterical and more incapable of fulfilling her first and last function, that of bearing robust children. They wish to "cultivate" her in general still more, and intend, as they say, to make the

"weaker sex" STRONG by culture: as if history did not teach in the most emphatic manner that the "cultivating" of mankind and his weakening—that is to say, the weakening, dissipating, and languishing of his FORCE OF WILL—have always kept pace with one another, and that the most powerful and influential women in the world (and lastly, the mother of Napoleon) had just to thank their force of will—and not their schoolmasters—for their power and ascendancy over men. That which inspires respect in woman, and often enough fear also, is her NATURE, which is more "natural" than that of man, her genuine, carnivora-like, cunning flexibility, her tiger-claws beneath the glove, her NAIVETE in egoism, her untrainableness and innate wildness, the incomprehensibleness, extent, and deviation of her desires and virtues. That which, in spite of fear, excites one's sympathy for the dangerous and beautiful cat, "woman," is that she seems more afflicted, more vulnerable, more necessitous of love, and more condemned to disillusionment than any other creature. Fear and sympathy it is with these feelings that man has until now stood in the presence of woman, always with one foot already in tragedy, which rends while it delights—What? And all that is now to be at an end? And the DISENCHANTMENT of woman is in progress? The tediousness of woman is slowly evolving? Oh Europe! Europe! We know the horned animal which was always most attractive to you, from which danger is ever again threatening you! Your old fable might once more become "history"—an immense stupidity might once again overmaster you and carry you away! And no God concealed beneath it—no! only an "idea," a "modern idea"!

CHAPTER VIII

PEOPLES AND COUNTRIES

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I HEARD, once again for the first time, Richard Wagner's overture to the

Mastersinger: it is a piece of magnificent, gorgeous, heavy, latter-day art, which has the pride to presuppose two centuries of music as still living, in order that it may be understood:—it is an honour to Germans that such a pride did not miscalculate! What flavours and forces, what seasons and climes do we not find mingled in it! It impresses us at one time as ancient, at another time as foreign, bitter, and too modern, it is as arbitrary as it is pompously traditional, it is not infrequently roguish, still oftener rough and coarse—it has fire and courage, and at the same time the loose, dun-coloured skin of fruits which ripen too late. It flows broad and full: and suddenly there is a moment of inexplicable hesitation, like a gap that opens between cause and effect, an oppression that makes us dream, almost a nightmare; but already it broadens and widens anew, the old stream of delight—the most manifold delight,—of old and new happiness; including ESPECIALLY the joy of the artist in himself, which he refuses to conceal, his astonished, happy cognizance of his mastery of the expedients here employed, the new, newly acquired, imperfectly tested expedients of art which he apparently betrays to us. All in all, however, no beauty, no South, nothing of the delicate southern clearness of the sky, nothing of grace, no dance, hardly a will to logic; a certain clumsiness even, which is also emphasized, as though the artist wished to say to us: "It is part of my intention"; a cumbersome drapery, something arbitrarily barbaric and ceremonious, a flurry of learned and venerable conceits and witticisms; something German in the best and worst sense of the word, something in the German style, manifold, formless, and inexhaustible; a certain German potency and super-plenitude of soul, which is not afraid to hide itself under the RAFFINEMENTS of decadence—which, perhaps, feels itself most at ease there; a real, genuine token of the German soul, which is at the same time young and aged, too ripe and yet still too rich in futurity. This kind of music expresses best what I think of the Germans: they belong to the day before yesterday and the day after tomorrow—THEY HAVE AS YET NO TODAY.

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We "good Europeans," we also have hours when we allow ourselves a warm-hearted patriotism, a plunge and relapse into old loves and

narrow views—I have just given an example of it—hours of national excitement, of patriotic anguish, and all other sorts of old-fashioned floods of sentiment. Duller spirits may perhaps only get done with what confines its operations in us to hours and plays itself out in hours—in a considerable time: some in half a year, others in half a lifetime, according to the speed and strength with which they digest and "change their material." Indeed, I could think of sluggish, hesitating races, which even in our rapidly moving Europe, would require half a century ere they could surmount such atavistic attacks of patriotism and soil-attachment, and return once more to reason, that is to say, to "good Europeanism." And while digressing on this possibility, I happen to become an ear-witness of a conversation between two old patriots—they were evidently both hard of hearing and consequently spoke all the louder. "HE has as much, and knows as much, philosophy as a peasant or a corps-student," said the one—"he is still innocent. But what does that matter nowadays! It is the age of the masses: they lie on their belly before everything that is massive. And so also in politics. A statesman who rears up for them a new Tower of Babel, some monstrosity of empire and power, they call 'great'—what does it matter that we more prudent and conservative ones do not meanwhile give up the old belief that it is only the great thought that gives greatness to an action or affair. Supposing a statesman were to bring his people into the position of being obliged henceforth to practise 'high politics,' for which they were by nature badly endowed and prepared, so that they would have to sacrifice their old and reliable virtues, out of love to a new and doubtful mediocrity;—supposing a statesman were to condemn his people generally to 'practise politics,' when they have until now had something better to do and think about, and when in the depths of their souls they have been unable to free themselves from a prudent loathing of the restlessness, emptiness, and noisy wranglings of the essentially politics-practising nations;—supposing such a statesman were to stimulate the slumbering passions and avidities of his people, were to make a stigma out of their former diffidence and delight in aloofness, an offence out of their exoticism and hidden permanency, were to depreciate their most radical proclivities, subvert their consciences, make their minds narrow, and their tastes 'national'—what! a statesman who should do all this, which his people would have to do penance for throughout their whole future, if they had a future, such a statesman would be GREAT, would he?"—"Undoubtedly!" replied the other old patriot vehemently, "otherwise he COULD NOT have done it! It was mad perhaps to wish such a thing! But perhaps everything great has

been just as mad at its commencement!"—"Misuse of words!" cried his interlocutor, contradictorily—"strong! strong! Strong and mad! NOT great!"—The old men had obviously become heated as they thus shouted their "truths" in each other's faces, but I, in my happiness and apartness, considered how soon a stronger one may become master of the strong, and also that there is a compensation for the intellectual superficialising of a nation—namely, in the deepening of another.

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Whether we call it "civilization," or "humanising," or "progress," which now distinguishes the European, whether we call it simply, without praise or blame, by the political formula the DEMOCRATIC movement in Europe—behind all the moral and political foregrounds pointed to by such formulas, an immense PHYSIOLOGICAL PROCESS goes on, which is ever extending the process of the assimilation of Europeans, their increasing detachment from the conditions under which, climatically and hereditarily, united races originate, their increasing independence of every definite milieu, that for centuries would gladly inscribe itself with equal demands on soul and body,—that is to say, the slow emergence of an essentially SUPER-NATIONAL and nomadic species of man, who possesses, physiologically speaking, a maximum of the art and power of adaptation as his typical distinction. This process of the EVOLVING EUROPEAN, which can be retarded in its TEMPO by great relapses, but will perhaps just gain and grow thereby in vehemence and depth—the still-raging storm and stress of "national sentiment" pertains to it, and also the anarchism which is appearing at present—this process will probably arrive at results on which its naive propagators and panegyrists, the apostles of "modern ideas," would least care to reckon. The same new conditions under which on an average a levelling and mediocrising of man will take place—a useful, industrious, variously serviceable, and clever gregarious man—are in the highest degree suitable to give rise to exceptional men of the most dangerous and attractive qualities. For, while the capacity for adaptation, which is every day trying changing conditions, and begins a new work with every generation, almost with every decade, makes the POWERFULNESS of the type impossible; while

the collective impression of such future Europeans will probably be that of numerous, talkative, weak-willed, and very handy workmen who REQUIRE a master, a commander, as they require their daily bread; while, therefore, the democratising of Europe will tend to the production of a type prepared for SLAVERY in the most subtle sense of the term: the STRONG man will necessarily in individual and exceptional cases, become stronger and richer than he has perhaps ever been before—owing to the unprejudicedness of his schooling, owing to the immense variety of practice, art, and disguise. I meant to say that the democratising of Europe is at the same time an involuntary arrangement for the rearing of TYRANTS—taking the word in all its meanings, even in its most spiritual sense.

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I hear with pleasure that our sun is moving rapidly towards the constellation Hercules: and I hope that the men on this earth will do like the sun. And we foremost, we good Europeans!

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There was a time when it was customary to call Germans "deep" by way of distinction; but now that the most successful type of new Germanism is envious of quite other honours, and perhaps misses "smartness" in all that has depth, it is almost opportune and patriotic to doubt whether we did not formerly deceive ourselves with that commendation: in short, whether German depth is not at bottom something different and worse—and something from which, thank God, we are on the point of successfully ridding ourselves. Let us try, then, to relearn with regard to German depth; the only thing necessary for the purpose is a little vivisection of the German soul.—The German soul is above all manifold, varied in its source, aggregated and super-imposed, rather than actually built:

this is owing to its origin. A German who would embolden himself to assert: "Two souls, alas, dwell in my breast," would make a bad guess at the truth, or, more correctly, he would come far short of the truth about the number of souls. As a people made up of the most extraordinary mixing and mingling of races, perhaps even with a preponderance of the pre-Aryan element as the "people of the centre" in every sense of the term, the Germans are more intangible, more ample, more contradictory, more unknown, more incalculable, more surprising, and even more terrifying than other peoples are to themselves:—they escape DEFINITION, and are thereby alone the despair of the French. It IS characteristic of the Germans that the question: "What is German?" never dies out among them. Kotzebue certainly knew his Germans well enough: "We are known," they cried jubilantly to him—but Sand also thought he knew them. Jean Paul knew what he was doing when he declared himself incensed at Fichte's lying but patriotic flatteries and exaggerations,—but it is probable that Goethe thought differently about Germans from Jean Paul, even though he acknowledged him to be right with regard to Fichte. It is a question what Goethe really thought about the Germans?—But about many things around him he never spoke explicitly, and all his life he knew how to keep an astute silence—probably he had good reason for it. It is certain that it was not the "Wars of Independence" that made him look up more joyfully, any more than it was the French Revolution,—the event on account of which he RECONSTRUCTED his "Faust," and indeed the whole problem of "man," was the appearance of Napoleon. There are words of Goethe in which he condemns with impatient severity, as from a foreign land, that which Germans take a pride in, he once defined the famous German turn of mind as "Indulgence towards its own and others' weaknesses." Was he wrong? it is characteristic of Germans that one is seldom entirely wrong about them. The German soul has passages and galleries in it, there are caves, hiding-places, and dungeons therein, its disorder has much of the charm of the mysterious, the German is well acquainted with the bypaths to chaos. And as everything loves its symbol, so the German loves the clouds and all that is obscure, evolving, crepuscular, damp, and shrouded, it seems to him that everything uncertain, undeveloped, self-displacing, and growing is "deep". The German himself does not EXIST, he is BECOMING, he is "developing himself". "Development" is therefore the essentially German discovery and hit in the great domain of philosophical formulas,—a ruling idea, which, together with German beer and German music, is labouring to Germanise all Europe. Foreigners are astonished and

attracted by the riddles which the conflicting nature at the basis of the German soul propounds to them (riddles which Hegel systematised and Richard Wagner has in the end set to music). "Good-natured and spiteful"—such a juxtaposition, preposterous in the case of every other people, is unfortunately only too often justified in Germany one has only to live for a while among Swabians to know this! The clumsiness of the German scholar and his social distastefulness agree alarmingly well with his physical rope-dancing and nimble boldness, of which all the Gods have learnt to be afraid. If anyone wishes to see the "German soul" demonstrated ad oculos, let him only look at German taste, at German arts and manners what boorish indifference to "taste"! How the noblest and the commonest stand there in juxtaposition! How disorderly and how rich is the whole constitution of this soul! The German DRAGS at his soul, he drags at everything he experiences. He digests his events badly; he never gets "done" with them; and German depth is often only a difficult, hesitating "digestion." And just as all chronic invalids, all dyspeptics like what is convenient, so the German loves "frankness" and "honesty"; it is so CONVENIENT to be frank and honest!—This confidence, this complaisance, this showing-the-cards of German HONESTY, is probably the most dangerous and most successful disguise which the German is up to nowadays: it is his proper Mephistophelean art; with this he can "still achieve much"! The German lets himself go, and thereby gazes with faithful, blue, empty German eyes—and other countries immediately confound him with his dressing-gown!—I meant to say that, let "German depth" be what it will—among ourselves alone we perhaps take the liberty to laugh at it—we shall do well to continue henceforth to honour its appearance and good name, and not barter away too cheaply our old reputation as a people of depth for Prussian "smartness," and Berlin wit and sand. It is wise for a people to pose, and LET itself be regarded, as profound, clumsy, good-natured, honest, and foolish: it might even be—profound to do so! Finally, we should do honour to our name—we are not called the "TIUSCHE VOLK" (deceptive people) for nothing... .

Beyond Good and Evil

The "good old" time is past, it sang itself out in Mozart—how happy are WE that his ROCOCO still speaks to us, that his "good company," his tender enthusiasm, his childish delight in the Chinese and its flourishes, his courtesy of heart, his longing for the elegant, the amorous, the tripping, the tearful, and his belief in the South, can still appeal to SOMETHING LEFT in us! Ah, some time or other it will be over with it!—but who can doubt that it will be over still sooner with the intelligence and taste for Beethoven! For he was only the last echo of a break and transition in style, and NOT, like Mozart, the last echo of a great European taste which had existed for centuries. Beethoven is the intermediate event between an old mellow soul that is constantly breaking down, and a future over-young soul that is always COMING; there is spread over his music the twilight of eternal loss and eternal extravagant hope,—the same light in which Europe was bathed when it dreamed with Rousseau, when it danced round the Tree of Liberty of the Revolution, and finally almost fell down in adoration before Napoleon. But how rapidly does THIS very sentiment now pale, how difficult nowadays is even the APPREHENSION of this sentiment, how strangely does the language of Rousseau, Schiller, Shelley, and Byron sound to our ear, in whom COLLECTIVELY the same fate of Europe was able to SPEAK, which knew how to SING in Beethoven!—Whatever German music came afterwards, belongs to Romanticism, that is to say, to a movement which, historically considered, was still shorter, more fleeting, and more superficial than that great interlude, the transition of Europe from Rousseau to Napoleon, and to the rise of democracy. Weber—but what do WE care nowadays for "Freischutz" and "Oberon"! Or Marschner's "Hans Heiling" and "Vampyre"! Or even Wagner's "Tannhauser"! That is extinct, although not yet forgotten music. This whole music of Romanticism, besides, was not noble enough, was not musical enough, to maintain its position anywhere but in the theatre and before the masses; from the beginning it was second-rate music, which was little thought of by genuine musicians. It was different with Felix Mendelssohn, that halcyon master, who, on account of his lighter, purer, happier soul, quickly acquired admiration, and was equally quickly forgotten: as the beautiful EPISODE of German music. But with regard to Robert Schumann, who took things seriously, and has been taken seriously from the first—he was the last that founded a school,—do we not now regard it as a satisfaction, a relief, a deliverance, that this very Romanticism of Schumann's has been surmounted? Schumann, fleeing into the "Saxon Switzerland" of his soul, with a half Werther-like, half Jean-Paul-like nature (assuredly

not like Beethoven! assuredly not like Byron!)—his MANFRED music is a mistake and a misunderstanding to the extent of injustice; Schumann, with his taste, which was fundamentally a PETTY taste (that is to say, a dangerous propensity—doubly dangerous among Germans—for quiet lyricism and intoxication of the feelings), going constantly apart, timidly withdrawing and retiring, a noble weakling who revelled in nothing but anonymous joy and sorrow, from the beginning a sort of girl and NOLI ME TANGERE—this Schumann was already merely a GERMAN event in music, and no longer a European event, as Beethoven had been, as in a still greater degree Mozart had been; with Schumann German music was threatened with its greatest danger, that of LOSING THE VOICE FOR THE SOUL OF EUROPE and sinking into a merely national affair.

Beyond Good and Evil

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What a torture are books written in German to a reader who has a THIRD ear! How indignantly he stands beside the slowly turning swamp of sounds without tune and rhythms without dance, which Germans call a "book"! And even the German who READS books! How lazily, how reluctantly, how badly he reads! How many Germans know, and consider it obligatory to know, that there is ART in every good sentence—art which must be divined, if the sentence is to be understood! If there is a misunderstanding about its TEMPO, for instance, the sentence itself is misunderstood! That one must not be doubtful about the rhythm-determining syllables, that one should feel the breaking of the too-rigid symmetry as intentional and as a charm, that one should lend a fine and patient ear to every STACCATO and every RUBATO, that one should divine the sense in the sequence of the vowels and diphthongs, and how delicately and richly they can be tinted and retinted in the order of their arrangement—who among book-reading Germans is complaisant enough to recognize such duties and requirements, and to listen to so much art and intention in language? After all, one just "has no ear for it"; and so the most marked contrasts of style are not heard, and the most delicate artistry is as it were SQUANDERED on the deaf.—These were my thoughts when I noticed how clumsily and unintuitively two masters in the art of prose-writing have been confounded: one, whose words

drop down hesitatingly and coldly, as from the roof of a damp cave—he counts on their dull sound and echo; and another who manipulates his language like a flexible sword, and from his arm down into his toes feels the dangerous bliss of the quivering, over-sharp blade, which wishes to bite, hiss, and cut.

Beyond Good and Evil

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How little the German style has to do with harmony and with the ear, is shown by the fact that precisely our good musicians themselves write badly. The German does not read aloud, he does not read for the ear, but only with his eyes; he has put his ears away in the drawer for the time. In antiquity when a man read—which was seldom enough—he read something to himself, and in a loud voice; they were surprised when anyone read silently, and sought secretly the reason of it. In a loud voice: that is to say, with all the swellings, inflections, and variations of key and changes of TEMPO, in which the ancient PUBLIC world took delight. The laws of the written style were then the same as those of the spoken style; and these laws depended partly on the surprising development and refined requirements of the ear and larynx; partly on the strength, endurance, and power of the ancient lungs. In the ancient sense, a period is above all a physiological whole, inasmuch as it is comprised in one breath. Such periods as occur in Demosthenes and Cicero, swelling twice and sinking twice, and all in one breath, were pleasures to the men of ANTIQUITY, who knew by their own schooling how to appreciate the virtue therein, the rareness and the difficulty in the deliverance of such a period;—WE have really no right to the BIG period, we modern men, who are short of breath in every sense! Those ancients, indeed, were all of them dilettanti in speaking, consequently connoisseurs, consequently critics—they thus brought their orators to the highest pitch; in the same manner as in the last century, when all Italian ladies and gentlemen knew how to sing, the virtuosoship of song (and with it also the art of melody) reached its elevation. In Germany, however (until quite recently when a kind of platform eloquence began shyly and awkwardly enough to flutter its young wings), there was properly speaking only one kind of public and APPROXIMATELY artistical discourse—that delivered from

the pulpit. The preacher was the only one in Germany who knew the weight of a syllable or a word, in what manner a sentence strikes, springs, rushes, flows, and comes to a close; he alone had a conscience in his ears, often enough a bad conscience: for reasons are not lacking why proficiency in oratory should be especially seldom attained by a German, or almost always too late. The masterpiece of German prose is therefore with good reason the masterpiece of its greatest preacher: the BIBLE has until now been the best German book. Compared with Luther's Bible, almost everything else is merely "literature"—something which has not grown in Germany, and therefore has not taken and does not take root in German hearts, as the Bible has done.

Beyond Good and Evil

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There are two kinds of geniuses: one which above all engenders and seeks to engender, and another which willingly lets itself be fructified and brings forth. And similarly, among the gifted nations, there are those on whom the woman's problem of pregnancy has devolved, and the secret task of forming, maturing, and perfecting—the Greeks, for instance, were a nation of this kind, and so are the French; and others which have to fructify and become the cause of new modes of life—like the Jews, the Romans, and, in all modesty be it asked: like the Germans?—nations tortured and enraptured by unknown fevers and irresistibly forced out of themselves, amorous and longing for foreign races (for such as "let themselves be fructified"), and withal imperious, like everything conscious of being full of generative force, and consequently empowered "by the grace of God." These two kinds of geniuses seek each other like man and woman; but they also misunderstand each other—like man and woman.

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Every nation has its own "Tartuffery," and calls that its virtue.—One does not know—cannot know, the best that is in one.

Beyond Good and Evil

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What Europe owes to the Jews?—Many things, good and bad, and above all one thing of the nature both of the best and the worst: the grand style in morality, the fearfulness and majesty of infinite demands, of infinite significations, the whole Romanticism and sublimity of moral questionableness—and consequently just the most attractive, ensnaring, and exquisite element in those iridescences and allurements to life, in the after-shine of which the sky of our European culture, its evening sky, now glows—perhaps glows out. For this, we artists among the spectators and philosophers, are—grateful to the Jews.

Beyond Good and Evil

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It must be taken into the bargain, if various clouds and disturbances—in short, slight attacks of stupidity—pass over the spirit of a people that suffers and WANTS to suffer from national nervous fever and political ambition: for instance, among present-day Germans there is alternately the anti-French folly, the anti-Semitic folly, the anti-Polish folly, the Christian-romantic folly, the Wagnerian folly, the Teutonic folly, the Prussian folly (just look at those poor historians, the Sybels and Treitschkes, and their closely bandaged heads), and whatever else these little obscurations of the German spirit and conscience may be called. May it be forgiven me that I, too, when on a short daring sojourn on very infected ground, did not remain wholly exempt from the disease, but like everyone else, began to entertain thoughts about matters which did not concern me—the first symptom of political infection. About the Jews, for instance, listen to the following:—I have never yet met a German who was favourably inclined to the Jews; and however decided the repudiation of

actual anti-Semitism may be on the part of all prudent and political men, this prudence and policy is not perhaps directed against the nature of the sentiment itself, but only against its dangerous excess, and especially against the distasteful and infamous expression of this excess of sentiment;—on this point we must not deceive ourselves. That Germany has amply SUFFICIENT Jews, that the German stomach, the German blood, has difficulty (and will long have difficulty) in disposing only of this quantity of "Jew"—as the Italian, the Frenchman, and the Englishman have done by means of a stronger digestion:—that is the unmistakable declaration and language of a general instinct, to which one must listen and according to which one must act. "Let no more Jews come in! And shut the doors, especially towards the East (also towards Austria)!"—thus commands the instinct of a people whose nature is still feeble and uncertain, so that it could be easily wiped out, easily extinguished, by a stronger race. The Jews, however, are beyond all doubt the strongest, toughest, and purest race at present living in Europe, they know how to succeed even under the worst conditions (in fact better than under favourable ones), by means of virtues of some sort, which one would like nowadays to label as vices—owing above all to a resolute faith which does not need to be ashamed before "modern ideas", they alter only, WHEN they do alter, in the same way that the Russian Empire makes its conquest—as an empire that has plenty of time and is not of yesterday—namely, according to the principle, "as slowly as possible"! A thinker who has the future of Europe at heart, will, in all his perspectives concerning the future, calculate upon the Jews, as he will calculate upon the Russians, as above all the surest and likeliest factors in the great play and battle of forces. That which is at present called a "nation" in Europe, and is really rather a RES FACTA than NATA (indeed, sometimes confusingly similar to a RES FICTA ET PICTA), is in every case something evolving, young, easily displaced, and not yet a race, much less such a race AERE PERENNUS, as the Jews are such "nations" should most carefully avoid all hot-headed rivalry and hostility! It is certain that the Jews, if they desired—or if they were driven to it, as the anti-Semites seem to wish—COULD now have the ascendancy, nay, literally the supremacy, over Europe, that they are NOT working and planning for that end is equally certain. Meanwhile, they rather wish and desire, even somewhat importunately, to be insorbed and absorbed by Europe, they long to be finally settled, authorized, and respected somewhere, and wish to put an end to the nomadic life, to the "wandering Jew",—and one should certainly take account of this impulse and tendency, and MAKE

ADVANCES to it (it possibly betokens a mitigation of the Jewish instincts) for which purpose it would perhaps be useful and fair to banish the anti-Semitic bawlers out of the country. One should make advances with all prudence, and with selection, pretty much as the English nobility do. It stands to reason that the more powerful and strongly marked types of new Germanism could enter into relation with the Jews with the least hesitation, for instance, the nobleman officer from the Prussian border it would be interesting in many ways to see whether the genius for money and patience (and especially some intellect and intellectuality—sadly lacking in the place referred to) could not in addition be annexed and trained to the hereditary art of commanding and obeying—for both of which the country in question has now a classic reputation. But here it is expedient to break off my festal discourse and my sprightly Teutomania for I have already reached my SERIOUS TOPIC, the "European problem," as I understand it, the rearing of a new ruling caste for Europe.

Beyond Good and Evil

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They are not a philosophical race—the English: Bacon represents an ATTACK on the philosophical spirit generally, Hobbes, Hume, and Locke, an abasement, and a depreciation of the idea of a "philosopher" for more than a century. It was AGAINST Hume that Kant uprose and raised himself; it was Locke of whom Schelling RIGHTLY said, "JE MEPRISE LOCKE"; in the struggle against the English mechanical stultification of the world, Hegel and Schopenhauer (along with Goethe) were of one accord; the two hostile brother-geniuses in philosophy, who pushed in different directions towards the opposite poles of German thought, and thereby wronged each other as only brothers will do.—What is lacking in England, and has always been lacking, that half-actor and rhetorician knew well enough, the absurd muddle-head, Carlyle, who sought to conceal under passionate grimaces what he knew about himself: namely, what was LACKING in Carlyle—real POWER of intellect, real DEPTH of intellectual perception, in short, philosophy. It is characteristic of such an unphilosophical race to hold on firmly to Christianity—they NEED its discipline for "moralizing" and humanizing. The

Englishman, more gloomy, sensual, headstrong, and brutal than the German—is for that very reason, as the baser of the two, also the most pious: he has all the MORE NEED of Christianity. To finer nostrils, this English Christianity itself has still a characteristic English taint of spleen and alcoholic excess, for which, owing to good reasons, it is used as an antidote—the finer poison to neutralize the coarser: a finer form of poisoning is in fact a step in advance with coarse-mannered people, a step towards spiritualization. The English coarseness and rustic demureness is still most satisfactorily disguised by Christian pantomime, and by praying and psalm-singing (or, more correctly, it is thereby explained and differently expressed); and for the herd of drunkards and rakes who formerly learned moral grunting under the influence of Methodism (and more recently as the "Salvation Army"), a penitential fit may really be the relatively highest manifestation of "humanity" to which they can be elevated: so much may reasonably be admitted. That, however, which offends even in the humanest Englishman is his lack of music, to speak figuratively (and also literally): he has neither rhythm nor dance in the movements of his soul and body; indeed, not even the desire for rhythm and dance, for "music." Listen to him speaking; look at the most beautiful Englishwoman WALKING—in no country on earth are there more beautiful doves and swans; finally, listen to them singing! But I ask too much ...

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There are truths which are best recognized by mediocre minds, because they are best adapted for them, there are truths which only possess charms and seductive power for mediocre spirits:—one is pushed to this probably unpleasant conclusion, now that the influence of respectable but mediocre Englishmen—I may mention Darwin, John Stuart Mill, and Herbert Spencer—begins to gain the ascendancy in the middle-class region of European taste. Indeed, who could doubt that it is a useful thing for SUCH minds to have the ascendancy for a time? It would be an error to consider the highly developed and independently soaring minds as specially qualified for determining and collecting many little common facts, and deducing conclusions from them; as exceptions, they are rather

from the first in no very favourable position towards those who are "the rules." After all, they have more to do than merely to perceive:—in effect, they have to BE something new, they have to SIGNIFY something new, they have to REPRESENT new values! The gulf between knowledge and capacity is perhaps greater, and also more mysterious, than one thinks: the capable man in the grand style, the creator, will possibly have to be an ignorant person;—while on the other hand, for scientific discoveries like those of Darwin, a certain narrowness, aridity, and industrious carefulness (in short, something English) may not be unfavourable for arriving at them.—Finally, let it not be forgotten that the English, with their profound mediocrity, brought about once before a general depression of European intelligence.

What is called "modern ideas," or "the ideas of the eighteenth century," or "French ideas"—that, consequently, against which the GERMAN mind rose up with profound disgust—is of English origin, there is no doubt about it. The French were only the apes and actors of these ideas, their best soldiers, and likewise, alas! their first and profoundest VICTIMS; for owing to the diabolical Anglomania of "modern ideas," the AME FRANCAIS has in the end become so thin and emaciated, that at present one recalls its sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, its profound, passionate strength, its inventive excellency, almost with disbelief. One must, however, maintain this verdict of historical justice in a determined manner, and defend it against present prejudices and appearances: the European NOBLESSE—of sentiment, taste, and manners, taking the word in every high sense—is the work and invention of FRANCE; the European ignobleness, the plebeianism of modern ideas—is ENGLAND'S work and invention.

Beyond Good and Evil

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Even at present France is still the seat of the most intellectual and refined culture of Europe, it is still the high school of taste; but one must know how to find this "France of taste." He who belongs to it keeps himself well concealed:—they may be a small number in whom it lives and is embodied, besides perhaps being men who do not stand upon the

strongest legs, in part fatalists, hypochondriacs, invalids, in part persons over-indulged, over-refined, such as have the AMBITION to conceal themselves.

They have all something in common: they keep their ears closed in presence of the delirious folly and noisy spouting of the democratic BOURGEOIS. In fact, a besotted and brutalized France at present sprawls in the foreground—it recently celebrated a veritable orgy of bad taste, and at the same time of self-admiration, at the funeral of Victor Hugo. There is also something else common to them: a predilection to resist intellectual Germanizing—and a still greater inability to do so! In this France of intellect, which is also a France of pessimism, Schopenhauer has perhaps become more at home, and more indigenous than he has ever been in Germany; not to speak of Heinrich Heine, who has long ago been re-incarnated in the more refined and fastidious lyrists of Paris; or of Hegel, who at present, in the form of Taine—the FIRST of living historians—exercises an almost tyrannical influence. As regards Richard Wagner, however, the more French music learns to adapt itself to the actual needs of the AME MODERNE, the more will it "Wagnerite"; one can safely predict that beforehand,—it is already taking place sufficiently! There are, however, three things which the French can still boast of with pride as their heritage and possession, and as indelible tokens of their ancient intellectual superiority in Europe, in spite of all voluntary or involuntary Germanizing and vulgarizing of taste. FIRSTLY, the capacity for artistic emotion, for devotion to "form," for which the expression, L'ART POUR L'ART, along with numerous others, has been invented:—such capacity has not been lacking in France for three centuries; and owing to its reverence for the "small number," it has again and again made a sort of chamber music of literature possible, which is sought for in vain elsewhere in Europe.—The SECOND thing whereby the French can lay claim to a superiority over Europe is their ancient, many-sided, MORALISTIC culture, owing to which one finds on an average, even in the petty ROMANCIERS of the newspapers and chance BOULEVARDIERS DE PARIS, a psychological sensitiveness and curiosity, of which, for example, one has no conception (to say nothing of the thing itself!) in Germany. The Germans lack a couple of centuries of the moralistic work requisite thereto, which, as we have said, France has not grudged: those who call the Germans "naive" on that account give them commendation for a defect. (As the opposite of the German inexperience and innocence IN VOLUPTATE PSYCHOLOGICA, which is not too

remotely associated with the tediousness of German intercourse,—and as the most successful expression of genuine French curiosity and inventive talent in this domain of delicate thrills, Henri Beyle may be noted; that remarkable anticipatory and forerunning man, who, with a Napoleonic TEMPO, traversed HIS Europe, in fact, several centuries of the European soul, as a surveyor and discoverer thereof:—it has required two generations to OVERTAKE him one way or other, to divine long afterwards some of the riddles that perplexed and enraptured him—this strange Epicurean and man of interrogation, the last great psychologist of France).—There is yet a THIRD claim to superiority: in the French character there is a successful half-way synthesis of the North and South, which makes them comprehend many things, and enjoins upon them other things, which an Englishman can never comprehend. Their temperament, turned alternately to and from the South, in which from time to time the Provençal and Ligurian blood froths over, preserves them from the dreadful, northern grey-in-grey, from sunless conceptual-spectrism and from poverty of blood—our GERMAN infirmity of taste, for the excessive prevalence of which at the present moment, blood and iron, that is to say "high politics," has with great resolution been prescribed (according to a dangerous healing art, which bids me wait and wait, but not yet hope).—There is also still in France a pre-understanding and ready welcome for those rarer and rarely gratified men, who are too comprehensive to find satisfaction in any kind of fatherlandism, and know how to love the South when in the North and the North when in the South—the born Midlanders, the "good Europeans." For them BIZET has made music, this latest genius, who has seen a new beauty and seduction,—who has discovered a piece of the SOUTH IN MUSIC.

Beyond Good and Evil

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I hold that many precautions should be taken against German music. Suppose a person loves the South as I love it—as a great school of recovery for the most spiritual and the most sensuous ills, as a boundless solar profusion and effulgence which o'erspreads a sovereign existence believing in itself—well, such a person will learn to be somewhat on his guard against German music, because, in injuring his taste anew, it will also

injure his health anew. Such a Southerner, a Southerner not by origin but by BELIEF, if he should dream of the future of music, must also dream of it being freed from the influence of the North; and must have in his ears the prelude to a deeper, mightier, and perhaps more perverse and mysterious music, a super-German music, which does not fade, pale, and die away, as all German music does, at the sight of the blue, wanton sea and the Mediterranean clearness of sky—a super-European music, which holds its own even in presence of the brown sunsets of the desert, whose soul is akin to the palm-tree, and can be at home and can roam with big, beautiful, lonely beasts of prey ... I could imagine a music of which the rarest charm would be that it knew nothing more of good and evil; only that here and there perhaps some sailor's home-sickness, some golden shadows and tender weaknesses might sweep lightly over it; an art which, from the far distance, would see the colours of a sinking and almost incomprehensible MORAL world fleeing towards it, and would be hospitable enough and profound enough to receive such belated fugitives.

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Owing to the morbid estrangement which the nationality-craze has induced and still induces among the nations of Europe, owing also to the short-sighted and hasty-handed politicians, who with the help of this craze, are at present in power, and do not suspect to what extent the disintegrating policy they pursue must necessarily be only an interlude policy—owing to all this and much else that is altogether unmentionable at present, the most unmistakable signs that EUROPE WISHES TO BE ONE, are now overlooked, or arbitrarily and falsely misinterpreted. With all the more profound and large-minded men of this century, the real general tendency of the mysterious labour of their souls was to prepare the way for that new SYNTHESIS, and tentatively to anticipate the European of the future; only in their simulations, or in their weaker moments, in old age perhaps, did they belong to the "fatherlands"—they only rested from themselves when they became "patriots." I think of such men as Napoleon, Goethe, Beethoven, Stendhal, Heinrich Heine, Schopenhauer: it must not be taken amiss if I also count Richard Wagner

among them, about whom one must not let oneself be deceived by his own misunderstandings (geniuses like him have seldom the right to understand themselves), still less, of course, by the unseemly noise with which he is now resisted and opposed in France: the fact remains, nevertheless, that Richard Wagner and the LATER FRENCH ROMANTICISM of the forties, are most closely and intimately related to one another. They are akin, fundamentally akin, in all the heights and depths of their requirements; it is Europe, the ONE Europe, whose soul presses urgently and longingly, outwards and upwards, in their multifarious and boisterous art—whither? into a new light? towards a new sun? But who would attempt to express accurately what all these masters of new modes of speech could not express distinctly? It is certain that the same storm and stress tormented them, that they SOUGHT in the same manner, these last great seekers! All of them steeped in literature to their eyes and ears—the first artists of universal literary culture—for the most part even themselves writers, poets, intermediaries and blenders of the arts and the senses (Wagner, as musician is reckoned among painters, as poet among musicians, as artist generally among actors); all of them fanatics for EXPRESSION "at any cost"—I specially mention Delacroix, the nearest related to Wagner; all of them great discoverers in the realm of the sublime, also of the loathsome and dreadful, still greater discoverers in effect, in display, in the art of the show-shop; all of them talented far beyond their genius, out and out VIRTUOSI, with mysterious accesses to all that seduces, allures, constrains, and upsets; born enemies of logic and of the straight line, hankering after the strange, the exotic, the monstrous, the crooked, and the self-contradictory; as men, Tantaluses of the will, plebeian parvenus, who knew themselves to be incapable of a noble TEMPO or of a LENTO in life and action—think of Balzac, for instance,—unrestrained workers, almost destroying themselves by work; antinomians and rebels in manners, ambitious and insatiable, without equilibrium and enjoyment; all of them finally shattering and sinking down at the Christian cross (and with right and reason, for who of them would have been sufficiently profound and sufficiently original for an ANTI-CHRISTIAN philosophy?);—on the whole, a boldly daring, splendidly overbearing, high-flying, and aloft-up-dragging class of higher men, who had first to teach their century—and it is the century of the MASSES—the conception "higher man." ... Let the German friends of Richard Wagner advise together as to whether there is anything purely German in the Wagnerian art, or whether its distinction does not consist precisely in coming from SUPER-GERMAN sources and impulses: in

which connection it may not be underrated how indispensable Paris was to the development of his type, which the strength of his instincts made him long to visit at the most decisive time—and how the whole style of his proceedings, of his self-apostolate, could only perfect itself in sight of the French socialistic original. On a more subtle comparison it will perhaps be found, to the honour of Richard Wagner's German nature, that he has acted in everything with more strength, daring, severity, and elevation than a nineteenth-century Frenchman could have done—owing to the circumstance that we Germans are as yet nearer to barbarism than the French;—perhaps even the most remarkable creation of Richard Wagner is not only at present, but for ever inaccessible, incomprehensible, and inimitable to the whole latter-day Latin race: the figure of Siegfried, that VERY FREE man, who is probably far too free, too hard, too cheerful, too healthy, too ANTI-CATHOLIC for the taste of old and mellow civilized nations. He may even have been a sin against Romanticism, this anti-Latin Siegfried: well, Wagner atoned amply for this sin in his old sad days, when—anticipating a taste which has meanwhile passed into politics—he began, with the religious vehemence peculiar to him, to preach, at least, THE WAY TO ROME, if not to walk therein.—That these last words may not be misunderstood, I will call to my aid a few powerful rhymes, which will even betray to less delicate ears what I mean —what I mean COUNTER TO the "last Wagner" and his Parsifal music:—

—Is this our mode?—From German heart came this vexed ululating?
From German body, this self-lacerating? Is ours this priestly hand-dilation,
This incense-fuming exaltation? Is ours this faltering, falling, shambling,
This quite uncertain ding-dong-dangling? This sly nun-ogling,
Ave-hour-bell ringing, This wholly false enraptured heaven-o'erspringing?
—Is this our mode?—Think well!—you still wait for admission—
For what you hear is ROME—ROME'S FAITH BY INTUITION!

CHAPTER IX

WHAT IS NOBLE?

EVERY elevation of the type "man," has until now been the work of an aristocratic society and so it will always be—a society believing in a long scale of gradations of rank and differences of worth among human beings, and requiring slavery in some form or other. Without the PATHOS OF DISTANCE, such as grows out of the incarnated difference of classes, out of the constant out-looking and down-looking of the ruling caste on subordinates and instruments, and out of their equally constant practice of obeying and commanding, of keeping down and keeping at a distance—that other more mysterious pathos could never have arisen, the longing for an ever new widening of distance within the soul itself, the formation of ever higher, rarer, further, more extended, more comprehensive states, in short, just the elevation of the type "man," the continued "self-surmounting of man," to use a moral formula in a super-moral sense. To be sure, one must not resign oneself to any humanitarian illusions about the history of the origin of an aristocratic society (that is to say, of the preliminary condition for the elevation of the type "man"): the truth is hard. Let us acknowledge unprejudicedly how every higher civilization until now has ORIGINATED! Men with a still natural nature, barbarians in every terrible sense of the word, men of prey, still in possession of unbroken strength of will and desire for power, threw themselves upon weaker, more moral, more peaceful races (perhaps trading or cattle-rearing communities), or upon old mellow civilizations in which the final vital force was flickering out in brilliant fireworks of wit and depravity. At the commencement, the noble caste was always the barbarian caste: their superiority did not consist first of all in their physical, but in their psychical power—they were more COMPLETE men (which at every point also implies the same as "more complete beasts").

Corruption—as the indication that anarchy threatens to break out among the instincts, and that the foundation of the emotions, called "life," is convulsed—is something radically different according to the organization in which it manifests itself. When, for instance, an aristocracy like that of France at the beginning of the Revolution, flung away its privileges with sublime disgust and sacrificed itself to an excess of its moral sentiments, it was corruption:—it was really only the closing act of the corruption which had existed for centuries, by virtue of which that aristocracy had abdicated step by step its lordly prerogatives and lowered itself to a FUNCTION of royalty (in the end even to its decoration and parade-dress). The essential thing, however, in a good and healthy aristocracy is that it should not regard itself as a function either of the kingship or the commonwealth, but as the SIGNIFICANCE and highest justification thereof—that it should therefore accept with a good conscience the sacrifice of a legion of individuals, who, FOR ITS SAKE, must be suppressed and reduced to imperfect men, to slaves and instruments. Its fundamental belief must be precisely that society is NOT allowed to exist for its own sake, but only as a foundation and scaffolding, by means of which a select class of beings may be able to elevate themselves to their higher duties, and in general to a higher EXISTENCE: like those sun-seeking climbing plants in Java—they are called Sipo Matador,—which encircle an oak so long and so often with their arms, until at last, high above it, but supported by it, they can unfold their tops in the open light, and exhibit their happiness.

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To refrain mutually from injury, from violence, from exploitation, and put one's will on a par with that of others: this may result in a certain rough sense in good conduct among individuals when the necessary conditions are given (namely, the actual similarity of the individuals in amount of force and degree of worth, and their co-relation within one organization). As soon, however, as one wished to take this principle more generally, and if possible even as the FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLE OF SOCIETY, it would immediately disclose what it really is—namely, a Will to the DENIAL of life, a principle of dissolution and decay. Here

one must think profoundly to the very basis and resist all sentimental weakness: life itself is ESSENTIALLY appropriation, injury, conquest of the strange and weak, suppression, severity, obtrusion of peculiar forms, incorporation, and at the least, putting it mildest, exploitation;—but why should one for ever use precisely these words on which for ages a disparaging purpose has been stamped? Even the organization within which, as was previously supposed, the individuals treat each other as equal—it takes place in every healthy aristocracy—must itself, if it be a living and not a dying organization, do all that towards other bodies, which the individuals within it refrain from doing to each other it will have to be the incarnated Will to Power, it will endeavour to grow, to gain ground, attract to itself and acquire ascendancy—not owing to any morality or immorality, but because it LIVES, and because life IS precisely Will to Power. On no point, however, is the ordinary consciousness of Europeans more unwilling to be corrected than on this matter, people now rave everywhere, even under the guise of science, about coming conditions of society in which "the exploiting character" is to be absent—that sounds to my ears as if they promised to invent a mode of life which should refrain from all organic functions. "Exploitation" does not belong to a depraved, or imperfect and primitive society it belongs to the nature of the living being as a primary organic function, it is a consequence of the intrinsic Will to Power, which is precisely the Will to Life—Granting that as a theory this is a novelty—as a reality it is the FUNDAMENTAL FACT of all history let us be so far honest towards ourselves!

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In a tour through the many finer and coarser moralities which have until now prevailed or still prevail on the earth, I found certain traits recurring regularly together, and connected with one another, until finally two primary types revealed themselves to me, and a radical distinction was brought to light. There is MASTER-MORALITY and SLAVE-MORALITY,—I would at once add, however, that in all higher and mixed civilizations, there are also attempts at the reconciliation of the two moralities, but one finds still oftener the confusion and mutual

misunderstanding of them, indeed sometimes their close juxtaposition—even in the same man, within one soul. The distinctions of moral values have either originated in a ruling caste, pleasantly conscious of being different from the ruled—or among the ruled class, the slaves and dependents of all sorts. In the first case, when it is the rulers who determine the conception "good," it is the exalted, proud disposition which is regarded as the distinguishing feature, and that which determines the order of rank. The noble type of man separates from himself the beings in whom the opposite of this exalted, proud disposition displays itself he despises them. Let it at once be noted that in this first kind of morality the antithesis "good" and "bad" means practically the same as "noble" and "despicable",—the antithesis "good" and "EVIL" is of a different origin. The cowardly, the timid, the insignificant, and those thinking merely of narrow utility are despised; moreover, also, the distrustful, with their constrained glances, the self-abasing, the dog-like kind of men who let themselves be abused, the mendicant flatterers, and above all the liars:—it is a fundamental belief of all aristocrats that the common people are untruthful. "We truthful ones"—the nobility in ancient Greece called themselves. It is obvious that everywhere the designations of moral value were at first applied to MEN; and were only derivatively and at a later period applied to ACTIONS; it is a gross mistake, therefore, when historians of morals start with questions like, "Why have sympathetic actions been praised?" The noble type of man regards HIMSELF as a determiner of values; he does not require to be approved of; he passes the judgment: "What is injurious to me is injurious in itself;" he knows that it is he himself only who confers honour on things; he is a CREATOR OF VALUES. He honours whatever he recognizes in himself: such morality equals self-glorification. In the foreground there is the feeling of plenitude, of power, which seeks to overflow, the happiness of high tension, the consciousness of a wealth which would gladly give and bestow:—the noble man also helps the unfortunate, but not—or scarcely—out of pity, but rather from an impulse generated by the super-abundance of power. The noble man honours in himself the powerful one, him also who has power over himself, who knows how to speak and how to keep silence, who takes pleasure in subjecting himself to severity and hardness, and has reverence for all that is severe and hard. "Wotan placed a hard heart in my breast," says an old Scandinavian Saga: it is thus rightly expressed from the soul of a proud Viking. Such a type of man is even proud of not being made for sympathy; the hero of the Saga therefore adds warningly: "He who has not a hard heart when young, will never have one." The

noble and brave who think thus are the furthest removed from the morality which sees precisely in sympathy, or in acting for the good of others, or in DESINTERESEMMENT, the characteristic of the moral; faith in oneself, pride in oneself, a radical enmity and irony towards "selflessness," belong as definitely to noble morality, as do a careless scorn and precaution in presence of sympathy and the "warm heart."—It is the powerful who KNOW how to honour, it is their art, their domain for invention. The profound reverence for age and for tradition—all law rests on this double reverence,—the belief and prejudice in favour of ancestors and unfavourable to newcomers, is typical in the morality of the powerful; and if, reversely, men of "modern ideas" believe almost instinctively in "progress" and the "future," and are more and more lacking in respect for old age, the ignoble origin of these "ideas" has complacently betrayed itself thereby. A morality of the ruling class, however, is more especially foreign and irritating to present-day taste in the sternness of its principle that one has duties only to one's equals; that one may act towards beings of a lower rank, towards all that is foreign, just as seems good to one, or "as the heart desires," and in any case "beyond good and evil": it is here that sympathy and similar sentiments can have a place. The ability and obligation to exercise prolonged gratitude and prolonged revenge—both only within the circle of equals,—artfulness in retaliation, RAFFINEMENT of the idea in friendship, a certain necessity to have enemies (as outlets for the emotions of envy, quarrelsomeness, arrogance—in fact, in order to be a good FRIEND): all these are typical characteristics of the noble morality, which, as has been pointed out, is not the morality of "modern ideas," and is therefore at present difficult to realize, and also to unearth and disclose.—It is otherwise with the second type of morality, SLAVE-MORALITY. Supposing that the abused, the oppressed, the suffering, the unemancipated, the weary, and those uncertain of themselves should moralize, what will be the common element in their moral estimates? Probably a pessimistic suspicion with regard to the entire situation of man will find expression, perhaps a condemnation of man, together with his situation. The slave has an unfavourable eye for the virtues of the powerful; he has a skepticism and distrust, a REFINEMENT of distrust of everything "good" that is there honoured—he would gladly persuade himself that the very happiness there is not genuine. On the other hand, THOSE qualities which serve to alleviate the existence of sufferers are brought into prominence and flooded with light; it is here that sympathy, the kind, helping hand, the warm heart, patience, diligence, humility, and friendliness attain to honour; for

here these are the most useful qualities, and almost the only means of supporting the burden of existence. Slave-morality is essentially the morality of utility. Here is the seat of the origin of the famous antithesis "good" and "evil":—power and dangerousness are assumed to reside in the evil, a certain dreadfulness, subtlety, and strength, which do not admit of being despised. According to slave-morality, therefore, the "evil" man arouses fear; according to master-morality, it is precisely the "good" man who arouses fear and seeks to arouse it, while the bad man is regarded as the despicable being. The contrast attains its maximum when, in accordance with the logical consequences of slave-morality, a shade of depreciation—it may be slight and well-intentioned—at last attaches itself to the "good" man of this morality; because, according to the servile mode of thought, the good man must in any case be the SAFE man: he is good-natured, easily deceived, perhaps a little stupid, un bonhomme. Everywhere that slave-morality gains the ascendancy, language shows a tendency to approximate the significations of the words "good" and "stupid."—A last fundamental difference: the desire for FREEDOM, the instinct for happiness and the refinements of the feeling of liberty belong as necessarily to slave-morals and morality, as artifice and enthusiasm in reverence and devotion are the regular symptoms of an aristocratic mode of thinking and estimating.—Hence we can understand without further detail why love AS A PASSION—it is our European specialty—must absolutely be of noble origin; as is well known, its invention is due to the Provencal poet-cavaliers, those brilliant, ingenious men of the "gai saber," to whom Europe owes so much, and almost owes itself.

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Vanity is one of the things which are perhaps most difficult for a noble man to understand: he will be tempted to deny it, where another kind of man thinks he sees it self-evidently. The problem for him is to represent to his mind beings who seek to arouse a good opinion of themselves which they themselves do not possess—and consequently also do not "deserve,"—and who yet BELIEVE in this good opinion afterwards. This seems to him on the one hand such bad taste and so self-disrespectful,

and on the other hand so grotesquely unreasonable, that he would like to consider vanity an exception, and is doubtful about it in most cases when it is spoken of. He will say, for instance: "I may be mistaken about my value, and on the other hand may nevertheless demand that my value should be acknowledged by others precisely as I rate it:—that, however, is not vanity (but self-conceit, or, in most cases, that which is called 'humility,' and also 'modesty')." Or he will even say: "For many reasons I can delight in the good opinion of others, perhaps because I love and honour them, and rejoice in all their joys, perhaps also because their good opinion endorses and strengthens my belief in my own good opinion, perhaps because the good opinion of others, even in cases where I do not share it, is useful to me, or gives promise of usefulness:—all this, however, is not vanity." The man of noble character must first bring it home forcibly to his mind, especially with the aid of history, that, from time immemorial, in all social strata in any way dependent, the ordinary man WAS only that which he PASSED FOR:—not being at all accustomed to fix values, he did not assign even to himself any other value than that which his master assigned to him (it is the peculiar RIGHT OF MASTERS to create values). It may be looked upon as the result of an extraordinary atavism, that the ordinary man, even at present, is still always WAITING for an opinion about himself, and then instinctively submitting himself to it; yet by no means only to a "good" opinion, but also to a bad and unjust one (think, for instance, of the greater part of the self-appreciations and self-depreciations which believing women learn from their confessors, and which in general the believing Christian learns from his Church). In fact, conformably to the slow rise of the democratic social order (and its cause, the blending of the blood of masters and slaves), the originally noble and rare impulse of the masters to assign a value to themselves and to "think well" of themselves, will now be more and more encouraged and extended; but it has at all times an older, ampler, and more radically ingrained propensity opposed to it—and in the phenomenon of "vanity" this older propensity overmasters the younger. The vain person rejoices over EVERY good opinion which he hears about himself (quite apart from the point of view of its usefulness, and equally regardless of its truth or falsehood), just as he suffers from every bad opinion: for he subjects himself to both, he feels himself subjected to both, by that oldest instinct of subjection which breaks forth in him.—It is "the slave" in the vain man's blood, the remains of the slave's craftiness—and how much of the "slave" is still left in woman, for instance!—which seeks to SEDUCE to good opinions of itself; it is the

slave, too, who immediately afterwards falls prostrate himself before these opinions, as though he had not called them forth.—And to repeat it again: vanity is an atavism.

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A SPECIES originates, and a type becomes established and strong in the long struggle with essentially constant UNFAVOURABLE conditions. On the other hand, it is known by the experience of breeders that species which receive super-abundant nourishment, and in general a surplus of protection and care, immediately tend in the most marked way to develop variations, and are fertile in prodigies and monstrosities (also in monstrous vices). Now look at an aristocratic commonwealth, say an ancient Greek polis, or Venice, as a voluntary or involuntary contrivance for the purpose of REARING human beings; there are there men beside one another, thrown upon their own resources, who want to make their species prevail, chiefly because they MUST prevail, or else run the terrible danger of being exterminated. The favour, the super-abundance, the protection are there lacking under which variations are fostered; the species needs itself as species, as something which, precisely by virtue of its hardness, its uniformity, and simplicity of structure, can in general prevail and make itself permanent in constant struggle with its neighbours, or with rebellious or rebellion-threatening vassals. The most varied experience teaches it what are the qualities to which it principally owes the fact that it still exists, in spite of all Gods and men, and has until now been victorious: these qualities it calls virtues, and these virtues alone it develops to maturity. It does so with severity, indeed it desires severity; every aristocratic morality is intolerant in the education of youth, in the control of women, in the marriage customs, in the relations of old and young, in the penal laws (which have an eye only for the degenerating): it counts intolerance itself among the virtues, under the name of "justice." A type with few, but very marked features, a species of severe, warlike, wisely silent, reserved, and reticent men (and as such, with the most delicate sensibility for the charm and nuances of society) is thus established, unaffected by the vicissitudes of generations; the constant struggle with uniform UNFAVOURABLE conditions is, as already remarked, the cause

of a type becoming stable and hard. Finally, however, a happy state of things results, the enormous tension is relaxed; there are perhaps no more enemies among the neighbouring peoples, and the means of life, even of the enjoyment of life, are present in superabundance. With one stroke the bond and constraint of the old discipline severs: it is no longer regarded as necessary, as a condition of existence—if it would continue, it can only do so as a form of LUXURY, as an archaizing TASTE. Variations, whether they be deviations (into the higher, finer, and rarer), or deteriorations and monstrosities, appear suddenly on the scene in the greatest exuberance and splendour; the individual dares to be individual and detach himself. At this turning-point of history there manifest themselves, side by side, and often mixed and entangled together, a magnificent, manifold, virgin-forest-like up-growth and up-striving, a kind of TROPICAL TEMPO in the rivalry of growth, and an extraordinary decay and self-destruction, owing to the savagely opposing and seemingly exploding egoisms, which strive with one another "for sun and light," and can no longer assign any limit, restraint, or forbearance for themselves by means of the until now existing morality. It was this morality itself which piled up the strength so enormously, which bent the bow in so threatening a manner:—it is now "out of date," it is getting "out of date." The dangerous and disquieting point has been reached when the greater, more manifold, more comprehensive life IS LIVED BEYOND the old morality; the "individual" stands out, and is obliged to have recourse to his own law-giving, his own arts and artifices for self-preservation, self-elevation, and self-deliverance. Nothing but new "Whys," nothing but new "Hows," no common formulas any longer, misunderstanding and disregard in league with each other, decay, deterioration, and the loftiest desires frightfully entangled, the genius of the race overflowing from all the cornucopias of good and bad, a portentous simultaneousness of Spring and Autumn, full of new charms and mysteries peculiar to the fresh, still inexhausted, still unwearied corruption. Danger is again present, the mother of morality, great danger; this time shifted into the individual, into the neighbour and friend, into the street, into their own child, into their own heart, into all the most personal and secret recesses of their desires and volitions. What will the moral philosophers who appear at this time have to preach? They discover, these sharp onlookers and loafers, that the end is quickly approaching, that everything around them decays and produces decay, that nothing will endure until the day after tomorrow, except one species of man, the incurably MEDIOCRE. The mediocre alone have a prospect of continuing and propagating

themselves—they will be the men of the future, the sole survivors; "be like them! become mediocre!" is now the only morality which has still a significance, which still obtains a hearing.—But it is difficult to preach this morality of mediocrity! it can never avow what it is and what it desires! it has to talk of moderation and dignity and duty and brotherly love—it will have difficulty IN CONCEALING ITS IRONY!

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There is an INSTINCT FOR RANK, which more than anything else is already the sign of a HIGH rank; there is a DELIGHT in the NUANCES of reverence which leads one to infer noble origin and habits. The refinement, goodness, and loftiness of a soul are put to a perilous test when something passes by that is of the highest rank, but is not yet protected by the awe of authority from obtrusive touches and incivilities: something that goes its way like a living touchstone, undistinguished, undiscovered, and tentative, perhaps voluntarily veiled and disguised. He whose task and practice it is to investigate souls, will avail himself of many varieties of this very art to determine the ultimate value of a soul, the unalterable, innate order of rank to which it belongs: he will test it by its INSTINCT FOR REVERENCE. DIFFERENCE ENGENDRE HAINE: the vulgarity of many a nature spurts up suddenly like dirty water, when any holy vessel, any jewel from closed shrines, any book bearing the marks of great destiny, is brought before it; while on the other hand, there is an involuntary silence, a hesitation of the eye, a cessation of all gestures, by which it is indicated that a soul FEELS the nearness of what is worthiest of respect. The way in which, on the whole, the reverence for the BIBLE has until now been maintained in Europe, is perhaps the best example of discipline and refinement of manners which Europe owes to Christianity: books of such profoundness and supreme significance require for their protection an external tyranny of authority, in order to acquire the PERIOD of thousands of years which is necessary to exhaust and unriddle them. Much has been achieved when the sentiment has been at last instilled into the masses (the shallow-pates and the boobies of every kind) that they are not allowed to touch everything, that there are holy experiences before which they must take off their shoes and

keep away the unclean hand—it is almost their highest advance towards humanity. On the contrary, in the so-called cultured classes, the believers in "modern ideas," nothing is perhaps so repulsive as their lack of shame, the easy insolence of eye and hand with which they touch, taste, and finger everything; and it is possible that even yet there is more RELATIVE nobility of taste, and more tact for reverence among the people, among the lower classes of the people, especially among peasants, than among the newspaper-reading DEMIMONDE of intellect, the cultured class.

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It cannot be effaced from a man's soul what his ancestors have preferably and most constantly done: whether they were perhaps diligent economizers attached to a desk and a cash-box, modest and citizen-like in their desires, modest also in their virtues; or whether they were accustomed to commanding from morning till night, fond of rude pleasures and probably of still ruder duties and responsibilities; or whether, finally, at one time or another, they have sacrificed old privileges of birth and possession, in order to live wholly for their faith—for their "God,"—as men of an inexorable and sensitive conscience, which blushes at every compromise. It is quite impossible for a man NOT to have the qualities and predilections of his parents and ancestors in his constitution, whatever appearances may suggest to the contrary. This is the problem of race. Granted that one knows something of the parents, it is admissible to draw a conclusion about the child: any kind of offensive incontinence, any kind of sordid envy, or of clumsy self-vaunting—the three things which together have constituted the genuine plebeian type in all times—such must pass over to the child, as surely as bad blood; and with the help of the best education and culture one will only succeed in DECEIVING with regard to such heredity.—And what else does education and culture try to do nowadays! In our very democratic, or rather, very plebeian age, "education" and "culture" MUST be essentially the art of deceiving—deceiving with regard to origin, with regard to the inherited plebeianism in body and soul. An educator who nowadays preached truthfulness above everything else, and called out constantly to his pupils: "Be true! Be natural! Show yourselves as you are!"—even such

a virtuous and sincere ass would learn in a short time to have recourse to the FURCA of Horace, NATURAM EXPELLERE: with what results? "Plebeianism" USQUE RECURRET. [FOOTNOTE: Horace's "Epistles," I. x. 24.]

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At the risk of displeasing innocent ears, I submit that egoism belongs to the essence of a noble soul, I mean the unalterable belief that to a being such as "we," other beings must naturally be in subjection, and have to sacrifice themselves. The noble soul accepts the fact of his egoism without question, and also without consciousness of harshness, constraint, or arbitrariness therein, but rather as something that may have its basis in the primary law of things:—if he sought a designation for it he would say: "It is justice itself." He acknowledges under certain circumstances, which made him hesitate at first, that there are other equally privileged ones; as soon as he has settled this question of rank, he moves among those equals and equally privileged ones with the same assurance, as regards modesty and delicate respect, which he enjoys in intercourse with himself—in accordance with an innate heavenly mechanism which all the stars understand. It is an ADDITIONAL instance of his egoism, this artfulness and self-limitation in intercourse with his equals—every star is a similar egoist; he honours HIMSELF in them, and in the rights which he concedes to them, he has no doubt that the exchange of honours and rights, as the ESSENCE of all intercourse, belongs also to the natural condition of things. The noble soul gives as he takes, prompted by the passionate and sensitive instinct of requital, which is at the root of his nature. The notion of "favour" has, INTER PARES, neither significance nor good repute; there may be a sublime way of letting gifts as it were light upon one from above, and of drinking them thirstily like dew-drops; but for those arts and displays the noble soul has no aptitude. His egoism hinders him here: in general, he looks "aloft" unwillingly—he looks either FORWARD, horizontally and deliberately, or downwards—HE KNOWS THAT HE IS ON A HEIGHT.

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"One can only truly esteem him who does not LOOK OUT FOR himself."—Goethe to Rath Schlosser.

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The Chinese have a proverb which mothers even teach their children: "SIAO-SIN" ("MAKE THY HEART SMALL"). This is the essentially fundamental tendency in latter-day civilizations. I have no doubt that an ancient Greek, also, would first of all remark the self-dwarfing in us Europeans of today—in this respect alone we should immediately be "distasteful" to him.

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What, after all, is ignobleness?—Words are vocal symbols for ideas; ideas, however, are more or less definite mental symbols for frequently returning and concurring sensations, for groups of sensations. It is not sufficient to use the same words in order to understand one another: we must also employ the same words for the same kind of internal experiences, we must in the end have experiences IN COMMON. On this account the people of one nation understand one another better than those belonging to different nations, even when they use the same language; or rather, when people have lived long together under similar conditions (of climate, soil, danger, requirement, toil) there ORIGINATES from that an entity that "understands itself"—namely, a nation. In all souls a like number of frequently recurring experiences have gained the upper hand over those occurring more rarely: about these matters people understand

one another rapidly and always more rapidly—the history of language is the history of a process of abbreviation; on the basis of this quick comprehension people always unite closer and closer. The greater the danger, the greater is the need of agreeing quickly and readily about what is necessary; not to misunderstand one another in danger—that is what cannot at all be dispensed with in intercourse. Also in all loves and friendships one has the experience that nothing of the kind continues when the discovery has been made that in using the same words, one of the two parties has feelings, thoughts, intuitions, wishes, or fears different from those of the other. (The fear of the "eternal misunderstanding": that is the good genius which so often keeps persons of different sexes from too hasty attachments, to which sense and heart prompt them—and NOT some Schopenhauerian "genius of the species"!)

Whichever groups of sensations within a soul awaken most readily, begin to speak, and give the word of command—these decide as to the general order of rank of its values, and determine ultimately its list of desirable things. A man's estimates of value betray something of the STRUCTURE of his soul, and wherein it sees its conditions of life, its intrinsic needs. Supposing now that necessity has from all time drawn together only such men as could express similar requirements and similar experiences by similar symbols, it results on the whole that the easy COMMUNICABILITY of need, which implies ultimately the undergoing only of average and COMMON experiences, must have been the most potent of all the forces which have until now operated upon mankind. The more similar, the more ordinary people, have always had and are still having the advantage; the more select, more refined, more unique, and difficultly comprehensible, are liable to stand alone; they succumb to accidents in their isolation, and seldom propagate themselves. One must appeal to immense opposing forces, in order to thwart this natural, all-too-natural PROGRESSUS IN SIMILE, the evolution of man to the similar, the ordinary, the average, the gregarious —to the IGNOBLE!—

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The more a psychologist—a born, an unavoidable psychologist and soul-diviner—turns his attention to the more select cases and individuals, the

greater is his danger of being suffocated by sympathy: he NEEDS sternness and cheerfulness more than any other man. For the corruption, the ruination of higher men, of the more unusually constituted souls, is in fact, the rule: it is dreadful to have such a rule always before one's eyes. The manifold torment of the psychologist who has discovered this ruination, who discovers once, and then discovers ALMOST repeatedly throughout all history, this universal inner "desperateness" of higher men, this eternal "too late!" in every sense—may perhaps one day be the cause of his turning with bitterness against his own lot, and of his making an attempt at self-destruction—of his "going to ruin" himself. One may perceive in almost every psychologist a tell-tale inclination for delightful intercourse with commonplace and well-ordered men; the fact is thereby disclosed that he always requires healing, that he needs a sort of flight and forgetfulness, away from what his insight and incisiveness—from what his "business"—has laid upon his conscience. The fear of his memory is peculiar to him. He is easily silenced by the judgment of others; he hears with unmoved countenance how people honour, admire, love, and glorify, where he has PERCEIVED—or he even conceals his silence by expressly assenting to some plausible opinion. Perhaps the paradox of his situation becomes so dreadful that, precisely where he has learnt GREAT SYMPATHY, together with great CONTEMPT, the multitude, the educated, and the visionaries, have on their part learnt great reverence—reverence for "great men" and marvelous animals, for the sake of whom one blesses and honours the fatherland, the earth, the dignity of mankind, and one's own self, to whom one points the young, and in view of whom one educates them. And who knows but in all great instances until now just the same happened: that the multitude worshipped a God, and that the "God" was only a poor sacrificial animal! SUCCESS has always been the greatest liar—and the "work" itself is a success; the great statesman, the conqueror, the discoverer, are disguised in their creations until they are unrecognizable; the "work" of the artist, of the philosopher, only invents him who has created it, is REPUTED to have created it; the "great men," as they are revered, are poor little fictions composed afterwards; in the world of historical values spurious coinage PREVAILS. Those great poets, for example, such as Byron, Musset, Poe, Leopardi, Kleist, Gogol (I do not venture to mention much greater names, but I have them in my mind), as they now appear, and were perhaps obliged to be: men of the moment, enthusiastic, sensuous, and childish, light-minded and impulsive in their trust and distrust; with souls in which usually some flaw has to be concealed; often taking

revenge with their works for an internal defilement, often seeking forgetfulness in their soaring from a too true memory, often lost in the mud and almost in love with it, until they become like the Will-o'-the-Wisps around the swamps, and PRETEND TO BE stars—the people then call them idealists,—often struggling with protracted disgust, with an ever-reappearing phantom of disbelief, which makes them cold, and obliges them to languish for GLORIA and devour "faith as it is" out of the hands of intoxicated adulators:—what a TORMENT these great artists are and the so-called higher men in general, to him who has once found them out! It is thus conceivable that it is just from woman—who is clairvoyant in the world of suffering, and also unfortunately eager to help and save to an extent far beyond her powers—that THEY have learnt so readily those outbreaks of boundless devoted SYMPATHY, which the multitude, above all the reverent multitude, do not understand, and overwhelm with prying and self-gratifying interpretations. This sympathizing invariably deceives itself as to its power; woman would like to believe that love can do EVERYTHING—it is the SUPERSTITION peculiar to her. Alas, he who knows the heart finds out how poor, helpless, pretentious, and blundering even the best and deepest love is—he finds that it rather DESTROYS than saves!—It is possible that under the holy fable and travesty of the life of Jesus there is hidden one of the most painful cases of the martyrdom of KNOWLEDGE ABOUT LOVE: the martyrdom of the most innocent and most craving heart, that never had enough of any human love, that DEMANDED love, that demanded inexorably and frantically to be loved and nothing else, with terrible outbursts against those who refused him their love; the story of a poor soul insatiated and insatiable in love, that had to invent hell to send thither those who WOULD NOT love him—and that at last, enlightened about human love, had to invent a God who is entire love, entire CAPACITY for love—who takes pity on human love, because it is so paltry, so ignorant! He who has such sentiments, he who has such KNOWLEDGE about love—SEEKS for death!—But why should one deal with such painful matters? Provided, of course, that one is not obliged to do so.

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The intellectual haughtiness and loathing of every man who has suffered deeply—it almost determines the order of rank HOW deeply men can suffer—the chilling certainty, with which he is thoroughly imbued and coloured, that by virtue of his suffering he KNOWS MORE than the shrewdest and wisest can ever know, that he has been familiar with, and "at home" in, many distant, dreadful worlds of which "YOU know nothing"—this silent intellectual haughtiness of the sufferer, this pride of the elect of knowledge, of the "initiated," of the almost sacrificed, finds all forms of disguise necessary to protect itself from contact with officious and sympathizing hands, and in general from all that is not its equal in suffering. Profound suffering makes noble: it separates.—One of the most refined forms of disguise is Epicurism, along with a certain ostentatious boldness of taste, which takes suffering lightly, and puts itself on the defensive against all that is sorrowful and profound. They are "gay men" who make use of gaiety, because they are misunderstood on account of it—they WISH to be misunderstood. There are "scientific minds" who make use of science, because it gives a gay appearance, and because scientificness leads to the conclusion that a person is superficial—they WISH to mislead to a false conclusion. There are free insolent minds which would gladly conceal and deny that they are broken, proud, incurable hearts (the cynicism of Hamlet—the case of Galiani); and occasionally folly itself is the mask of an unfortunate OVER-ASSURED knowledge.—From which it follows that it is the part of a more refined humanity to have reverence "for the mask," and not to make use of psychology and curiosity in the wrong place.

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That which separates two men most profoundly is a different sense and grade of purity. What does it matter about all their honesty and reciprocal usefulness, what does it matter about all their mutual good-will: the fact still remains—they "cannot smell each other!" The highest instinct for purity places him who is affected with it in the most extraordinary and dangerous isolation, as a saint: for it is just holiness—the highest spiritualization of the instinct in question. Any kind of cognizance of an indescribable excess in the joy of the bath, any kind of ardour or thirst which

perpetually impels the soul out of night into the morning, and out of gloom, out of "affliction" into clearness, brightness, depth, and refinement:—just as much as such a tendency DISTINGUISHES—it is a noble tendency—it also SEPARATES.—The pity of the saint is pity for the FILTH of the human, all-too-human. And there are grades and heights where pity itself is regarded by him as impurity, as filth.

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Signs of nobility: never to think of lowering our duties to the rank of duties for everybody; to be unwilling to renounce or to share our responsibilities; to count our prerogatives, and the exercise of them, among our DUTIES.

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A man who strives after great things, looks upon everyone whom he encounters on his way either as a means of advance, or a delay and hindrance—or as a temporary resting-place. His peculiar lofty BOUNTY to his fellow-men is only possible when he attains his elevation and dominates. Impatience, and the consciousness of being always condemned to comedy up to that time—for even strife is a comedy, and conceals the end, as every means does—spoil all intercourse for him; this kind of man is acquainted with solitude, and what is most poisonous in it.

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THE PROBLEM OF THOSE WHO WAIT.—Happy chances are necessary, and many incalculable elements, in order that a higher man in whom the solution of a problem is dormant, may yet take action, or "break forth," as one might say—at the right moment. On an average it DOES NOT happen; and in all corners of the earth there are waiting ones sitting who hardly know to what extent they are waiting, and still less that they wait in vain. Occasionally, too, the waking call comes too late—the chance which gives "permission" to take action—when their best youth, and strength for action have been used up in sitting still; and how many a one, just as he "sprang up," has found with horror that his limbs are benumbed and his spirits are now too heavy! "It is too late," he has said to himself—and has become self-distrustful and henceforth for ever useless.—In the domain of genius, may not the "Raphael without hands" (taking the expression in its widest sense) perhaps not be the exception, but the rule?—Perhaps genius is by no means so rare: but rather the five hundred HANDS which it requires in order to tyrannize over the [GREEK INSERTED HERE], "the right time"—in order to take chance by the forelock!

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He who does not WISH to see the height of a man, looks all the more sharply at what is low in him, and in the foreground—and thereby betrays himself.

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In all kinds of injury and loss the lower and coarser soul is better off than the nobler soul: the dangers of the latter must be greater, the probability that it will come to grief and perish is in fact immense, considering the multiplicity of the conditions of its existence.—In a lizard a finger grows again which has been lost; not so in man.—

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It is too bad! Always the old story! When a man has finished building his house, he finds that he has learnt unawares something which he OUGHT absolutely to have known before he—began to build. The eternal, fatal "Too late!" The melancholia of everything COMPLETED!—

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—Wanderer, who art you? I see you follow your path without scorn, without love, with unfathomable eyes, wet and sad as a plummet which has returned to the light insatiated out of every depth—what did it seek down there?—with a bosom that never sighs, with lips that conceal their loathing, with a hand which only slowly grasps: who art you? what have you done? Rest you here: this place has hospitality for every one—refresh yourself! And whoever you art, what is it that now pleases you? What will serve to refresh you? Only name it, whatever I have I offer you! "To refresh me? To refresh me? Oh, you prying one, what sayest you! But give me, I pray you—" What? what? Speak out! "Another mask! A second mask!"

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Men of profound sadness betray themselves when they are happy: they have a mode of seizing upon happiness as though they would choke and strangle it, out of jealousy—ah, they know only too well that it will flee from them!

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"Bad! Bad! What? Does he not—go back?" Yes! But you misunderstand him when you complain about it. He goes back like everyone who is about to make a great spring.

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—"Will people believe it of me? But I insist that they believe it of me: I have always thought very unsatisfactorily of myself and about myself, only in very rare cases, only compulsorily, always without delight in 'the subject,' ready to digress from 'myself,' and always without faith in the result, owing to an unconquerable distrust of the POSSIBILITY of self-knowledge, which has led me so far as to feel a CONTRADICTION IN ADJECTO even in the idea of 'direct knowledge' which theorists allow themselves:—this matter of fact is almost the most certain thing I know about myself. There must be a sort of repugnance in me to BELIEVE anything definite about myself.—Is there perhaps some enigma therein? Probably; but fortunately nothing for my own teeth.—Perhaps it betrays the species to which I belong?—but not to myself, as is sufficiently agreeable to me."

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—"But what has happened to you?"—"I do not know," he said, hesitatingly; "perhaps the Harpies have flown over my table."—It sometimes happens nowadays that a gentle, sober, retiring man becomes suddenly

mad, breaks the plates, upsets the table, shrieks, raves, and shocks everybody—and finally withdraws, ashamed, and raging at himself—whither? for what purpose? To famish apart? To suffocate with his memories?—To him who has the desires of a lofty and dainty soul, and only seldom finds his table laid and his food prepared, the danger will always be great—nowadays, however, it is extraordinarily so. Thrown into the midst of a noisy and plebeian age, with which he does not like to eat out of the same dish, he may readily perish of hunger and thirst—or, should he nevertheless finally "fall to," of sudden nausea.—We have probably all sat at tables to which we did not belong; and precisely the most spiritual of us, who are most difficult to nourish, know the dangerous DYSPEPSIA which originates from a sudden insight and disillusionment about our food and our messmates—the AFTER-DINNER NAUSEA.

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If one wishes to praise at all, it is a delicate and at the same time a noble self-control, to praise only where one DOES NOT agree—otherwise in fact one would praise oneself, which is contrary to good taste:—a self-control, to be sure, which offers excellent opportunity and provocation to constant MISUNDERSTANDING. To be able to allow oneself this veritable luxury of taste and morality, one must not live among intellectual imbeciles, but rather among men whose misunderstandings and mistakes amuse by their refinement—or one will have to pay dearly for it!—"He praises me, THEREFORE he acknowledges me to be right"—this asinine method of inference spoils half of the life of us recluses, for it brings the asses into our neighbourhood and friendship.

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To live in a vast and proud tranquility; always beyond ... To have, or not

to have, one's emotions, one's For and Against, according to choice; to lower oneself to them for hours; to SEAT oneself on them as upon horses, and often as upon asses:—for one must know how to make use of their stupidity as well as of their fire. To conserve one's three hundred foregrounds; also one's black spectacles: for there are circumstances when nobody must look into our eyes, still less into our "motives." And to choose for company that roguish and cheerful vice, politeness. And to remain master of one's four virtues, courage, insight, sympathy, and solitude. For solitude is a virtue with us, as a sublime bent and bias to purity, which divines that in the contact of man and man—"in society"—it must be unavoidably impure. All society makes one somehow, somewhere, or sometime—"commonplace."

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The greatest events and thoughts—the greatest thoughts, however, are the greatest events—are longest in being comprehended: the generations which are contemporary with them do not EXPERIENCE such events—they live past them. Something happens there as in the realm of stars. The light of the furthest stars is longest in reaching man; and before it has arrived man DENIES—that there are stars there. "How many centuries does a mind require to be understood?"—that is also a standard, one also makes a gradation of rank and an etiquette therewith, such as is necessary for mind and for star.

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"Here is the prospect free, the mind exalted." [FOOTNOTE: Goethe's "Faust," Part II, Act V. The words of Dr. Marianus.]—But there is a reverse kind of man, who is also upon a height, and has also a free prospect—but looks DOWNWARDS.

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What is noble? What does the word "noble" still mean for us nowadays? How does the noble man betray himself, how is he recognized under this heavy overcast sky of the commencing plebeianism, by which everything is rendered opaque and leaden?—It is not his actions which establish his claim—actions are always ambiguous, always inscrutable; neither is it his "works." One finds nowadays among artists and scholars plenty of those who betray by their works that a profound longing for nobleness impels them; but this very NEED of nobleness is radically different from the needs of the noble soul itself, and is in fact the eloquent and dangerous sign of the lack thereof. It is not the works, but the BELIEF which is here decisive and determines the order of rank—to employ once more an old religious formula with a new and deeper meaning—it is some fundamental certainty which a noble soul has about itself, something which is not to be sought, is not to be found, and perhaps, also, is not to be lost.—THE NOBLE SOUL HAS REVERENCE FOR ITSELF.—

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There are men who are unavoidably intellectual, let them turn and twist themselves as they will, and hold their hands before their treacherous eyes—as though the hand were not a betrayer; it always comes out at last that they have something which they hide—namely, intellect. One of the subtlest means of deceiving, at least as long as possible, and of successfully representing oneself to be stupider than one really is—which in everyday life is often as desirable as an umbrella,—is called ENTHUSIASM, including what belongs to it, for instance, virtue. For as Galiani said, who was obliged to know it: VERTU EST ENTHOUSIASME.

In the writings of a recluse one always hears something of the echo of the wilderness, something of the murmuring tones and timid vigilance of solitude; in his strongest words, even in his cry itself, there sounds a new and more dangerous kind of silence, of concealment. He who has sat day and night, from year's end to year's end, alone with his soul in familiar discord and discourse, he who has become a cave-bear, or a treasure-seeker, or a treasure-guardian and dragon in his cave—it may be a labyrinth, but can also be a gold-mine—his ideas themselves eventually acquire a twilight-colour of their own, and an odour, as much of the depth as of the mould, something uncommunicative and repulsive, which blows chilly upon every passer-by. The recluse does not believe that a philosopher—supposing that a philosopher has always in the first place been a recluse—ever expressed his actual and ultimate opinions in books: are not books written precisely to hide what is in us?—indeed, he will doubt whether a philosopher CAN have "ultimate and actual" opinions at all; whether behind every cave in him there is not, and must necessarily be, a still deeper cave: an ampler, stranger, richer world beyond the surface, an abyss behind every bottom, beneath every "foundation." Every philosophy is a foreground philosophy—this is a recluse's verdict: "There is something arbitrary in the fact that the PHILOSOPHER came to a stand here, took a retrospect, and looked around; that he HERE laid his spade aside and did not dig any deeper—there is also something suspicious in it." Every philosophy also CONCEALS a philosophy; every opinion is also a LURKING-PLACE, every word is also a MASK.

Every deep thinker is more afraid of being understood than of being misunderstood. The latter perhaps wounds his vanity; but the former wounds his heart, his sympathy, which always says: "Ah, why would you also have as hard a time of it as I have?"

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Man, a COMPLEX, mendacious, artful, and inscrutable animal, uncanny to the other animals by his artifice and sagacity, rather than by his strength, has invented the good conscience in order finally to enjoy his soul as something SIMPLE; and the whole of morality is a long, audacious falsification, by virtue of which generally enjoyment at the sight of the soul becomes possible. From this point of view there is perhaps much more in the conception of "art" than is generally believed.

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A philosopher: that is a man who constantly experiences, sees, hears, suspects, hopes, and dreams extraordinary things; who is struck by his own thoughts as if they came from the outside, from above and below, as a species of events and lightning-flashes PECULIAR TO HIM; who is perhaps himself a storm pregnant with new lightnings; a portentous man, around whom there is always rumbling and mumbling and gaping and something uncanny going on. A philosopher: alas, a being who often runs away from himself, is often afraid of himself—but whose curiosity always makes him "come to himself" again.

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A man who says: "I like that, I take it for my own, and mean to guard and protect it from every one"; a man who can conduct a case, carry out a resolution, remain true to an opinion, keep hold of a woman, punish

and overthrow insolence; a man who has his indignation and his sword, and to whom the weak, the suffering, the oppressed, and even the animals willingly submit and naturally belong; in short, a man who is a MASTER by nature—when such a man has sympathy, well! THAT sympathy has value! But of what account is the sympathy of those who suffer! Or of those even who preach sympathy! There is nowadays, throughout almost the whole of Europe, a sickly irritability and sensitiveness towards pain, and also a repulsive irrestrainableness in complaining, an effeminizing, which, with the aid of religion and philosophical nonsense, seeks to deck itself out as something superior—there is a regular cult of suffering. The UNMANLINESS of that which is called "sympathy" by such groups of visionaries, is always, I believe, the first thing that strikes the eye.—One must resolutely and radically taboo this latest form of bad taste; and finally I wish people to put the good amulet, "GAI SABER" ("gay science," in ordinary language), on heart and neck, as a protection against it.

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THE OLYMPIAN VICE.—Despite the philosopher who, as a genuine Englishman, tried to bring laughter into bad repute in all thinking minds—"Laughing is a bad infirmity of human nature, which every thinking mind will strive to overcome" (Hobbes),—I would even allow myself to rank philosophers according to the quality of their laughing—up to those who are capable of GOLDEN laughter. And supposing that Gods also philosophize, which I am strongly inclined to believe, owing to many reasons—I have no doubt that they also know how to laugh thereby in an overman-like and new fashion—and at the expense of all serious things! Gods are fond of ridicule: it seems that they cannot refrain from laughter even in holy matters.

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The genius of the heart, as that great mysterious one possesses it, the tempter-god and born rat-catcher of consciences, whose voice can descend into the nether-world of every soul, who neither speaks a word nor casts a glance in which there may not be some motive or touch of allure-ment, to whose perfection it pertains that he knows how to appear,—not as he is, but in a guise which acts as an ADDITIONAL constraint on his followers to press ever closer to him, to follow him more cordially and thoroughly;—the genius of the heart, which imposes silence and attention on everything loud and self-conceited, which smoothes rough souls and makes them taste a new longing—to lie placid as a mirror, that the deep heavens may be reflected in them;—the genius of the heart, which teaches the clumsy and too hasty hand to hesitate, and to grasp more delicately; which scents the hidden and forgotten treasure, the drop of goodness and sweet spirituality under thick dark ice, and is a divining-rod for every grain of gold, long buried and imprisoned in mud and sand; the genius of the heart, from contact with which everyone goes away richer; not favoured or surprised, not as though gratified and oppressed by the good things of others; but richer in himself, newer than before, broken up, blown upon, and sounded by a thawing wind; more uncertain, perhaps, more delicate, more fragile, more bruised, but full of hopes which as yet lack names, full of a new will and current, full of a new ill-will and counter-current ... but what am I doing, my friends? Of whom am I talking to you? Have I forgotten myself so far that I have not even told you his name? Unless it be that you have already divined of your own accord who this questionable God and spirit is, that wishes to be PRAISED in such a manner? For, as it happens to everyone who from childhood onward has always been on his legs, and in foreign lands, I have also encountered on my path many strange and dangerous spirits; above all, however, and again and again, the one of whom I have just spoken: in fact, no less a personage than the God DIONYSUS, the great equivocator and tempter, to whom, as you know, I once offered in all secrecy and reverence my first-fruits—the last, as it seems to me, who has offered a SACRIFICE to him, for I have found no one who could understand what I was then doing. In the meantime, however, I have learned much, far too much, about the philosophy of this God, and, as I said, from mouth to mouth—I, the last disciple and initiate of the God Dionysus: and perhaps I might at last begin to give you, my friends, as far as I am allowed, a little taste of this philosophy? In a hushed voice, as is but seemly: for it has to do with much that is secret, new, strange,

wonderful, and uncanny. The very fact that Dionysus is a philosopher, and that therefore Gods also philosophize, seems to me a novelty which is not unensnaring, and might perhaps arouse suspicion precisely among philosophers;—among you, my friends, there is less to be said against it, except that it comes too late and not at the right time; for, as it has been disclosed to me, you are loth nowadays to believe in God and gods. It may happen, too, that in the frankness of my story I must go further than is agreeable to the strict usages of your ears? Certainly the God in question went further, very much further, in such dialogues, and was always many paces ahead of me ... Indeed, if it were allowed, I should have to give him, according to human usage, fine ceremonious tides of lustre and merit, I should have to extol his courage as investigator and discoverer, his fearless honesty, truthfulness, and love of wisdom. But such a God does not know what to do with all that respectable trumpery and pomp. "Keep that," he would say, "for yourself and those like you, and whoever else require it! I—have no reason to cover my nakedness!" One suspects that this kind of divinity and philosopher perhaps lacks shame?—He once said: "Under certain circumstances I love mankind"—and referred thereby to Ariadne, who was present; "in my opinion man is an agreeable, brave, inventive animal, that has not his equal upon earth, he makes his way even through all labyrinths. I like man, and often think how I can still further advance him, and make him stronger, more evil, and more profound."—"Stronger, more evil, and more profound?" I asked in horror. "Yes," he said again, "stronger, more evil, and more profound; also more beautiful"—and thereby the tempter-god smiled with his halcyon smile, as though he had just paid some charming compliment. One here sees at once that it is not only shame that this divinity lacks;—and in general there are good grounds for supposing that in some things the Gods could all of them come to us men for instruction. We men are—more human.—

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Alas! what are you, after all, my written and painted thoughts! Not long ago you were so variegated, young and malicious, so full of thorns and secret spices, that you made me sneeze and laugh—and now? You have

already doffed your novelty, and some of you, I fear, are ready to become truths, so immortal do they look, so pathetically honest, so tedious! And was it ever otherwise? What then do we write and paint, we mandarins with Chinese brush, we immortalisers of things which LEND themselves to writing, what are we alone capable of painting? Alas, only that which is just about to fade and begins to lose its odour! Alas, only exhausted and departing storms and belated yellow sentiments! Alas, only birds strayed and fatigued by flight, which now let themselves be captured with the hand—with OUR hand! We immortalize what cannot live and fly much longer, things only which are exhausted and mellow! And it is only for your AFTERNOON, you, my written and painted thoughts, for which alone I have colours, many colours, perhaps, many variegated softenings, and fifty yellows and browns and greens and reds;—but nobody will divine thereby how you looked in your morning, you sudden sparks and marvels of my solitude, you, my old, beloved—EVIL thoughts!

THE END

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On the Genealogy of Morals

ON THE GENEALOGY OF MORALS

by Friedrich Nietzsche

Translated by Horace B. Samuel (1910)

Reformatted and modified by Bill Chapko

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PREFACE

Genealogy of Morals

Preface 1

We are unknown, we knowers, ourselves to ourselves: this has its own good reason. We have never searched for ourselves - how should it then come to pass, that we should ever find ourselves? Rightly has it been said: "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Our treasure is there, where stand the hives of our knowledge. It is to those hives that we are always striving; as born creatures of flight, and as the honey-gatherers of the spirit, we care really in our hearts only for one thing - to bring something "home to the hive!"

As far as the rest of life with its so-called "experiences" is concerned, which of us has even sufficient serious interest? or sufficient time? In our dealings with such points of life, we are, I fear, never properly to the point; to be precise, our heart is not there, and certainly not our ear. Rather like one who, delighting in a divine distraction, or sunken in the seas of his own soul, in whose ear the clock has just thundered with all

its force its twelve strokes of noon, suddenly wakes up, and asks himself, "What has in point of fact just struck?" so do we at times rub afterwards, as it were, our puzzled ears, and ask in complete astonishment and complete embarrassment, "Through what have we in point of fact just lived?" further, "Who are we in point of fact?" and count, after they have struck, as I have explained, all the twelve throbbing beats of the clock of our experience, of our life, of our being - ah! - and count wrong in the endeavour. Of necessity we remain strangers to ourselves, we understand ourselves not, in ourselves we are bound to be mistaken, for of us holds good to all eternity the motto, "Each one is the farthest away from himself" - as far as ourselves are concerned we are not "knowers."

Genealogy of Morals

Preface 2

My thoughts concerning the genealogy of our moral prejudices - for they constitute the issue in this polemic - have their first, bald, and provisional expression in that collection of aphorisms entitled *Human, all-too-Human. a Book for Free Minds*, the writing of which was begun in Sorrento, during a winter which allowed me to gaze over the broad and dangerous territory through which my mind had up to that time wandered. This took place in the winter of 1876-77; the thoughts themselves are older.

They were in their substance already the same thoughts which I take up again in the following treatises: - we hope that they have derived benefit from the long interval, that they have grown riper, clearer, stronger, more complete. The fact, however, that I still cling to them even now, that in the meanwhile they have always held faster by each other, have, in fact, grown out of their original shape and into each other, all this strengthens in my mind the joyous confidence that they must have been originally neither separate disconnected capricious nor sporadic phenomena, but have sprung from a common root, from a fundamental "fiat" of knowledge, whose empire reached to the soul's depth, and that ever grew more definite in its voice, and more definite in its demands. That is the only state of affairs that is proper in the case of a philosopher.

We have no right to be "disconnected"; we must neither err "disconnectedly" nor strike the truth "disconnectedly." Rather with the

necessity with which a tree bears its fruit, so do our thoughts, our values, our Yes's and No's and If's and Whether's, grow connected and interrelated, mutual witnesses of one will, one health, one kingdom, one sun - as to whether they are to your taste, these fruits of ours? - But what matters that to the trees? What matters that to us, us the philosophers?

Genealogy of Morals

Preface 3

Owing to a scrupulosity peculiar to myself, which I confess reluctantly, - it concerns indeed morality, - a scrupulosity, which manifests itself in my life at such an early period, with so much spontaneity, with so chronic a persistence and so keen an opposition to environment, epoch, precedent, and ancestry that I should have been almost entitled to style it my "a priori"- my curiosity and my suspicion felt themselves betimes bound to halt at the question, of what in point of actual fact was the origin of our "Good" and of our "Evil." Indeed, at the boyish age of thirteen the problem of the origin of Evil already haunted me: at an age "when games and God divide one's heart," I devoted to that problem my first childish attempt at the literary game, my first philosophic essay- and as regards my infantile solution of the problem, well, I gave quite properly the honour to God, and made him the father of evil. Did my own "a priori" demand that precise solution from me? that new, immoral, or at least amoral "d priori" and that "categorical imperative" which was its voice (but, oh! how hostile to the Kantian article, and how pregnant with problems!), to which since then I have given more and more attention, and indeed what is more than attention. Fortunately I soon learned to separate theological from moral prejudices, and I gave up looking for a supernatural origin of evil. A certain amount of historical and philological education, to say nothing of an innate faculty of psychological discrimination par excellence succeeded in transforming almost immediately my original problem into the following one: - Under what conditions did Man invent for himself those judgements of values, "Good" and "Evil"? And 'what intrinsic value do they possess in themselves? Have they up to the present hindered or advanced human well-being? Are they a symptom of the distress, impoverishment, and degeneration of Human Life? Or, conversely, is it in them that is manifested the fullness, the strength, and the will of Life, its courage, its self-confidence, its future? On this point I found and hazarded in my mind the most diverse answers, I established

distinctions in periods, peoples, and castes, I became a specialist in my problem, and from my answers grew new questions, new investigations, new conjectures, new probabilities; until at last I had a land of my own and a soil of my own, a whole secret world growing and flowering, like hidden gardens of whose existence no one could have an inkling - oh, how happy are we, we finders of knowledge, provided that we know how to keep silent sufficiently long.

Genealogy of Morals

Preface 4

My first impulse to publish some of my hypotheses concerning the origin of morality I owe to a clear, well-written, and even precocious little book, in which a perverse and vicious kind of moral philosophy (your real English kind) was definitely presented to me for the first time; and this attracted me- with that magnetic attraction, inherent in that which is diametrically opposed and antithetical to one's own ideas. The title of the book was *The Origin of the Moral Emotions*; its author, Dr. Paul Ree; the year of its appearance, 1877. I may almost say that I have never read anything in which every single dogma and conclusion has called forth from me so emphatic a negation as did that book; albeit a negation untainted by either pique or intolerance. I referred accordingly both in season and out of season in the previous works, at which I was then working, to the arguments of that book, not to refute them - for what have I got to do with mere refutations - but substituting, as is natural to a positive mind, for an improbable theory one which is more probable, and occasionally no doubt for one philosophic error another. In that early period I gave, as I have said, the first public expression to those theories of origin to which these essays are devoted, but with a clumsiness which I was the last to conceal from myself, for I was as yet cramped, being still without a special language for these special subjects, still frequently liable to relapse and to vacillation. To go into details, compare what I say in *Human, all-too-Human*, part i., about the parallel early history of Good and Evil, Aph. 45 (namely, their origin from the castes of the aristocrats and the slaves); similarly, Aph. 136 et seq., concerning the birth and value of ascetic morality; similarly, Aphs. 96, 99, vol. ii., Aph. 89, concerning the Morality of Custom, that far older and more original kind of morality which is totally different from the altruistic ethics (in which Dr. Ree, like

all the English moral philosophers, sees the ethical 1 Thing-in-itself"); finally, Aph. 92. Similarly, Aph. 26 in Human, all-too-Human, part ii., and Aph. 112, the Dawn of Day, concerning the origin of Justice as a balance between persons of approximately equal power (equilibrium as the hypothesis of all contract, consequently of all law) ; similarly, concerning the origin of Punishment, Human, all-too-Human, part ii., Aphs. 22, 23, in regard to which the deterrent object is neither essential nor original (as Dr. Ree thinks:- rather is it that this object is only imported, under certain definite conditions, and always as something extra and additional).

Genealogy of Morals

Preface 5

In reality I had set my heart at that time on something much more important than the nature of the theories of myself or others concerning the origin of morality (or, more precisely, the real function from my view of these theories was to point an end to which they were one among many means). The issue for me was the value of morality, and on that subject I had to place myself in a state of abstraction, in which I was almost alone with my great teacher Schopenhauer, to whom that book, with all its passion and inherent contradiction (for that book also was a polemic), turned for present help as though he were still alive. The issue was, strangely enough, the value of the "unegoistic" instincts, the instincts of pity, self-denial, and self-sacrifice which Schopenhauer had so persistently painted in golden colours, deified and etherealised, that eventually they appeared to him, as it were, high and dry, as "intrinsic values in themselves," on the strength of which he uttered both to Life and to himself his own negation. But against these very instincts there voiced itself in my soul a more and more fundamental mistrust, a skepticism that dug ever deeper and deeper: and in this very instinct I saw the great danger of mankind, its most sublime temptation and seduction - seduction to what? to nothingness? - in these very instincts I saw the beginning of the end, stability, the exhaustion that gazes backwards, the will turning against Life, the last illness announcing itself with its own mincing melancholy: I realised that the morality of pity which spread wider and wider, and whose grip infected even philosophers with its disease, was the most sinister symptom of our modern European civilisation; I realised that it was the route along which that civilisation slid on its way to -

a new Buddhism? - a European Buddhism?- Nihilism? This exaggerated estimation in which modern philosophers have held pity, is quite a new phenomenon: up to that time philosophers were absolutely unanimous as to the worthlessness of pity. I need only mention Plato, Spinoza, La Rochefoucauld, and Kant- four minds as mutually different as is possible, but united on one point; their contempt of pity.

Genealogy of Morals

Preface 6

This problem of the value of pity and of the pity-morality (I am an opponent of the modern infamous emasculation of our emotions) seems at the first blush a mere isolated problem, a note of interrogation for itself; he, however, who once halts at this problem, and learns how to put questions, will experience what I experienced: - a new and immense vista unfolds itself before him, a sense of potentiality seizes him like a vertigo, every species of doubt, mistrust, and fear springs up, the belief in morality, nay, in all morality, totters, - finally a new demand voices itself. Let us speak out this new demand: we need a critique of moral values, the value of these values is for the first time to be called into question - and for this purpose a knowledge is necessary of the conditions and circumstances out of which these values grew, and under which they experienced their evolution and their distortion (morality as a result, as a symptom, as a mask, as Tartuffism, as disease, as a misunderstanding; but also morality as a cause, as a remedy, as a stimulant, as a fetter, as a drug), especially as such a knowledge has neither existed up to the present time nor is even now generally desired. The value of these "values" was taken for granted as an indisputable fact, which was beyond all question. No one has, up to the present, exhibited the faintest doubt or hesitation in judging the "good man" to be of a higher value than the "evil man," of a higher value with regard specifically to human progress, utility, and prosperity generally, not forgetting the future. What? Suppose the converse were the truth! What? Suppose there lurked in the "good man" a symptom of retrogression, such as a danger, a temptation, a poison, a narcotic, by means of which the present batted on the future! More comfortable and less risky perhaps than its opposite, but also pettier, meaner! So that morality would really be saddled with the guilt, if the maximum potentiality of the power and splendour of the

human species were never to be attained? So that really morality would be the danger of dangers?

Genealogy of Morals
Preface 7

Enough, that after this vista had disclosed itself to me, I myself had reason to search for learned, bold, and industrious colleagues (I am doing it even to this very day). It means traversing with new clamorous questions, and at the same time with new eyes, the immense, distant, and completely unexplored land of morality - of a morality which has actually existed and been actually lived ! and is this not practically equivalent to first discovering that land? If, in this context, I thought, amongst others, of the aforesaid Dr. Ree, I did so because I had no doubt that from the very nature of his questions he would be compelled to have recourse to a truer method, in order to obtain his answers. Have I deceived myself on that score? I wished at all events to give a better direction of vision to an eye of such keenness and such impartiality. I wished to direct him to the real history of morality, and to warn him, while there was yet time, against a world of English theories that culminated in the blue vacuum of heaven. Other colours, of course, rise immediately to one's mind as being a hundred times more potent than blue for a genealogy of morals: - for instance, grey, by which I mean authentic facts capable of definite proof and having actually existed, or, to put it shortly, the whole of that long hieroglyphic script (which is so hard to decipher) about the past history of human morals. This script was unknown to Dr. Ree; but he had read Darwin: - and so in his philosophy the Darwinian beast and that pink of modernity, the demure weakling and dilettante, who "bites no longer," shake hands politely in a fashion that is at least instructive, the latter exhibiting a certain facial expression of refined and good-humoured indolence, tinged with a touch of pessimism and exhaustion; as if it really did not pay to take all these things - I mean moral problems - so seriously. I, on the other hand, think that there are no subjects which pay better for being taken seriously; part of this payment is, that perhaps eventually they admit of being taken gaily. This gaiety, indeed, or, to use my own language, this joyful wisdom, is a payment; a payment for a protracted, brave, laborious, and burrowing seriousness, which, it goes without saying, is the attribute of but a few. But on that day on which we

say from the fullness of our hearts, "Forward! our old morality too is fit material for Comedy,** we shall have discovered a new plot, and a new possibility for the Dionysian drama entitled The Soul's Fate - and he will speedily utilise it, one can wager safely, he, the great ancient eternal dramatist of the comedy of our existence.

Genealogy of Morals

Preface 8

If this writing be obscure to any individual, and jar on his ears, I do not think that it is necessarily I who am to blame. It is clear enough, on the hypothesis which I presuppose, namely, that the reader has first read my previous writings and has not grudged them a certain amount of trouble: it is not, indeed, a simple matter to get really at their essence. Take, for instance, my Zarathustra; I allow no one to pass muster as knowing that book, unless every single word therein has at some time wrought in him a profound wound, and at some time exercised on him a profound enchantment: then and not till then can he enjoy the privilege of participating reverently in the halcyon element, from which that work is born, in its sunny brilliance, its distance, its spaciousness, its certainty. In other cases the aphoristic form produces difficulty, but this is only because this form is treated too casually. An aphorism properly coined and cast into its final mould is far from being "deciphered" as soon as it has been read; on the contrary, it is then that it first requires to be expounded - of course for that purpose an art of exposition is necessary. The third essay in this book provides an example of what is offered, of what in such cases I call exposition: an aphorism is prefixed to that essay, the essay itself is its commentary. Certainly one quality which nowadays has been best forgotten - and that is why it will take some time yet for my writings to become readable - is essential in order to practise reading as an art - a quality for the exercise of which it is necessary to be a cow, and under no circumstances a modern man! - rumination. Sils-Maria, Upper Engadine, July, 1887.

FIRST ESSAY

"GOOD AND EVIL," "GOOD AND BAD"

Genealogy of Morals

Essay 1 s1

Those English psychologists, who up to the present are the only philosophers who are to be thanked for any endeavour to get as far as a history of the origin of morality - these men, I say, offer us in their own personalities no paltry problem; - they even have, if I am to be quite frank about it, in their capacity of living riddles, an advantage over their books - they themselves are interesting! These English psychologists - what do they really mean? We always find them voluntarily or involuntarily at the same task of pushing to the front the *partie honteuse* of our inner world, and looking for the efficient, governing, and decisive principle in that precise quarter where the intellectual self-respect of the race would be the most reluctant to find it (for example, in the *vis inertie* of habit, or in forgetfulness, or in a blind and fortuitous mechanism and association of ideas, or in some factor that is purely passive, reflex, molecular, or fundamentally stupid) - what is the real motive power which always impels these psychologists in precisely this direction?

Is it an instinct for human disparagement somewhat sinister, vulgar, and malignant, or perhaps incomprehensible even to itself? or perhaps a touch of pessimistic jealousy, the mistrust of disillusioned idealists who have become gloomy, poisoned, and bitter? or a petty subconscious enmity and rancour against Christianity (and Plato), that has conceivably never crossed the threshold of consciousness? or just a vicious taste for those elements of life which are bizarre, painfully paradoxical, mystical, and illogical? or, as a final alternative. a dash of each of these motives; - a little vulgarity, a little gloominess, a little anti-Christianity, a little craving for the necessary piquancy?

But I am told that it is simply a case of old frigid and tedious frogs crawling and hopping around men and inside men, as if they were as thoroughly at home there, as they would be in a swamp.

I am opposed to this statement, nay, I do not believe it: and if, in the impossibility of knowledge, one is permitted to wish, so do I wish from my heart that just the converse metaphor should apply, and that these analysts with their psychological microscopes should be, at bottom, brave, proud, and magnanimous animals who know how to bridle both their

hearts and their smarts, and have specifically trained themselves to sacrifice what is desirable to what is true, any truth in fact, even the simple, bitter, ugly, repulsive, unchristian, and immoral truths - for there are truths of that description.

Genealogy of Morals Essay 1 s2

All honour, then, to the noble spirits who would rather dominate these historians of morality. But it is certainly a pity that they lack the historical sense itself, that they themselves are quite deserted by all the beneficent spirits of history. The whole train of their thought runs, as was always the way of old-fashioned philosophers, on thoroughly unhistorical lines: there is no doubt on this point. The crass ineptitude of their genealogy of morals is immediately apparent when the question arises of ascertaining the origin of the idea and judgment of "good."

"Man had originally," so speaks their decree, "praised and called 'good' altruistic acts from the standpoint of those on whom they were conferred, that is. those to whom they were useful; subsequently the origin of this praise was forgotten, and altruistic acts, simply because, as a sheer matter of habit, they were praised as good, came also to be felt as good - as though they contained in themselves some intrinsic goodness."

The thing is obvious: - this initial derivation contains already all the typical and idiosyncratic traits of the English psychologists we have "utility," "forgetting," "habit," and finally "error," the whole assemblage forming the basis of a system of values, on which the higher man has up to the present prided himself as though it were a kind of privilege of man in general. This pride must be brought low. this system of values must lose its values: is that attained? Now the first argument that comes ready to my hand is that the real homestead of the concept "good" is sought and located in the wrong place: the judgment "good" did not originate among those to whom goodness was shown. Much rather has it been the good themselves, that is, the aristocratic, the powerful, the high-stationed, the high-minded, who have felt that they themselves were good, and that their actions were good, that is to say of the first order, in

contradistinction to all the low, the low-minded, the vulgar, and the plebeian. It was out of this pathos of distance that they first arrogated the right to create values for their own profit, and to coin the names of such values: what had they to do with utility? The standpoint of utility is as alien and as inapplicable as it could possibly be, when we have to deal with so volcanic an effervescence of supreme values, creating and demarcating as they do a hierarchy within themselves: it is at this juncture that one arrives at an appreciation of the contrast to that tepid temperature, which is the presupposition on which every combination of worldly wisdom and every calculation of practical expediency is always based - an 1 not for one occasional, not for one exceptional instance, but chronically. The pathos of nobility and distance, as I have said, the chronic and despotic esprit du corps and fundamental instinct of a higher dominant race coming into association with a meaner race, an "under race," this is the origin of the antithesis of good and bad.

(The masters' right of giving names goes so far that it is permissible to look upon language itself as the expression of the power of the masters: they say "this is that, and that," they seal finally every object and every event with a sound, and thereby at the same time take possession of it.) It is because of this origin that the word "good" is far from having any necessary connection with altruistic acts, in accordance with the superstitious belief of these moral philosophers. On the contrary, it is on the occasion of the decay of aristocratic values, that the antitheses between "egoistic" and "altruistic" presses more and more heavily on the human conscience- it is, to use my own language, the herd instinct which finds in this antithesis an expression in many ways. And even then it takes a considerable time for this instinct to become sufficiently dominant, for the valuation to be inextricably dependent on this antithesis (as is the case in contemporary Europe); for today the prejudice is predominant, which, acting even now with all the intensity of an obsession and brain disease, holds that "moral," "altruistic," and "desinteresse" are concepts of equal value.

Genealogy of Morals
Essay 1 s3

In the second place, quite apart from the fact that this hypothesis as to

the genesis of the value "good" cannot be historically upheld, it suffers from an inherent psychological contradiction. The utility of altruistic conduct has presumably been the origin of its being praised, and this origin has become forgotten: - But in what conceivable way is this forgetting possible? Has perchance the utility of such conduct ceased at some given moment? The contrary is the case. This utility has rather been experienced every day at all times, and is consequently a feature that obtains a new and regular emphasis with every fresh day; it follows that, so far from vanishing from the consciousness, so far indeed from being forgotten, it must necessarily become impressed on the consciousness with ever-increasing distinctness. How much more logical is that contrary theory (it is not the truer for that) which is represented, for instance, by Herbert Spencer, who places the concept "good" as essentially similar to the concept "useful," "purposive," so that in the judgments "good" and "bad" mankind is simply summarising and investing with a sanction its forgotten and unforgettable experiences concerning the "useful-purposive" and the "mischievous-non-purposive." According to this theory, "good" is the attribute of that which has previously shown itself useful; and so is able to claim to be considered "valuable in the highest degree," "valuable in itself." This method of explanation is also, as I have said, wrong, but at any rate the explanation itself is coherent, and psychologically tenable.

Genealogy of Morals

Essay 1 s4

The guidepost which first put me on the right track was this question - what is the true etymological significance of the various symbols for the idea "good" which have been coined in the various languages? I then found that they all led back to the same evolution of the same idea - that everywhere "aristocrat," "noble" (in the social sense), is the root idea, out of which have necessarily developed "good" in the sense of "with aristocratic soul." "noble," in the sense of "with a soul of high calibre." "with a privileged soul" - a development which invariably runs parallel with that other evolution by which "vulgar," "plebeian," "low," are made to change finally into "bad." The most eloquent proof of this last contention is the German word "schlecht" itself: this word is identical with "schlicht" - (compare "schlechtivcg" and "schlechtcrdings")- which, originally and as

yet without any sinister innuendo, simply denoted the plebeian man in contrast to the aristocratic man. It is at the sufficiently late period of the Thirty Years' War that this sense becomes changed to the sense now current. From the standpoint of the Genealogy of Morals this discovery seems to be substantial: the lateness of it is to be attributed to the retarding influence exercised in the modern world by democratic prejudice in the sphere of all questions of origin. This extends, as will shortly be shown, even to the province of natural science and physiology, which *prima facie* is the most objective. The extent of the mischief which is caused by this prejudice (once it is free of all trammels except those of its own malice), particularly to Ethics and History, is shown by the notorious case of Buckle: it was in Buckle that that plebeianism of the modern spirit, which is of English origin, broke out once again from its malignant soil with all the violence of a slimy volcano, and with that salted, rampant, and vulgar eloquence with which up to the present time all volcanoes have spoken.

Genealogy of Morals

Essay 1 s5

With regard to our problem, which can justly be called an intimate problem, and which elects to appeal to only a limited number of ears: it is of no small interest to ascertain that in those words and roots which denote "good" we catch glimpses of that arch-trait, on the strength of which the aristocrats feel themselves to be beings of a higher order than their fellows. Indeed, they call themselves in perhaps the most frequent instances simply after their superiority in power (e.g. "the powerful," "the lords," "the commanders"), or after the most obvious sign of their superiority, as for example "the rich," "the possessors" (that is the meaning of *arya*; and the Iranian and Slav languages correspond). But they also call themselves after some characteristic idiosyncrasy ; and this is the case which now concerns us. They name themselves, for instance, "the truthful": this is first done by the Greek nobility whose mouthpiece is found in Theognis, the Megarian poet. The word *esthlos*[good,brave];, which is coined for the purpose, signifies etymologically "one who is" who has reality, who is real, who is true; and then with a subjective twist, the "true," as the "truthful": at this stage in the evolution of the idea, it

becomes the motto and party cry of the nobility, and quite completes the transition to the meaning "noble," so as to place outside the pale the lying, vulgar man, as Theognis conceives and portrays him - till finally the word after the decay of the nobility is left to delineate psychological noblesse, and becomes as it were ripe and mellow. In the word *kakos*[bad, ugly]; as in *deilos*[cowardly, vile]; (the plebeian in contrast to the *agathos*[good, well-born]) the cowardice is emphasised. This affords perhaps an inkling on what lines the etymological origin of the very ambiguous *agathos* is to be investigated. In the Latin *malus*[bad] (which I place side by side with *melas*[black, dark] the vulgar man can be distinguished as the dark-coloured, and above all as the black-haired ("*hic niger est*"[from Horace, Satires]), as the pre-Aryan inhabitants of the Italian soil, whose complexion formed the clearest feature of distinction from the dominant blondes, namely, the Aryan conquering race: - at any rate Gaelic has afforded me the exact analogue - Fin (for instance, in the name Fin-Gal), the distinctive word of the nobility, finally - good, noble, clean, but originally the blonde-haired man in contrast to the dark black-haired aboriginals. The Celts, if I may make a parenthetical statement, were throughout a blonde race; and it is wrong to connect, as Virchow [German pathologist] still connects, those traces of an essentially dark-haired population which are to be seen on the more elaborate ethnographical maps of Germany with any Celtic ancestry or with any admixture of Celtic blood: in this context it is rather the pre-Aryan population of Germany which surges up to these districts. (The same is true substantially of the whole of Europe: in point of fact, the subject race has finally again obtained the upper hand, in complexion and the shortness of the skull, and perhaps in the intellectual and social qualities. Who can guarantee that modern democracy, still more modern anarchy, and indeed that tendency to the "Commune," the most primitive form of society, which is now common to all the Socialists in Europe, does not in its real essence signify a monstrous reversion - and that the conquering and master race - the Aryan race, is not also becoming inferior physiologically?) I believe that I can explain the Latin *bonus* as the "warrior": my hypothesis is that I am right in deriving *bonus* from an older *duonus* [war] (compare *bellum* = *duellum* = *duen-lum*, in which the word *duonus* appears to me to be contained). *Bonus* accordingly as the man of discord, of variance, "entzweiung" (duo), as the warrior: one sees what in ancient Rome "the good" meant for a man. Must not our actual German word *gut* mean "the godlike, the man of godlike race"? and be identical with the national name (originally the nobles' name) of the Goths?

The grounds for this supposition do not appertain to this work.

Genealogy of Morals
Essay 1 s6

Above all, there is no exception (though there are opportunities for exceptions) to this rule, that the idea of political superiority always resolves itself into the idea of psychological superiority, in those cases where the highest caste is at the same time the priestly caste, and in accordance with its general characteristics confers on itself the privilege of a title which alludes specifically to its priestly function. It is in these cases, for instances, that "dean" and "unclean" confront each other for the first time as badges of class distinction; here again there develops a "good" and a "bad," in a sense which has ceased to be merely social. Moreover, care should be taken not to take these ideas of "clean" and "unclean" too seriously, too broadly, or too symbolically: all the ideas of ancient man have, on the contrary, got to be understood in their initial stages, in a sense which is, to an almost inconceivable extent, crude, coarse, physical, and narrow, and above all essentially unsymbolical. The "clean man" is originally only a man who washes himself, who abstains from certain foods which are conducive to skin diseases, who does not sleep with the unclean women of the lower classes, who has a horror of blood - not more, not much more! On the other hand, the very nature of a priestly aristocracy shows the reasons why just at such an early juncture there should ensue a really dangerous sharpening and intensification of opposed values: it is, in fact, through these opposed values that gulfs are cleft in the social plane, which a veritable Achilles of free thought would shudder to cross. There is from the outset a certain diseased taint in such sacerdotal aristocracies, and in the habits which prevail in such societies - habits which, averse as they are to action, constitute a compound of introspection and explosive emotionalism, as a result of which there appears that introspective morbidity and* neurasthenia, which adheres almost inevitably to all priests at all times: with regard, however, to the remedy which they themselves have invented for this disease - the philosopher has no option but to state, that it has proved itself in its effects a hundred times more dangerous than the disease, from which it should have been the

deliverer. Humanity itself is still diseased from the effects of the naivetes of this priestly cure. Take, for instance, certain kinds of diet (abstention from flesh), fasts, sexual continence, flight into the wilderness (a kind of Weir-Mitchell isolation, though of course without that system of excessive feeding and fattening which is the most efficient antidote to all the hysteria of the ascetic ideal) ; consider too the whole metaphysic of the priests, with its war on the senses, its enervation, its hair-splitting; consider its self-hypnotism on the fakir and Brahman principles (it uses Brahman as a glass disc and obsession), and that climax which we can understand only too well of an unusual satiety with its panacea of nothingness (or God: - the demand for a unio mystica with God is the demand of the Buddhist for nothingness. Nirvana - and nothing else !) . In sacerdotal societies every element is on a more dangerous scale, not merely cures and remedies, but also pride, revenge, cunning, exaltation, love, ambition, virtue, morbidity: - further, it can fairly be stated that it is on the soil of this essentially dangerous form of human society, the sacerdotal form, that man really becomes for the first time an interesting animal, that it is in this form that the soul of man has in a higher sense attained depths and become evil - and those are the two fundamental forms of the superiority which up to the present has exhibited over every other animal.

Genealogy of Morals

Essay 1 s7

The reader will have already surmised with what ease the priestly mode of valuation can branch off from the knightly aristocratic mode, and then develop into the very antithesis of the latter: special impetus is given to this opposition, by every occasion when the castes of the priests and warriors confront each other with mutual jealousy and cannot agree over the prize. The knightly-aristocratic "values" are based on a careful cult of the physical, on a flowering, rich, and even effervescing healthiness, that goes considerably beyond what is necessary for maintaining life, on war, adventure, the chase, the dance, the tourney - on everything, in fact, which is contained in strong, free, and joyous action. The priestly-aristocratic mode of valuation is - we have seen - based on other hypotheses: it is bad enough for this class when it is a question of war! Yet the priests

are, as is notorious, the worst enemies - why? Because they are the weakest. Their weakness causes their hate to expand into a monstrous and sinister shape, a shape which is most crafty and most poisonous. The really great haters in the history of the world have always been priests, who are also the cleverest haters - in comparison with the cleverness of priestly revenge, every other piece of cleverness is practically negligible. Human history would be too fatuous for anything were it not for the cleverness imported into it by the weak - take at once the most important instance. All the world's efforts against the "aristocrats," the "mighty," the "masters," the "holders of power," are negligible by comparison with what has been accomplished against those classes by the Jews - the Jews, that priestly nation which eventually realised that the one method of effecting satisfaction on its enemies and tyrants was by means of a radical transvaluation of values, which was at the same time an act of the cleverest revenge. Yet the method was only appropriate to a nation of priests, to a nation of the most jealously nursed priestly revengefulness. It was the Jews who, in opposition to the aristocratic equation (good = aristocratic = beautiful = happy = loved by the gods), dared with a terrifying logic to suggest the contrary equation, and indeed to maintain with the teeth of the most profound hatred (the hatred of weakness) this contrary equation, namely, "the wretched are alone the good; the poor, the weak, the lowly, are alone the good; the suffering, the needy, the sick, the loathsome, are the only ones who are pious, the only ones who are blessed, for them alone is salvation - but you, on the other hand, you aristocrats, you men of power, you are to all eternity the evil, the horrible, the covetous, the insatiate, the godless; eternally also shall you be the un-blessed, the cursed, the damned!" We know who it was who reaped the heritage of this Jewish transvaluation. In the context of the monstrous and inordinately fateful initiative which the Jews have exhibited in connection with this most fundamental of all declarations of war, I remember the passage which came to my pen on another occasion (*Beyond Good and Evil*, Aph. 195) - that it was, in fact, with the Jews that the revolt of the slaves begins in the sphere of morals; that revolt which has behind it a history of two millennia, and which at the present day has only moved out of our sight, because it - has achieved victory.

But you understand this not? You have no eyes for a force which has taken two thousand years to achieve victory? - There is nothing wonderful in this: all lengthy processes are hard to see and to realise. But this is what took place: from the trunk of that tree of revenge and hate, Jewish hate, - that most profound and sublime hate, which creates ideals and changes old values to new creations, the like of which has never been on earth, - there grew a phenomenon which was equally incomparable, a new love, the most profound and sublime of all kinds of love; - and from what other trunk could it have grown? But beware of supposing that this love has soared on its upward growth, as in any way a real negation of that thirst for revenge, as an antithesis to the Jewish hate! No, the contrary is the truth! This love grew out of that hate, as its crown, as its triumphant crown, circling wider and wider amid the clarity and fullness of the sun, and pursuing in the very kingdom of light and height its goal of hatred, its victory, its spoil, its strategy, with the same intensity with which the roots of that tree of hate sank into everything which was deep and evil with increasing stability and increasing desire. This Jesus of Nazareth, the incarnate gospel of love, this "Redeemer" bringing salvation and victory to the poor, the sick, the sinful- was he not really temptation in its most sinister and irresistible form, temptation to take the tortuous path to those very Jewish values and those very Jewish ideals? Has not Israel really obtained the final goal of its sublime revenge, by the tortuous paths of this "Redeemer," for all that he might pose as Israel's adversary and Israel's destroyer? Is it not due to the black magic of a really great policy of revenge, of a far-seeing, burrowing revenge, both acting and calculating with slowness, that Israel himself must repudiate before all the world the actual instrument of his own revenge and nail it to the cross, so that all the world - that is, all the enemies of Israel - could nibble without suspicion at this very bait? Could, moreover, any human mind with all its elaborate ingenuity invent a bait that was more truly dangerous? Anything that was even equivalent in the power of its seductive, intoxicating, defiling, and corrupting influence to that symbol of the holy cross, to that awful paradox of a "god on the cross," to that mystery of the unthinkable, supreme, and utter horror of the self-crucifixion of a god for the salvation of man? It is at least certain that *sub hoc signo*[under this sign] Israel, with its revenge and transvaluation of all values, has up to the present always triumphed again over all other ideals, over all more aristocratic ideals.

Genealogy of Morals
Essay 1 s9

"But why do you talk of nobler ideals? Let us submit to the facts; that the people have triumphed - or the slaves, or the populace, or the herd, or whatever name you care to give them - if this has happened through the Jews, so be it! In that case no nation ever had a greater mission in the world's history. The 'masters' have been done away with; the morality of the vulgar man has triumphed. This triumph may also be called a blood-poisoning (it has mutually fused the races) - I do not dispute it; but there is no doubt but that this intoxication has succeeded. The 'redemption' of the human race (that is, from the masters) is progressing; swimmingly; everything is obviously becoming Judaised, or Christianised, or vulgarised (what is there in the words?). It seems impossible to stop the course of this poisoning through the whole body politic of mankind - but its tempo and pace may from the present time be slower, more delicate, quieter, more discreet - there is time enough. In view of this context has the Church nowadays any necessary purpose? Has it, in fact, a right to live? Or could man get on without it? *Quaeritur* [one asks]. It seems that it fetters and retards this tendency, instead of accelerating it. Well, even that might be its utility. The Church certainly is a crude and boorish institution, that is repugnant to an intelligence with any pretence at delicacy, to a really modern taste. Should it not at any rate learn to be somewhat more subtle? It alienates nowadays, more than it allures. Which of us would, in truth, be a freethinker if there were no Church? It is the Church which repels us, not its poison - apart from the Church we like the poison." This is the epilogue of a freethinker to my discourse, of an honourable animal (as he has given abundant proof), and a democrat to boot; he had up to that time listened to me, and could not endure my silence, but for me, indeed, with regard to this topic there is much on which to be silent.

Genealogy of Morals

Essay 1 s10

The revolt of the slaves in morals begins in the very principle of resentment becoming creative and giving birth to values - a resentment experienced by creatures who, deprived as they are of the proper outlet of action, are forced to find their compensation in an imaginary revenge. While every aristocratic morality springs from a triumphant affirmation of its own demands, the slave morality says "no" from the very outset to what is "outside itself," "different from itself," and "not itself: and this "no" is its creative deed. This volte-face of the valuing standpoint - this inevitable gravitation to the objective instead of back to the subjective - is typical of resentment": the slave-morality requires as the condition of its existence an external and objective world, to employ physiological terminology, it requires objective stimuli to be capable of action at all - its action is fundamentally a reaction. The contrary is the case when we come to the aristocrat's system of values: it acts and grows spontaneously, it merely seeks its antithesis in order to pronounce a more grateful and exultant "yes" to its own self; - its negative conception, "low," "vulgar." "bad," is merely a pale late-born foil in comparison with its positive and fundamental conception (saturated as it is with life and passion), of "we aristocrats, we good ones, we beautiful ones, we happy ones."

When the aristocratic morality goes astray and commits sacrilege on reality, this is limited to that particular 1 sphere with which it is not sufficiently acquainted - a sphere, in fact, from the real knowledge of which it disdainfully defends itself. It misjudges, in some cases, the sphere which it despises, the sphere of the common vulgar man and the low people: on the other hand, due weight should be given to the consideration that in any case the mood of contempt, of disdain, of superciliousness, even on the supposition that it falsely portrays the object of its contempt, will always be far removed from that degree of falsity which will always characterise the attacks - in effigy, of course - of the vindictive hatred and revengefulness of the weak in onslaughts on their enemies. In point of fact, there is in contempt too strong an admixture of nonchalance, of casualness, of boredom, of impatience, even of personal exultation, for it to be capable of distorting its victim into a real caricature or a real monstrosity. Attention again should be paid to the almost benevolent nuances which,

for instance, the Greek nobility imports into all the words by which it distinguishes the common people from itself; note how continuously a kind of pity, care, and consideration imparts its honeyed flavour, until at last almost all the words which are applied to the vulgar man survive finally as expressions for "unhappy," "worthy of pity" (compare *deilos*, *deilaos*, *poneros*, *mochtheros*, [wretched, cowardly, worthless, vile] the latter two names really denoting the vulgar man as labour-slave and beast of burden) - and how, conversely, "bad," "low," "unhappy" have never ceased to ring in the Greek ear with a tone in which "unhappy" is the predominant note: this is a heritage of the old noble aristocratic morality, which remains true to itself even in contempt (let philologists remember the sense in which *oizyros* [woeful], *anolbos* [wretched], *tlemon* [miserable], *dystychein* [unlucky], *xymphora* [misfortune] used to be employed. The "well-born" simply felt themselves the "happy"; they did not have to manufacture their happiness artificially through looking at their enemies, or in cases to talk and lie themselves into happiness (as is the custom with all resentful men); and similarly, complete men as they were, exuberant with strength, and consequently necessarily energetic, they were too wise to dissociate happiness from action - activity becomes in their minds necessarily counted as happiness (that is the etymology of *eu prattein* [to do well]) - all in sharp contrast to the "happiness" of the weak and the oppressed, with their festering venom and malignity, among whom happiness appears essentially as a narcotic, a deadening, a quietude, a peace, a "Sabbath," an enervation of the mind and relaxation of the limbs, - in short, a purely passive phenomenon. While the aristocratic man lived in confidence and openness with himself (*gennaios*, "noble-born," emphasises the nuance "sincere," and perhaps also "naif"), the resentful man, on the other hand, is neither sincere nor naive, nor honest and candid with himself. His soul squints; his mind loves hidden crannies, tortuous paths and backdoors, everything secret appeals to him as his world, his safety, his balm; he is past master in silence, in not forgetting, in waiting, in provisional self-depreciation and self-abasement. A race of such resentful men will of necessity eventually prove more prudent than any aristocratic race, it will honour prudence on quite a distinct scale, as, in fact, a paramount condition of existence, while prudence among aristocratic men is apt to be tinged with a delicate flavour of luxury and refinement; so among them it plays nothing like so integral a part as that complete certainty of function of the governing unconscious instincts, or as indeed a certain lack of prudence, such as a vehement and valiant charge, whether against danger or the enemy, or

as those ecstatic bursts of rage, love, reverence, gratitude, by which at all times noble souls have recognised each other. When the resentment of the aristocratic man manifests itself, it fulfils and exhausts itself in an immediate reaction, and consequently instills no venom: on the other hand, it never manifests itself at all in countless instances, when in the case of the feeble and weak it would be inevitable. An inability to take seriously for any length of time their enemies, their disasters, their misdeeds- that is the sign of the full strong natures who possess a superfluity of moulding plastic force, that heals completely and produces forgetfulness: a good example of this in the modern world is Mirabeau, who had no memory for any insults and meannesses which were practised on him, and who was only incapable of forgiving because he forgot. Such a man indeed shakes off with a shrug many a worm which would have buried itself in another; it is only in characters like these that we see the possibility (supposing, of course, that there is such a possibility in the world) of the real "love of one's enemies." What respect for his enemies is found, indeed, in an aristocratic man- - and such a reverence is already a bridge to love! He insists on having his enemy to himself as his distinction. He tolerates no other enemy but a man in whose character there is nothing to despise and much to honour! On the other hand, imagine the "enemy" as the resentful man conceives him - and it is here exactly that we see his work, his creativeness; he has conceived "the evil enemy," the "evil one," and indeed that is the root idea from which he now evolves as a contrasting and corresponding figure a "good one," himself - his very self!

Genealogy of Morals

Essay 1 s11

The method of this man is quite contrary to that of the aristocratic man, who conceives the root idea "good" spontaneously and straight away, that is to say, out of ' himself, and from that material then creates for himself a concept of "bad"! This "bad" of aristocratic origin and that "evil" out of the cauldron of unsatisfied hatred - the former an imitation, an "extra," an additional nuance; the latter, on the other hand, the original, the beginning, the essential act in the conception of a slave-morality - these two words "bad" and "evil," how great a difference- do they mark, in spite of the fact that they have an identical contrary in the idea "good."

But the idea "good" is not the same: much rather let the question be asked, "Who is really evil according to the meaning of the morality of resentment?" In all sternness let it be answered thus: - just the good man of the other morality, just the aristocrat, the powerful one, the one who rules, but who is distorted by the venomous eye of resentfulness, into a new colour, a new signification, a new appearance. This particular point we would be the last to deny: the man who learnt to know those "good" ones only as enemies, learnt at the same time not to know them only as "evil enemies," and the same men who inter pares were kept so rigorously in bounds through convention, respect, custom, and gratitude, though much more through mutual vigilance and jealousy inter pares, these men who in their relations with each other find so many new ways of manifesting consideration, self-control, delicacy, loyalty, pride, and friendship, these men are in reference to what is outside their circle (where the foreign element, a foreign country, begins), not much better than beasts of prey, which have been let loose. They enjoy there freedom from all social control, they feel that in the wilderness they can give vent with impunity to that tension which is produced by enclosure and imprisonment in the peace of society, they revert to the innocence of the beast-of-prey conscience, like jubilant monsters, who perhaps come from a ghostly bout of murder, arson, rape, and torture, with bravado and a moral equanimity, as though merely some wild student's prank had been played, perfectly convinced that the poets have now an ample theme to sing and celebrate. It is impossible not to recognise at the core of all these aristocratic races the beast of prey; the magnificent blonde bride, avidly rampant for spoil and victory; this hidden core needed an outlet from time to time, the beast must get loose again, must return into the wilderness - the Roman, Arabic, German, and Japanese nobility, the Homeric heroes, the Scandinavian Vikings, are all alike in this need. It is the aristocratic races who have left the idea "Barbarian" on all the tracks in which they have marched; nay, a consciousness of this very barbarianism, and even a pride in it, manifests itself even in their highest civilisation (for example, when Pericles says to his Athenians in that celebrated funeral oration, "Our audacity has forced a way over every land and sea, rearing everywhere imperishable memorials of itself for good and for evil"). This audacity of aristocratic races, mad, absurd, and spasmodic as may be its expression; the incalculable and fantastic nature of their enterprises, - Pericles sets in special relief and glory the *rathymia* [ease of mind] of the Athenians, their nonchalance and contempt for safety, body, life, and comfort, their awful joy and intense delight in all

destruction, in all the ecstasies of victory and cruelty, - all these features become crystallised, for those who suffered thereby in the picture of the "barbarian," of the "evil enemy," perhaps of the "Goth" and of the "Vandal." The profound, icy mistrust which the German provokes, as soon as he arrives at power, - even at the present time, - is always still an aftermath of that inextinguishable horror with which for whole centuries Europe has regarded the wrath of the blonde Teuton beast (although between the old Germans and ourselves there exists scarcely a psychological, let alone a physical, relationship). I have once called attention to the embarrassment of Hesiod, when he conceived the series of social ages, and endeavoured to express them in gold, silver, and bronze. He could only dispose of the contradiction, with which he was confronted, by the Homeric world, an age magnificent indeed, but at the same time so awful and so violent, by making two ages out of one, which he henceforth placed one behind the other - first, the age of the heroes and demigods, as that world had remained in the memories of the aristocratic families, who found therein their own ancestors; secondly, the bronze age, as that corresponding age appeared to the descendants of the oppressed, spoiled, ill-treated, exiled, enslaved; namely, as an age of bronze, as I have said, hard, cold, terrible, without feelings and without conscience, crushing everything, and bespattering everything with blood. Granted the truth of the theory now believed to be true, that the very essence of all civilisation is to train out of man, the beast of prey, a tame and civilised animal, a domesticated animal, it follows indubitably that we must regard as the real tools of civilisation all those instincts of reaction and resentment, by the help of which the aristocratic races, together with their ideals, were finally degraded and overpowered; though that has not yet come to be synonymous with saying that the bearers of those tools also represented the civilisation. It is rather the contrary that is not only probable- nay, it is palpable today: these bearers of vindictive instincts that have to be bottled up, these descendants of all European and non-European slavery, especially of the pre- Aryan population- the people, I say, represent the decline of humanity! These "tools of civilisation" are a disgrace to humanity, and constitute in reality more of an argument against civilisation, more of a reason why civilisation should be suspected. One may be perfectly justified in being always afraid of the blonde beast that lies at the core of all aristocratic races, and in being on one's guard: but who would not a hundred times prefer to be afraid, when one at the same time admires, than to be immune from fear, at the cost of being perpetually obsessed with the loathsome spectacle of the

distorted, the dwarfed, the stunted, the envenomed? And is that not our fate? What produces today our repulsion towards "man"? - for we suffer from "man," there is no doubt about it. It is not fear; it is rather that we have nothing more to fear from men ; it is that the worm "man" is in the foreground and pullulates; it is that the "tame man," the wretched mediocre and unedifying creature, has learnt to consider himself a goal and a pinnacle, an inner meaning, an historic principle, a "higher man"; yes, it is that he has a certain right so to consider himself, in so far as he feels that in contrast to that excess of deformity, disease, exhaustion, and ef-feteness whose odour is beginning to pollute present-day Europe, he at any rate has achieved a relative success, he at any rate still says "yes" to life.

Genealogy of Morals

Essay 1 s12

I cannot refrain at this juncture from uttering a sigh and one last hope. What is it precisely which I find intolerable? That which I alone cannot get rid of, which makes me choke and faint? Bad air! Bad air! That something misbegotten comes near me; that I must inhale the odour of the entrails of a misbegotten soul! - ? That excepted, what can one not endure in the way of need, privation, bad weather, sickness, toil, solitude? In point of fact, one manages to get over everything, born as one is to a burrowing and battling existence; one always returns once again to the light, one always lives again one's golden hour of victory - and then one stands as one was born, unbreakable, tense, ready for something more difficult, for something more distant, like a bow stretched but the tauter by every strain, from time to time do ye grant me - assuming that "beyond good and evil" there are goddesses who can grant - one glimpse, grant me but one glimpse only, of something perfect, fully realised, happy, mighty, triumphant, of something that still gives cause for fear! A glimpse of a man that justifies the existence of man, a glimpse of an incarnate human happiness that realises and redeems, for the sake of which one may hold fast to the belie] in man! For the position is this: in the dwarfing and levelling of the European man lurks our greatest peril,

for it is this outlook which fatigues - we see today nothing which wishes to be greater, we surmise that the process is always still backwards, still backwards towards something more attenuated, more inoffensive, more cunning, more comfortable, more mediocre, more indifferent, more Chinese, more Christian - man, there is no doubt about it, grows always "better" - the destiny of Europe lies even in this - that in losing the fear of man, we have also lost the hope in man, yea, the will to be man. The sight of man now fatigues. - What is present-day Nihilism if it is not that? - We are tired of man.

Genealogy of Morals

Essay 1 s13

But let us come back to it; the problem of another origin of the good - of the good, as the resentful man has thought it out - demands its solution. It is not surprising that the lambs should bear a grudge against the great birds of prey, but that is no reason for blaming the great birds of prey for taking the little lambs. And when the lambs say among themselves, "Those birds of prey are evil, and he who is as far removed from being a bird of prey, who is rather its opposite, a lamb, - is he not good?" then there is nothing to cavil at in the setting up of this ideal, though it may also be that the birds of prey will regard it a little sneeringly, and perchance say to themselves, "We bear no grudge against them, these good lambs, we even like them: nothing is tastier than a tender lamb." To require of strength that it should not express itself as strength, that it should not be a wish to overpower, a wish to overthrow, a wish to become master, a thirst for enemies and antagonisms and triumphs, is just as absurd as to require of weakness that it should express itself as strength. A quantum of force is just such a quantum of movement, will, action - rather it is nothing else than just those very phenomena of moving, willing, acting, and can only appear otherwise in the misleading errors of language (and the fundamental fallacies of reason which have become petrified therein), which understands, and understands wrongly, all working as conditioned by a worker, by a "subject." And just exactly as the people separate the lightning from its flash, and interpret the latter as a thing done, as the working of a subject which is called lightning, so

also does the popular morality separate strength from the expression of strength, as though behind the strong man there existed some indifferent neutral substratum, which enjoyed a caprice and option as to whether or not it should express strength. But there is no such substratum, there is no "being" behind doing, working, becoming; "the doer" is a mere appendage to the action. The action is everything. In point of fact, the people duplicate the doing, when they make the lightning lighten, that is a "doing-doing"; they make the same phenomenon first a cause, and then, secondly, the effect of that cause. The scientists fail to improve matters when they say, "Force moves, force causes," and so on. Our whole science is still, in spite of all its coldness, of all its freedom from passion, a dupe of the tricks of language, and has never succeeded in getting rid of that superstitious changeling "the subject" (the atom, to give another instance, is such a changeling, just as the Kantian "Thing-in-itself"). ? What wonder, if the suppressed and stealthily simmering passions of revenge and hatred exploit for their own advantage their belief, and indeed hold no belief with a more steadfast enthusiasm than this - "that the strong has the option of being weak, and the bird of prey of being a lamb." Thereby do they win for themselves the right of attributing to the birds of prey the responsibility for being birds of prey: when the oppressed, downtrodden, and overpowered say to themselves with the vindictive guile of weakness, "Let us be otherwise than evil, namely, good! and good is everyone who does not oppress, who hurts no one, who does not attack, who does not pay back, who hands over revenge to God, who holds himself, as we do, in hiding; who goes out of the way of evil, and demands, in short, little from life; like ourselves the patient, the meek, the just," - yet all this, in its cold and unprejudiced interpretation, means nothing more than "once for all, the weak are weak; it is good to do nothing for which we are not strong enough"; but this dismal state of affairs, this prudence of the lowest order, which even insects possess (which in a great danger are ready to sham death so as to avoid doing "too much"), has, thanks to the counterfeiting and self-deception of weakness, come to masquerade in the pomp of an ascetic, mute, and expectant virtue, just as though the very weakness of the weak - that is, indeed, its being, its working, its whole unique inevitable inseparable reality - were a voluntary result, something wished, chosen, a deed, an act of merit. This kind of man finds the belief in a neutral, free-choosing "subject" necessary from an instinct of self-preservation, of self-assertion, in which every lie is ready to sanctify itself. The subject (or, to use popular language, the soul) has perhaps proved itself the best dogma in the

world simply because it rendered possible to the horde of mortal, weak, and oppressed individuals of every kind, that most sublime specimen of self-deception, the interpretation of weakness as freedom, of being this, or being that, as merit.

Genealogy of Morals Essay 1 s14

Will anyone look a little into - right into - the mystery of how ideals are manufactured in this world? Who has the courage to do it? Come!

Here we have a vista opened into these grimy workshops. Wait just a moment, dear Mr. Inquisitive and Foolhardy; your eye must first grow accustomed to this false changing light - Yes! Enough! Now speak! What is happening below down yonder? Speak out! Tell what you see, man of the most dangerous curiosity - for now / am the listener.

"I see nothing, I hear the more. It is a cautious, spiteful, gentle whispering and muttering together in all the corners and crannies. It seems to me that they are lying; a sugary softness adheres to every sound. Weakness is turned to merit, there is no doubt about it - it is just as you say."

Further !

"And the impotence which requites not, is turned to 'goodness,' craven baseness to meekness, submission to those whom one hates, to obedience (namely, obedience to one of whom they say that he ordered this submission - they call him God). The inoffensive character of the weak, the very cowardice in which he is rich, his standing at the door, his forced necessity of waiting, gain here fine names, such as 'patience,' which is also called 'virtue 1 ; not being able to avenge one's self, is called not wishing to avenge one's self, perhaps even forgiveness (for they know not what they do - we alone know what they do). They also talk of the 'love of their enemies' and sweat thereby."

Further!

"They are miserable, there is no doubt about it, all these whisperers and counterfeiters in the corners, although they try to get warm by crouching close to each other, but they tell me that their misery is a favour and distinction given to them by God, just as one beats the dogs one likes best; that perhaps this misery is also a preparation, a probation, a training; that perhaps it is still more something which will one day be compensated and paid back with a tremendous interest in gold, nay in happiness. This they call 'Blessedness.' "

Further !

"They are now giving me to understand, that not only are they better men than the mighty, the lords of the earth, whose spittle they have got to lick {not out of fear, not at all out of fear! But because God ordains that one should honour all authority) - not only are they better men, but that they also have a 'better time,' at any rate, will one day have a 'better time.' But enough! Enough! I can endure it no longer. Bad air! Bad air! These workshops where ideals are manufactured - verily they reek with the crassest lies."

Nay. Just one minute! You are saying nothing about the masterpieces of these virtuosos of black magic, who can produce whiteness, milk, and innocence out of any black you like: have you not noticed what a pitch of refinement is attained by their chef d'oeuvre, their most audacious, subtle, ingenious, and lying artist-trick? Take care! These cellar-beasts, full of revenge and hate - what do they make, indeed, out of their revenge and hate? Do you hear these words? Would you suspect, if you trusted only their words, that you are among men of resentment and nothing else?

"I understand, I prick my ears up again (ah! ah! ah! and I hold my nose). Now do I hear for the first time that which they have said so often: 'We good, we are the righteous' - what they demand they call not revenge but the triumph of righteousness'; what they hate is not their enemy, no, they hate 'unrighteousness,' 'godless-ness'; what they believe in and hope is not the hope of revenge, the intoxication of sweet revenge (- "sweeter than honey," did Homer call it?), but the victory of God, of the righteous God over the 'godless'; what is left for them to love in this world is not their brothers in hate, but their 'brothers in love,' as they say, all the good and righteous on the earth."

And how do they name that which serves them as a solace against all the troubles of life - their phantasmagoria of their anticipated future blessedness?

"How? Do I hear right? They call it 'the last judgement,' the advent of their kingdom, 'the kingdom of God' - but in the meanwhile they live 'in faith,' 'in love,' 'in hope.' "

Enough ! Enough !

Genealogy of Morals Essay 1 s15

In the faith in what? In the love for what? In the hope of what? These weaklings! - they also, in truth, wish to be strong some time; there is no doubt about it. some time their kingdom also must come - "the kingdom of God" is their name for it, as has been mentioned: - they are so meek in everything! Yet in order to experience that kingdom it is necessary to live long, to live beyond death, - yes, eternal life is necessary so that one can make up for ever for that earthly life "in faith," "in love," "in hope." Make up for what? Make up by what? Dante, as it seems to me, made a crass mistake when with aweinspiring ingenuity he placed that inscription over the gate of his hell, "Me too made eternal love": at any rate the following inscription would have a much better right to stand over the gate of the Christian Paradise and its "eternal blessedness" - "Me too made eternal hate" - granted of course that a truth may rightly stand over the gate to a lie! For what is the blessedness of that Paradise? Possibly we could quickly surmise it; but it is better that it should be explicitly attested by an authority who in such matters is not to be disparaged, Thomas of Aquinas, the great teacher and saint. "Beati in regno celesti," says he, as gently as a lamb, "videbunt poenas damnatorum, ut beatitudo illis magis complaceat." Or if we wish to hear a stronger tone, a word from the mouth of a triumphant father of the Church, who warned his disciples against the cruel ecstasies of the public spectacles - But why? Faith offers us much more, - says he, *De Spectaculis*, ch. 29f., - something much stronger; thanks to the redemption, joys of quite another kind

stand at our disposal; instead of athletes we have our martyrs; we wish for blood, well, we have the blood of Christ - but what then awaits us on the day of his return, of his triumph? And then does he proceed, does this enraptured visionary: *At enim supersunt alia spectacula, ille ultimus et perpetuus iudicii dies, ille nationibus insperatus, ille derisus, cum tanta saeculi vetustas et tot ejus nativitates uno igne haurientur. Quae tunc spectaculi latitudo! Quid admirer! Quid rideam! Ubi gaudeam! Ubi exultem, spectans tot et tantos reges, qui in coelum recepti nuntiabantur, cum ipso Jove et ipsis suis testibus in imis tenebris congemescerent! Item praesides (the provincial governors) persecutores dominici nominis saevioribus quam ipsi flammis saevierunt insultantibus contra Christianos liquescentes! Quos praeterea sapientes illos philosophos coram discipulis suis una conflagrantibus erubescerent, quibus nihil ad deum pertinere suadebant, quibus animas aut nullas aut non in pristina corpora redituras affirmabant! Etiam poëtae non ad Rhadamanti nec ad Minois, sed ad inopinati Christi tribunal palpitantes! Tunc magis tragoedi audiendi, magis scilicet vocales (better voices since they will be screaming in greater terror) in sua propria calamitate; tunc histriones cognoscendi, solutiores multo per ignem; tunc spectandus auriga in flammea rota totus rubens, tunc xystici contemplandi non in gymnasiis, sed in igne jaculati, nisi quod ne tunc quidem illos velim vivos, ut qui malim ad eos potius conspectum insatiabilem conferre, qui in dominum desaevierunt. 'Hic est ille, dicam, fabri aut quaestuarii filius (in everything that follows and especially in the well-known description of the mother of Jesus from the Talmud Tertullian from this point on is referring to the Jews), sabbati destructor, Samaritanus et daemonium habens. Hic est, quem a Juda redemistis, hic est ille arundine et colaphis diverberatus, sputamentis decoratus, felle et aceto potatus. Hic est, quem clam discipuli subripuerunt, ut resurrexisse dicatur vel hortulanus detraxit, ne lactucae suae frequentia comementum laederentur.' Ut talia spectes, ut talibus exultes, quis tibi praetor aut consul aut quaestor aut sacerdos de sua liberalitate praestabit? Et tamen haec jam habemus quodammodo per fidem spiritu imaginante repraesentata. Ceterum qualia illa sunt, quae nec oculus vidit nec auris audivit nec in cor hominis ascenderunt" (1. Cor. 2, 9.) Credo circo et utraque cavea" (first and fourth row, or, according to others, the comic and the tragic stage) "et omni studio gratiora." Per fidem: so stands it written.*

Let us come to a conclusion. The two opposing values, "good and bad," "good and evil," have fought a dreadful, thousand-year fight in the world, and though indubitably the second value has been for a long time in the preponderance, there are not wanting places where the fortune of the fight is still undecided. It can almost be said that in the meanwhile the fight reaches a higher and higher level, and that in the meanwhile it has become more and more intense, and always more and more psychological; so that nowadays there is perhaps no more decisive mark of the higher nature, of the more psychological nature, than to be in that sense self-contradictory, and to be actually still a battleground for those two opposites. The symbol of this fight, written in a writing which has remained worthy of perusal throughout the course of history up to the present time, is called "Rome against Judaea, Judaea against Rome." Hitherto there has been no greater event than that fight, the putting of that question, that deadly antagonism. Rome found in the Jew the incarnation of the unnatural, as though it were its diametrically opposed monstrosity, and in Rome the Jew was held to be convicted of hatred of the whole human race: and rightly so, in so far as it is right to link the well-being and the future of the human race to the unconditional mastery of the aristocratic values, of the Roman values. What, conversely, did the Jews feel against Rome? One can surmise it from a thousand symptoms, but it is sufficient to carry one's mind back, to the Johannian Apocalypse, that most obscene of all the written outbursts, which has revenge on its conscience. (One should also appraise at its full value the profound logic of the Christian instinct, when over this very book of hate it wrote the name of the Disciple of Love, that self-same disciple to whom it attributed that impassioned and ecstatic Gospel - therein lurks a portion of truth, however much literary forging may have been necessary for this purpose.) The Romans were the strong and aristocratic; a nation stronger and more aristocratic has never existed in the world, has never even been dreamed of; every relic of them, every inscription enraptures, granted that one can divine what it is that writes the inscription. The Jews, conversely, were that priestly nation of resentment par excellence, possessed by a unique genius for popular morals: just compare with the Jews the nations with analogous gifts, such as the Chinese or the Germans, so as to realise afterwards what is first rate, and what is fifth rate.

Which of them has been provisionally victorious. Rome or Judaea? but there is not a shadow of doubt; just consider to whom in Rome itself nowadays you bow down, as though before the quintessence of all the highest values - and not only in Rome, but almost over half the world, everywhere where man has been tamed or is about to be tamed - to three Jews, as we know, and one Jewess (to Jesus of Nazareth, to Peter the fisher, to Paul the tent-maker, and to the mother of the aforesaid Jesus, named Mary). This is very remarkable: Rome is undoubtedly defeated. At any rate there took place in the Renaissance a brilliantly sinister revival of the classical ideal, of the aristocratic valuation of all things: Rome herself, like a man waking up from a trance, stirred beneath the burden of the new Judaised Rome that had been built over her, which presented the appearance of an oecumenical synagogue and was called the "Church": but immediately Judaea triumphed again, thanks to that fundamentally popular (German and English) movement of revenge, which is called the Reformation, and taking also into account its inevitable corollary, the restoration of the Church - the restoration also of the ancient graveyard peace of classical Rome. Judaea proved yet once more victorious over the classical ideal in the French Revolution, and in a sense which was even more crucial and even more profound: the last political aristocracy that existed in Europe, that of the French seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, broke into pieces beneath the instincts of a resentful populace - never had the world heard a greater jubilation, a more uproarious enthusiasm: indeed, there took place in the midst of it the most monstrous and unexpected phenomenon; the ancient ideal itself swept before the eyes and conscience of humanity with all its life and with unheard-of splendour, and in opposition to resentment's lying war-cry of the prerogative of the few, in opposition to the will to lowliness, abasement, and equalisation, the will to a retrogression and twilight of humanity, there rang out once again, stronger, simpler, more penetrating than ever, the terrible and enchanting counter-war-cry of the prerogative of the few! Like a final sign-post to other ways, there appeared Napoleon, the most unique and violent anachronism that ever existed, and in him the incarnate problem of the aristocratic ideal in itself - consider well what a problem it is: - Napoleon, that synthesis of Monster and overman.

Was it therewith over? Was that greatest of all antitheses of ideals thereby relegated ad acta for all time? Or only postponed, postponed for a long time? May there not take place at some time or other a much more awful, much more carefully prepared flaring up of the old conflagration? Further! Should not one wish that consummation with all one's strength? - will it one's self? demand it one's self? He who at this juncture begins, like my readers, to reflect, to think further, will have difficulty in coming quickly to a conclusion, - ground enough for me to come myself to a conclusion, taking it for granted that for some time past what I mean has been sufficiently clear, what I exactly mean by that dangerous motto which is inscribed on the body of my last book: *Beyond Good and Evil* - at any rate that is not the same as "*Beyond Good and Bad*."

Note. - I avail myself of the opportunity offered by this treatise to express, openly and formally, a wish which up to the present has only been expressed in occasional conversations with scholars, namely, that some Faculty of philosophy should, by means of a series of prize essays, gain the glory of having promoted the further study of the history of morals - perhaps this book may serve to give a forcible impetus in such a direction. With regard to a possibility of this character, the following question deserves consideration. It merits quite as much the attention of philologists and historians as of actual professional philosophers.

"What indication of the history of the evolution of the moral ideas is afforded by philology, and especially by etymological investigation?"

On the other hand, it is, of course, equally necessary to induce physiologists and doctors to be interested in these problems (of the value of the valuations which have prevailed up to the present) : in this connection the professional philosophers may be trusted to act as the spokesmen and intermediaries in these particular instances, after, of course, they have quite succeeded in transforming the relationship between philosophy and physiology and medicine, which is originally one of coldness and suspicion, into the most friendly and fruitful reciprocity. In point of fact, all tables of values, all the "thou shalts" known to history and ethnology, need primarily a physiological, at any rate in preference to a psychological, elucidation and interpretation : all equally require a critique from medical science. The question, "What is the value of this or that

table of 'values' and morality?" will be asked from the most varied standpoints. For instance, the question of "valuable for what" can never be analysed with sufficient nicety. That, for instance, which would evidently have value with regard to promoting in a race the greatest possible powers of endurance (or with regard to increasing its adaptability to a specific climate, or with regard to the preservation of the greatest number) would have nothing like the same value, if it were a question of evolving a stronger species. In gauging values, the good of the majority and the good of the minority are opposed standpoints : we leave it to the naivete of English biologists to regard the former standpoint as intrinsically superior. All the sciences have now to pave the way for the future task of the philosopher ; this task being understood to mean, that he must solve the problem of value, that he has to fix the hierarchy of values.

SECOND ESSAY

"GUILT," "BAD CONSCIENCE," AND THE LIKE

Genealogy of Morals
Essay 2 s1

The breeding of an animal that can promise - is not this just that very paradox of a task which nature has set itself in regard to man? Is not this the very problem of man? The fact that this problem has been to a great extent solved, must appear all the more phenomenal to one who can estimate at its full value that force of forgetfulness which works in opposition to it. Forgetfulness is no mere vis inertia:, as the superficial believe, rather is it a power of obstruction, active and, in the strictest sense of the word, positive - a power responsible for the fact that what we have lived, experienced, taken into ourselves, no more enters into consciousness during the process of digestion (it might be called psychic absorption) than all the whole manifold process by which our physical nutrition, the so-called "incorporation," is carried on. The temporary shutting of the doors and windows of consciousness, the relief from the clamant alarms and excursions, with which our subconscious world of servant

organs works in mutual cooperation and antagonism; a little quietude, a little tabula rasa of the consciousness, so as to make room again for the new, and above all for the more noble functions and functionaries, room for government, foresight, predetermination (for our organism is on an oligarchic model) - this is the utility, as I have said, of the active forgetfulness, which is a very sentinel and nurse of psychic order, repose, etiquette; and this shows at once why it is that there can exist no happiness, no gladness, no hope, no pride, no real present, without forgetfulness. The man in whom this preventative apparatus is damaged and discarded, is to be compared to a dyspeptic, and it is something more than a comparison - he can "get rid of" nothing. But this very animal who finds it necessary to be forgetful, in whom, in fact, forgetfulness represents a force and a form of robust health, has reared for himself an opposition-power, a memory, with whose help forgetfulness is, in certain instances, kept in check - in the cases, namely, where promises have to be made; - so that it is by no means a mere passive inability to get rid of a once indented impression, not merely the indigestion occasioned by a once pledged word, which one cannot dispose of, but an active refusal to get rid of it, a continuing and a wish to continue what has once been willed, an actual memory of the will; so that between the original "I will," "I shall do," and the actual discharge of the will, its act, we can easily interpose a world of new strange phenomena, circumstances, veritable volitions, without the snapping of this long chain of the will. But what is the underlying hypothesis of all this? How thoroughly, in order to be able to regulate the future in this way, must man have first learnt to distinguish between necessitated and accidental phenomena, to think casually, to see the distant as present and to anticipate it, to fix with certainty what is the end, and what is the means to that end; above all, to reckon, to have power to calculate - how thoroughly must man have first become calculable, disciplined, necessitated even for himself and his own conception of himself, that, like a man entering a promise, he could guarantee himself as a future.

Genealogy of Morals
Essay 2 s2

This is simply the long history of the origin of responsibility. That task of

breeding an animal which can make promises, includes, as we have already grasped, as its condition and preliminary, the more immediate task of first making man to a certain extent, necessitated, uniform, like among his like, regular, and consequently calculable. The immense work of what I have called, "morality of custom"* (cp. Dawn of Day, Aphs. 9, 14, and 16), the actual work of man on himself during the longest period of the human race, his whole prehistoric work, finds its meaning, its great justification (in spite of all its innate hardness, despotism, stupidity, and idiocy) in this fact: man, with the help of the morality of customs and of social strait-waistcoats, was made genuinely calculable. If, however, we place ourselves at the end of this colossal process, at the point where the tree finally matures its fruits, when society and its morality of custom finally bring to light that to which it was only the means, then do we find as the ripest fruit on its tree the sovereign individual, that resembles only himself, that has got loose from the morality of custom, the autonomous "super-moral" individual (for "autonomous" and "moral" are mutually exclusive terms), - in short, the man of the personal, long, and independent will, competent to promise, - and we find in him a proud consciousness (vibrating in every fibre), of what has been at last achieved and become vivified in him, a genuine consciousness of power and freedom, a feeling of human perfection in general. And this man who has grown to freedom, who is really competent to promise, this lord of the free will, this sovereign - how is it possible for him not to know how great is his superiority over everything incapable of binding itself by promises, or of being its own security, how great is the trust, the awe, the reverence that he awakes - he "deserves" all three - not to know that with this mastery over himself he is necessarily also given the mastery over circumstances, over nature, over all creatures with shorter wills, less reliable characters? The "free" man, the owner of a long unbreakable will, finds in this possession his standard of value: looking out from himself upon the others, he honours or he despises, and just as necessarily as he honours his peers, the strong and the reliable (those who can bind themselves by promises), - that is, everyone who promises like a sovereign, with difficulty, rarely and slowly, who is sparing with his trusts but confers honour by the very fact of trusting, who gives his word as something that can be relied on, because he knows himself strong enough to keep it even in the teeth of disasters, even in the "teeth of fate," - so with equal necessity will he have the heel of his foot ready for the lean and empty jackasses, who promise when they have no business to do so, and his rod of chastisement ready for the liar, who already breaks

his word at the very minute when it is on his lips. The proud knowledge of the extraordinary privilege of responsibility, the consciousness of this rare freedom, of this power over himself and over fate, has sunk right down to his innermost depths, and has become an instinct, a dominating instinct - what name will he give to it, to this dominating instinct, if he needs to have a word for it? But there is no doubt about it - the sovereign man calls it his conscience.

Genealogy of Morals

Essay 2 s3

His conscience? - One apprehends at once that the idea "conscience," which is here seen in its supreme manifestation, supreme in fact to almost the point of strangeness, should already have behind it a long history and evolution. The ability to guarantee one's self with all due pride, and also at the same time to say yes to one's self - that is, as has been said, a ripe fruit, but also a late fruit: - How long must needs this fruit hang sour and bitter on the tree! And for an even longer period there was not a glimpse of such a fruit to be had - no one had taken it on himself to promise it, although everything on the tree was quite ready for it, and everything was maturing for that very consummation. "How is a memory to be made for the man-animal? How is an impression to be so deeply fixed upon this ephemeral understanding, half dense, and half silly, upon this incarnate forgetfulness, that it will be permanently present?" As one may imagine, this primeval problem was not solved by exactly gentle answers and gentle means; perhaps there is nothing more awful and more sinister in the early history of man than his system of mnemonics. "Something is burnt in so as to remain in his memory: only that which never stops hurting remains in his memory." This is an axiom of the oldest (unfortunately also the longest) psychology in the world. It might even be said that wherever solemnity, seriousness, mystery, and gloomy colours are now found in the life of the men and of nations of the world, there is some survival of that horror which was once the universal concomitant of all promises, pledges, and obligations. The past, the past with all its length, depth, and hardness, wafts to us its breath, and bubbles up in us again, when we become "serious." When man thinks it necessary to make for himself a memory, he never accomplishes it

without blood, tortures and sacrifice; the most dreadful sacrifices and forfeitures (among them the sacrifice of the first-born), the most loathsome mutilation (for instance, castration), the most cruel rituals of all the religious cults (for all religions are really at bottom systems of cruelty) - all these things originate from that instinct which found in pain its most potent mnemonic. In a certain sense the whole of asceticism is to be ascribed to this: certain ideas have got to be made inextinguishable, omnipresent, "fixed," with the object of hypnotising the whole nervous and intellectual system through these "fixed ideas" - and the ascetic methods and modes of life are the means of freeing those ideas from the competition of all other ideas so as to make them "unforgettable." The worse memory man had, the ghastlier the signs presented by his customs; the severity of the penal laws affords in particular a gauge of the extent of man's difficulty in conquering forgetfulness, and in keeping a few primal postulates of social intercourse ever present to the minds of those who were the slaves of every momentary emotion and every momentary desire. We Germans do certainly not regard ourselves as an especially cruel and hard-hearted nation, still less as an especially casual and happy-go-lucky one; but one has only to look at our old penal ordinances in order to realise what a lot of trouble it takes in the world to evolve a "nation of thinkers" (I mean: the European nation which exhibits at this very day the maximum of reliability, seriousness, bad taste, and positiveness, which has on the strength of these qualities a right to train every kind of European mandarin). These Germans employed terrible means to make for themselves a memory. to enable them to master their rooted plebeian instincts and the brutal crudity of those instincts: think of the old German punishments, for instance, stoning (as far back as the legend, the millstone falls on the head of the guilty man), breaking on the wheel (the most original invention and speciality of the German genius in the sphere of punishment), dart-throwing, tearing, or trampling by horses ("quartering"), boiling the criminal in oil or wine (still prevalent in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries >. the highly popular flaying ("slicing into strips"), cutting the flesh out of the breast; think also of the evil-doer being besmeared with honey, and then exposed to the flies in a blazing sun. It was by the help of such images and precedents that man eventually kept in his memory five or six "I will nots" with regard to which he had already given his promise, so as to be able to enjoy the advantages of society - and verily with the help of this kind of memory man eventually attained "reason"! Alas! reason, seriousness, mastery over the emotions, all these gloomy, dismal things which are called reflection, all these

privileges and pageantries of humanity: how dear is the price that they have exacted! How much blood and cruelty is the foundation of all "good things"!

Genealogy of Morals

Essay 2 s4

But how is it that that other melancholy object, the consciousness of sin, the whole "bad conscience," came into the world? And it is here that we turn back to our genealogists of morals. For the second time I say - or have I not said it yet? - that they are worth nothing. Just their own five-spans-long limited modern experience; no knowledge of the past, and no wish to know it; still less a historic instinct, a power of "second sight" (which is what is really required in this case) - and despite this to go in for the history of morals. It stands to reason that this must needs produce results which are removed from the truth by something more than a respectful distance.

Have these current genealogists of morals ever allowed themselves to have even the vaguest notion, for instance, that the cardinal moral idea of "ought" originates from the very material idea of "owe"? Or that punishment developed as a retaliation absolutely independently of any preliminary hypothesis of the freedom or determination of the will? - And this to such an extent, that a high degree of civilisation was always first necessary for the animal man to begin to make those much more primitive distinctions of "intentional," "negligent," "accidental," "responsible," and their contraries, and apply them in the assessing of punishment. That idea- "the wrong-doer deserves punishment because he might have acted otherwise," in spite of the fact that it is nowadays so cheap, obvious, natural, and inevitable, and that it has had to serve as an illustration of the way in which the sentiment of justice appeared on earth, is in point of fact an exceedingly late, and even refined form of human judgment and inference; the placing of this idea back at the beginning of the world is simply a clumsy violation of the principles of primitive psychology. Throughout the* longest period of human history punishment was never based on the responsibility of the evil-doer for his action, and was consequently not based on the hypothesis that only the guilty should be

punished; - on the contrary, punishment was inflicted in those days for the same reason that parents punish their children even nowadays, out of anger at an injury that they have suffered, an anger which vents itself mechanically on the author of the injury - but this anger is kept in bounds and modified through the idea that every injury has somewhere or other its equivalent price, and can really be paid off, even though it be by means of pain to the author. Whence is it that this ancient deep-rooted and now perhaps ineradicable idea has drawn its strength, this idea of an equivalency between injury and pain? I have already revealed its origin, in the contractual relationship between creditor and debtor, that is as old as the existence of legal rights at all, and in its turn points back to the primary forms of purchase, sale, barter, and trade.

Genealogy of Morals

Essay 2 s5

The realisation of these contractual relations excites, of course (as would be already expected from our previous observations), a great deal of suspicion and opposition towards the primitive society which made or sanctioned them. In this society promises will be made; in this society the object is to provide the promiser with a memory; in this society, so may we suspect, there will be full scope for hardness, cruelty, and pain: the "ower," in order to induce credit in his promise of repayment, in order to give a guarantee of the earnestness and sanctity of his promise, in order to drill into his own conscience the duty, the solemn duty, of repayment, will, by virtue of a contract with his creditor to meet the contingency of his not paying, pledge something that he still possesses, something that he still has in his power, for instance, his life or his wife, or his freedom or his body (or under certain religious conditions even his salvation, his soul's welfare, even his peace in the grave; so in Egypt, where the corpse of the debtor found even in the grave no rest from the creditor - of course, from the Egyptian standpoint, this peace was a matter of particular importance) . But especially has the creditor the power of inflicting on the body of the debtor all kinds of pain and torture - the power, for instance, of cutting off from it an amount that appeared proportionate to the greatness of the debt; - this point of view resulted in the universal prevalence at an early date of precise schemes of valuation, frequently

horrible in the minuteness and meticulousity of their application, legally sanctioned schemes of valuation for individual limbs and parts of the body. I consider it as already a progress, as a proof of a freer, less petty, and more Roman conception of law, when the Roman Code of the Twelve Tables decreed that it was immaterial how much or how little the creditors in such a contingency cut off, "si plus minusve secuerunt, ne fraude esto" the joy in sheer violence: and this joy will be relished in proportion to the lowness and humbleness of the creditor in the social scale, and is quite apt to have the effect of the most delicious dainty, and even seem the foretaste of a higher social position. Thanks to the punishment of the "ower," the creditor participates in the rights of the masters. At last he too, for once in a way, attains the edifying consciousness of being able to despise and ill-treat a creature - as an "inferior" - or at any rate of seeing him being despised and ill-treated, in case the actual power of punishment, the administration of punishment, has already become transferred to the "authorities." The compensation consequently consists in a claim on cruelty and a right to draw thereon.

Genealogy of Morals

Essay 2 s6

It is then in this sphere of the law of contract that we find the cradle of the whole moral world of the ideas of "guilt," "conscience," "duty," the "sacredness of duty," - their commencement, like the commencement of all great things in the world, is thoroughly and continuously saturated with blood. And should we not add that this world has never really lost a certain savour of blood and torture (not even in old Kant: the categorical imperative reeks of cruelty). It was in this sphere likewise that there first became formed that sinister and perhaps now indissoluble association of the ideas of "guilt" and "suffering." To put the question yet again, why can suffering be a compensation for "owing"? - Because the infliction of suffering produces the highest degree of happiness, because the injured party will get in exchange for his loss (including his vexation at his loss) an extraordinary counter-pleasure: the infliction of suffering - a real feast, something that, as I have said, was all the more appreciated

the greater the paradox created by the rank and social status of the creditor. These observations are purely conjectural; for, apart from the painful nature of the task, it is hard to plumb such profound depths: the clumsy introduction of the idea of "revenge" as a connecting-link simply hides and obscures the view instead of rendering it clearer (revenge itself simply leads back again to the identical problem - "How can the infliction of suffering be a satisfaction?"). In my opinion it is repugnant to the delicacy, and still more to the hypocrisy of tame domestic animals (that is, modern men; that is, ourselves), to realise with all their energy the extent to which cruelty constituted the great joy and delight of ancient man, was an ingredient which seasoned nearly all his pleasures, and conversely the extent of the naivete and innocence with which he manifested his need for cruelty, when he actually made as a matter of principle "disinterested malice" (or, to use Spinoza's expression, the *sympathia malevolens* [malevolent sympathy] into a normal characteristic of man - as consequently something to which the conscience says a hearty yes. The more profound observer has perhaps already had sufficient opportunity for noticing this most ancient and radical joy and delight of mankind; in *Beyond Good and Evil*, Aph. 188 (and even earlier, in *The Dawn of Day*, Aphs. 18, 77, 113), I have cautiously indicated the continually growing spiritualisation and "deification" of cruelty, which pervades the whole history of the higher civilisation (and in the larger sense even constitutes it). At any rate the time is not so long past when it was impossible to conceive of royal weddings and national festivals on a grand scale, without executions, tortures, or perhaps an *auto-da-fé* [burning at the stake], or similarly to conceive of an aristocratic household, without a creature to serve as a butt for the cruel and malicious baiting of the inmates. (The reader will perhaps remember Don Quixote at the court of the Duchess: we read nowadays the whole of Don Quixote with a bitter taste in the mouth, almost with a sensation of torture, a fact which would appear very strange and very incomprehensible to the author and his contemporaries - they read it with the best conscience in the world as the gayest of books; they almost died with laughing at it.) The sight of suffering does one good, the infliction of suffering does one more good - this is a hard maxim, but none the less a fundamental maxim, old, powerful, and "human, all-too-human"; one, moreover, to which perhaps even the apes as well would subscribe: for it is said that in inventing bizarre cruelties they are giving abundant proof of their future humanity, to which, as it were, they are playing the prelude. Without cruelty, no feast: so teaches the oldest and longest history of man - and in

punishment too is there so much of the festive.

Genealogy of Morals

Essay 2 s7

Entertaining, as I do, these thoughts, I am, let me say in parenthesis, fundamentally opposed to helping our pessimists to new water for the discordant and groaning mills of their disgust with life; on the contrary, it should be shown specifically that, at the time when mankind was not yet ashamed of its cruelty, life in the world was brighter than it is nowadays when there are pessimists. The darkening of the heavens over man has always increased in proportion to the growth of man's shame before man. The tired pessimistic outlook, the mistrust of the riddle of life, the icy negation of disgusted ennui, all those are not the signs of the most evil age of the human race: much rather do they come first to the light of day, as the swamp-flowers, which they are, when the swamp to which they belong, comes into existence - I mean the diseased refinement and moralisation, thanks to which the "animal man" has at last learnt to be ashamed of all his instincts. On the road to angel-hood (not to use in this context a harder word) man has developed that dyspeptic stomach and coated tongue, which have made not only the joy and innocence of the animal repulsive to him, but also life itself: - so that sometimes he stands with stopped nostrils before his own self, and, like Pope Innocent the Third, makes a black list of his own horrors ("unclean generation, loathsome nutrition when in the maternal body, badness of the matter out of which man develops, awful stench, secretion of saliva, urine, and excrement"). Nowadays, when suffering is always trotted out as the first argument against existence, as its most sinister query, it is well to remember the times when men judged on converse principles because they could not dispense with the infliction of suffering, and saw therein a magic of the first order, a veritable bait of seduction to life.

Perhaps in those days (this is to solace the weaklings) pain did not hurt so much as it does nowadays: any physician who has treated negroes (granted that these are taken as representative of the prehistoric man) suffering from severe internal inflammations which would bring a European, even though he had the soundest constitution, almost to

despair, would be in a position to come to this conclusion. Pain has not the same effect with negroes. (The curve of human sensibilities to pain seems indeed to sink in an extraordinary and almost sudden fashion, as soon as one has passed the upper ten thousand or ten millions of over-civilised humanity, and I personally have no doubt that, by comparison with one painful night passed by one single hysterical chit of a cultured woman, the suffering of all the animals taken together who have been put to the question of the knife, so as to give scientific answers, are simply negligible.) We may perhaps be allowed to admit the possibility of the craving for cruelty not necessarily having become really extinct: it only requires, in view of the fact that pain hurts more nowadays, a certain sublimation and made more subtle, it must especially be translated to the imaginative and psychic plane, and be adorned with such smug euphemisms, that even the most fastidious and hypocritical conscience could never grow suspicious of their real nature ("Tragic pity" is one of these euphemisms: another is "les nostalgies de la croix" [nostalgia for the cross]). What really raises one's indignation against suffering is not suffering intrinsically, but the senselessness of suffering; such a senselessness, however, existed neither in Christianity, which interpreted suffering into a whole mysterious salvation-apparatus, nor in the beliefs of the naive ancient man, who only knew how to find a meaning in suffering from the standpoint of the spectator, or the inflictor of the suffering. In order to get the secret, undiscovered, and unwitnessed suffering out of the world it was almost compulsory to invent gods and a hierarchy of intermediate beings, in short, something which wanders even among secret places, sees even in the dark, and makes a point of never missing an interesting and painful spectacle. It was with the help of such inventions that life got to learn the tour de force, which has become part of its stock-in-trade, the tour de force of self-justification, of the justification of evil; nowadays this would perhaps require other auxiliary devices (for instance, life as a riddle, life as a problem of knowledge). "Every evil is justified in the sight of which a god finds edification," so rang the logic of primitive sentiment - and, indeed, was it only of primitive? The gods conceived as friends of spectacles of cruelty - oh, how far does this primeval conception extend even nowadays into our European civilisation! One would perhaps like in this context to consult Luther and Calvin. It is at any rate certain that even the Greeks knew no more piquant seasoning for the happiness of their gods than the joys of cruelty. What, do you think, was the mood with which Homer makes his gods look down upon the fates of men? What final meaning have at bottom the

Trojan War and similar tragic horrors? It is impossible to entertain any doubt on the point: they were intended as festival games for the gods, and, in so far as the poet is of a more godlike breed than other men. as festival games also for the poets. It was in just this spirit and no other, that at a later date the moral philosophers of Greece conceived the eyes of God as still looking down on the moral struggle, the heroism, and the self-torture of the virtuous; the Heracles of duty was on a stage, and was conscious of the fact; virtue without witnesses was something quite unthinkable for this nation of actors. Must not that philosophic invention, so audacious and so fatal, which was then absolutely new to Europe, the invention of "free will," of the absolute spontaneity of man in good and evil, simply have been made for the specific purpose of justifying the idea, that the interest of the gods in humanity and human virtue was inexhaustible? There would never on the stage of this free-will world be a dearth of really new, really novel and exciting situations, plots, catastrophes. A world thought out on completely deterministic lines would be easily guessed by the gods, and would consequently soon bore them - sufficient reason for these friends of the gods, the philosophers, not to ascribe to their gods such a deterministic world. The whole of ancient humanity is full of delicate consideration for the spectator, being as it is a world of thorough publicity and theatricality, which could not conceive of happiness without spectacles and festivals. - And, as has already been said, even in great punishment there is so much which is festive.

Genealogy of Morals

Essay 2 s8

The feeling of "ought," of personal obligation (to take up again the train of our inquiry), has had, as we saw, its origin in the oldest and most original personal relationship that there is, the relationship between buyer and seller, creditor and owner: here it was that individual confronted individual, and that individual matched himself against individual. There has not yet been found a grade of civilisation so low, as not to manifest some trace of this relationship. Making prices, assessing values, thinking out equivalents, exchanging- all this preoccupied the primal thoughts of man to such an extent that in a certain sense it constituted thinking itself: it was here that was trained the oldest form of sagacity, it was here in

this sphere that we can perhaps trace the first commencement of man's pride, of his feeling of superiority over other animals. Perhaps our word "Mensch" (manas) still expresses just something of this self-pride: man denoted himself as the being who measures values, who values and measures, as the "assessing" animal par excellence. Sale and purchase, together with their psychological concomitants, are older than the origins of any form of social organisation and union: it is rather from the most rudimentary form of individual right that the budding consciousness of exchange, commerce, debt, right, obligation, compensation was first transferred to the rudest and most elementary of the social complexes (in their relation to similar complexes), the habit of comparing force with force, together with that of measuring, of calculating. His eye was now focussed to this perspective; and with that ponderous consistency characteristic of ancient thought, which, though set in motion with difficulty, yet proceeds inflexibly along the line on which it has started, man soon arrived at the great generalisation, "everything has its price, all can be paid for," the oldest and most naive moral canon of justice, the beginning of all "kindness," of all "equity," of all "goodwill," of all "objectivity" in the world. Justice in this initial phase is the goodwill among people of about equal power to come to terms with each other, to come to an understanding again by means of a settlement, and with regard to the less powerful, to compel them to agree among themselves to a settlement.

Genealogy of Morals

Essay 2 s9

Measured always by the standard of antiquity (this antiquity, moreover, is present or again possible at all periods) , the community stands to its members in that important and radical relationship of creditor to his debtors." Man lives in a community, man enjoys the advantages of a community (and what advantages! we occasionally underestimate them nowadays), man lives protected, spared, in peace and trust, secure from certain injuries and enmities, to which the man outside the community, the "peaceless" man, is exposed, - a German understands the original meaning of "Elend" {elend), - secure because he has entered into pledges and obligations to the community in respect of these very injuries and enmities. What happens when this is not the case? The community, the

defrauded creditor, will get itself paid, as well as it can, one can reckon on that. In this case the question of the direct damage done by the offender is quite subsidiary: quite apart from this the criminal* is above all a breaker, a breaker of word and covenant to the whole, as regards all the advantages and amenities of the communal life in which up to that time he had participated. The criminal is an "debtor" who not only fails to repay the advances and advantages that have been given to him, but even sets out to attack his creditor: consequently he is in the future not only, as is fair, deprived of all these advantages and amenities - he is in addition reminded of the importance of those advantages. The wrath of the injured creditor, of the community, puts him back in the wild and outlawed status from which he was previously protected: the community repudiates him - and now every kind of enmity can vent itself on him. Punishment is in this stage of civilisation simply the copy, the mimic, of the normal treatment of the hated, disdained, and conquered enemy, who is not only deprived of every right and protection but of every mercy; so we have the martial law and triumphant festival of the *vae victis* [woe to the conquered] in all its mercilessness and cruelty. This shows why war itself (counting the sacrificial cult of war) has produced all the forms under which punishment has manifested itself in history.

Genealogy of Morals

Essay 2 s10

As it grows more powerful, the community tends to take the offences of the individual less seriously, because they are now regarded as being much less revolutionary and dangerous to the corporate existence: the evil-doer is no more outlawed and put outside the pale, the common wrath can no longer vent itself upon him with its old license, - on the contrary, from this very time it is against this wrath, and particularly against the wrath of those directly injured, that the evil-doer is carefully shielded and protected by the community. As, in fact, the penal law develops, the following characteristics become more and more clearly marked: compromise with the wrath of those directly affected by the misdeed; a consequent endeavour to localise the matter and to prevent a

further, or indeed a general spread of the disturbance; attempts to find equivalents and to settle the whole matter (*compositio*); above all, the will, which manifests itself with increasing definiteness, to treat every offence as in a certain degree capable of being paid off, and consequently, at any rate up to a certain point, to isolate the offender from his act. As the power and the self-consciousness of a community increases, so proportionately does the penal law become mitigated; conversely every weakening and jeopardising of the community revives the harshest forms of that law. The creditor has always grown more humane proportionately as he has grown more rich; finally the amount of injury he can endure without really suffering becomes the criterion of his wealth. It is possible to conceive of a society blessed with so great a consciousness of its own power as to indulge in the most aristocratic luxury of letting its wrong-doers go scot-free. - "What do my parasites matter to me?" might society say. "Let them live and flourish! I am strong enough for it." - The justice which began with the maxim, "Everything can be paid off, everything must be paid off," ends with connivance at the escape of those who cannot pay to escape - it ends, like every good thing on earth, by destroying itself. - The self-destruction of Justice! we know the pretty name it calls itself - Grace! it remains, as is obvious, the privilege of the strongest, better still, their super-law.

Genealogy of Morals

Essay 2 s11

A deprecatory word here against the attempts, that have lately been made, to find the origin of justice on quite another basis - namely, on that of resentment. Let me whisper a word in the ear of the psychologists, if they would rather study revenge itself at close quarters: this plant blooms its prettiest at present among Anarchists and anti-Semites, a hidden flower, as it has ever been, like the violet, though, in truth, with another perfume. And as like must necessarily emanate from like, it will not be a matter for surprise that it is just in such circles that we see the birth of endeavours (it is their old birthplace - compare above, First Essay, paragraph 14), to sanctify revenge under the name of justice (as

though Justice were at bottom merely a development of the consciousness of injury), and thus with the rehabilitation of revenge to reinstate generally and collectively all the reactive emotions. I object to this last point least of all. It even seems meritorious when regarded from the standpoint of the whole problem of biology (from which standpoint the value of these emotions has up to the present been underestimated). And that to which I alone call attention, is the circumstance that it is the spirit of revenge itself, from which develops this new nuance of scientific equity (for the benefit of hate, envy, mistrust, jealousy, suspicion, rancour, revenge). This scientific "equity" stops immediately and makes way for the accents of deadly enmity and prejudice, so soon as another group of emotions comes on the scene, which in my opinion are of a much higher biological value than these reactions, and consequently have a paramount claim to the valuation and appreciation of science: I mean the really active emotions, such as personal and material ambition, and so forth. (E. Duhring, *Value of Life; Course of Philosophy*, and *passim*.) So much against this tendency in general: but as for the particular maxim of Duhring's, that the home of Justice is to be found in the sphere of the reactive feelings, our love of truth compels us drastically to invert his own proposition and to oppose to him this other maxim: the last sphere conquered by the spirit of justice is the sphere of the feeling of reaction! When it really comes about that the just man remains just even as regards his injurer (and not merely cold, moderate, reserved, indifferent: being just is always a positive state); when, in spite of the strong provocation of personal insult, contempt, and calumny, the lofty and clear objectivity of the just and judging eye (whose glance is as profound as it is gentle) is untroubled, why then we have a piece of perfection, a past master of the world - something, in fact, which it would not be wise to expect, and which should not at any rate be too easily believed. Speaking generally, there is no doubt but that even the justest individual only requires a little dose of hostility, malice, or innuendo to drive the blood into his brain and the fairness from it. The active man, the attacking, aggressive man is always a hundred degrees nearer to justice than the man who merely reacts; he certainly has no need to adopt the tactics, necessary in the case of the reacting man, of making false and biased valuations of his object. It is, in point of fact, for this reason that the aggressive man has at all times enjoyed the stronger, bolder, more aristocratic, and also freer outlook, the better conscience. On the other hand, we already surmise who it really is that has on his conscience the invention of the "bad conscience," - the resentful man! Finally, let man look at

himself in history. In what sphere up to the present has the whole administration of law, the actual need of law, found its earthly home? Perchance in the sphere of the reacting man? Not for a minute: rather in that of the active, strong, spontaneous, aggressive man? I deliberately defy the above-mentioned agitator (who himself makes this self-confession, "the creed of revenge has run through all my works and endeavours like the red thread of Justice"), and say, that judged historically law in the world represents the very war against the reactive feelings, the very war waged on those feelings by the powers of activity and aggression, which devote some of their strength to damming and keeping within bounds this effervescence of hysterical re-activity, and to forcing it to some compromise. Everywhere where justice is practiced and justice is maintained, it is to be observed that the stronger power, when confronted with the weaker powers which are inferior to it (whether they be groups, or individuals), searches for weapons to put an end to the senseless fury of resentment, while it carries on its object, partly by taking the victim of resentment out of the clutches of revenge, partly by substituting for revenge a campaign of its own against the enemies of peace and order, partly by finding, suggesting, and occasionally enforcing settlements, partly by standardising certain equivalents for injuries, to which equivalents the element of resentment is henceforth finally referred. The most drastic measure, however, taken and effectuated by the supreme power, to combat the preponderance of the feelings of spite and vindictiveness - it takes this measure as soon as it is at all strong enough to do so - is the foundation of law, the imperative declaration of what in its eyes is to be regarded as just and lawful, and what unjust and unlawful: and while, after the foundation of law, the supreme power treats the aggressive and arbitrary acts of individuals, or of whole groups, as a violation of law, and a revolt against itself, it distracts the feelings of its subjects from the immediate injury inflicted by such a violation, and thus eventually attains the very opposite result to that always desired by revenge, which sees and recognises nothing but the standpoint of the injured party. From henceforth the eye becomes trained to a more and more impersonal valuation of the deed, even the eye of the injured party himself (though this is in the final stage of all, as has been previously remarked) - on this principle "right" and "wrong" first manifest themselves after the foundation of law (and not, as Duhring maintains, only after the act of violation). To talk of intrinsic right and intrinsic wrong is absolutely nonsensical; intrinsically, an injury, an oppression, an exploitation, an annihilation can be nothing wrong, inasmuch as life is essentially (that is, in

its cardinal functions) something which functions by injuring, oppressing, exploiting, and annihilating, and is absolutely inconceivable without such a character. It is necessary to make an even more serious confession: - viewed from the most advanced biological standpoint, conditions of legality can be only exceptional conditions, in that they are partial restrictions of the real life-will, which makes for power, and in that they are subordinated to the life-will's general end as particular means, that is, as means to create larger units of strength. A legal organisation, conceived of as sovereign and universal, not as a weapon in a fight of complexes of power, but as a weapon against fighting, generally something after the style of Duhring's communistic model of treating every will as equal with every other will, would be a principle hostile to life, a destroyer and dissolver of man, an outrage on the future of man, a symptom of fatigue, a secret cut to Nothingness. -

Genealogy of Morals

Essay 2 s12

A word more on the origin and end of punishment - two problems which are or ought to be kept distinct, but which unfortunately are usually lumped into one. And what tactics have our moral genealogists employed up to the present in these cases? Their inveterate naivete. They find out some "end" in the punishment, for instance, revenge and deterrence, and then in all their innocence set this end at the beginning, as the *causa fiendi* [creative cause] of the punishment, and - they have done the trick. But the patching up of a history of the origin of law is the last use to which the "End in Law"* ought to be put. Perhaps there is no more pregnant principle for any kind of history than the following, which, difficult though it is to master, should none the less be mastered in every detail. - The origin of the existence of a thing and its final utility, its practical application and incorporation in a system of ends, are *toto adto* opposed to each other - everything, anything, which exists and which prevails anywhere, will always be put to new purposes by a force superior to itself, will be commandeered afresh, will be turned and transformed to new uses; all "happening" in the organic world consists of overpowering

and dominating, and again all overpowering and domination is a new interpretation and adjustment, which must necessarily obscure or absolutely extinguish the subsisting "meaning" and "end." The most perfect comprehension of the utility of any-physiological organ (or also of a legal institution, social custom, political habit, form in art or in religious worship) does not for a minute imply any simultaneous comprehension of its origin: this may seem uncomfortable and unpalatable to the older men, - for it has been the immemorial belief that understanding the final cause or the utility of a thing, a form, an institution, means also understanding the reason for its origin: to give an example of this logic, the eye was made to see, the hand was made to grasp. So even punishment was conceived as invented with a view to punishing. But all ends and all utilities are only signs that a Will to Power has mastered a less powerful force, has impressed thereon out of its own self the meaning of a function; and the whole history of a "Thing," an organ, a custom, can on the same principle be regarded as a continuous "sign-chain" of perpetually new interpretations and adjustments, whose causes, so far from needing to have even a mutual connection, sometimes follow and alternate with each other absolutely haphazard. Similarly, the evolution of a "Thing," of a custom, is anything but its progression to an end, still less a logical and direct progress attained with the minimum expenditure of energy and cost: it is rather the succession of processes of subjugation, more or less profound, more or less mutually independent, which operate on the thing itself; it is, further, the resistance which in each case invariably displayed this subjugation, the Protean wriggles by way of defence and reaction, and, further, the results of successful counter-efforts. The form is fluid, but the meaning is even more so - even inside every individual organism the case is the same: with every genuine growth of the whole, the "function" of the individual organs becomes shifted, - in certain cases a partial perishing of these organs, a diminution of their numbers (for instance, through annihilation of the connecting members), can be a symptom of growing strength and perfection. What I mean is this: even partial loss of utility, decay, and degeneration, loss of function and purpose, in a word, death, appertain to the conditions of the genuine progress; which always appears in the shape of a will and way to greater power, and is always realised at the expense of innumerable smaller powers. The magnitude of a "progress" is gauged by the greatness of the sacrifice that it requires: humanity as a mass sacrificed to the prosperity of the one stronger species of Man - that would be a. progress. I emphasise all the more this cardinal characteristic of the historic method, for the reason

that in its essence it runs counter to predominant instincts and prevailing taste, which must prefer to put up with absolute casualness, even with the mechanical senselessness of all phenomena, than with the theory of a power-will, in exhaustive play throughout all phenomena. The democratic idiosyncrasy against everything which rules and wishes to rule, the modern misarchism (to coin a bad word for a bad thing), has gradually but so thoroughly transformed itself into the guise of intellectualism, the most abstract intellectualism, that even nowadays it penetrates and has the right to penetrate step by step into the most exact and apparently the most objective sciences: this tendency has, in fact, in my view already dominated the whole of physiology and biology, and to their detriment, as is obvious, in so far as it has spirited away a radical idea, the idea of true activity. The tyranny of this idiosyncrasy, however, results in the theory of "adaptation" being pushed forward into the van of the argument, exploited; adaptation - that means to say, a second-class activity, a mere capacity for "reacting"; in fact, life itself has been defined (by Herbert Spencer) as an increasingly effective internal adaptation to external circumstances. This definition, however, fails to realise the real essence of life, its will to power. It fails to appreciate the paramount superiority enjoyed by those plastic forces of spontaneity, aggression, and encroachment with their new interpretations and tendencies, to the operation of which adaptation is only a natural corollary: consequently the sovereign office of the highest functionaries in the organism itself (among which the life-will appears as an active and formative principle) is repudiated. One remembers Huxley's reproach to Spencer of his "administrative Nihilism": but it is a case of something much more than "administration."

Genealogy of Morals

Essay 2 s13

To return to our subject, namely punishment, we must make consequently a double distinction: first, the relatively permanent element, the custom, the act, the "drama," a certain rigid sequence of methods of procedure; on the other hand, the fluid element, the meaning, the end, the expectation which is attached to the operation of such procedure. At

this point we immediately assume, per analogiam (in accordance with the theory of the historic method, which we have elaborated above), that the procedure itself is something older and earlier than its utilisation in punishment, that this utilisation was introduced and interpreted into the procedure (which had existed for a long time, but whose employment had another meaning), in short, that the case is different from that hitherto supposed by our naïf genealogists of morals and of law, who thought that the procedure was invented for the purpose of punishment, in the same way that the hand had been previously thought to have been invented for the purpose of grasping. With regard to the other element in punishment, its fluid element, its meaning, the idea of punishment in a very late stage of civilisation (for instance, contemporary Europe) is not content with manifesting merely one meaning, but manifests a whole synthesis "of meanings." The past general history of punishment, the history of its employment for the most diverse ends, crystallises eventually into a kind of unity, which is difficult to analyse into its parts, and which, it is necessary to emphasise, absolutely defies definition. (It is nowadays impossible to say definitely the precise reason for punishment: all ideas, in which a whole process is promiscuously comprehended, elude definition; it is only that which has no history, which can be defined.) At an earlier stage, on the contrary, that synthesis of meanings appears much less rigid and much more elastic; we can realise how in each individual case the elements of the synthesis change their value and their position, so that now one element and now another stands out and predominates over the others, nay, in certain cases one element (perhaps the end of deterrence) seems to eliminate all the rest. At any rate, so as to give some idea of the uncertain, supplementary, and accidental nature of the meaning of punishment and of the manner in which one identical procedure can be employed and adapted for the most diametrically opposed objects, I will at this point give a scheme that has suggested itself to me, a scheme itself based on comparatively small and accidental material. - Punishment, as rendering the criminal harmless and incapable of further injury. - Punishment, as compensation for the injury sustained by the injured party, in any form whatsoever (including the form of sentimental compensation). - Punishment, as an isolation of that which disturbs the equilibrium, so as to prevent the further spreading of the disturbance. - Punishment as a means of inspiring fear of those who determine and execute the punishment. - Punishment as a kind of compensation for advantages which the wrong-doer has up to that time enjoyed (for example, when he is utilised as a slave in the mines) . -

Punishment, as the elimination of an element of decay (sometimes of a whole branch, as according to the Chinese laws, consequently as a means to the purification of the race, or the preservation of a social type). - Punishment as a festival, as the violent oppression and humiliation of an enemy that has at last been subdued. - Punishment as a mnemonic, whether for him who suffers the punishment - the so-called "correction," or for the witnesses of its administration. - Punishment, as the payment of a fee stipulated for by the power which protects the evil-doer from the excesses of revenge. - Punishment, as a compromise with the natural phenomenon of revenge, in so far as revenge is still maintained and claimed as a privilege by the stronger races. - Punishment as a declaration and measure of war against an enemy of peace, of law, of order, of authority, who is fought by society with the weapons which war provides, as a spirit dangerous to the community, as a breaker of the contract on which the community is based, as a rebel, a traitor, and a breaker of the peace.

Genealogy of Morals

Essay 2 s14

This list is certainly not complete; it is obvious that punishment is overloaded with utilities of all kinds. This makes it all the more permissible to eliminate one supposed utility, which passes, at any rate in the popular mind. for its most essential utility, and which is just what even now provides the strongest support for that faith in punishment which is nowadays for many reasons tottering. Punishment is supposed to have the value of exciting in the guilty the consciousness of guilt; in punishment is sought the proper instrumentum of that psychic reaction which becomes known as a "bad conscience," "remorse." But this theory is even, from the point of view of the present, a violation of reality and psychology: and how much more so is the case when we have to deal with the longest period of man's history, his primitive history! Genuine remorse is certainly extremely rare among wrong-doers and the victims of punishment; prisons and houses of correction are not the soil on which this worm of remorse pullulates for choice- this is the unanimous opinion of

all conscientious observers, who in many cases arrive at such a judgment with enough reluctance and against their own personal wishes. Speaking generally, punishment hardens and numbs, it produces concentration, it sharpens the consciousness of alienation, it strengthens the power of resistance. When it happens that it breaks the man's energy and brings about a piteous prostration and abjectness, such a result is certainly even less salutary than the average effect of punishment, which is characterised by a harsh and sinister doggedness. The thought of those prehistoric millennia brings us to the unhesitating conclusion, that it was simply through punishment that the evolution of the consciousness of guilt was most forcibly retarded - at any rate in the victims of the punishing power. In particular, let us not underestimate the extent to which, by the very sight of the judicial and executive procedure, the wrong-doer is himself prevented from feeling that his deed, the character of his act, is intrinsically reprehensible: for he sees clearly the same kind of acts practised in the service of justice, and then called good, and practised with a good conscience; acts such as espionage, trickery, bribery, trapping, the whole intriguing and insidious art of the policeman and the informer - the whole system, in fact, manifested in the different kinds of punishment (a system not excused by passion, but based on principle), of robbing, oppressing, insulting, imprisoning, racking, murdering. - All this he sees treated by his judges, not as acts meriting censure and condemnation in themselves, but only in a particular context and application. It was not on this soil that grew the "bad conscience," that most sinister and interesting plant of our earthly vegetation - in point of fact, throughout a most lengthy period, no suggestion of having to do with a 'guilty man' manifested itself in the consciousness of the man who judged and punished. One had merely to deal with an author of an injury, an irresponsible piece of fate. And the man himself, on whom the punishment subsequently fell like a piece of fate, was occasioned no more of an "inner pain" than would be occasioned by the sudden approach of some uncalculated event, some terrible natural catastrophe, a rushing, crushing avalanche against which there is no resistance.

Genealogy of Morals
Essay 2 s15

This truth came insidiously enough to the consciousness of Spinoza (to the disgust of his commentators, who (like Kuno Fischer, for instance) give themselves no end of trouble to misunderstand him on this point), when one afternoon (as he sat raking up who knows what memory) he indulged in the question of what was really left for him personally of the celebrated *Morsus conscientiae* - Spinoza, who had relegated "good and evil" to the sphere of human imagination, and indignantly defended the honour of his "free" God against those blasphemers who affirmed that God did everything *sub ratione* ("but this was tantamount to subordinating God to fate, and would really be the greatest of all absurdities"). For Spinoza the world had returned again to that innocence in which it lay before the discovery of the bad conscience: what, then, had happened to the *morsus conscientiae*? "The antithesis of *gaudium*," said he at last to himself, - "A sadness accompanied by the recollection of a past event which has turned out contrary to all expectation" (*Eth.* iii., *Propos.* xviii. *Schol.* i. ii.). Evil-doers have throughout thousands of years felt when overtaken by punishment exactly like Spinoza, on the subject of their "offence": "here is something which went wrong contrary to my anticipation," not "I ought not to have done this." - They submitted themselves to punishment, just as one submits one's self to a disease, to a misfortune, or to death, with that stubborn and resigned fatalism which gives the Russians, for instance, even nowadays, the advantage over us Westerners, in the handling of life. If at that period there was a critique of action, the criterion was prudence: the real effect of punishment is unquestionably chiefly to be found in a sharpening of the sense of prudence, in a lengthening of the memory, in a will to adopt more of a policy of caution, suspicion, and secrecy; in the recognition that there are many things which are unquestionably beyond one's capacity; in a kind of improvement in self-criticism. The broad effects which can be obtained by punishment in man and beast, are the increase of fear, the sharpening of the sense of cunning, the mastery of the desires: so it is that punishment tames man, but does not make him "better" - it would be more correct even to go so far as to assert the contrary ("Injury makes a man cunning," says a popular proverb: so far as it makes him cunning, it makes him also bad. Fortunately, it often enough makes him stupid).

At this juncture I cannot avoid trying to give a tentative and provisional expression to my own hypothesis concerning the origin of the bad conscience: it is difficult to make it fully appreciated, and it requires continuous meditation, attention, and digestion. I regard the bad conscience as the serious illness which man was bound to contract under the stress of the most radical change which he has ever experienced - that change, when he found himself finally imprisoned within the pale of society and of peace.

Just like the plight of the water-animals, when they were compelled either to become land-animals or to perish, so was the plight of these half-animals, perfectly adapted as they were to the savage life of war, prowling, and adventure - suddenly all their instincts were rendered worthless and "switched off." Henceforward they had to walk on their feet - "carry themselves," whereas heretofore they had been carried by the water: a terrible heaviness oppressed them. They found themselves clumsy in obeying the simplest directions, confronted with this new and unknown world they had no longer their old guides - the regulative instincts that had led them unconsciously to safety - they were reduced, were those unhappy creatures, to thinking, inferring, calculating, putting together causes and results, reduced to that poorest and most erratic organ of theirs, their "consciousness." I do not believe there was ever in the world such a feeling of misery, such a leaden discomfort - further, those old instincts had not immediately ceased their demands! Only it was difficult and rarely possible to gratify them: speaking broadly, they were compelled to satisfy themselves by new and, as it were, hole-and-corner methods. All instincts which do not find a vent without, turn inwards - this is what I mean by the growing "internalisation" of man: consequently we have the first growth in man, of what subsequently was called his soul. The whole inner world, originally as thin as if it had been stretched between two layers of skin, burst apart and expanded proportionately, and obtained depth, breadth, and height, when man's external outlet became obstructed. These terrible bulwarks, with which the social organisation protected itself against the old instincts of freedom (punishments belong pre-eminently to these bulwarks), brought it about that all those instincts of wild, free, prowling man became turned backwards against man himself. Enmity, cruelty, the delight in persecution, in surprises, change, destruction - the turning all these instincts against

their own possessors: this is the origin of the "bad conscience." It was man, who, lacking external enemies and obstacles, and imprisoned as he was in the oppressive narrowness and monotony of custom, in his own impatience lacerated, persecuted, gnawed, frightened, and ill-treated himself; it was this animal in the hands of the tamer, which beat itself against the bars of its cage; it was this being who, pining and yearning for that desert home of which it had been deprived, was compelled to create out of its own self, an adventure, a torture-chamber, a hazardous and perilous desert - it was this fool, this homesick and desperate prisoner- who invented the "bad conscience." But thereby he introduced that most grave and sinister illness, from which mankind has not yet recovered, the suffering of man from the disease called man, as the result of a violent breaking from his animal past, the result, as it were, of a spasmodic plunge into a new environment and new conditions of existence, the result of a declaration of war against the old instincts, which up to that time had been the staple of his power, his joy, his formidableness. Let us immediately add that this fact of an animal ego turning against itself, taking part against itself, produced in the world so novel, profound, unheard-of, problematic, inconsistent, and pregnant a phenomenon, that the aspect of the world was radically altered thereby. In sooth, only divine spectators could have appreciated the drama that then began, and whose end baffles conjecture as yet - a drama too subtle, too wonderful, too paradoxical to warrant its undergoing a nonsensical and unheeded performance on some random grotesque planet! Henceforth man is to be counted as one of the most unexpected and sensational lucky shots in the game of the "big baby" of Heracleitus, whether he be called Zeus or Chance - he awakens on his behalf the interest, excitement, hope, almost the confidence, of his being the harbinger and forerunner of something, of man being no end, but only a stage, an interlude, a bridge, a great promise.

Genealogy of Morals

Essay 2 s17

It is primarily involved in this hypothesis of the origin of the bad conscience, that that alteration was no gradual and no voluntary alteration, and that it did not manifest itself as an organic adaptation to new

conditions, but as a break, a jump, a necessity, an inevitable fate, against which there was no resistance and never a spark of resentment. And secondarily, that the fitting of a hitherto unchecked and amorphous population into a fixed form, starting as it had done in an act of violence, could only be accomplished by acts of violence and nothing else - that the oldest "State" appeared consequently as a ghastly tyranny, a grinding ruthless piece of machinery, which went on working, till this raw material of a semi-animal populace was not only thoroughly kneaded and elastic, but also moulded. I used the word "State"; my meaning is self-evident, namely, a herd of blonde beasts of prey, a race of conquerors and masters, which with all its war-like organisation and all its organising power pounces with its terrible claws on a population, in numbers possibly tremendously superior, but as yet formless, as yet nomad. Such is the origin of the "State." That fantastic theory that makes it begin with a contract is, I think, disposed of. He who can command, he who is a master by "nature," he who comes on the scene forceful in deed and gesture - what has he to do with contracts? Such beings defy calculation, they come like fate, without cause, reason, notice, excuse, they are there as the lightning is there, too terrible, too sudden, too convincing, too "different," to be personally even hated. Their work is an instinctive creating and impressing of forms, they are the most involuntary, unconscious artists that there are: - their appearance produces instantaneously a scheme of sovereignty which is live, in which the functions are partitioned and apportioned, in which above all no part is received or finds a place, until pregnant with a "meaning" in regard to the whole. They are ignorant of the meaning of guilt, responsibility, consideration, are these born organisers; in them predominates that terrible artist-ego-ism, that gleams like brass, and that knows itself justified to all eternity, in its work, even as a mother in her child. It is not in them that there grew the bad conscience, that is elementary -but it would not have grown without them, repulsive growth as it was, it would be missing, had not a tremendous quantity of freedom been expelled from the world by the stress of their hammer-strokes, their artist violence, or been at any rate made invisible and, as it were, latent. This instinct of freedom forced into being latent - it is already clear - this instinct of freedom farced back, trodden back, imprisoned within itself, and finally only able to find vent and relief in itself; this, only this, is the beginning of the "bad conscience."

Genealogy of Morals
Essay 2 s18

Beware of thinking lightly of this phenomenon, by reason of its initial painful ugliness. At bottom it is the same active force which is at work on a more grandiose scale in those potent artists and organisers, and builds states, where here, internally, on a smaller and pettier scale and with a retrogressive tendency, makes itself a bad conscience in the "labyrinth of the breast," to use Goethe's phrase, and which builds negative ideals; it is, I repeat, that identical instinct of freedom (to use my own language, the will to power) : only the material, on which this force with all its constructive and tyrannous nature is let loose, is here man himself, his whole old animal self - and not as in the case of that more grandiose and sensational phenomenon, the other man, other men. This secret self-tyranny, this cruelty of the artist, this delight in giving a form to one's self as a piece of difficult, refractory, and suffering material, in burning in a will, a critique, a contradiction, a contempt, a negation; this sinister and ghastly labour of love on the part of a soul, whose will is cloven in two within itself, which makes itself suffer from delight in the infliction of suffering; this wholly active bad conscience has finally (as one already anticipates) - true fountainhead as it is of idealism and imagination - produced an abundance of novel and amazing beauty and affirmation, and perhaps has really been the first to give birth to beauty at all. What would beauty be, in truth, if its contradiction had not first been presented to consciousness, if the ugly had not first said to itself, "I am ugly"? At any rate, after this hint the problem of how far idealism and beauty can be traced in such opposite ideas as "selflessness," self-denial, self-sacrifice, becomes less problematical; and indubitably in future we shall certainly know the real and original character of the delight experienced by the selfless, the self-denying, the self-sacrificing: this delight is a phase of cruelty. - So much provisionally for the origin of "altruism" as a moral value, and the marking out the ground from which this value has grown: it is only the bad conscience, only the will for self-abuse, that provides the necessary conditions for the existence of altruism as a value.

Genealogy of Morals
Essay 2 s19

Undoubtedly the bad conscience is an illness, but an illness as pregnancy is an illness. If we search out the conditions under which this illness reaches its most terrible and sublime zenith, we shall see what really first brought about its entry into the world. But to do this we must take a long breath, and we must first of all go back once again to an earlier point of view. The relation at civil law of the debtor to his creditor (which has already been discussed in detail), has been interpreted once again (and indeed in a manner which historically is exceedingly remarkable and suspicious) into a relationship, which is perhaps more incomprehensible to us moderns than to any other era; that is, into the relationship of the existing generation to its ancestors. Within the original tribal association - we are talking of primitive times - each living generation recognises a legal obligation towards the earlier generation, and particularly towards the earliest, which founded the family (and this is something much more than a mere sentimental obligation, the existence of which, during the longest period of man's history, is by no means indisputable). There prevails in them the conviction that it is only thanks to sacrifices and efforts of their ancestors, that the race persists at all - and that this has to be paid back to them by sacrifices and services. Thus is recognized the owing of a debt, which accumulates continually by reason of these ancestors never ceasing in their subsequent life as potent spirits to secure by their power new privileges and advantages to the race. *Gratis*, perchance? But there is no *gratis* for that raw and "mean-souled" age. What return can be made? - Sacrifice (at first, nourishment, in its crude;! sense), festivals, temples, tributes of veneration, above all, obedience - since all customs are, qua works of the ancestors, equally their precepts and commands - are the ancestors ever given enough? This suspicion remains and grows: from time to time it extorts a great wholesale ransom, something monstrous in the way of repayment of the creditor (the notorious sacrifice of the first-born, for example, blood, human blood in any case). The fear of ancestors and their power, the consciousness of owing debts to them, necessarily increases, according to this kind of logic, in the exact proportion that the race itself increases, that the race itself becomes more victorious, more independent, more honoured, more feared. This, and not the

contrary, is the fact. Each step towards race decay, all disastrous events, all symptoms of degeneration, of approaching disintegration, always diminish the fear of the founders' spirit, and whittle away the idea of his sagacity, providence, and potent presence. Conceive this crude kind of logic carried to its climax: it follows that the ancestors of the most powerful races must, through the growing fear that they exercise on the imaginations, grow themselves into monstrous dimensions, and become relegated to the gloom of a divine mystery that transcends imagination - the ancestor becomes at last necessarily transfigured into a god. Perhaps this is the very origin of the gods, that is, an origin from fear/ And those who feel bound to add, "but from piety also," will have difficulty in maintaining this theory, with regard to the primeval and longest period of the human race. And, of course, this is even more the case as regards the middle period, the formative period of the aristocratic races - the aristocratic races which have given back with interest to their founders, the ancestors (heroes, gods), all those qualities which in the meanwhile have appeared in themselves, that is, the aristocratic qualities. We will later on glance again at the ennobling and promotion of the gods (which, of course, is totally distinct from their "sanctification") : let us now provisionally follow to its end the course of the whole of this development of the consciousness of "owing."

Genealogy of Morals

Essay 2 s20

According to the teaching of history, the consciousness of owing debts to the deity by no means came to an end with the decay of the clan organisation of society; just as mankind has inherited the ideas of "good" and "bad" from the race-nobility (together with its fundamental tendency towards establishing social distinctions) , so with the heritage of the racial and tribal gods it has also inherited the incubus of debts as yet unpaid and the desire to discharge them. The transition is effected by those large populations of slaves and bondsmen, who, whether through compulsion or through submission and "mimicry" have accommodated themselves to the religion of their masters; through this channel these inherited

tendencies inundate the world. The feeling of owing a debt to the deity has grown continuously for several centuries, always in the same proportion in which the idea of God and the consciousness of God have grown and become exalted among mankind. (The whole history of ethnic fights, victories, reconciliations, amalgamations, everything, in fact, which precedes the eventual classing of all the social elements in each great race-synthesis, are mirrored in the hodge-podge genealogy of their gods, in the legends of their fights, victories, and reconciliations. Progress towards universal empires invariably means progress towards universal deities; despotism, with its subjugation of the independent nobility, always paves the way for some system or other of monotheism.) The appearance of the Christian god, as the record god up to this time, has for that very reason brought equally into the world the record amount of guilt consciousness. Granted that we have gradually started on the reverse movement, there is no little probability in the deduction, based on the continuous decay in the belief in the Christian god, to the effect that there also already exists a considerable decay in the human consciousness of owing (ought) ; in fact, we cannot shut our eyes to the prospect of the complete and eventual triumph of atheism freeing mankind from all this feeling of obligation to their origin, their *causa prima* [first cause] . Atheism and a kind of second innocence complement and supplement each other.

Genealogy of Morals

Essay 2 s21

So much for my rough and preliminary sketch of the interrelation of the ideas "ought" (owe) and "duty" with the postulates of religion. I have intentionally shelved up to the present the actual moralisation of these ideas (their being pushed back into the conscience, or more precisely the interweaving of the bad conscience with the idea of God), and at the end of the last paragraph used language to the effect that this moralisation did not exist, and that consequently these ideas had necessarily come to an end, by reason of what had happened to their hypothesis, the credence in our "creditor," in God. The actual facts differ terribly from this

theory. It is with the moralisation of the ideas "ought" and "duty," and with their being pushed back into the bad conscience, that comes the first actual attempt to reverse the direction of the development we have just described, or at any rate to arrest its evolution ; it is just at this juncture that the very hope of an eventual redemption has to put itself once for all into the prison of pessimism, it is at this juncture that the eye likes to recoil and rebound in despair from off an adamantine impossibility, it is at this juncture that the ideas "guilt" and "duty" have to turn backwards - turn backwards against whom? There is no doubt about it; primarily against the "debtor," in whom the bad conscience now establishes itself, eats, extends, and grows like a polypus throughout its length and breadth, all with such virulence, that at last, with the impossibility of paying the debt, there becomes conceived the idea of the impossibility of paying the penalty, the thought of its inexpiability (the idea of "eternal punishment") - finally, too, it turns against the "creditor," whether found in the *causa prima* [first cause] of man, the origin of the human race, its sire, who henceforth becomes burdened with a curse (o'Adam," "original sin," "determination of the will"), or in Nature from whose womb man springs, and on whom the responsibility for the principle of evil is now cast ("Diabolisation of Nature"), or in existence generally, on this logic an absolute white elephant, with which mankind is landed (the Nihilistic flight from life, the demand for Nothingness, or for the opposite of existence, for some other existence, Buddhism and the like) - till suddenly we stand before that paradoxical and awful expedient, through which a tortured humanity has found a temporary alleviation, that stroke of genius called Christianity: - God personally immolating himself for the debt of man, God paying himself personally out of a pound of his own flesh, God as the one being who can deliver man from what man had become unable to deliver himself - the creditor playing scapegoat for his debtor, from love (can you believe it?), from love of his debtor! ...

Genealogy of Morals

Essay 2 s22

The reader will already have conjectured what took place on the stage and behind the scenes of this drama. That will for self-torture, that

inverted cruelty of the animal man, who, turned subjective and scared into introspection (encaged as he was in "the State," as part of his taming process), invented the bad conscience so as to hurt himself, after the natural outlet for this will to hurt, became blocked - in other words, this man of the bad conscience exploited the religious hypothesis so as to carry his martyrdom to the ghastliest pitch of agonised intensity. Owing something to God: this thought becomes his instrument of torture. He apprehends in God the most extreme antitheses that he can find to his own characteristic and ineradicable animal instincts, he himself gives a new interpretation to these animal instincts as being against what he "owes" to God (as enmity, rebellion, and revolt against the "Lord," the "Father," the "Sire," the "Beginning of the world"), he places himself between the horns of the dilemma, "God" and "Devil." Every negation which he is inclined to utter to himself, to the nature, naturalness, and reality of his being, he whips into an ejaculation of "yes," uttering it as something existing, living, efficient, as being God, as the holiness of God, the judgment of God, as the hangmanship of God, as transcendence, as eternity, as unending torment, as hell, as infinity of punishment and guilt. This is a kind of madness of the will in the sphere of psychological cruelty which is absolutely unparalleled: - man's will to find himself guilty and blameworthy to the point of inexpressibility, his will to think of himself as punished, without the punishment ever being able to balance the guilt, his will to infect and to poison the fundamental basis of the universe with the problem of punishment and guilt, in order to cut off once and for all any escape out of this labyrinth of "fixed ideas," his will for rearing an ideal - that of the "holy God" - face to face with which he can have tangible proof of his own unworthiness. Alas for this mad melancholy beast man! What phantasies invade it, what paroxysms of perversity, hysterical senselessness, and mental bestiality break out immediately, at the very slightest check on its being the beast of action ! All this is excessively interesting, but at the same time tainted with a black, gloomy, enervating melancholy, so that a forcible veto must be invoked against looking too long into these abysses. Here is disease, indubitably, the most ghastly disease that has as yet played havoc among men: and he who can still hear (but man turns now deaf ears to such sounds), how in this night of torment and nonsense there has rung out the cry of love, the cry of the most passionate ecstasy, of redemption in love, he turns away gripped by an invincible horror - in man there is so much that is ghastly - too long has the world been a mad-house.

Genealogy of Morals
Essay 2 s23

Let this suffice once for all concerning the origin of the "holy God." The fact that in itself the conception of gods is not bound to lead necessarily to this degradation of the imagination (a temporary representation of whose vagaries we felt bound to give), the fact that there exist nobler methods of utilising the invention of gods than in this self-crucifixion and self-degradation of man, in which the last two thousand years of Europe have been past masters - these facts can fortunately be still perceived from every glance that we cast at the Grecian gods, these mirrors of noble and grandiose men, in which the animal in man felt itself deified, and did not devour itself in subjective frenzy. These Greeks long utilised their gods as simple buffers against the "bad conscience" - so that they could continue to enjoy their freedom of soul: this, of course, is diametrically opposed to Christianity's theory of its god. They went very far on this principle, did these splendid and lion-hearted children; and there is no lesser authority than that of the Homeric Zeus for making them realise occasionally that they are taking life too casually. "Wonderful," says he on one occasion - it has to do with the case of Aegisthus, a very bad case indeed -

"Wonderful how they grumble, the mortals against the immortals

Only from us, they presume, comes evil, but in their folly,

Fashion they, spite of fate, the doom of their own disaster."

Yet the reader will note and observe that this Olympian spectator and judge is far from being angry with them and thinking evil of them on this score. "How foolish they are," so thinks he of the misdeeds of mortals - and "folly," "imprudence," "a little brain disturbance." and nothing more, are what the Greeks, even of the strongest, bravest period, have admitted to be the ground of much that is evil and fatal. - Folly, not sin, do you understand? ... But even this brain disturbance was a problem - "Come, how is it even possible? How could it have really got in brains like ours, the brains of men of aristocratic ancestry, of men of fortune, of men of good natural endowments, of men of the best society, of men of

nobility and virtue?" This was the question that for century on century the aristocratic Greek put to himself when confronted with every (to him incomprehensible) outrage and sacrilege with which one of his peers had polluted himself. "It must be that a god had infatuated him," he would say at last, nodding his head. - This solution is typical of the (?reeks, ... accordingly the gods in those times subserved the functions of justifying man to a certain extent even in evil- in those days they took upon themselves not the punishment, but, what is more noble, the guilt.

Genealogy of Morals

Essay 2 s24

I conclude with three queries, as you will sec. "Is an ideal actually set up here, or is one pulled down?" I am perhaps asked... . But have ye sufficiently asked yourselves how dear a payment has the setting up of every ideal in the world exacted? To achieve that consummation how much truth must always be traduced and misunderstood, how many lies must be sanctified, hew much conscience has got to be disturbed, how many pounds of "God" have got to be sacrificed every time?^ To enable a sanctuary to be set up a sanctuary has got to be destroyed: that is a law - show me an instance where it has not been fulfilled! ... We modern men, we inherit the immemorial tradition of vivisectioning the conscience, and practicing cruelty to our animal selves. That is the sphere of our most protracted training, perhaps of our artistic prowess, at any rate of our dilettantism and our perverted taste. Man has for too long regarded his natural proclivities with an "evil eye," so that eventually they have become in his system affiliated to a bad conscience. A converse endeavour would be intrinsically feasible - but who is strong enough to attempt it? - namely, to affiliate to the "bad conscience" all those unnatural proclivities, all those transcendental aspirations, contrary to sense, instinct, nature, and animalism - in short, all past and present ideals, which are all ideals opposed to life, and traducing the world. To whom is one to turn nowadays with such hopes and pretensions? - It is just the good men that we should thus bring about our ears; and in addition, as stands to reason, the indolent, the hedgers, the vain, the hysterical, the tired... . What is more offensive or more thoroughly calculated to alienate, than giving any hint of the exalted severity with which we treat ourselves? And again how conciliatory, how full of love does all the world show

itself towards us so soon as we do as all the world does, and "let ourselves go" like all the world. For such a consummation we need spirits of different caliber than seems really feasible in this age; spirits rendered potent through wars and victories, to whom conquest, adventure, danger, even pain, have become a need; for such a consummation we need habituation to sharp, rare air, to winter wanderings, to literal and metaphorical ice and mountains; we even need a kind of sublime malice, a supreme and most self conscious insolence of knowledge, which is the apanage of great health; we need (to summarise the awful truth) just this great health'.

Is this even feasible today? ... But some day, in a stronger age than this rotting and introspective present, must he in sooth come to us, even the redeemer of great love and scorn, the creative spirit, rebounding by the impetus of his own force back again away from every transcendental plane and dimension, he whose solitude is misunderstood of the people, as though it were a flight from reality; - while actually it is only his diving, burrowing, and penetrating into reality, so that when he comes again to the light he can at once bring about by these means the redemption of this reality; its redemption from the curse which the old ideal has laid upon it. This man of the future, who in this wise will redeem us from the old ideal, as he will from that ideal's necessary corollary of great nausea, will to nothingness, and Nihilism; this tocsin of noon and of the great verdict, which renders the will again free, who gives back to the world its goal and to man his hope, this Antichrist and Anti-nihilist, this conqueror of God and of Nothingness - he must one day come.

Genealogy of Morals
Essay 2 s25

But what am I talking of? Enough! Enough? At this juncture I have only one proper course, silence: otherwise I trespass on a domain open alone to one who is younger than I, one stronger, more "future" than I - open alone to Zarathustra, Zarathustra the godless.

THIRD ESSAY

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF ASCETIC IDEALS?

"Careless, mocking, forceful - so does wisdom wish us: she is a woman, and never loves anyone but a warrior."

Thus Spake Zarathustra.

Genealogy of Morals
Essay 3 s1

What is the meaning of ascetic ideals? In artists, nothing, or too much; in philosophers and scholars, a kind of "flair" and instinct for the conditions most favourable to advanced intellectualism; in women, at best an additional seductive fascination, a little morbidezza [softness] on a fine piece of flesh, the angelic quality of a fat, pretty animal; in physiological failures and whiners (in the majority of mortals), an attempt to pose as "too good" for this world, a holy form of debauchery, their chief weapon in the battle with lingering pain and ennui; in priests, the actual priestly faith, their best engine of power, and also the supreme authority for power; in saints, finally a pretext for hibernation, their novissima gloriae cupido [most recent desire for glory], their peace in nothingness ("God"), their form of madness.

but in the very fact that the ascetic ideal has meant so much to man, lies expressed the fundamental feature of man's will, his horror vacui [horror of a vacuum]: he needs a goal - and he will sooner will nothingness than not will at all. - Am I not understood? - Have I not been understood? - "Certainly not, sir?" - Well, let us begin at the beginning.

Genealogy of Morals
Essay 3 s2

What is the meaning of ascetic ideals? Or, to take an individual case in regard to which I have often been consulted, what is the meaning, for example, of an artist like Richard Wagner paying homage to chastity in his old age? He had always done so, of course, in a certain sense, but it was not till quite the end, that he did so in an ascetic sense. What is the meaning of this "change of attitude," this radical revolution in his attitude - for that was what it was? Wagner veered thereby straight round into his own opposite. What is the meaning of an artist veering round into his own opposite? At this point (granted that we do not mind stopping a little over this question), we immediately call to mind the best, strongest, gayest, and boldest period, that there perhaps ever was in Wagner's life: that was the period when he was genuinely and deeply occupied with the idea of "Luther's Wedding." Who knows what chance is responsible for our now having the *Die Meistersinger* [Wagner's opera *The Master Singers*] singers instead of this wedding music? And how much in the latter is perhaps just an echo of the former? But there is no doubt but that the theme would have dealt with the praise of chastity. And certainly it would also have dealt with the praise of sensuality, and even so, it would seem quite in order, and even so, it would have been equally Wagnerian. For there is no necessary antithesis between chastity and sensuality: every good marriage, every authentic heartfelt love transcends this antithesis. Wagner would, it seems to me, have done well to have brought this pleasing reality home once again to his Germans, by means of a bold and graceful "Luther Comedy," for there were and are among the Germans many revilers of sensuality; and perhaps Luther's greatest merit lies just in the fact of his having had the courage of his sensuality (it used to be called, prettily enough, "evangelistic freedom"). But even in those cases where that antithesis between chastity and sensuality does exist, there has fortunately been for some time no necessity for it to be in any way a tragic antithesis. This should, at any rate, be the case with all beings who are sound in mind and body, who are far from reckoning their delicate balance between "animal" and "angel," as being on the face of it one of the principles opposed to existence - the most subtle and brilliant spirits, such as Goethe, such as Hafiz, have even seen in this a further charm of life. Such "conflicts" actually allure one to life. On the other hand, it is only too clear that when once these ruined swine are reduced to worshipping chastity - and there are such swine - they only see and worship in it the antithesis to themselves, the antithesis to ruined swine. Oh, what a tragic grunting and eagerness! You can just think of it

- they worship that painful and superfluous contrast, which Richard Wagner in his latter days undoubtedly wished to set to music, and to place on the stage! "For what purpose, indeed?" as we may reasonably ask. What did the swine matter to him; what do they matter to us?

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At this point it is impossible to beg the further question of what he really had to do with that manly (ah, so unmanly) country bumpkin, that poor devil and natural, Parsifal, whom he eventually made a Catholic by such fraudulent devices. What? Was this Parsifal really meant seriously? One might be tempted to suppose the contrary, even to wish it - that the Wagnerian Parsifal was meant joyously, like a concluding play of a trilogy or satyric drama, in which Wagner the tragedian wished to take farewell of us, of himself, above all of tragedy, and to do so in a manner that should be quite fitting and worthy, that is, with an excess of the most extreme and flippant parody of the tragic itself, of the ghastly earthly seriousness and earthly woe of old - a parody of that most crude phase in the unnaturalness of the ascetic ideal, that had at length been overcome. That, as I have said, would have been quite worthy of a great tragedian; who like every artist first attains the supreme pinnacle of his greatness when he can look down into himself and his art, when he can laugh at himself. Is Wagner's Parsifal his secret laugh of superiority over himself, the triumph of that supreme artistic freedom and artistic transcendency which he has at length attained. We might, I repeat, wish it were so, for what can Parsifal, taken seriously, amount to? Is it really necessary to see in it (according to an expression once used against me) the product of an insane hate of knowledge, mind, and flesh? A curse on flesh and spirit in one breath of hate? An apostasy and reversion to the morbid Christian and obscurantist ideals? And finally a self-negation and self-elimination on the part of an artist, who till then had devoted all the strength of his will to the contrary, namely, the highest artistic expression of soul and body. And not only his art; of his life as well. Just remember with what enthusiasm Wagner followed in the footsteps of Feuerbach. Feuerbach's motto of "healthy sensuality" rang in the ears of Wagner during the thirties and forties of the century, as it did in the ears of many Germans

(they dubbed themselves "Young Germans"), like the word of redemption. Did he eventually change Ids mind on the subject? For it seems at any rate that he eventually wished to change his teaching on that subject ... and not only is that the case with the Parsifal trumpets on the stage: in the melancholy, cramped, and embarrassed cloudy writings of his later years, there are a hundred places in which there are manifestations of a secret wish and will, a despondent, uncertain, unavowed will to preach actual retrogression, conversion, Christianity, medievalism, and to say to his disciples, "All is vanity! Seek salvation elsewhere!" Even the "blood of the Redeemer" is once invoked.

Genealogy of Morals

Essay 3 s4

Let me speak out my mind in a case like this, which has many painful elements - and it is a typical case: it is certainly best to separate an artist from his work so completely that he cannot be taken as seriously as his work. He is after all merely the presupposition of his work, the womb, the soil, in certain cases the dung and manure, on which and out of which it grows - and consequently, in most cases, something that must be forgotten if the work itself is to be enjoyed. The insight into the origin of a work is a matter for physiologists and vivisectionists of the spirit, but never either in the present or the future for the aesthetes, the artists. The author and creator of Parsifal was as little spared the necessity of sinking and living himself into the terrible depths and foundations of the conflicts of the mediaeval soul, the necessity of a malignant abstraction from all intellectual elevation, severity, and discipline, the necessity of a kind of mental perversity (if the reader will pardon me such a word), as little as a pregnant woman is spared the horrors and marvels of pregnancy, which, as I have said, must be forgotten if the child is to be enjoyed. We must guard ourselves against the confusion, into which an artist himself would fall only too easily (to employ the English terminology) out of psychological "contiguity"; as though the artist himself actually were the object which he is able to represent, imagine, and express. In point of fact, the position is that even if he conceived he were such an object, he would certainly not represent, conceive, express it. Homer would not have created an Achilles, nor Goethe a Faust, if Homer had been

an Achilles or if Goth had been a Faust. A complete and perfect artist is to all eternity separated from the "real," from the actual ; on the other hand, it will be appreciated that he can at times get tired to the point of despair of this eternal "unreality" and falseness of his innermost being - and that he then sometimes attempts to trespass on to the most forbidden ground, on reality, and attempts to have real existence. With what success? The success will be guessed - it is the typical velleity of the artist; the same velleity to which Wagner fell a victim in his old age, and for which he had to pay so dearly and so fatally (he lost thereby his most valuable friends). But after all, quite apart from this velleity, who would not wish emphatically for Wagner's own sake that he had taken farewell of us and of his art in a different manner, not with a Parsifal, but in more victorious, more self-confident, more Wagnerian style - a style less misleading, a style less ambiguous with regard to his whole meaning, less Schopenhauerian, less Nihilistic? ...

Genealogy of Morals

Essay 3 s5

What, then, is the meaning of ascetic ideals? In the case of an artist we are getting to understand their meaning: Nothing at all ... or so much that it is as good as nothing at all. Indeed, what is the use of them? Our artists have for a long time past not taken up a sufficiently independent attitude, either in the world or against it, to warrant their valuations and the changes in these valuations exciting interest. At all times they have played the valet of some morality, philosophy, or religion, quite apart from the fact that unfortunately they have often enough been the inordinately supple courtiers of their clients and patrons, and the inquisitive toadies of the powers that are existing, or even of the new powers to come. To put it at the lowest, they always need a rampart, a support, an already constituted authority: artists never stand by themselves, standing alone is opposed to their deepest instincts. So, for example, did Richard Wagner take, "when the time had come," the philosopher Schopenhauer for his covering man in front, for his rampart. Who would consider it even thinkable, that he would have had the courage for an ascetic ideal, without the support afforded him by the philosophy of Schopenhauer, without the authority of Schopenhauer, which

dominated Europe in the seventies? (This is without consideration of the question whether an artist without the milk * of an orthodoxy would have been possible at all.) This brings us to the more serious question: What is the meaning of a real philosopher paying homage to the ascetic ideal, a really self-dependent intellect like Schopenhauer, a man and knight with a glance of bronze, who has the courage to be himself, who knows how to stand alone without first waiting for men who cover him in front, and the nods of his superiors? Let us now consider at once the remarkable attitude of Schopenhauer towards art, an attitude which has even a fascination for certain types. For that is obviously the reason why Richard Wagner all at once went over to Schopenhauer (persuaded thereto, as one knows, by a poet, Herwegh), went over so completely that there ensued the cleavage of a complete theoretic contradiction between his earlier and his later aesthetic faiths - the earlier, for example, being expressed in Opera and Drama, the later in the writings which he published from 1870 onwards. In particular, Wagner from that time onwards (and this is the volte-face which alienates us the most) had no scruples about changing his judgment concerning the value and position of music itself. What did he care if up to that time he had made of music a means, a medium, a "woman," that in order to thrive needed an end, a man - that is, the drama? He suddenly realised that more could be effected by the novelty of the Schopenhauerian theory in *maioris musicae gloriam* [for the greater glory of music] - that is to say, by means of the sovereignty of music, as Schopenhauer understood it; music abstracted from and opposed to all the other arts, music as the independent art-in-itself, not like the other arts, affording reflections of the phenomenal world, but rather the language of the will itself, speaking straight out of the "abyss" as its most personal, original, and direct manifestation. This extraordinary rise in the value of music (a rise which seemed to grow out of the Schopenhauerian philosophy) was at once accompanied by an unprecedented rise in the estimation in which the musician himself was held: he became now an oracle, a priest, nay, more than a priest, a kind of mouthpiece for the "intrinsic essence of things," a telephone from the other world - from henceforward he talked not only music, did this ventriloquist of God, he talked metaphysic; what wonder that one day he eventually talked ascetic ideals!

Genealogy of Morals
Essay 3 s6

Schopenhauer has made use of the Kantian treatment of the aesthetic problem - though he certainly did not regard it with the Kantian eyes. Kant thought that he showed honour to art when he favoured and placed in the foreground those of the predicates of the beautiful, which constitute the honour of knowledge: impersonality and universality. This is not the place to discuss whether this was not a complete mistake; all that I wish to emphasise is that Kant, just like other philosophers, instead of envisaging the aesthetic problem from the standpoint of the experiences of the artist (the creator), has only considered art and beauty from the standpoint of the spectator, and has thereby imperceptibly imported the spectator himself into the idea of the "beautiful"! But if only the philosophers of the beautiful had sufficient knowledge of this "spectator"! - Knowledge of him as a great fact of personality, as a great experience, as a wealth of strong and most individual events, desires, surprises, and raptures in the sphere of beauty! But, as I feared, the contrary was always the case. And so we get from our philosophers, from the very beginning, definitions on which the lack of a subtler personal experience squats like a fat worm of crass error, as it does on Kant's famous definition of the beautiful. "That is beautiful," says Kant, "which pleases without interesting." Without interesting! Compare this definition with this other one, made by a real "spectator" and "artist" - by Stendhal, who once called the beautiful a *promesse de bonheur* [a promise of happiness]. Here the disinterestedness [*désintéressement*] which Kant made the single element in the aesthetic state is clearly rejected and deleted. Who's right, Kant or Stendhal? Naturally if our aestheticians never get tired of throwing into the scales in Kant's favour the fact that under the magic of beauty men can look at even naked female statues "without interest," we can certainly laugh a little at their expense: - in regard to this ticklish point the experiences of artists are more "interesting," and at any rate Pygmalion was not necessarily an "unaesthetic man." Let us think all the better of the innocence of our aesthetes, reflected as it is in such arguments; let us, for instance, count to Kant's honour the country-parson naivete of his doctrine concerning the peculiar character of the sense of touch! And here we come back to Schopenhauer, who stood in much closer neighbourhood to the arts than did Kant, and yet never escaped outside the pale of the Kantian

definition; how was that? The circumstance is marvellous enough: he interprets the expression, "without interest," in the most personal fashion, out of an experience which must in his case have been part and parcel of his regular routine. On few subjects does Schopenhauer speak with such certainty as on the working of aesthetic contemplation: he says of it that it simply counteracts sexual interest, like lupulin and camphor; he never gets tired of glorifying this escape from the "Life-will" as the great advantage and utility of the aesthetic state. In fact, one is tempted to ask if his fundamental conception of Will and Idea, the thought that there can only exist freedom from the "will" by means of "idea," did not originate in a generalisation from this sexual experience. (In all questions concerning the Schopenhauerian philosophy, one should, by the bye, never lose sight of the consideration that it is the conception of a youth of twenty-six, so that it participates not only in what is peculiar to Schopenhauer's life, but in what is peculiar to that special period of his life.) Let us listen, for instance, to one of the most expressive among the countless passages which he has written in honour of the aesthetic state (*World as Will and Idea*, i. 231); let us listen to the tone, the suffering, the happiness, the gratitude, with which such words are uttered: "This is the painless state which Epicurus praised as the highest good and as the state of the gods; we are during that moment freed from the vile pressure of the will, we celebrate the Sabbath of the will's hard labour, the wheel of Ixion stands still." What vehemence of language! What images of anguish and protracted revulsion! How almost pathological is that temporal antithesis between "that moment" and everything else, the "wheel of Ixion," "the hard labour of the will," "the vile pressure of the will." But granted that Schopenhauer was a hundred times right for himself personally, how does that help our insight into the nature of the beautiful? Schopenhauer has described one effect of the beautiful, - the calming of the will,- but is this effect really normal? As has been mentioned, Stendhal, an equally sensual but more happily constituted nature than Schopenhauer, gives prominence to another effect of the "beautiful." "The beautiful promises happiness." To him it is just the excitement of the will (the "interest") by the beauty that seems the essential fact. And does not Schopenhauer ultimately lay himself open to the objection, that he is quite wrong in regarding himself as a Kantian on this point, that he has absolutely failed to understand in a Kantian sense the Kantian definition of the beautiful - that the beautiful pleased him as well by means of an interest, by means, in fact, of the strongest and most personal interest of all, that of the victim of torture who escapes from his torture? - And to come back again to

our first question, "What is the meaning of a philosopher paying homage to ascetic ideals?" We get now, at any rate, a first hint; he wishes to escape from a torture.

Genealogy of Morals Essay 3 s7

Let us beware of making dismal faces at the word "torture" - there is certainly in this case enough to deduct, enough to discount - there is even something to laugh at. For we must certainly not underestimate the fact that Schopenhauer, who in practice treated sexuality as a personal enemy (including its tool, woman, that "*instrumentum diaboli*" [tool of the devil]), needed enemies to keep him in a good humour; that he loved grim, bitter, blackish-green words; that he raged for the sake of raging, out of passion; that he would have grown ill, would have become a pessimist (for he was not a pessimist, however much he wished to be), without his enemies, without Hegel, woman, sensuality, and the whole "will for existence" "keeping on." Without them Schopenhauer would not have "kept on," that is a safe wager; he would have run away: but his enemies held him fast, his enemies always enticed him back again to existence, his wrath was just as theirs was to the ancient Cynics, his balm, his recreation, his recompense, his remedy against disgust, his happiness. So much with regard to what is most personal in the case of Schopenhauer; on the other hand, there is still much which is typical in him - and only now we come back to our problem. It is an accepted and indisputable fact, so long as there are philosophers in the world, and wherever philosophers have existed (from India to England, to take the opposite poles of philosophic ability), that there exists a real irritation and rancour on the part of philosophers towards sensuality. Schopenhauer is merely the most eloquent, and if one has the ear for it, also the most fascinating and enchanting outburst. There similarly exists a real philosophic bias and affection for the whole ascetic ideal; there should be no illusions on this score. Both these feelings, as has been said, belong to the type; if a philosopher lacks both of them, then he is - you may be certain of it - never anything but a "pseudo." What does this mean? For this state of affairs must first be interpreted: in itself it stands there stupid to all eternity, like any "Thing-in-itself." Every animal, including *la bête philosophe* [the

philosophical beast], strives instinctively after an optimum of favourable conditions, under which he can let his whole strength have play, and achieves his maximum consciousness of power; with equal instinctiveness, and with a fine perceptive flair which is superior to any reason, every animal shudders mortally at every kind of disturbance and hindrance which obstructs or could obstruct his way to that optimum (it is not his way to happiness of which I am talking, but his way to power, to action, the most powerful action, and in point of fact in many cases his way to unhappiness) . Similarly, the philosopher shudders mortally at marriage, together with all that could persuade him to it - marriage as a fatal hindrance on the way to the optimum. Up to the present what great philosophers have been married? Heracleitus, Plato, Descartes, Spinoza, Leibnitz, Kant, Schopenhauer - they were not married, and, further, one cannot imagine them as married. A married philosopher belongs to comedy, that is my rule; as for that exception of a Socrates - the malicious Socrates married himself, it seems, ironically, just to prove this very rule. Every philosopher would say, as Buddha said, when the birth of a son was announced to him: "Rahula has been born to me, a fetter has been forged for me" (Rahula means here "a little demon") ; there must come an hour of reflection to every "free spirit" (granted that he has had previously an hour of thoughtlessness), just as one came once to the same Buddha: "Narrowly cramped," he reflected, "is life in the house; it is a place of uncleanness; freedom is found in leaving the house." Because he thought like this, he left the house. So many bridges to independence are shown in the ascetic ideal, that the philosopher cannot refrain from exultation and clapping of hands when he hears the history of all those resolute ones, who on one day uttered a nay to all servitude and went into some desert; even granting that they were only strong asses, and the absolute opposite of strong minds. What, then, does the ascetic ideal mean in a philosopher? This is my answer - it will have been guessed long ago: when he sees this ideal the philosopher smiles because he sees therein an optimum of the conditions of the highest and boldest intellectuality; he does not thereby deny "existence," he rather affirms thereby his existence and only his existence, and this perhaps to the point of not being far off the blasphemous wish, *perat mundus, fiat philosophia, fiat philosophus, fiam!* ...

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Essay 3 s8

These philosophers, you see, are by no means uncorrupted witnesses and judges of the value of the ascetic ideal. They think of themselves - what is the "saint" to them? They think of that which to them personally is most indispensable; of freedom from compulsion, disturbance, noise; freedom from business, duties, cares; of a clear head; of the dance, spring, and flight of thoughts; of good air - rare, clear, free, dry, as is the air on the heights, in which every animal creature becomes more intellectual and gains wings; they think of peace in every cellar; all the hounds neatly chained; no baying of enmity and uncouth rancour; no remorse of wounded ambition; quiet and submissive internal organs, busy as mills, but unnoticed; the heart alien, transcendent, future, posthumous - to summarise, they mean by the ascetic ideal the joyous asceticism of a deified and newly fledged animal, sweeping over life rather than resting. We know what are the three great catch- words of the ascetic ideal: poverty, humility, chastity; and now just look closely at the life of all the great fruitful inventive spirits - you will always find again and again these three qualities up to a certain extent. Not for a minute, as is self-evident, as though, perchance, they were part of their virtues - what has this type of man to do with virtues - but as the most essential and natural conditions of their best existence, their finest fruitfulness. In this connection it is quite possible that their predominant intellectualism had first to curb an unruly and irritable pride, or an insolent sensualism, or that it had all its work cut out to maintain its wish for the "desert" against perhaps an inclination to luxury and dilettantism, or similarly against an extravagant liberality of heart and hand. But their intellect did effect all this, simply because it was the dominant instinct, which carried through its orders in the case of all the other instincts. It effects it still: if it ceased to do so, it would simply not be dominant. But there is not one iota of "virtue" in all this. Further, the desert, of which I just spoke, in which the strong, independent, and well-equipped spirits retreat into their hermitage - oh, how different is it from the cultured classes' dream of a desert! In certain cases, in fact, the cultured classes themselves are the desert. And it is certain that all the actors of the intellect would not endure this desert for a minute. It is nothing like romantic and Syrian enough for them, nothing like enough of a stage desert! Here as well there are plenty of asses, but at this point the resemblance ceases. But a desert nowadays is something like this - perhaps a deliberate obscurity; a getting-out-of

the way of one's self; a fear of noise, admiration, papers, influence; a little office, a daily task, something that hides rather than brings to light; sometimes associating with harmless, cheerful beasts and fowls, the sight of which refreshes; a mountain for company, but not a dead one, one with eyes (that is, with lakes) ; in certain cases even a room in a crowded hotel where one can reckon on not being recognised, and on being able to talk with impunity to every one: here is the desert - oh, it is lonely enough, believe me! I grant that when Heracleitus retreated to the courts and cloisters of the colossal temple of Artemis, that "wilderness" was worthier; why do we lack such temples? (perchance we do not lack them: I just think of my splendid study in the Piazza di San Marco, in spring, of course, and in the morning, between ten and twelve). But that which Heracleitus shunned is still just what we too avoid nowadays: the noise and democratic babble of the Ephesians, their politics, their news from the "empire" (I mean, of course, Persia), their market-trade in "the things of today" - for there is one thing from which we philosophers especially need a rest - from the things of "today." We honour the silent, the cold, the noble, the far, the past, everything, in fact, at the sight of which the soul is not bound to brace itself up and defend itself - something with which one can speak without speaking aloud. Just listen now to the tone a spirit has when it speaks; every spirit has its own tone and loves its own tone. That thing yonder, for instance, is bound to be an agitator, that is, a hollow head, a hollow mug: whatever may go into him, everything comes back from him dull and thick, heavy with the echo of the great void. That spirit yonder nearly always speaks hoarse: has he, perchance, thought himself hoarse? It may be so - ask the physiologists - but he who thinks in words, thinks as a speaker and not as a thinker (it shows that he does not think of objects or think objectively, but only of his relations with objects - that, in point of fact, he only thinks of himself and his audience). This third one speaks aggressively, he comes too near our body, his breath blows on us - we shut our mouth involuntarily, although he speaks to us through a book: the tone of his style supplies the reason - he has no time, he has small faith in himself, he finds expression now or never. But a spirit who is sure of himself speaks softly; he seeks secrecy, he lets himself be awaited. A philosopher is recognised by the fact that he shuns three brilliant and noisy things - fame, princes, and women: which is not to say that they do not come to him. He shuns every glaring light: therefore he shuns his time and its "daylight." Therein he is as a shadow; the deeper sinks the sun, the greater grows the shadow. As for his humility, he endures, as he endures darkness, a certain dependence

and obscurity: further, he is afraid of the shock of lightning, he shudders at the insecurity of a tree which is too isolated and too exposed, on which every storm vents its temper, every temper its storm. His "maternal" instinct, his secret love for that which grows in him, guides him into states where he is relieved from the necessity of taking care of himself, in the same way in which the "mother" instinct in woman has thoroughly maintained up to the present woman's dependent position. After all, they demand little enough, do these philosophers, their favourite motto is, "He who possesses is possessed." All this is not, as I must say again and again, to be attributed to a virtue, to a meritorious wish for moderation and simplicity: but because their supreme lord so demands of them, demands wisely and inexorably; their lord who is eager only for one thing, for which alone he musters, and for which alone he hoards everything - time, strength, love, interest. This kind of man likes not to be disturbed by enmity, he likes not to be disturbed by friendship, it is a type which forgets or despises easily. It strikes him as bad form to play the martyr, "to suffer for truth" - he leaves all that to the ambitious and to the stage-heroes of the intellect, and to all those, in fact, who have time enough for such luxuries (they themselves, the philosophers, have something to do for truth). They make a sparing use of big words; they are said to be adverse to the word "truth" itself: it has a "high falutin'" ring. Finally, as far as the chastity of philosophers is concerned, the fruitfulness of this type of mind is manifestly in another sphere than that of children; perchance in some other sphere, too, they have the survival of their name, their little immortality (philosophers in ancient India would express themselves with still greater boldness: "Of what use is posterity to him whose soul is the world?"). In this attitude there is not a trace of chastity, by reason of any ascetic scruple or hatred of the flesh, any more than it is chastity for an athlete or a jockey to abstain from women; it is rather the will of the dominant instinct, at any rate, during the period of their advanced philosophic pregnancy. Every artist knows the harm done by sexual intercourse on occasions of great mental strain and preparation; as far as the strongest artists and those with the surest instincts are concerned, this is not necessarily a case of experience - hard experience - but it is simply their "maternal" instinct which, in order to benefit the growing work, disposes recklessly (beyond all its normal stocks and supplies) of the vigour of its animal life; the greater power then absorbs the lesser. Let us now apply this interpretation to gauge correctly the case of Schopenhauer, which we have already mentioned: in his case, the sight of the beautiful acted manifestly like a resolving irritant on the

chief power of his nature (the power of contemplation and of intense penetration) ; so that this strength exploded and became suddenly master of his consciousness. But this by no means excludes the possibility of that particular sweetness and fullness, which is peculiar to the aesthetic state, springing directly from the ingredient of sensuality (just as that "idealism" which is peculiar to girls at puberty originates in the same source) - it may be, consequently, that sensuality is not removed by the approach of the aesthetic state, as Schopenhauer believed, but merely becomes transfigured, and ceases to enter into the consciousness as sexual excitement. (I shall return once again to this point in connection with the more delicate problems of the physiology of the (esthetic, a subject which up to the present has been singularly untouched and unelucidated.)

Genealogy of Morals

Essay 3 s9

A certain asceticism, a grimly gay wholehearted renunciation, is, as we have seen, one of the most favourable conditions for the highest intellectualism, and, consequently, for the most natural corollaries of such intellectualism: we shall therefore be proof against any surprise at the philosophers in particular always treating the ascetic ideal with a certain amount of predilection. A serious historical investigation shows the bond between the ascetic ideal and philosophy to be still much tighter and still much stronger. It may be said that it was only in the leading strings of this ideal that philosophy really learnt to make its first steps and baby paces - alas how clumsily, alas how crossly, alas how ready to tumble down and lie on its stomach was this shy little darling of a brat with its bandy legs! The early history of philosophy is like that of all good things; - for a long time they had not the courage to be themselves, they kept always looking round to see if no one would come to their help; further, they were afraid of all who looked at them. Just enumerate in order the particular tendencies and virtues of the philosopher- his tendency to doubt, his tendency to deny, his tendency to wait (the "ephectic" desire), his tendency to analyse, search, explore, dare, his tendency to compare and to equalise, his will to be neutral and objective, his will for everything which is "sine ira et studio" [without anger and partiality]: has it yet been realised that for quite a lengthy period these tendencies went counter to the first claims of morality and conscience?

(To say nothing at all of Reason, which even Luther liked to call Mrs. Clever, the Clever Whore.) Has it been yet appreciated that a philosopher, in the event of his arriving at self-consciousness, must needs feel himself an incarnate "nitimur in vetitum" [we search for what's forbidden], - and consequently guard himself against "his own sensations," against self-consciousness? It is, I repeat, just the same with all good things, on which we now pride ourselves; even judged by the standard of the ancient Greeks, our whole modern life, in so far as it is not weakness, but power and the consciousness of power, appears pure "Hubris" and godlessness: for the things which are the very reverse of those which we honour today, have had for a long time conscience on their side, and God as their guardian. "Hubris" is our whole attitude to nature nowadays, our violation of nature with the help of machinery, and all the unscrupulous ingenuity of our scientists and engineers. "Hubris" is our attitude to God, that is, to some alleged teleological and ethical spider behind the meshes of the great trap of the causal web. Like Charles the Bold in his war with Louis the Eleventh, we may say, "Je combats l'universeelle araignee" [I am fighting the universal spider]; our attitude to ourselves is hubris, - for we experiment with ourselves in a way that we would not allow with any animal, and with pleasure and curiosity open our soul in our living body: what matters now to us the "salvation" of the soul? We heal ourselves afterwards: being ill is instructive, we doubt it not, even more instructive than being well - inoculators of disease seem to us today even more necessary than any medicine-men and "saviours." There is no doubt we do violence to ourselves nowadays, - we crackers of the soul's kernel, we incarnate riddles, who are ever asking riddles, as though life were naught else than the cracking of a nut; and even thereby must we necessarily become day by day more and more worthy to be asked questions and worthy to ask them, even thereby do we perchance also become worthier to - live?

... All good things were once bad things;?: from every original sin has grown an original virtue. Marriage, for example, seemed for a long time a sin against the rights of the community; a man formerly paid a fine for the insolence of claiming one woman to himself (to this phase belongs, for instance, the *jus primae noctis* [the right of the first night], today still in Cambodia the privilege of the priest, that guardian of the "good old customs").

The soft, benevolent, yielding, sympathetic feelings - eventually valued

so highly that they almost became "intrinsic values," were for a very long time actually despised by their possessors: gentleness was then a subject for shame, just as hardness is now (compare *Beyond Good and Evil*, Aph. 260). The submission to law: oh, with what qualms of conscience was it that the noble races throughout the world renounced the vendetta and gave the law power over themselves! Law was long a *vetitum* [something prohibited], a blasphemy, an innovation; it was introduced with force like a force, to which men only submitted with a sense of personal shame. Every tiny step forward in the world was formerly made at the cost of mental and physical torture. Nowadays the whole of this point of view - "that not only stepping forward, nay, stepping at all, movement, change, all needed their countless martyrs," rings in our ears quite strangely. I have put it forward in the *Dawn of Day*, Aph. 18. "Nothing is purchased more dearly," says the same book a little later, "than the modicum of human reason and freedom which is now our pride. But that pride is the reason why it is now almost impossible for us to feel in sympathy with those immense periods of the 'Morality of Custom,' which lie at the beginning of the 'world's history,' constituting as they do the real decisive historical principle which has fixed the character of humanity; those periods, I repeat, when throughout the world suffering passed for virtue, cruelty for virtue, deceit for virtue, revenge for virtue, repudiation of the reason for virtue; and when, conversely, well-being passed current for danger, the desire for knowledge for danger, pity for danger, peace for danger, being pitied for shame, work for shame, madness for divinity, and change for immorality and incarnate corruption!"

Genealogy of Morals

Essay 3 s10

There is in the same book, Aph. 12, an explanation of the burden of unpopularity under which the earliest race of contemplative men had to live - despised almost as widely as they were first feared! Contemplation first appeared on earth in a disguised shape, in an ambiguous form, with an evil heart and often with an uneasy head: there is no doubt about it. The inactive, brooding, un-warlike element in the instincts of contemplative men long invested them with a cloud of suspicion: the only way

to combat this was to excite a definite fear. And the old Brahmans, for example, knew to a nicety how to do this! The oldest philosophers were well versed in giving to their very existence and appearance, meaning, firmness, background, by reason whereof men learnt to fear them; considered more precisely, they did this from an even more fundamental need, the need of inspiring in themselves fear and self-reverence. For they found even in their own souls all the valuations turned against themselves; they had to fight down every kind of suspicion and antagonism against "the philosophic element in themselves." Being men of a terrible age, they did this with terrible means: cruelty to themselves, ingenious self-mortification - this was the chief method of these ambitious hermits and intellectual revolutionaries, who were obliged to force down the gods and the traditions of their own soul, so as to enable themselves to believe in their own revolution. I remember the famous story of the King Vishvamitra, who, as the result of a thousand years of self-martyrdom, reached such a consciousness of power and such a confidence in himself that he undertook to build a new heaven: the sinister symbol of the oldest and newest history of philosophy in the whole world. everyone who has ever built anywhere a "new heaven" first found the power thereto in his own hell... . Let us compress the facts into a short formula. The philosophic spirit had, in order to be possible to any extent at all, to masquerade and disguise itself as one of the previously fixed types of the contemplative man, to disguise itself as priest, wizard, soothsayer, as a religious man generally: the ascetic ideal has for a long time served the philosopher as a superficial form, as a condition which enabled him to exist... . To be able to be a philosopher he had to exemplify the ideal; to exemplify it, he was bound to believe in it. The peculiarly etherealised abstraction of philosophers, with their negation of the world, their enmity to life, their disbelief in the senses, which has been maintained up to the most recent time, and has almost thereby come to be accepted as the ideal philosophic attitude - this abstraction is the result of those enforced conditions under which philosophy came into existence, and continued to exist; inasmuch as for quite a very long time philosophy would have been absolutely impossible in the world without an ascetic cloak and dress, without an ascetic self-misunderstanding. Expressed plainly and palpably, the ascetic priest has taken the repulsive and sinister form of the caterpillar, beneath which and behind which alone philosophy could live and slink about... . Has all that really changed? Has that flamboyant and dangerous winged creature, that "spirit" which that caterpillar concealed within itself, has it, I say, thanks to a sunnier, warmer,

lighter world, really and finally flung off its hood and escaped into the light? Can we today point to enough pride, enough daring, enough courage, enough self-confidence, enough mental will, enough will for responsibility, enough freedom of the will, to enable the philosopher to be now in the world really - possible?

Genealogy of Morals

Essay 3 s11

And now, after we have caught sight of the ascetic priest, let us tackle our problem. What is the meaning of the ascetic ideal? It now first becomes serious - vitally serious. We are now confronted with the real representatives of the serious. "What is the meaning of all seriousness?" This even more radical question is perchance already on the tip of our tongue: a question, fairly, for physiologists, but which we for the time being skip. In that ideal the ascetic priest finds not only his faith, but also his will, his power, his interest. His right to existence stands and falls with that ideal. What wonder that we here run up against a terrible opponent (on the supposition, of course, that we are the opponents of that ideal), an opponent fighting for his life against those who repudiate that ideal! ... On the other hand, it is from the outset improbable that such a biased attitude towards our problem will do him any particular good; the ascetic priest himself will scarcely prove the happiest champion of his own ideal (on the same principle on which a woman usually fails when she wishes to champion "woman") - let alone proving the most objective critic and judge of the controversy now raised. We shall therefore - so much is already obvious - rather have actually to help him to defend himself properly against ourselves, than we shall have to fear being too well beaten by him. The idea, which is the subject of this dispute, is the value of our life from the standpoint of the ascetic priests: this life, then (together with the whole of which it is a part, "Nature," "the world," the whole sphere of becoming and passing away), is placed by them in relation to an existence of quite another character, which it excludes and to which it is opposed, unless it deny its own self: in this case, the case of an ascetic life, life is taken as a bridge to another existence. The ascetic treats life as a maze, in which one must walk backwards till one comes to the

place where it starts; or he treats it as an error which one may, nay must, refute by action: for he demands that he should be followed; he enforces, where he can, his valuation of existence. What does this mean? Such a monstrous valuation is not an exceptional case, or a curiosity recorded in human history: it is one of the most general and persistent facts that there are. The reading from the vantage of a distant star of the capital letters of our earthly life, would perchance lead to the conclusion that the earth was the especially ascetic planet, a den of discontented, arrogant, and repulsive creatures, who never got rid of a deep disgust of themselves, of the world, of all life, and did themselves as much hurt as possible out of pleasure in hurting - presumably their one and only pleasure. Let us consider how regularly, how universally, how practically at every single period the ascetic priest puts in his appearance: he belongs to no particular race; he thrives everywhere; he grows out of all classes. Not that he perhaps bred this valuation by heredity and propagated it - the contrary is the case. It must be a necessity of the first order which makes this species, hostile, as it is, to life, always grow again and always thrive again. - Life itself must certainly have an interest in the continuance of such a type of self-contradiction. For an ascetic life is a self-contradiction: here rules resentment without parallel, the resentment of an insatiate instinct and ambition, that would be master, not over some element in life, but over life itself, over life's deepest, strongest, innermost conditions; here is an attempt made to utilise power to dam the sources of power; here does the green eye of jealousy turn even against physiological well-being, especially against the expression of such well-being, beauty, joy, while a sense of pleasure is experienced and sought in abortion, in decay, in pain, in misfortune, in ugliness, in voluntary punishment, in the exercising, flagellation, and sacrifice of the self. All this is in the highest degree paradoxical: we are here confronted with a rift that wills itself to be a rift, which enjoys itself in this very suffering, and even becomes more and more certain of itself, more and more triumphant, in proportion as its own presupposition, physiological vitality, decreases. "The triumph just in the supreme agony": under this extravagant emblem did the ascetic ideal fight from of old; in this mystery of seduction, in this picture of rapture and torture, it recognised its brightest light, its salvation, its final victory. Crux, nux, lux [cross, nut, light]- it has all these three in one.

Granted that such an incarnate will for contradiction and unnaturalness is induced to philosophise; on what will it vent its pet caprice? On that which has been felt with the greatest certainty to be true, to be real; it will look for error in those very places where the life instinct fixes truth with the greatest positiveness. It will, for instance, after the example of the ascetics of the Vedanta Philosophy, reduce matter to an illusion, and similarly treat pain, multiplicity, the whole logical contrast of "Subject" and "Object" - errors, nothing but errors! To renounce the belief in one's own ego, to deny to one's self one's own "reality" - what a triumph! and here already we have a much higher kind of triumph, which is not merely a triumph over the senses, over the palpable, but an infliction of violence and cruelty on reason; and this ecstasy culminates in the ascetic self-contempt, the ascetic scorn of one's own reason making this decree: there is a domain of truth and of life, but reason is specially excluded from there... . By the bye, even in the Kantian idea of "the intelligible character of things" there remains a trace of that schism, so dear to the heart of the ascetic, that schism which likes to turn reason against reason; in fact, "intelligible character" means in Kant a kind of quality in things of which the intellect comprehends so much, that for it, the intellect, it is absolutely incomprehensible. After all, let us, in our character of knowers, not be ungrateful towards such determined reversals of the ordinary perspectives and values, with which the mind had for too long raged against itself with an apparently futile sacrilege! In the same way the very seeing of another vista, the very wishing to see another vista, is no little training and preparation of the intellect for its eternal "Objectivity" - objectivity being understood not as "contemplation without interest" (for that is inconceivable and nonsensical), but as the ability to have the pros and cons in one's power and to switch them on and off, so as to get to know how to utilise, for the advancement of knowledge, the difference in the perspective and in the emotional interpretations. But let us, indeed, my philosophic colleagues, henceforward guard ourselves more carefully against this mythology of dangerous ancient ideas, which has set up a "pure, will-less, painless, timeless subject of knowledge"; let us guard ourselves from the tentacles of such contradictory ideas as "pure reason," "absolute spirituality," "knowledge-in-itself": - in these theories an eye that cannot be thought of is required to think, an eye which ex hypothesi has no direction at all, an eye in which the active and interpreting functions are cramped, are absent; those functions, I say, by means of

which "abstract" seeing first became seeing something; in these theories consequently the absurd and the nonsensical is always demanded of the eye. There is only a seeing from a perspective, only a "knowing" from a perspective, and the more emotions we express over a thing, the more eyes, different eyes, we train on the same thing, the more complete will be our "idea" of that thing, our "objectivity." But the elimination of the will altogether, the switching off of the emotions all and sundry, granted that we could do so, what! would not that be called intellectual castration?

Genealogy of Morals Essay 3 s13

But let us turn back. Such a self-contradiction, as apparently manifests itself among the ascetics, "Life turned against Life," is - so much is absolutely obvious - from the physiological and not now from the psychological standpoint, simply nonsense. It can only be an apparent contradiction; it must be a kind of provisional expression, an explanation, a formula, an adjustment, a psychological misunderstanding of something, whose real nature could not be understood for a long time, and whose real essence could not be described; a mere word jammed into an old gap of human knowledge. To put briefly the facts against its being real: the ascetic ideal springs from the prophylactic and self-preservative instincts which mark a decadent life, which seeks by every means in its power to maintain its position and fight for its existence; it points to a partial physiological depression and exhaustion, against which the most profound and intact life-instincts fight ceaselessly with new weapons and discoveries. The ascetic ideal is such a weapon: its position is consequently exactly the reverse of that which the worshippers of the ideal imagine - life struggles in it and through it with death and against death; the ascetic ideal is a dodge for the preservation of life. An important fact is brought out in the extent to which, as history teaches, this ideal could rule and exercise power over man, especially in all those places where the civilisation and taming of man was completed: that fact is, the diseased state of man up to the present, at any rate, of the man who has been tamed, the physiological struggle of man with death (more precisely, with the disgust with life, with exhaustion, with the wish for the "end"). The ascetic priest is the incarnate wish for an existence of another

kind, an existence on another plane, - he is, in fact, the highest point of this wish, its official ecstasy and passion: but it is the very power of this wish which is the fetter that binds him here; it is just that which makes him into a tool that must labour to create more favourable conditions for earthly existence, for existence on the human plane - it is with this very power that he keeps the whole herd of failures, distortions, abortions, unfortunates, sufferers from themselves of every kind, fast to existence, while he as the herdsman goes instinctively on in front. You understand me already: this ascetic priest, this apparent enemy of life, this denier - he actually belongs to the really great conservative and affirmative forces of life... . What does it come from, this diseased state? For man is more diseased, more uncertain, more changeable, more unstable than any other animal, there is no doubt of it - he is the diseased animal : what does it spring from? Certainly he has also dared, innovated, braved more, challenged fate more than all the other animals put together; he, the great experimenter with himself, the unsatisfied, the insatiate, who struggles for the supreme mastery with beast, Nature, and gods, he, the as yet ever uncompelled, the ever future, who finds no more any rest from his own aggressive strength, goaded inexorably on by the spur of the future dug into the flesh of the present: - how should not so brave and rich an animal also be the most endangered, the animal with the longest and deepest sickness among all sick animals?... Man is sick of it, oft enough there are whole epidemics of this satiety (as about 1348, the time of the Dance of Death) : but even this very nausea, this tiredness, this disgust with himself, all this is discharged from him with such force that it is immediately made into a new fetter. His "nay," which he utters to life, brings to light as though by magic an abundance of graceful "yeas"; even when he wounds himself, this master of destruction, of self-destruction, it is subsequently the wound itself that forces him to live.

Genealogy of Morals

Essay 3 s14

The more normal is this sickliness in man - and we cannot dispute this normality - the higher honour should be paid to the rare cases of psychical and physical powerfulness, the windfalls of humanity, and the more strictly should the sound be guarded from that worst of air, the air of the sickroom. Is that done? The sick are the greatest danger for the healthy; it

is not from the strongest that harm comes to the strong, but from the weakest. Is that known? Broadly considered, it is not for a minute the fear of man, whose diminution should be wished for; for this fear forces the strong to be strong, to be at times terrible- it preserves in its integrity the sound type of man. What is to be feared, what does work with a fatality found in no other fate, is not the great fear of, but the great nausea with, man; and equally so the great pity for man. Supposing that both these things were one day to espouse each other, then inevitably the maximum of monstrosity would immediately come into the world - the "last will" of man, his will for nothingness, Nihilism. And, in sooth, the way is well paved thereto. He who not only has his nose to smell with, but also has eyes and ears, he sniffs almost wherever he goes today an air something like that of a mad-house, the air of a hospital - I am speaking, as stands to reason, of the cultured areas of mankind, of every kind of "Europe" that there is in fact in the world. The sick are the great danger of man, not the evil, not the "beasts of prey." They who are from the outset botched, oppressed, broken, those are they, the weakest are they, who most undermine the life beneath the feet of man, who instill the most dangerous venom and skepticism into our trust in life, in man, in ourselves. Where shall we escape from it, from that covert look (from which we carry away a deep sadness), from that averted look of him who is misborn from the beginning, that look which betrays what such a man says to himself - that look which is a groan? "Would that I were something else," so groans this look, "but there is no hope. I am what I am: how could I get away from myself? And, verily - / am sick of myself!" On such a soil of self-contempt, a veritable swamp soil, grows that weed, that poisonous growth, and all so tiny. so hidden, so ignoble, so sugary. Here teem the worms of revenge and vindictiveness; here the air reeks of things secret and unmentionable; here is ever spun the net of the most malignant conspiracy - the conspiracy of the sufferers against the sound and the victorious; here is the sight of the victorious hated. And what lying so as not to acknowledge this hate as hate! What a show of big words and attitudes, what an art of "righteous" calumny! These abortions! what a noble eloquence gushes from their lips! What an amount of sugary, slimy, humble submission oozes in their eyes! What do they really want? At any rate to represent righteousness, love, wisdom, superiority, that is the ambition of these "lowest ones," these sick ones! And how clever does such an ambition make them! You cannot, in fact, but admire the counterfeiter dexterity with which the stamp of virtue, even the ring, the golden ring of virtue, is here imitated. They have

taken a lease of virtue absolutely for themselves, have these weaklings and wretched invalids, there is no doubt of it; "We alone are the good, the righteous," so do they speak, "we alone are the *homines bonae voluntatis* [men of good will]." They stalk about in our midst as living reproaches, as warnings to us - as though health, fitness, strength, pride, the sensation of power, were really vicious things in themselves, for which one would have some day to do penance, bitter penance. Oh, how they themselves are ready in their hearts to exact penance, how they thirst after being hangmen!

Among them is an abundance of revengeful ones disguised as judges, who ever mouth the word righteousness like a venomous spittle - with mouth, I say, always pursed, always ready to spit at everything, which does not wear a discontented look, but is of good cheer as it goes on its way. Among them, again, is that most loathsome species of the vain, the lying abortions, who make a point of representing "beautiful souls," and perchance of bringing to the market as "purity of heart" their distorted sensualism swathed in verses and other bandages; the species of "self-comforters" and masturbators of their own souls. The sick man's will to represent some form or other of superiority, his instinct for crooked paths, which lead to a tyranny over the healthy - where can it not be found, this will to power of the very weakest? The sick woman especially: no one surpasses her in refinements for ruling, oppressing, tyrannising. The sick woman, moreover, spares nothing living, nothing dead; she grubs up again the most buried things (the Bogos say, "Woman is a hyena"). Look into the background of every family, of every body, of every community: everywhere the fight of the sick against the healthy - a silent fight for the most part with minute poisoned powders, with pin-pricks, with spiteful grimaces of patience, but also at times with that diseased practices of the Pharisees of pure pantomime, which plays for the choice role of "righteous indignation." Right into the hallowed chambers of knowledge can it make itself heard, can this hoarse yelping of sick hounds, this, rabid lying and frenzy of such "noble" Pharisees (I remind readers, who have ears, once more of that Berlin apostle of revenge, Eugen Duhring, who makes most disreputable and revolting use in all present-day Germany of moral refuse; Duhring, the paramount moral blusterer that there is today, even among his own kidney, the Anti-Semites). They are all men of resentment, are these physiological distortions and worm-riddled objects, a whole quivering kingdom of burrowing revenge, indefatigable and insatiable in its out-bursts against the

happy, and equally so in disguises for revenge, in pretexts for revenge: when will they really reach their final, fondest, most sublime triumph of revenge? At that time, doubtless, when they succeed in pushing their own misery, in fact, all misery, into the consciousness of the happy: so that the latter begin one day to be ashamed of their happiness, and perchance say to themselves when they meet, "It is a shame to be happy; there is too much misery!" ... But there could not possibly be a greater and more fatal misunderstanding than that of the happy, the fit, the strong in body and soul, beginning in this way to doubt their right to happiness. Away with this "perverse world"! Away with this shameful soddenness of sentiment! Preventing the sick making the healthy sick - for that is what such a soddenness comes to - this ought to be our supreme object in the world - but for this it is above all essential that the healthy should remain separated from the sick, that they should even guard themselves from the look of the sick, that they should not even associate with the sick. Or may it, perchance, be their mission to be nurses or doctors? But they could not mistake and disown their mission more grossly - the higher must not degrade itself to be the tool of the lower, the pathos of distance must to all eternity keep their missions also separate. The right of the happy to existence, the right of bells with a full tone over the discordant cracked bells, is verily a thousand times greater: they alone are the sureties of the future, they alone are bound to man's future. What they can, what they must do, that can the sick never do, should never do! but if they are to be enabled to do what only they must do, how can they possibly be free to play the doctor, the comforter, the "Saviour" of the sick?, . . And therefore good air! good air! and away, at any rate, from the neighbourhood of all the madhouses and hospitals of civilisation! And therefore good company, our own company, or solitude, if it must be so! but away, at any rate, from the evil fumes of internal corruption and the secret worm-eaten state of the sick! that, in truth, my friends, we may defend ourselves, at any rate for still a time, against the two worst plagues that could have been reserved for us - against the great nausea with man! against the great pity for man!

Genealogy of Morals
Essay 3 s15

If you have understood in all their depths - and I demand that you

should grasp them profoundly and understand them profoundly - the reasons for the impossibility of its being the business of the healthy to nurse the sick, to make the sick healthy, it follows that you have grasped this further necessity - the necessity of doctors and nurses who themselves are sick. And now we have and hold with both our hands the essence of the ascetic priest. The ascetic priest must be accepted by us as the predestined saviour, herdsman, and champion of the sick herd: thereby do we first understand his awful historic mission. The lordship over sufferers is his kingdom, to that points his instinct, in that he finds his own special art, his master-skill, his kind of happiness. He must himself be sick, he must be kith and kin to the sick and the abortions so as to understand them, so as to arrive at an understanding with them; but he must also be strong, even more master of himself than of others, impregnable, in truth, in his will for power, so as to acquire the trust and the awe of the weak, so that he can be their hold, bulwark, prop, compulsion, overseer, tyrant, god. He has to protect them, protect his herds - against whom? Against the healthy, doubtless also against the envy towards the healthy. He must be the natural adversary and scorner of every rough, stormy, reinless, hard, violently-predatory health and power. The priest is the first form of the more delicate animal that scorns more easily than it hates. He will not be spared the waging of war with the beasts of prey, a war of guile (of "spirit") rather than of force, as is self-evident - he will in certain cases find it necessary to conjure up out of himself, or at any rate to represent practically a new type of the beast of prey - a new animal monstrosity in which the polar bear, the supple, cold, crouching panther, and, not least important, the fox, are joined together in a trinity as fascinating as it is fearsome. If necessity exacts it, then will he come on the scene with bearish seriousness, venerable, wise, cold, full of treacherous superiority, as the herald and mouthpiece of mysterious powers, sometimes going among even the other kind of beasts of prey, determined as he is to sow on their soil, wherever he can, suffering, discord, self-contradiction, and only too sure of his art, always to be lord of sufferers at all times. He brings with him, doubtless, salve and balsam; but before he can play the physician he must first wound; so, while he soothes the pain which the wound makes, he at the same time poisons the wound. Well versed is he in this above all things, is this wizard and wild beast tamer, in whose vicinity everything healthy must needs become ill, and everything ill must needs become tame. He protects, in sooth, his sick herd well enough, does this strange herdsman; he protects them also against themselves, against the sparks (even in the

centre of the herd) of wickedness, knavery, malice, and all the other ills that the plaguey and the sick are heir to; he fights with cunning, hardness, and stealth against anarchy and against the ever imminent break-up inside the herd, where resentment, that most dangerous blasting-stuff and explosive, ever accumulates and accumulates. Getting rid of this blasting-stuff in such a way that it does not blow up the herd and the herdsman, that is his real feat, his supreme utility; if you wish to comprise in the shortest formula the value of the priestly life, it would be correct to say the priest is the diverter of the course of resentment. Every sufferer, in fact, searches instinctively for a cause of his suffering; to put it more exactly, a doer, - to put it still more precisely, a sentient responsible doer, - in brief, something living, on which, either actually or in effigy, he can on any pretext vent his emotions. For the venting of emotions is the sufferer's greatest attempt at alleviation, that is to say, stupefaction, his mechanically desired narcotic against pain of any kind. It is in this phenomenon alone that is found, according to my judgment, the real physiological cause of resentment, revenge, and their family is to be found - that is, in a demand for the deadening of pain through emotion: this cause is generally, but in my view very erroneously, looked for in the defensive parry of a bare protective principle of reaction, of a "reflex movement" in the case of any sudden hurt and danger, after the manner that a decapitated frog still moves in order to get away from a corrosive acid. But the difference is fundamental. In one case the object is to prevent being hurt any more; in the other case the object is to deaden a racking, insidious, nearly unbearable pain by a more violent emotion of any kind whatsoever, and at any rate for the time being to drive it out of the consciousness- for this purpose an emotion is needed, as wild an emotion as possible, and to excite that emotion some excuse or other is needed. "It must be somebody's fault that I feel bad" - this kind of reasoning is peculiar to all invalids, and is but the more pronounced, the more ignorant they remain of the real cause of their feeling bad, the physiological cause (the cause may lie in a disease of the nervous sympathicus, or in an excessive secretion of bile, or in a want of sulphate and phosphate of potash in the blood, or in pressure in the bowels which stops the circulation of the blood, or in degeneration of the ovaries, and so forth). All sufferers have an awful resourcefulness and ingenuity in finding excuses for painful emotions; they even enjoy their jealousy, their broodings over base actions and apparent injuries, they burrow through the intestines of their past and present in their search for obscure mysteries, wherein they will be at liberty to wallow in a torturing suspicion and

get drunk on the venom of their own malice - they tear open the oldest wounds, they make themselves bleed from the scars which have long been healed, they make evil-doers out of friends, wife, child, and everything which is nearest to them. "I suffer: it must be somebody's fault" - so thinks every sick sheep. But his herdsman, the ascetic priest, says to him, "Quite so, my sheep, it must be the fault of some one; but thou thyself art that same one, it is all the fault of thyself alone - it is* the fault of thyself alone against thyself": that is bold enough, false enough, but one thing is at least attained; thereby, as I have said, the course of resentment is - diverted.

Genealogy of Morals Essay 3 s16

You can see now what the remedial instinct of life has at least tried to effect, according to my conception, through the ascetic priest, and the purpose for which he had to employ a temporary tyranny of such paradoxical and anomalous ideas as "guilt," "sin," "sinfulness," "corruption," "damnation." What was done was to make the sick harmless up to a certain point, to destroy the incurable by means of themselves, to turn the milder cases severely on to themselves, to give their resentment a backward direction ("man needs but one thing"), and to exploit similarly the bad instincts of all sufferers with a view to self-discipline, self-surveillance, self-mastery. It is obvious that there can be no question at all in the case of a "medication" of this kind, a mere emotional medication, of any real healing of the sick in the physiological sense; it cannot even for a moment be asserted that in this connection the instinct of life has taken healing as its goal and purpose. On the one hand, a kind of congestion and organisation of the sick (the word "Church" is the most popular name for it) ; on the other, a kind of provisional safeguarding of the comparatively healthy, the more perfect specimens, the cleavage of a rift between healthy and sick - for a long time that was all! and it was much! it was very much!

I am proceeding, as you see, in this essay, from an hypothesis which, as far as such readers as I want are concerned, does not require to be

proved; the hypothesis that "sinfulness" in man is not an actual fact, but rather merely the interpretation of a fact, of a physiological discomfort, - a discomfort seen through a moral religious perspective which is no longer binding upon us. The fact, therefore, that anyone feels "guilty," "sinful," is certainly not yet any proof that he is right in feeling so, any more than anyone is healthy simply because he feels healthy. Remember the celebrated witch-ordeals: in those days the most acute and humane judges had no doubt but that in these cases they were confronted with guilt, - the "witches" themselves had no doubt on the point, - and yet the guilt was lacking. Let me elaborate this hypothesis: I do not for a minute accept the very "pain in the soul" as a real fact, but only as an explanation (a casual explanation) of facts that could not hitherto be precisely formulated; I regard it therefore as something as yet absolutely in the air and devoid of scientific cogency - just a nice fat word in the place of a lean note of interrogation. When anyone fails to get rid of this "pain in the soul," the cause is, speaking crudely, to be found not in his "soul" but more probably in his stomach (speaking crudely, I repeat, but by no means wishing thereby that you should listen to me or understand me in a crude spirit). A strong and well-constituted man digests his experiences (deeds and misdeeds all included) just as he digests his meats, even when he has some tough morsels to swallow. If he fails to "relieve himself" of an experience, this kind of indigestion is quite as much physiological as the other indigestion - and indeed, in more ways than one, simply one of the results of the other. With such an view, a person can, just between ourselves, still remain the strongest opponent of materialism.

Genealogy of Morals

Essay 3 s17

But is he really a physician, this ascetic priest? We already understand why we are scarcely allowed to call him a physician, however much he likes to feel a "saviour" and let himself be worshipped as a saviour. It is only the actual suffering, the discomfort of the sufferer, which he combats, not its cause, not the actual state of sickness - this needs must constitute our most radical objection to priestly medication. But just once put yourself into that point of view, of which the priests have a

monopoly, you will find it hard to exhaust your amazement, at what from that standpoint he has completely seen, sought, and found. The mitigation of suffering, every kind of "consoling" - all this manifests itself as his very genius: with what ingenuity has he interpreted his mission of consoler, with what aplomb and audacity has he chosen weapons necessary for the part. Christianity in particular should be dubbed a great treasure-chamber of ingenious consolations, - such a store of refreshing, soothing, deadening drugs has it accumulated within itself; so many of the most dangerous and daring expedients has it hazarded; with such subtlety, refinement. Oriental refinement, has it divined what emotional stimulants can conquer, at any rate for a time, the deep depression, the leaden fatigue, the black melancholy of physiological cripples - for, speaking generally, all religions are mainly concerned with fighting a certain fatigue and heaviness that has infected everything. You can regard it as *prima facie* probable that in certain places in the world there was almost bound to prevail from time to time among large masses of the population a sense of physiological depression, which, however, owing to their lack of physiological knowledge, did not appear to their consciousness as such, so that consequently its "cause" and its cure can only be sought and essayed in the science of moral psychology (this, in fact, is my most general formula for what is generally called a "religion"). Such a feeling of depression can have the most diverse origins; it may be the result of the crossing of too heterogeneous races (or of classes- genealogical and racial differences are also brought out in the classes: the European "Weltschmerz," the "Pessimism" of the nineteenth century, is really the result of an absurd and sudden class-mixture) ; it may be brought about by a mistaken emigration - a race falling into a climate for which its power of adaptation is insufficient (the case of the Indians in India) ; it may be the effect of old age and fatigue (the Parisian pessimism from 1850 onwards) ; it may be a wrong diet (the alcoholism of the Middle Ages, the nonsense of vegetarianism - which, however, have in their favour the authority of Sir Christopher in Shakespeare) ; it may be blood-deterioration, malaria, syphilis, and the like (German depression after the Thirty Years' War, which infected half Germany with evil diseases, and thereby paved the way for German servility, for German pusillanimity). In such a case there is invariably recourse to a war on a grand scale with the feeling of depression; let us inform ourselves briefly on its most important practices and phases (I leave on one side, as stands to reason, the actual philosophic war against the feeling of depression which is usually simultaneous - it is interesting enough, but too absurd, too

practically negligible, too full of cobwebs, too much of a hole-and-corner affair, especially when pain is proved to be a mistake, on the naïf hypothesis that pain must needs vanish when the mistake underlying it is recognised - but behold! it does anything but vanish ...)o That dominant depression is primarily fought by weapons which reduce the consciousness of life itself to the lowest degree. Wherever possible, no more wishes, no more wants; shun everything which produces emotion, which produces "blood" (eating no salt, the fakir hygiene); no love; no hate; equanimity; no revenge; no getting rich; no work; begging! as far as possible, no woman, or as little woman as possible; as far as the intellect is concerned, Pascal's principle, "I faut s'abêtir" [it's necessary to turn oneself into an animal] To put the result in ethical and psychological language, "self-annihilation," "sanctification"; to put it in physiological language, "hypnotism" - the attempt to find some approximate human equivalent for what hibernation is for certain animals, for what (hibernation is for many tropical plants, a minimum of assimilation and metabolism in which life just manages to subsist without really coming into the consciousness. An amazing amount of human energy has been devoted to this object - perhaps uselessly? There cannot be the slightest doubt but that such sportsmen of "saintliness," in whom at times nearly every nation has abounded, have really found a genuine relief from that which they have combated with such a rigorous training - in countless cases they really escaped by the help of their system of hypnotism away from deep physiological depression; their method is consequently counted among the most universal ethnological facts. Similarly it is improper to consider such a plan for starving the physical element and the desires, as in itself a symptom of insanity (as a clumsy species of roast-beef-eating "freethinkers" and Sir Christophers are ready to do) ; all the more certain is it that their method can and does pave the way to all kinds of mental disturbances, for instance, "inner lights" (as far as the case of the Hesychasts on Mount Athos), auditory and visual hallucinations, voluptuous ecstasies and effervescences of sensualism (the history of St. Theresa). The explanation of such events given by the victims is always the acme of fanatical falsehood; this is self-evident. Note well, however, the tone of implicit gratitude that rings in the very will for an explanation of such a character. The supreme state, salvation itself, that final goal of universal hypnosis and peace, is always regarded by them as the mystery of mysteries, which even the most supreme symbols are inadequate to express; it is regarded as an entry and homecoming to the essence of things, as a liberation from all illusions, as "knowledge," as "truth," as

"being," as an escape from every end, every wish, every action, as something even beyond Good and Evil.

"Good and Evil," quoth the Buddhists, "both are fetters. The perfect man is master of them both."

"The done and the undone," quoth the disciple of the Vedanta, "do him no hurt; the good and the evil he shakes from off him, sage that he is; his kingdom suffers no more from any act; good and evil, he goes beyond them both." - An absolutely Indian conception, as much Brahmanist as Buddhist. Neither in the Indian nor in the Christian doctrine is this "Redemption" regarded as attainable by means of virtue and moral improvement, however, high they may place the value of the hypnotic efficiency of virtue: keep clear on this point - indeed it simply corresponds with the facts. The fact that they remained true on this point is perhaps to be regarded as the best specimen of realism in the three great religions, absolutely soaked as they are with morality, with this one exception. "For those who know, there is no duty." "Redemption is not attained by the acquisition of virtues; for redemption consists in being one with Brahman, who is incapable of acquiring any perfection; and equally little does it consist in the giving up of faults, for the Brahman, unity with whom is what constitutes redemption, is eternally pure" (these passages are from the Commentaries of the Shankara, quoted from the first real European expert of the Indian philosophy, my friend Paul Deussen). We wish, therefore, to pay honour to the idea of "redemption" in the great religions, but it is somewhat hard to remain serious in view of the appreciation meted out to the deep sleep by these exhausted pessimists who are too tired even to dream - to the deep sleep considered, that is, as already a fusing into Brahman, as the attainment of the unio mystica [mysterious union] with God. "When he has completely gone to sleep," says on this point the oldest and most venerable "script," "and come to perfect rest, so that he sees no more any vision, then, oh dear one, is he united with Being, he has entered into his own self - encircled by the Self with its absolute knowledge, he has no more any consciousness of that which is without or of that which is within. Day and night cross not these bridges, nor age, nor death, nor suffering, nor good deeds, nor evil deeds." "In deep sleep," say similarly the believers in this deepest of the three great religions, "does the soul lift itself from out this body of ours, enters the supreme light and stands out therein in its true shape: therein is it he supreme spirit itself, which travels about, while it jests and plays and

enjoys itself, whether with women, or chariots, or friends; there do its thoughts turn no more back to this appendage of a body, to which the 'prana' 'the vital breath) is harnessed like a beast of burden to the cart." None the less we will take care to realise (as we did when discussing "redemption") that in spite of all its splendours of Oriental extravagance this simply expresses the same criticism on life as did the clear, cold, Greekly cold, but yet suffering Epicurus. The hypnotic sensation of nothingness, the peace of deepest sleep, anaesthesia in short - that is what passes with the sufferers and the absolutely depressed for, in truth, their supreme good, their value of values ; that is what must be treasured by them as something positive, be felt by them as the essence of the Positive (according to the same logic of the feelings, nothingness is in all pessimistic religions called God).

Genealogy of Morals Essay 3 s18

Such a hypnotic deadening of sensibility and susceptibility to pain, which presupposes somewhat rare powers, especially courage, contempt of opinion, intellectual stoicism, is less frequent than another and certainly easier framing which is tried against states of depression. I mean mechanical activity. It is indisputable that a suffering existence can be thereby considerably alleviated. This fact is called today by the somewhat ignoble title of the "Blessing of work." The alleviation consists in the attention of the sufferer being absolutely diverted from suffering, in the incessant monopoly of the consciousness by action, so that consequently there is little room left for suffering - for narrow is it, this chamber of human consciousness! Mechanical activity and its corollaries, such as absolute regularity, punctilious unreasoning obedience, the chronic routine of life, the complete occupation of time, a certain liberty to be impersonal, nay, a training in "impersonality," self-forgetfulness, "incuria sui [no care for oneself]" - with what thoroughness and expert subtlety have all these methods been exploited by the ascetic priest in his war with pain!

When he has to tackle sufferers of the lower orders, slaves, or prisoners (or women, who for the most part are a compound of labour-slave and prisoner), all he has to do is to juggle a little with the names, and to re-

christen, so as to make them see henceforth a benefit, a comparative happiness, in objects which they hated - the slave's discontent with his lot was at any rate not invented by the priests. An even more popular means of fighting depression is the ordaining of a little joy, which is easily accessible and can be made into a rule; this medication is frequently used in conjunction with the former ones. The most frequent form in which joy is prescribed as a cure is the joy in producing joy (such as doing good, giving presents, alleviating, helping, exhorting, comforting, praising, treating with distinction); together with the prescription of "love your neighbour." The ascetic priest prescribes, though in the most cautious doses, what is practically a stimulation of the strongest and most life-assertive impulse - the Will for Power. The happiness involved in the "smallest superiority" which is the concomitant of all benefiting, helping, extolling, making one's self useful, is the most ample consolation, of which, if they are well-advised, physiological distortions avail themselves: in other cases they hurt each other, and naturally in obedience to the same radical instinct. An investigation of the origin of Christianity in the Roman world shows that cooperative unions for poverty, sickness, and burial sprang up in the lowest stratum of contemporary society, amid which the chief antidote against depression, the little joy experienced in mutual benefits, was deliberately fostered. Perchance this was then a novelty, a real discovery? This conjuring up of the will for co-operation, for family organisation, for communal life, for "Coznacula," necessarily brought the Will for Power, which had been already infinitesimally stimulated, to a new and much fuller manifestation. The herd organisation is a genuine advance and triumph in the fight with depression. With the growth of the community there matures even to individuals a new interest, which often enough takes him out of the more personal element in his discontent, his aversion to himself, the "despectio sui" [self-contempt] of Geulincx. All sick and diseased people strive instinctively after a herd-organisation, out of a desire to shake off their sense of oppressive discomfort and weakness; the ascetic priest divines this instinct and promotes it; wherever a herd exists it is the instinct of weakness which has wished for the herd, and the cleverness of the priests which has organised it, for, mark this: by an equally natural necessity the strong strive as much for isolation as the weak for union: when the former bind themselves it is only with a view to an aggressive joint action and joint satisfaction of their Will for Power, much against the wishes of their individual consciences; the latter, on the contrary, range themselves together with positive delimit in such a muster - their

instincts are as much gratified thereby as the instincts of the "born master" (that is, the solitary beast-of-prey species of man) are disturbed and wounded to the quick by organisation. There is always lurking beneath every oligarchy- such is the universal lesson of history - the desire for tyranny. Every oligarchy is continually quivering with the tension of the effort required by each individual to keep mastering this desire. (Such, e.g., was the Greek; Plato shows it in a hundred places, Plato, who knew his contemporaries - and himself.)

Genealogy of Morals

Essay 3 s19

The methods employed by the ascetic priest, which we have already learnt to know- stifling of all vitality, mechanical energy, the little joy, and especially the method of "love your neighbour" herd-organisation, the awaking of the communal consciousness of power, to such a pitch that the individual's disgust with himself becomes eclipsed by his delight in the thriving of the community - these are, according to modern standards, the "innocent" methods employed in the fight with depression; let us turn now to the more interesting topic of the "guilty" methods. The guilty methods spell one thing: to produce emotional excess - which is used as the most efficacious anaesthetic against their depressing state of protracted pain; this is why priestly ingenuity has proved quite inexhaustible in thinking out this one question: "By what means can you produce an emotional excess?" This sounds harsh: it is manifest that it would sound nicer and would grate on one's ears less, if I were to say, indeed: "The ascetic priest made use at all times of the enthusiasm contained in all strong emotions." But why keep caressing the mollicoddled ears of our modern delicate sensibilities? Why should we, for our part, retreat even one step back from the hypocrisy of their vocabulary? Doing something like that would make us psychologists active hypocrites — apart from the fact that it would be disgusting. The good taste (others might say, the righteousness) of a psychologist nowadays consists, if at all, in combating the shamefully moralised language with which all modern judgments on men and things are smeared. For, do not deceive yourself: what constitutes the chief characteristic of modern souls and of modern books is not the lying, but the innocence which is part and parcel of their intellectual dishonesty. The inevitable running up against this "innocence" everywhere constitutes the most distasteful feature of the

somewhat dangerous business which a modern psychologist has to undertake: it is a part of our great danger - it is a road which perhaps leads us straight to the great nausea- I know quite well the purpose which all modern books will and can serve (granted that they last, which I am not afraid of, and granted equally that there is to be at some future day a generation with a more rigid, more severe, and healthier taste) - the junction which all modernity generally will serve with posterity: that of an emetic, - and this by reason of its moral sugariness and falsity, its ingrained feminism, which it is pleased to call "Idealism," and at any rate believes to be idealism. Our cultured men of today, our "good" men, do not lie - that is true; but it does not redound to their honour! The real lie, the genuine, determined, "honest" lie (on whose value you can listen to Plato) would prove too tough and strong an article for them by a long way; it would be asking them to do what people have been forbidden to ask them to do, to open their eyes to their own selves, and to learn to distinguish between "true" and "false" in their own selves. The dishonest lie alone suits them: everything which fools a good man is perfectly incapable of any other attitude to anything than that of a dishonourable liar, an absolute liar, but none the less an innocent liar, a blue-eyed liar, a virtuous liar. These "good men," they are all now tainted with morality through and through, and as far as honour is concerned they are disgraced and corrupted for all eternity. Which of them could stand a further truth "about man"? or, put more tangibly, which of them could put up with a true biography? One or two instances: Lord Byron composed a most personal autobiography, but Thomas Moore was "too good" for it; he burnt his friend's papers. Dr. Gwinner, Schopenhauer's executor, is said to have done the same; for Schopenhauer as well wrote much about himself, and perhaps also against himself ("eis auton"). The virtuous American Thayer, Beethoven's biographer, suddenly stopped his work: he had come to a certain point in that honourable and simple life, and could stand it no longer. Moral: What sensible man nowadays writes one honest word about himself? He must already belong to the Order of Holy Foolhardiness. We are promised an autobiography of Richard Wagner; who doubts but that it would be a clever autobiography? Think, indeed, of the grotesque horror which the Catholic priest Janssen aroused in Germany with his inconceivably square and harmless pictures of the German Reformation; what wouldn't people do if some real psychologist were to tell us about a genuine Luther, tell us, not with the moralist simplicity of a country priest or the sweet and cautious modesty of a Protestant historian, but say with the fearlessness of a Taine, that

springs from force of character and not from a prudent toleration of force. (The Germans, by the bye, have already produced the classic specimen of this toleration - they may well be allowed to reckon him as one of their own, in Leopold Ranke, that born classical advocate of every causa fortior [stronger cause], that cleverest of all the clever opportunists.)

Genealogy of Morals

Essay 3 s20

But you will soon understand me. - Putting it shortly, there is reason enough, is there not, for us psychologists nowadays never to get away from a certain mistrust of our own selves? Probably even we ourselves are still "too good" for our work; probably, whatever contempt we feel for this popular craze for morality, we ourselves are perhaps none the less its victims, prey, and slaves; probably it infects even us. Of what was that diplomat warning us, when he said to his colleagues: "Let us especially mistrust our first impulses, gentlemen! they are almost always good"? So should nowadays every psychologist talk to his colleagues. And thus we get back to our problem, which in point of fact does require from us a certain severity, a certain mistrust especially against "first impulses." The ascetic ideal in the service of projected emotional excess: - he who remembers the previous essay will already partially anticipate the essential meaning compressed into these above ten words. The thorough unswitching of the human soul, the plunging of it into terror, frost, ardour, rapture, so as to free it, as through some lightning shock, from all the smallness and pettiness of unhappiness, depression, and discomfort: what ways lead to this goal? And which of these ways does so most safely? ... At bottom all great emotions have this power, provided that they find a sudden outlet - emotions such as rage, fear, lust, revenge, hope, triumph, despair, cruelty; and, in sooth, the ascetic priest has had no scruples in taking into his service the whole pack of hounds that rage in the human kennel, unleashing now these and now those, with the same constant object of waking man out of his protracted melancholy, of chasing away, at any rate for a time, his dull pain, his shrinking misery, but always under the sanction of a religious interpretation and

justification. This emotional excess has subsequently to be paid for, this is self-evident - it makes the ill more ill - and therefore this kind of remedy for pain is according to modern standards a "guilty" kind.

The dictates of fairness, however, require that we should all the more emphasise the fact that this remedy is applied with a good conscience, that the ascetic priest has prescribed it in the most implicit belief in its utility and indispensability; - often enough almost collapsing in the presence of the pain which he created; - that we should similarly emphasise the fact that the violent physiological revenges of such excesses, even perhaps the mental disturbances, are not absolutely inconsistent with the general tenor of this kind of remedy; this remedy, which, as we have shown previously, is not for the purpose of healing diseases, but of fighting the unhappiness of that depression, the alleviation and deadening of which was its object. The object was consequently achieved. The keynote by which the ascetic priest was enabled to get every kind of agonising and ecstatic music to play on the fibres of the human soul - was, as everyone knows, the exploitation of the feeling of "guilt." I have already indicated in the previous essay the origin of this feeling - as a piece of animal psychology and nothing else: we were thus confronted with the feeling of "guilt," in its crude state, as it were. It was first in the hands of the priest, real artist that he was in the feeling of guilt, that it took shape- oh, what a shape!

"Sin" - for that is the name of the new priestly version of the animal "bad-conscience" (the inverted cruelty) - has up to the present been the greatest event in the history of the diseased soul; in "sin" we find the most perilous and fatal masterpiece of religious interpretation. Imagine man, suffering from himself, some way or other but at any rate physiologically, perhaps like an animal shut up in a cage, not clear as to the why and the wherefore! imagine him in his desire for reasons - reasons bring relief - in his desire again for remedies, narcotics at last, consulting one, who knows even the occult - and see, lo and behold, he gets a hint from his wizard, the ascetic priest, his first hint on the "cause" of his trouble: he must search for it in himself, in his guiltiness, in a piece of the past, he must understand his very suffering as a state of punishment. He has heard, he has understood, has the unfortunate: he is now in the plight of a hen round which a line has been drawn. He never gets out of the circle of lines. The sick man has been turned into "the sinner" - and now for a few thousand years we t away from the sight of this new invalid, of "a

sinner" - shall we ever get away from it? - wherever we just look, everywhere the hypnotic gaze of the sinner always moving in one direction (in the direction of guilt, as the single cause of suffering)) ; everywhere the evil conscience, this "greuliche Thier," [horrible beast] to use Luther's language; everywhere rumination over the past, a distorted view of action, the gaze of the "green-eyed monster" turned on all action: everywhere the willful misunderstanding of Buffering, its transvaluation into feelings of guilt, fear of retribution; everywhere the scourge, the hairy shirt, the starving body, contrition; everywhere the sinner breaking himself on the ghastly wheel of a restless and morbidly eager conscience; everywhere mute pain, extreme fear, the agony of a tortured heart, the spasms of an unknown happiness, the shriek for "redemption." In point of fact, thanks to this system of procedure, the old depression, dullness, and fatigue were absolutely conquered, life itself became very interesting again, awake, eternally awake, sleepless, glowing, burnt away, exhausted and yet not tired - such was the figure cut by man, "the sinner," who was initiated into these mysteries. This grand old wizard of an ascetic priest fighting with depression - he had clearly triumphed, his kingdom had come: men no longer grumbled at pain, men panted after pain: "More pain! More pain!" So for centuries on end shrieked the demand of his acolytes and initiates. Every emotional excess which hurt; everything which broke, overthrew, crushed, transported, ravished; the mystery of torture-chambers, the ingenuity of hell itself - all this was now discovered, divined, exploited, all this was at the service of the wizard, all this served to promote the triumph of his ideal, the ascetic ideal. "My kingdom is not of this world," quoth he, both at the beginning and at the end: had he still the right to talk like that? - Goethe has maintained that there are only thirty-six tragic situations: we would infer from that, did we not know otherwise, that Goethe was no ascetic priest. He - knows more.

Genealogy of Morals
Essay 3 s21

So far as all this kind of priestly medicine-mongering, the "guilty" kind, is

concerned, every word of criticism is superfluous. As for the suggestion that emotional excess of the type, which in these cases the ascetic priest is ready to order to his sick patients (under the most sacred euphemism, as is obvious, and equally impregnated with the sanctity of his purpose), has ever really been of use to any sick man, who, indeed, would feel inclined to maintain a proposition of that character? At any rate, some understanding should be come to as to the expression "be of use." If you only wish to express that such a system of treatment has reformed man, I do not gainsay it: I merely add that "reformed" conveys to my mind much as "tamed," "weakened," "discouraged," "refined," "daintified," "emasculated" (and thus it means almost as much as injured). But when you have to deal principally with sick, depressed, and oppressed creatures, such a system, even granted that it makes the ill "better," under any circumstances also makes them more ill: ask the mad-doctors the invariable result of a methodical application of penance-torture, contritions, and salvation ecstasies. Similarly ask history. In every body politic where the ascetic priest has established this treatment of the sick, disease has on every occasion spread with sinister speed throughout its length and breadth. What was always the "result"? A shattered nervous system, in addition to the existing malady, and this in the greatest as in the smallest, in the individuals as in masses. We find, in consequence of the penance and redemption-training, awful epileptic epidemics, the greatest known to history, such as the St. Vitus and St. John dances of the Middle Ages; we find, as another phase of its after-effect, frightful mutilations and chronic depressions, by means of which the temperament of a nation or a city (Geneva, Bale) is turned once for all into its opposite; - this training, again, is responsible for the witch-hysteria, a phenomenon analogous to somnambulism (eight great epidemic outbursts of this only between 1564 and 1605) ; - we find similarly in its train those delirious death-cravings of large masses, whose awful "shriek," "eviva la morte" [long live death] was heard over the whole of Europe, now interrupted by voluptuous variations and anon by a rage for destruction, just as the same emotional sequence with the same intermittencies and sudden changes is now universally observed in every case where the ascetic doctrine of sin scores once more a great success (religious neurosis appears as a manifestation of the devil, there is no doubt of it. What is it? Quaeritur [that's what we need to ask]) . Speaking generally, the ascetic ideal and its sublime-moral cult, this most ingenious, reckless, and perilous systematisation of all methods of emotional excess, is writ large in a dreadful and unforgettable fashion on the whole history of man, and

unfortunately not only on history. I was scarcely able to put forward any other element which attacked the health and race efficiency of Europeans with more destructive power than did this ideal; it can be dubbed, without exaggeration, the real fatality in the history of the health of the European man. At the most you can merely draw a comparison with the specifically German influence: I mean the alcohol poisoning of Europe, which up to the present has kept pace exactly with the political and racial predominance of the Germans (where they inoculated their blood, there too did they inoculate their vice). Third in the series comes syphilis - magno sed proxima intervallo [next in line, but after a large gap].

Genealogy of Morals Essay 3 s22

The ascetic priest has, wherever he has obtained the mastery, corrupted the health of the soul, he has consequently also corrupted taste n artibus et litteris [in arts and letters] - he corrupts it still. "Consequently?" I hope I shall be granted this "consequently"; at any rate, I am not going to prove it first. One solitary indication, it concerns the arch-book of Christian literature, their real model, their "book-in-itself." In the very midst of the Greco-Roman splendour, which was also a splendour of books, face to face with an ancient world of writings which had not yet fallen into decay and ruin, at a time when certain books were still to be read, to possess which we would give nowadays half our literature in exchange, at that time the simplicity and vanity of Christian agitators (they are generally called Fathers of the Church) dared to proclaim, "We also have our classical literature. We don't need the Greeks." - and meanwhile they proudly pointed to their books of legends, their letters of apostles, and their little apologetic treatises, just in the same way that today the English "Salvation Army" wages its fight against Shakespeare and other "heathens" with an analogous literature. You already guess it, I do not like the "New Testament"; it almost upsets me that I stand so isolated in my taste so far as concerns this valued, this over-valued Scripture; the taste of two thousand years is against me; but what boots it! "Here I stand! I cannot help myself" [Luther] - I have the courage of my bad taste. The Old Testament - yes, that is something quite different, all

honour to the Old Testament! I find therein great men, an heroic landscape, and one of the rarest phenomena in the world, the incomparable naivete of the strong heart; further still, I find a people. In the New Testament, by contrast, I find nothing but small sectarian households, nothing but spiritual rococo, nothing but ornament, twisty little corners, oddities, nothing but conventional air, not to forget an occasional whiff of bucolic sweetness which appertains to the epoch (and the Roman province) and is less Jewish than Hellenistic. Meekness and braggadocio cheek by jowl; an emotional garrulousness that almost deafens; passionate hysteria, but no passion; painful pantomime; here manifestly everyone lacked good breeding. How dare anyone make so much fuss about their little failings as do these pious little fellows! No one cares a straw about it- let alone God. Finally they actually wish to have "the crown of eternal life," do all these little provincials! In return for what, in sooth? For what end? It is impossible to carry insolence any further. An immortal Peter! who could stand him! They have an ambition which makes one laugh: the thing dishes up cut and dried his most personal life, his melancholies, and common-or-garden troubles, as though the Universe itself were under an obligation to bother itself about them, for it never gets tired of wrapping up God Himself in the petty misery in which its troubles are involved. And how about the atrocious form of this chronic hobnobbing with God? This Jewish, and not merely Jewish, excessive importuning God with mouth and paw! - There exist little despised "heathen nations" in East Africa, from whom these first Christians could have learnt something worth learning, a little tact in worshipping; these nations do not allow themselves to say aloud the name of their God. This seems to me delicate enough, it is certain that it is too delicate, and not only for primitive Christians; to take a contrast, just recollect Luther, the most "eloquent" and insolent peasant whom Germany has had, think of the Lutheran tone, in which he felt quite the most in his element during his tete-a-tetes with God. Luther's opposition to the medieval saints of the Church (in particular, against "that devil's hog, the Pope"), was, there is no doubt, at bottom the opposition of a boor, who was offended at the good etiquette of the Church, that worship-etiquette of the sacerdotal code, which only admits to the holy of holies the initiated and the silent, and shuts the door against the boors. These definitely were not to be allowed a hearing in this planet - but Luther the peasant simply wished it otherwise; as it was, it was not German enough for him. He personally wished himself to talk direct, to talk personally, to talk "straight from the shoulder" with his God. Well, he's done it. The ascetic ideal, you will guess, was at no

time and in no place, a school of good taste, still less of good manners - at the best it was a school for sacerdotal manners: that is. it contains in itself something which was a deadly enemy to all good manners. Lack of measure, opposition to measure it is itself a "non plus ultra."

Genealogy of Morals Essay 3 s23

The ascetic ideal has corrupted not only health and taste, there are also third, fourth, fifth, and sixth things which it has corrupted - I shall take care not to go through the catalogue (when should I get to the end?). I have here to expose not what this ideal effected; but rather only what it means, on what it is based, what lies lurking behind it and under it, that of which it is the provisional expression, an obscure expression bristling with queries and misunderstandings. And with this object only in view I presumed "not to spare" my readers a glance at the awfulness of its results, a glance at its fatal results; I did this to prepare them for the final and most awful aspect presented to me by the question of the significance of that ideal. What is the significance of the power of that ideal, the monstrousness of its power? Why is it given such an amount of scope? Why is not a better resistance offered against it? The ascetic ideal expresses one will: where is the opposition will, in which an opposition ideal expresses itself? The ascetic ideal has an aim - this goal is, putting it generally, that all the other interests of human life should, measured by its standard, appear petty and narrow; it explains epochs, nations, men, in reference to this one end; it forbids any other interpretation, any other end; it repudiates, denies, affirms, confirms, only in the sense of its own interpretation (and was there ever a more thoroughly elaborated system of interpretation?) ; it subjects itself to no power, rather does it believe in its own precedence over every power- it believes that nothing powerful exists in the world that has not first got to receive from "it" a meaning, a right to exist, a value, as being an instrument in its work, a way and means to its end, to one end. Where is the counterpart of this complete system of will, end, and interpretation? Why is the counterpart lacking? Where is the other "one aim"? But I am told it is not lacking, that not only has it fought a long and fortunate fight with that ideal, but that further it has already won the mastery over that ideal in all essentials: let our whole modern science attest this - that modern science, which, like the

genuine reality-philosophy which it is, manifestly believes in itself alone, manifestly has the courage to be itself, the will to be itself, and has got on well enough without God, another world, and negative virtues.

With all their noisy agitator-babble, however, they effect nothing with me; these trumpeters of reality are bad musicians, their voices do not come from the deeps with sufficient audibility, they are not the mouth-piece for the abyss of scientific knowledge - for today scientific knowledge is an abyss - the word "science," in such trumpeter-mouths, is a prostitution, an abuse, an impertinence. The truth is just the opposite from what is maintained in the ascetic theory. Science has today absolutely no belief in itself, let alone in an ideal superior to Itself, and wherever science still consists of passion, love, ardour, suffering it is not the opposition to that ascetic ideal, but rather the incarnation of its latest and noblest form. Does that ring strange? There are enough brave and decent working people, even among the learned men of today, who like their little corner, and who, just because they are pleased so to do, become at times indecently loud with their demand, that people today should be quite content, especially in science - for in science there is so much useful work to do. I do not deny it - there is nothing I should like less than to spoil the delight of these honest workers in their handiwork; for I rejoice in their work. But the fact of science requiring hard work, the fact of its having contented workers, is absolutely no proof of science as a whole having today one end, one will, one ideal, one passion for a great faith; the contrary, as I have said, is the case. When science is not the latest manifestation of the ascetic ideal - but these are cases of such rarity, selectness, and exquisiteness, as to preclude the general judgment being affected thereby - science is a hiding-place for every kind of cowardice, disbelief, remorse, despectio sui [self-contempt], bad conscience - it is the very anxiety that springs from having no ideal, the suffering from the lack of a great love, the discontent with an enforced moderation. Oh, what does all science not cover today? How much, at any rate, does it not try to cover? The diligence of our best scholars, their senseless industry, their burning the candle of their brain at both ends - their very mastery in their handiwork - how often is the real meaning of all that to prevent themselves continuing to see a certain thing? Science as a self-anaesthetic: do you know that? You wound them - everyone who consorts with scholars experiences this - you wound them sometimes to the quick through just a harmless word; when you think you are paying them a compliment you embitter them beyond all bounds, simply

because you didn't have the finesse to infer the real kind of customers you had to tackle, the sufferer kind (who won't own up even to themselves what they really are), the dazed and unconscious kind who have only one fear - coming to consciousness.

Genealogy of Morals Essay 3 s24

And now look at the other side, at those rare cases, of which I spoke, the most supreme idealists to be found nowadays among philosophers and scholars. Have we, perchance, found in them the sought-for opponents of the ascetic ideal, the opposing idealists? In fact, they believe themselves to be such, these "unbelievers" (for they are all of them that) : it seems that this idea is their last remnant of faith, the idea of being opponents of this ideal, so earnest are they on this subject, so passionate in word and gesture; - but does it follow that what they believe must necessarily be trite? We "knowers" have grown by degrees suspicious of all kinds of believers, our suspicion has step by step habituated us to draw just the opposite conclusions to what people have drawn before; that is to say, wherever the strength of a belief is particularly prominent to draw the conclusion of the difficulty of proving what is believed, the conclusion of its actual improbability. We do not again deny that "faith produces salvation": for that very reason we do deny that faith proves anything, - a strong faith, which produces happiness, causes suspicion of the object of that faith, it does not establish its "truth," it does establish a certain probability of - illusion. What is now the position in these cases? These solitaries and deniers of today; these fanatics in one thing, in their claim to intellectual cleanness; these hard, stern, continent, heroic spirits, who constitute the glory of our time; all these pale atheists, anti-Christians, immoralists, Nihilists; these skeptics, "ephectics," and "spiritually hectics" of the intellect (in a certain sense they are the latter, both collectively and individually) ; these supreme idealists of knowledge, in whom alone nowadays the intellectual conscience dwells and is alive - in point of fact they believe themselves as far away as possible from the ascetic ideal, do these "free, very free spirits": and yet, if I may reveal what they themselves cannot see - for they stand too near themselves: this ideal is simply their ideal, they represent it nowadays and perhaps no one else, they themselves are its most spiritualised product, its most advanced

picket of skirmishers and scouts, its most insidious delicate and elusive form of seduction. - If I am in any way a reader of riddles, then I will be one with this sentence: for some time past there have been no free spirits; for they still believe in truth. When the Christian Crusaders in the East came into collision with that invincible order of assassins, that order of free spirits par excellence, whose lowest grade lives in a state of discipline such as no order of monks has ever attained, then in some way or other they managed to get an inkling of that symbol and tally-word, that was reserved for the highest grade alone as their secret, "Nothing is true, everything is allowed," - in sooth, that was freedom of thought, thereby was taking leave of the very belief in truth. Has indeed any European, any Christian freethinker, ever yet wandered into this proposition and its labyrinthine consequences? Does he know from experience the Minotaur of this den. - I doubt it - nay, I know otherwise. Nothing is more really alien to these "mono-fanatics," these so-called "free spirits," than freedom and unfettering in that sense; in no respect are they more closely tied, the absolute fanaticism of their belief in truth is unparalleled. I know all this perhaps too much from experience at close quarters - that dignified philosophic abstinence to which a belief like that binds its adherents, that stoicism of the intellect, which eventually vetoes negation as rigidly as it does affirmation, that wish for standing still in front of the actual, the *factum brutum* [brute fact], that fatalism of the "petits faits" [small facts] (what I call *ce petit faitisme* [this small factism]), in which French Science now attempts a kind of moral superiority over German, this renunciation of interpretation generally (that is, of forcing, doctoring, abridging, omitting, suppressing, inventing, falsifying, and all the other essential attributes of interpretation) - all this, considered broadly, expresses the asceticism of virtue, quite as efficiently as does any repudiation of the senses (it is at bottom only a *modus* of that repudiation). But what forces it into that unqualified will for truth is the faith in the ascetic ideal itself, even though it take the form of its unconscious imperatives, - make no mistake about it, it is the faith, I repeat, in a metaphysical value, an intrinsic value of truth, of a character which is only warranted and guaranteed in this ideal (it stands and falls with that ideal). Judged strictly, there does not exist a science without its "hypotheses," the thought of such a science is inconceivable, illogical: a philosophy, a faith, must always exist first to enable science to gain thereby a direction, a meaning, a limit and method, a rigid to existence. (He who holds a contrary opinion on the subject - he, for example, who takes it upon himself to establish philosophy "upon a strictly scientific

basis" - has first got to "turn upside-down" not only philosophy but also truth itself - the gravest insult which could possibly be offered to two such respectable females!) Yes, there is no doubt about it - and here I quote my Joyful Wisdom, cp. Book V. Aph. 344: "The man who is truthful in that daring and extreme fashion, which is the presupposition of the faith in science, asserts thereby a different world from that of life, nature, and history; and in so far as he asserts the existence of that different world, come, must he not similarly repudiate its counterpart, this world, our world? The belief on which our faith in science is based has remained to this day a metaphysical belief - even we knowers of today, we godless foes of metaphysics, we, too, take our fire from that conflagration which was kindled by a thousand-year-old faith, from that Christian belief, which was also Plato's belief, the belief that God is truth, that truth is divine... . But what if this belief becomes more and more incredible, what if nothing proves itself to be divine, unless it be error, blindness, lies - what if God Himself proved Himself to be our oldest lie?" - It is necessary to stop at this point and to consider the situation carefully. Science itself now needs a justification (which is not for a minute to say that there is such a justification). Turn in this context to the most ancient and the most modern philosophers: they all fail to realise the extent of the need of a justification on the part of the Will for Truth - here is a gap in every philosophy - what is it caused by? Because up to the present the ascetic ideal dominated all philosophy, because Truth was fixed as Being, as God, as the Supreme Court of Appeal, because Truth was not allowed to be a problem. Do you understand this "allowed"? From the minute that the belief in the God of the ascetic ideal is repudiated, there exists a new problem: the problem of the value of truth. The Will for Truth needed a critique- let us define by these words our own task - the value of truth is tentatively to be called in question... . (If this seems too laconically expressed, I recommend the reader to peruse again that passage from the Joyful Wisdom which bears the title, "How far we also are still pious," Aph. 344, and best of all the whole fifth book of that work, as well as the Preface to The Dawn 0} Day.

Genealogy of Morals
Essay 3 s25

No! You can't get round me with science, when I search for the natural

antagonists of the ascetic ideal, when I put the question: "Where is the opposed will in which the opponent ideal expresses itself?" Science is not, by a long way, independent enough to fulfil this function; in every department science needs an ideal value, a power which creates values, and in whose service it can believe in itself - science itself never creates values. Its relation to the ascetic ideal is not in itself antagonistic: speaking roughly, it rather represents the progressive force in the inner evolution of that ideal. Tested more exactly, its opposition and antagonism are concerned not with the ideal itself, but only with that ideal's outworks, its outer

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garb, its masquerade, with its temporary hardening, stiffening, and dogmatising - it makes the life in the ideal free once more, while it repudiates its superficial elements. These two phenomena, science and the ascetic ideal, both rest on the same basis - I have already made this clear - the basis, I say, of the same over-appreciation of truth (more accurately the same belief in the impossibility of valuing and of criticising truth), and consequently they are necessarily allies, so that, in the event of their being attacked, they must always be attacked and called into question together. A valuation of the ascetic ideal inevitably entails a valuation of science as well; lose no time in seeing this clearly, and be sharp to catch it! {Art, I am speaking provisionally, for I will treat it on some other occasion in greater detail, - art, I repeat, in which lying is sanctified and the will for deception has good conscience on its side, is much more fundamentally opposed to the ascetic ideal than is science: Plato's instinct felt this - Plato, the greatest enemy of art which Europe has produced up to the present. Plato versus Homer, that is the complete, the true antagonism - on the one side, the whole-hearted "transcendental," the great defamer of life; on the other, its involuntary panegyrist, the golden nature. An artistic subservience to the service of the ascetic ideal is consequently the most absolute artistic corruption that there can be, though unfortunately it is one of the most frequent phases, for nothing is more corruptible than an artist.) Considered physiologically, moreover, science rests on the same basis as does the ascetic ideal: a certain impoverishment of life is the presupposition of the latter as of the former - add, frigidity of the emotions, slackening of the tempo, the substitution of dialectic for

instinct, seriousness impressed on mien and gesture (seriousness, that most unmistakable sign of strenuous metabolism, of Struggling, toiling life). Consider the periods in a nation in which the learned man comes into prominence; they are the periods of exhaustion, often of sunset, of decay - the effervescing strength, the confidence in life, the confidence in the future are no more. The preponderance of the mandarins never signifies any good, any more than does the advent of democracy, or arbitration instead of war, equal rights for women, the religion of pity, and all the other symptoms of declining life. (Science handled as a problem! what is the meaning of science? - upon this point the Preface to the Birth of Tragedy.) No! this "modern science" - mark you this well - is at times the best ally for the ascetic ideal, and for the very reason that it is the ally which is most unconscious, most automatic, most secret, and most subterranean! They have been playing into each other's hands up to the present, have these "poor in spirit" and the scientific opponents of that ideal (take care, by the bye, not to think that these opponents are the antithesis of this ideal, that they are the rich in spirit - that they are not; I have called them the hectic in spirit). As for these celebrated victories of science; there is no doubt that they are victories - but victories over what? There was not for a single minute any victory among their list over the ascetic ideal, rather was it made stronger, that is to say, more elusive, more abstract, more insidious, from the fact that a wall, an outwork, that had got built on to the main fortress and disfigured its appearance, should from time to time be ruthlessly destroyed and broken down by science. Does anyone seriously suggest that the downfall of the theological astronomy signified the downfall of that ideal? - Has, perchance, man grown less in need of a transcendental solution of his riddle of existence, because since that time this existence has become more random, casual, and superfluous in the visible order of the universe? Has there not been since the time of Copernicus an unbroken progress in the self-belittling of man and his will for belittling himself? Alas, his belief in his dignity, his uniqueness, his irreplaceable-ness in the scheme of existence, is gone - he has become animal, literal, unqualified, and unmitigated animal, he who in his earlier belief was almost God ("child of God," "demi-God"). Since Copernicus man seems to have fallen on to a steep plane - he rolls faster and faster away from the centre - whither? into nothingness? into the "thrilling sensation of his own nothingness"? - Well! this would be the straight way - to the old ideal? - All science (and by no means only astronomy, with regard to the humiliating and deteriorating effect of which Kant has made a remarkable confession, "it

annihilates my own importance"), all science, natural as much as unnatural- -by unnatural I mean the self-critique of reason - nowadays sets out to talk man out of his present opinion of himself, as though that opinion had been nothing but a bizarre piece of conceit; you might go so far as to say that science finds its peculiar pride, its peculiar bitter form of stoical ataraxia [indifference], in preserving man's contempt of himself, that state which it took so much trouble to bring about, as man's final and most serious claim to self-appreciation (rightly so, in point of fact, for he who despises is always "one who has not forgotten how to appreciate"). But does all this involve any real effort to counteract the ascetic ideal? Is it really seriously suggested that Kant's victory over the theological dogmatism about "God," "Soul," "Freedom," "Immortality," has damaged that ideal in any way (as the theologians have imagined to be the case for a long time past)? - And in this connection it does not concern us for a single minute, if Kant himself intended any such consummation. What is certain is that all sorts of transcendentalists since Kant have once more won the game - they are emancipated from the theologians; what luck! - he has revealed to them that secret art, by which they can now pursue their "heart's desire" on their own responsibility, and with all the respectability of science. Similarly, who can grumble at the agnostics, reverers, as they are, of the unknown and the absolute mystery, if they now worship their very query as God? (Xaver Doudan talks somewhere of the ravages which *l'habitude d'admirer l'inintelligible au lieu de rester tout simplement dans l'inconnu* has produced - the ancients, he thinks, must have been exempt from those ravages.) Supposing that everything, "known" to man, fails to satisfy his desires, and on the contrary contradicts and horrifies them, what a divine way out of all this to be able to look for the responsibility, not in the "desiring" but in "knowing"! - "There is no knowledge. Consequently there is a God"; what a novel *elegantia syllogismi* ! [syllogistic excellence] what a triumph for the ascetic ideal!

Genealogy of Morals

Essay 3 s26

Or, perchance, does the whole of modern history show in its demeanour greater confidence in life, greater confidence in its ideals? Its loftiest pretension is now to be a mirror; it repudiates all teleology; it will have no

more "improving"; it disdains to play the judge, and thereby follows its good taste - it asserts as little as it denies, it ascertains, it "describes." All this is to a high degree ascetic, but at the same time it is to a much greater degree nihilistic; make no mistake about this! You see in the historian a gloomy, hard, but determined gaze, - an eye that looks out as an isolated North Pole explorer looks out (perhaps so as not to look within, so as not to look back?) -there is snow - here is life silenced, the last crows which caw here are called "whither?" "Vanity," "nada" [nothing] - here nothing more flourishes and grows, at the most the meta-politics of St. Petersburg and the "pity" of Tolstoy. But as for that other school of historians a perhaps still more modern" school, a voluptuous and lascivious school which flirts with life and the ascetic ideal with equal fervour, which uses the word "artist" as a glove, and has nowadays established a "corner" for itself, in all the praise given to contemplation ; oh, what a thirst do these sweet intellectuals excite even for ascetics and winter landscapes! Nay! the devil take these "contemplative" folk! I would even prefer to wander with those historical Nihilists, through the gloomiest, grey, cold mist! - nay, I shall not mind listening (supposing I have to choose) to one who is completely unhistorical and anti-historical (a man, like Duhring for instance, over whose periods a hitherto shy and unavowed species of "beautiful souls" has grown intoxicated in contemporary Germany, the species anarchistica within the educated proletariat). The "contemplative" are a hundred times worse - I never knew anything which produced such intense nausea as one of those "objective" chairs one of those scented manikins-about-town of history, a thing half-priest, half-satyr, with perfume by Renan, which betrays by the high, shrill falsetto of his applause what he lacks and where he lacks it, who betrays where in this case the Fates have plied their ghastly shears, alas: in too surgeon-like a fashion! This is distasteful to me, and irritates my patience; let him keep patient at such sights who has nothing to lose thereby, - such a sight enrages me, such spectators embitter me against the "play," even more than does the play itself (history itself, you understand); Anacreontic moods imperceptibly come over me. This Nature, who gave to the steer its horn, to the lion its chasm odonton [chasm of teeth], for what purpose did Nature give me my foot? - To kick, by St. Anacreon, and not merely to run away! To trample on all the worm-eaten "chairs," the cowardly contemplators, the lascivious eunuchs of history, the flirts with ascetic ideals, the righteous hypocrites of impotence! All reverence on my part to the ascetic ideal, in so far as it is honourable! So long as it believes in itself and plays no pranks on us! But I

like not all these coquettish bugs who have an insatiate ambition to smell of the infinite, until eventually the infinite smells of bugs; I like not the whited sepulchres with their stagey reproduction of life; I like not the tired and the used up who wrap themselves in wisdom and look "objective"; I like not the agitators dressed up as heroes, who hide their dummy-heads behind the stalking-horse of an ideal; I like not the ambitious artists who would rather play the ascetic and the priest, and are at bottom nothing but tragic clowns; I like not, again, these newest speculators in idealism, the Anti-Semites, who nowadays roll their eyes in the patent Christian-Aryan-man-of-honour fashion, and by an abuse of moralist attitudes and agitation dodges, so cheap as to exhaust any patience, strive to excite all the blockhead elements in the populace (the invariable success of every kind of intellectual charlatanism in present-day Germany hangs together with the almost indisputable and already quite palpable desolation of the German mind, whose cause I look for in a too exclusive diet, of papers, politics, beer, and Wagnerian music, not forgetting the condition precedent of this diet, the national exclusiveness and vanity, the strong but narrow principle, "Germany, Germany above everything," [Patriotic song] and finally the paralysis agitans [trembling palsy] of "modern ideas"). Europe nowadays is, above all, wealthy and ingenious in means of excitement; it apparently has no more crying necessity than stimulants and alcohol. Hence the enormous counterfeiting of ideals, those most fiery spirits of the mind; hence too the repulsive, evil-smelling, perjured, pseudo-alcoholic air everywhere. I should like to know how many cargoes of imitation idealism, of hero-costumes and high falutin' clap- trap, how many casks of sweetened pity liqueur (Firm: la religion de la souffrance [the religion of suffering]), how many crutches of righteous indignation for the help of these flat-footed intellects, how many comedians of the Christian moral ideal would need today to be exported from Europe, to enable its air to smell pure again. It is obvious that, in regard to this over-production, a new trade possibility lies open; it is obvious that there is a new business to be done in little ideal idols and obedient "idealists"- don't pass over this tip! Who has sufficient courage? We have in our hands the possibility of idealising the whole earth. But what am I talking about courage? we only need one thing here - a hand, a free, a very free hand.

Enough ! enough ! let us leave these curiosities and complexities of the modern spirit, which excite as much laughter as disgust. Our problem can certainly do without them, the problem of the meaning of the ascetic ideal - what has it got to do with yesterday or today? those things shall be handled by me more thoroughly and severely in another connection (under the title "A Contribution to the History of European Nihilism," I refer for this to a work which I am preparing: *The Will to Power, an Attempt at a Transvaluation of All Values*). The only reason why I come to allude to it here is this: the ascetic ideal has at times, even in the most intellectual sphere, only one real kind of enemies and dangers: these are the comedians of this ideal - for they awake mistrust, everywhere otherwise, where the mind is at work seriously, powerfully, and without counterfeiting, it dispenses altogether now with an ideal (the popular expression for this abstinence is "Atheism") - with the exception of the will jar truth. But this will, this remnant of an ideal, is, If you will believe me, that ideal itself in its severest and cleverest formulation, esoteric through and through. stripped of all outworks, and consequently not so much its remnant as its kernel. Unqualified honest atheism (and its air only do we breathe, we, the most intellectual men of this age) is not opposed to that ideal, to the extent that it appears to be; it is rather one of the final phases of its evolution, one of its syllogisms and pieces of inherent logic - it is the awe-inspiring catastrophe of a two-thousand-year training in truth, which finally forbids itself the lie of the belief in God. (The same course of development in India - quite independently, and consequently of some demonstrative value - the same ideal driving to the same conclusion the decisive point reached five hundred years before the European era, or more precisely at the time of Buddha - it started in the Sankhya philosophy, and then this was popularised through Buddha, and made into a religion.)

What, I put the question with all strictness, has really triumphed over the Christian God? The answer stands in my *Joyful Wisdom*, Aph. 357: "the Christian morality itself, the idea of truth, taken as it was with increasing seriousness, the confessor-subtlety of the Christian conscience translated and sublimated into the scientific conscience into intellectual cleanness at any price. Regarding Nature as though it were a proof of the goodness and guardianship of God; interpreting history in honour of a divine reason, as a constant proof of a moral order of the world and a moral

teleology; explaining our own personal experiences, as pious men have for long enough explained them, as though every arrangement, every nod, every single thing were invented and sent out of love for the salvation of the soul; all this is now done away with, all this has the conscience against it, and is regarded by every subtler conscience as disreputable, dishonourable, as lying, feminism, weakness, cowardice - by means of this severity, if by means of anything at all, are we, in sooth, good Europeans and heirs of Europe's longest and bravest self-mastery." ... All great things go to ruin by reason of themselves, by reason of an act of self -dissolution: so wills the law of life, the law of necessary "self-mastery" even in the essence of life - ever is the law-giver finally exposed to the cry, "patere legem, quam ipse tulisti" [submit to the law which you yourself have established] ; in thus wise did Christianity go to ruin as a dogma, through its own morality; in thus wise must Christianity go again to ruin today as a morality - we are standing on the threshold of this event. After Christian truthfulness has drawn one conclusion after the other, it finally draws its strongest conclusion, its conclusion against itself; this, however, happens, when it puts the question, "what is the meaning of every will for truth?" And here again do I touch on my problem, on our problem, my unknown friends (for as yet / know of no friends) : what sense has our whole being, if it does not mean that in our own selves that will for truth has come to its own consciousness as a problem/ - By reason of this attainment of self-consciousness on the part of the will for truth, morality from hence forward - there is no doubt about it - goes to pieces: this is that put hundred-act play that is reserved for the next two centuries of Europe, the most terrible, the most mysterious, and perhaps also the most hopeful of all plays.

Genealogy of Morals

Essay 3 s28

If you except the ascetic ideal, man, the animal man had no meaning. His existence on earth contained no end; "What is the purpose of man at all?" was a question without an answer; the will for man and the world was lacking; behind every great human destiny rang as a refrain a still greater "Vanity!" The ascetic ideal simply means this: that something was lacking, that a tremendous void encircled man - he did not know how to justify himself, to explain himself, to affirm himself, he suffered from the

problem of his own meaning. He suffered also in other ways, he was in the main a diseased animal ; but his problem was not suffering itself, but the lack of an answer to that crying question, "To what purpose do we suffer?" Man, the bravest animal and the one most inured to suffering, does not repudiate suffering in itself: he wills it, he even seeks it out, provided that he is shown a meaning for it, a purpose of suffering. Not suffering, but the senselessness of suffering was the curse which till then lay spread over humanity - and the ascetic ideal gave it a meaning! It was up till then the only meaning; but any meaning is better than no meaning; the ascetic ideal was in that connection the "faute de mieux" [for lack of something better] par excellence that existed at that time. In that ideal suffering found an explanation; the tremendous gap seemed filled; the door to all suicidal Nihilism was closed. The explanation - there is no doubt about it - brought in its train new suffering, deeper, more penetrating, more venomous, gnawing more brutally into life: it brought all suffering under the perspective of guilt; but in spite of all that - man was saved thereby, he had a meaning, and from henceforth was no more like a leaf in the wind, a shuttle-cock of chance, of non-sense, he could now "will" something - absolutely immaterial to what end, to what purpose, with what means he wished: the will itself was saved. It is absolutely impossible to disguise what in point of fact is made clear by every complete will that has taken its direction from the ascetic ideal: this hate of the human, and even more of the animal, and more still of the material, this horror of the senses, of reason itself, this fear of happiness and beauty, this desire to get right away from all illusion, change, growth, death, wishing and even desiring - all this means - let us have the courage to grasp it - a will for Nothingness, a will opposed to life, a repudiation of the most fundamental conditions of life, but it is and remains a will! - and to say at the end that which I said at the beginning - man will wish Nothingness rather than not wish at all.

END OF GENEALOGY OF MORALS

END OF NIETZSCHE'S 8 best BOOKS

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Appendices

A - Timeline Biography

APPENDICES

A - Timeline Biography

B - Nietzsche's Comments on his Books

C- Eternal Recurrence, by B. Chapko

APPENDIX A

TIMELINE BIOGRAPHY

Youth (1844-1869)

AGE:0 / 2 / 4 / 5 / 14 / 20 / 21 / 23

Professor (1869-1879)

AGE:24 / 25 / 26 / 27 / 28 / 29 / 30 / 31 / 32 / 33 / 34

Years of Wandering (1880-1889)

AGE:35 / 36 / 37 / 38 / 39 / 40 / 41 / 42 / 43 / 44 / 44-54 / 55

Youth (1844-1869) Age

0 - October 15, 1844: Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche is born in the small rural town of Rocken, Germany. His father and both grandfathers were Lutheran ministers.

2 - His sister Elisabeth is born.

4 - His father dies at age 35.

5 - The family moves to nearby Naumburg.

14 - Nietzsche enters the famous Pforta High School.

20 - October: He starts studying theology at the University of Bonn but by the second semester shifts to philology (the study of language and literary texts)

Easter: He refuses to take communion which upsets his mother.

21 - October: Nietzsche transfers to the University of Leipzig to study classical philology. A pianist and composer, Nietzsche also tries to study music there.

By accident at a bookstore, he discovers the philosophy of Schopenhauer.

January: The renowned Professor A. Ritschl "discovers" the young

student and lavishly praises his possibilities as a future philologist. Nietzsche says, "One day, I was suddenly a philologist" [3](part 2, sect. 9)

23 - Nietzsche enlists in an artillery regiment but later is discharged due to injuries from riding a horse.

All during his Leipzig years, Nietzsche has doubts about philology, seeing it only as a stepping stone to interesting philosophical problems.

Professor (1869-1879) Age

24 - November: Nietzsche has his first meeting with Richard Wagner, the famous composer.

February: Not even finished with his doctorate, Nietzsche is amazed to be appointed as Professor in Philology at Basel University through the intervention of Ritschl. The pay is excellent but he soon laments, "What does this wonderful luck ... consist of? Sweat and effort ... the stale milk of the job's daily monotony." [4] (p.102)

April: Nietzsche renounces his German citizenship to become Swiss. But because of a residency technicality he never becomes a Swiss citizen and so remains officially stateless for the rest of his life. [5] (1869)

In his inaugural university lecture Nietzsche reveals his radical view that philology should be subservient to philosophy.

April to July: Nietzsche makes frequent visits to Wagner's home, becoming almost 'one of the family'.

He has a heavy schedule teaching at the university and an associated preparatory high school. He mostly teaches Greek and Roman classics.

September: Nietzsche becomes a vegetarian but he gives it up shortly after an argument with Wagner about it.

25 - December: He plays "Santa Claus" for Wagner's [future] wife Cosima, making numerous purchases in Basel.

January, February: He considers getting a dog as a pet but never does. Wagner writes to his new friend, "I have at present nobody with whom I can be as serious as with you—apart from [my wife]"

June: Franz Overbeck, a professor of Theology at Basel, moves into the same house as Nietzsche. Their close friendship lasts all of Nietzsche's life.

August: He volunteers for the German side in the Franco-Prussian war. The university gives him a leave of absence but because of Swiss neutrality he can only be a medic. He becomes sick while tending to severely wounded soldiers at the front and spends a month recovering at home.

26 - January: Nietzsche applies for a position as philosophy professor but is unsuccessful.

April: His first book, *The Birth of Tragedy*, is ready for submission. The book breaks from scholarly tradition by its exuberant style and by having no footnotes referring to other sources.

27 - January: *The Birth of Tragedy* is published. The Wagners are very enthusiastic about it but Ritschl calls it, "clever drunkenness".

March: Nietzsche's aspirations as a musical composer is set back by criticism of his music by the conductor Hans Von Bulow.

May: An important philologist, Ulrich von Wilamowitz attacks the *Birth of Tragedy* and in October students begin to avoid Nietzsche's classes because of the controversy surrounding his book.

28 - December: Awkward visit by Ritschl who reports Nietzsche is becoming unpopular at the university. February: Ritschl further embittered by Nietzsche's wayward style and writings. Ritschl writes to a friend, "But our Nietzsche! — that it certainly a very muddled chapter... it's remarkable how in that single man two souls live side by side. On the one hand the most rigorous methodology of schooled, scientific research... on the other this phantastic-exaggerated, overly clever, reaching into the incomprehensible, Wagnerian-Schopenhauerian art-mysticism-enthusiasm!... What annoys me the most is his impiety against his own mother, who nursed him at her breast: philology."

May: Nietzsche begins an intensive reading of books on natural science.

29 - December: More arguments and tension between Ritschl and Nietzsche.

February: Nietzsche continues to be plagued by ill health. Wagner says that marriage is the key to Nietzsche recovering.

July: The faculty by a vote of 6 to 4 decides against admission of women to doctoral programs. One of the faculty voting in favor of admission is Nietzsche.

August: There are disagreements with Wagner. Cosima says, "In all, a clear indication that Nietzsche is unable to "toe the line" as Wagner expects". Vacation in Flims. He writes, "My health has been changeable, so I hope the holidays will be restful and productive. For it is only when I am producing something that I can be really healthy and feel well." (H165)

30 - March-September: Nietzsche works on *Schopenhauer as Educator* (*Untimely Meditations III*)

31 - January: For health reasons he is released from teaching at the local High School. February: His illness also interrupts university teaching.

April: He proposes marriage to Mathilde Trampedach but she loves

someone else.

June: He requests a year's leave from the university. It is granted, with full salary.

Summer: His close relationship with Wagner has all but ended. His flight from Wagnerian anti-Semitism is extreme. Later, when Wagner sends him a text of his latest opera, he remarks that he almost wishes his Jewish admirer, Siegfried Lipiner would rewrite it.[4](p.195)

August: He is attracted to but resists a love affair with a married woman from Paris, Louise Ott. [4] (p.189)

32 - October: He leaves with his new Jewish friend and scholar, Paul Ree to join Albert Brenner and Malwida von Meysenbug as a community of "free spirits" living in a villa in Sorrento, Italy. On the way he makes a detour to visit Pisa with Isabella von Pahlen, a girl he had met on the train. [4] (p.191)

November: Nietzsche's final meeting with Wagner in Sorrento.

January: The Sorrento community spends their days together, taking walks, reading and working on their own projects. There is much discussion about Nietzsche and whom he should marry. They see marriage as helping to relieve his illness.

Early October: To help his eye condition doctors recommend "absolute avoidance of reading and writing for many years." [4]

33 - March: He is relieved of his high school teaching responsibilities.

May: *Human, All Too Human* is published. Wagner attacks the book saying it is influenced by Jewish thought. To Ree Nietzsche says, "All my friends are now in agreement that my book was written by you: for which I congratulate you on its authorship ... Long live Reealism and my good friend!"

34 - Autumn: Nietzsche's illness continues to plague him. His teaching exhausts him.

March: Publication of *Mixed Opinions and Maxims*. As usual the sales of the book are poor.

May: Submits resignation to the university on grounds of ill health. In June the university expresses regret and thanks and he is awarded a pension of 2/3 his regular salary. His friends discuss how he might get extra financial support. He sells his furniture and his books are stored in Zurich.

August-September: Despite his illness he keeps writing aphorisms for his next book. He is helped by his new friend, Peter Gast.

About being a prestigious professor at the University of Basel he says, "Ten years were behind me, during which, to tell the truth, the

nourishment of my spirit had been at a standstill, during which I had added not a single useful fragment to my knowledge, in which I had forgotten countless things in the pursuit of dusty scholarly odds and ends." ([3] p6 s3)

Years of Wandering (1880-1889) Age

35 - December: *The Wanderer and His Shadow* is published. His friends praise the book but only 192 copies are sold.

March-June: With help from Gast, Nietzsche goes to live in Venice. Gast reads to and takes dictation from his bedridden friend.

36 - February: *The Dawn* is completed.

July: *The Dawn* is published. Nietzsche goes to Sils Maria, high in the Swiss Alps. The idea for *Zarathustra* occurs to him there.

37- January-March: Material originally intended for *The Dawn* is developed into *The Gay Science*.

He tries a typewriter, invented only 10 years earlier but it doesn't make his task of writing easier and he gives it up.

March: Nietzsche boards a ship for Messina, which he likes but goes to Rome 4 weeks later.

May: Nietzsche meets Lou Salome in Rome. She is perhaps the one woman in his life that he has strong feelings for. Lou is young and adventurous. She, Ree and Nietzsche talk and dream about living and studying together in Paris. Lou, years later, says Nietzsche twice proposed marriage to her, but recent biographers doubt it was true.[5] (1884) Ree too has feelings for Lou and together with Nietzsche's jealous, prudish sister Elizabeth, a real emotional mess is starting to develop.

August: *The Gay Science* is published. Lou and Elizabeth have a loud bitter argument. Nietzsche is unaware of this. Lou gives him a beautiful poem she wrote and he likes it so much he puts it to music and later publishes it.

September: Plans are set for the "trinity" to go to Paris but at the last minute everything falls apart. Nietzsche's mother, influenced by Elizabeth, is violently opposed to Lou. Nietzsche learns of the hate between Lou and Elizabeth.

October: There is a last meeting of the "trinity". By November Nietzsche is definitely not going to Paris.

38 - November: Nietzsche spends a difficult month in Rapallo alone. Through letters, relations between him and Ree and Lou worsen. He is so upset with his mother and sister he won't even write to them. At Christmas to his friend Overbeck he writes, "This last bite of life was the

hardest I've ever chewed... "

January: Nietzsche swings between highs and lows. When his spirits are high, in only ten days, he completes a clean copy of the first part of *Zarathustra*.

February: Wagner dies. In a letter to a friend he says, "It was hard, very hard, for six years to have to be the opponent of someone one has honored and loved as I have loved Wagner"

Late February to May: Nietzsche is in a cheerful frame of mind, his health improving. He renews writing to his mother and sister.

August: He asks to be able to hold lectures at the University of Leipzig but is refused because of his views on Christianity.

June to September: He goes to Sils-Maria in the Alps. Writes the second part of *Zarathustra*.

October: Elizabeth announces her engagement to the anti-Semite Bernhard Forster.

39 He breaks again with his sister. In a letter to Overbeck "The cursed anti-Semitism... is the cause of a radical break between me and my sister..."[5] 1884

He goes to Genoa. His health declines and he moves to Nice in search of good weather.

January: *Zarathustra Book 2* is published. Like *Book 1*, it sells very poorly.

Acquaintance with Resa von Schirnhofer who says, "Nietzsche once gave me the good advice to keep paper and pencil on hand at night, as he himself did, since at night we are often visited by rare thoughts, which we should record immediately... for by morning we can usually not find them again ... "[6] (p.148)

40 June to mid-September: He meets Louise Röder-Wiederhold who transcribes a number of aphorisms by his dictation. Most of these will be used in *Beyond Good and Evil*. In a letter, Nietzsche wonders if Louise can long stand his "anti-democratic" ideas and his aphorisms about women.[5] (1885) Difficulties start with his anti-Semitic publisher, Schmeitzner who refuses to publish *Zarathustra 4*. In a letter to Overbeck: "my writings lie completely buried and unexhumable in this anti-Semitic hole (meaning Schmeitzner)"[5](1885)

41 - November: Nietzsche is delighted to encounter an astronomer, a "snow white old man," making observations who recites passages from *Human, All Too Human*. [5] (1885)

June: He begins *Beyond Good and Evil*.

August: He spends time with Meta von Salis, Emily Flynn, Helen

Zimmern.

42 - November: Accidentally "discovers" Dostoevsky. "... my joy was extraordinary: I would have to go back to my acquaintance with Stendhal's *Rouge et Noir* to recall the same degree of delight"[5](1886)

January: He completes *Beyond Good and Evil*. August: The book is published.

October: Nietzsche writes the fifth book of *The Gay Science*.

43 -

November: Nietzsche sends a copy of *Genealogy of Morals* to Georg Brandes, the influential and famous Danish literary critic, who replies, "you are without doubt the most exciting of German writers." [4] (p.314). A lively correspondence ensues.

Early April: Nietzsche discovers Turin and is delighted with the dry weather, the people, the cuisine and the beautiful, "quiet, aristocratic" atmosphere of the city.

April: Brandes writes that he had been "seized with a kind of anger that no one in Scandinavia knows of you, and had quickly decided to make you famous all in one blow". He will give a series of open lectures at the University of Copenhagen on Nietzsche's philosophy. The five lectures are a great success and at the end Brandes is given a ovation by a large audience. In May he tells Nietzsche, "Your name now, I can say without exaggeration, is very popular in all intelligent circles of Copenhagen and known, at least in all of Scandinavia.[7] (p.289) Later in the year Brandes "completely wins over" the influential Swedish writer August Strindberg, who tells Nietzsche, "I am ending all my letters, 'Read Nietzsche' ". [4] (p.333)

Nietzsche is delighted by all this. The rest of the year becomes one of his happiest and most productive years. His health and energy seem much better. He senses approaching fame. He writes 5 books where his usual pace is one per year. Turin continues to enchant him especially after September.

May: He begins work on *The Wagner Case*.

June: Nietzsche leaves for Sils Maria. He works on *Twilight of the Idols*.

September: He finishes *The Wagner Case* and the *Twilight of the Idols* and begins work on the *The Antichrist*.

44 -

October: On the 15th, his 44th birthday, he starts writing his autobiography and commentary on his writings entitled *Ecce Homo*.

End of November: *The Antichrist* is all but finished.

December 12-15 Nietzsche quickly assembles a short book of previous

passages called *Nietzsche Contro Wagner*.

End of December: *Ecce Homo* is almost completed.

January 3: On a street in Turin, Italy, Nietzsche collapses unconscious after tearfully flinging his arms around a horse that was being beaten by its owner. Awaking later in his room, he writes and sends off several strange, clowning letters. He is brought to a clinic in Basel. At first his friends think he would recover. Even a year later Gast says, "He did not look very ill. I almost had the impression that his mental disturbance consists in no more than a heightening of the humorous antics he used to put on for an intimate circle of friends.' ... Gast could see he didn't want to be cured : "It seemed - horrible though this is - as if Nietzsche were merely feigning madness, as if he were glad for it to have ended this way". This tallies with Overbeck's feeling when he came to Jena in February: "I cannot escape the ghastly suspicion ... that his madness is simulated." [4] (p. 340-41)

44-54 - His mental and physical condition progressively worsens leaving him helpless and unable to write coherently.

55 - August 25, 1900: Nietzsche dies.

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B - Nietzsche's Comments on his Books

APPENDIX B

NIETZSCHE'S COMMENTS ON HIS BOOKS

*All the comments below either come from Nietzsche's autobiography, *Ecce Homo*, or from prefaces he wrote to his previously published books.*

Age / Date Finished

THE BIRTH OF TRAGEDY

Age 28 - 1872

"... today [1886] for me it is an impossible book—I call it something poorly written, ponderous, embarrassing, with fantastic and confused imagery, sentimental ... without any impulse for logical cleanliness ... [8]

... a book for the initiated, like "Music" for those dedicated to music ... [8]

... an arrogant and rhapsodic book, which right from the start sealed itself off from the profane rabble of the "educated," even more than from the "people," ... [8]

... "Hellenism and Pessimism" - this would have been a less equivocal title, seeing that the book contains the first attempt at showing how the Greeks succeeded in disposing of pessimism—in what manner they overcame it... . Tragedy itself is the proof of the fact that the Greeks were not pessimists... .[3]

... the Greeks will continue to remain, as before, entirely unknown and unknowable as long as we have no answer to the question, "What is Dionysian?"" [8]

UNTIMELY MEDITATIONS

Age 29 - 32, 1873 - 1876

"... The four essays composing the Untimely Meditations are thoroughly warlike in tone. They prove that I was no mere dreamer, that I delight in

drawing the sword-and perhaps, also, that my wrist is dangerously supple. The first onslaught (1873) was directed against German culture, upon which I looked down even at that time with unmitigated contempt. Without either sense, substance, or goal, it was simply " public opinion." There could be no more dangerous misunderstanding than to suppose that Germany's success at arms proved anything in favour of German culture-and still less the triumph of this culture over that of France.

The second essay (1874) brings to light that which is dangerous, that which corrodes and poisons life in our manner of pursuing scientific study : Life is diseased, thanks to this dehumanised piece of clockwork and mechanism, thanks to the " impersonality" of the workman, and the false economy of the " division of labour." The object, which is culture, is lost sight of: modern scientific activity as a means thereto simply produces barbarism. In this treatise, the " historical sense," of which this century is so proud, is for the first time recognised as sickness, as a typical symptom of decay. -

In the third and fourth essays, a sign-post is set up pointing to a higher concept of culture, to a re-establishment of the notion " culture " ; and two pictures of the hardest self-love and self-discipline are presented, two essentially un-modern types, full of the most sovereign contempt for all that which lay around them and was called " Empire," " Culture," " Christianity," " Bismarck," and " Success," - these two types were Schopenhauer and Wagner, or, in a word, Nietzsche... ." [3] part 5, sec. 2

HUMAN, ALL TOO HUMAN

Age **34 - 35**, 1877 - 1879

"... Human, all-too-Human, with its two sequels, is the memorial of a crisis. It is called a book for free spirits: almost every sentence in it is the expression of a triumph - by means of it I purged myself of everything in me which was foreign to my nature. Idealism is foreign to me : the title of the book means: "Where you see ideal things I see - human, alas ! all-too-human things ! " ... I know men better. The word " free spirit" in this book must not be understood as anything else than a spirit that has become free, that has once more taken possession of itself." [3] part 6, sec. 1

THE DAWN

Age 36 - 1880

"... With this book I open my campaign against morality... . This yes-saying book projects its light, its love, its tenderness, over all evil things, it restores to them their soul, their clear conscience, and their superior right and privilege to exist on earth. Morality is not assailed, it simply ceases to be considered... ." [3] part 6, sec. 1

"... The question concerning the origin of moral valuations is therefore a matter of the highest importance to me because it determines the future of mankind. The demand made upon us to believe that everything is really in the best hands, that a certain book, the Bible, gives us the definite and comforting assurance that there is a Providence that wisely rules the fate of man,-when translated back into reality amounts simply to this, namely, the will to stifle the truth which maintains the reverse of all this, which is that until now man has been in the worst possible hands, and that he has been governed by the physiologically botched, the men of cunning and burning revengefulness, and the so-called " saints " - those slanderers of the world and violators of humanity... ." [3] part 7, sec. 2

THE GAY SCIENCE

Age 37 - 1881

"[This book] seems to be written with the language of the wind that melts ice and snow: high spirits, unrest, contradiction, and the weather of April are present in it... . Thankfulness comes out of it continuously, as if something unexpected had just happened - the thankfulness of a convalescent - for his convalescence was not expected. "Gay Science": that signifies the celebration of a spirit who has resisted patiently a terrible, long pressure - patiently, severely, coldly, never submitting, but also without hope - and now all at once hope has attacked him, the hope for health, and the intoxication of a convalescent." [9] Preface, sec. 1

"... Dawn of Day is a yes-saying book, profound, but clear and kindly. The same applies once more and in the highest degree to La Gaya Scienza : in almost every sentence of this book, profundity and playfulness go gently hand in hand... ." [3] part 8, sec. 1

THUS SPOKE ZARATHUSTRA

Age 39 - 1882-85

"... The fundamental idea of the work, the Eternal Recurrence, the highest formula of a Yes-saying to life that can ever be attained, was first conceived in the month of August 1881. I made a note of the idea on a sheet of paper, with the postscript: "Six thousand feet beyond man and time." [3] (part 9, sec. 1)

... inspiration? ... I will describe it. If one had the smallest vestige of superstition left in one, it would hardly be possible completely to set aside the idea that one is the mere incarnation, mouthpiece, or medium of an almighty power. The idea of revelation, in the sense that something which profoundly convulses and upsets one becomes suddenly visible and audible with indescribable certainty and accuracy-describes the simple fact. One hears-one does not seek; one takes-one does not ask who gives: a thought suddenly flashes up like lightning, it comes with necessity, without faltering-I have never had any choice in the matter... . [3] (part 9, sec. 3)

... The psychological problem presented by the type of Zarathustra is, how can he, who in an unprecedented manner says no, and acts no, in regard to all that which has been affirmed until now, remain nevertheless a yes-saying spirit? how can he who bears the heaviest destiny on his shoulders and whose very life-task is a fatality, yet be the brightest and the most transcendental of spirits-for Zarathustra is a dancer? how can he who has the hardest and most terrible grasp of reality, and who has thought the most "abysmal thoughts," nevertheless avoid conceiving these things as objections to existence, or even as objections to the eternal recurrence of existence? - how is it that on the contrary he finds reasons for being himself the eternal affirmation of all things, "the tremendous and unlimited saying of Yes and Amen"?... " [3] (part 9, sec. 6)

BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL

Age 42 - 1886

"... In all its essential points, this book (1886) is a criticism of modernity, embracing the modern sciences, arts, even politics, together with certain indications as to a type which would be the reverse of modern man, or as little like him as possible, a noble and yes-saying type. In this last respect

the book is a school for gentlemen-the term gentleman being understood here in a much more spiritual and radical sense than it has implied until now... ." [3] (part 10, sec. 2)

ON THE GENEALOGY OF MORALS

Age **43** - 1887

"... The truth of the first essay is the psychology of Christianity: the birth of Christianity out of the spirit of ressentiment [resentment], not, as is supposed, out of the "spirit," - a counter-movement by its very nature, the great rebellion against the dominion of noble values... .[3] (part 11, sec. 1)

... The second essay deals with the psychology of conscience: this is not, as is supposed, "the voice of God in man," - it is the instinct of cruelty, turning back after it can no longer discharge itself outwardly. For the first time, cruelty is here revealed as one of the oldest and basic ground-work of culture that simply cannot be imagined away... [3] (part 11, sec. 1)

... The third essay answers the question from where the ascetic ideal comes, the ideal of the priests, derives its great power although it is the very harmful ideal in extreme, a will to the end, an ideal of decadence... ." [3] (part 11, sec. 1)

TWILIGHT OF THE IDOLS

Age **44** - 1888 (Published January 24, 1889)

"This work ... is altogether an exception among books : there is no work more rich in substance, more independent, more upsetting-more wicked. If anyone should desire to obtain a rapid sketch of how everything, before my time, was standing on its head, he should begin reading me in this book. That which is called " Idols " on the title page is simply the old truth that has been believed in until now. In plain English, The Twilight of the Idols means that the old truth is on its last legs... ." [3] (part 12, sec. 1)

ECCE HOMO

(This short book is his autobiography and commentary on his writings)
Age 44 - 1888 (Published April 1908)

"... Since I must soon confront humanity with the greatest demand ever made of it, it seems necessary to say who and what I am. Truly, this ought to be well known already, for I have not "held my tongue" about myself. But the difference between the greatness of my task and the smallness of my contemporaries, is revealed by the fact that people have neither heard me nor yet seen me. I live on my own self-made credit ...

... Under these circumstances, it is my duty - against which my usual reserve and, even more, the pride of my instincts rebel - to say : Listen ! for I am such and such a person. Above all, do not mistake me for someone else! ... [3] (preface, sec. 1)

... I am, for example, in no way a bogey man, or moral monster. In truth, I am the very opposite of the kind of man that has been honoured until now as virtuous. Between ourselves, it seems to me that exactly this is part of my pride. I am a disciple of the philosopher Dionysus, and I would even prefer to be a satyr than a saint. But just read this little book ! Maybe I have been successful, perhaps this work had no other meaning than to give expression to this contrast in a cheerful and philanthropic manner... "[3] (preface, sec. 2)

THE ANTICHRIST

Age 44 - 1888 (Published November 1894)

"This book belongs to the most rare of men. Perhaps not one of them is yet alive... . First the day after tomorrow must come for me. Some men are born posthumously.

The conditions under which anyone understands me, and necessarily understands me—I know them only too well. Even to endure my seriousness, my passion, he must carry intellectual integrity to the verge of hardness. He must be accustomed to living on mountain tops—and to looking upon the wretched gabble of politics and nationalism as beneath him. He must have become indifferent; he must never ask of the truth whether it brings profit to him or a fatality to him... He must have an inclination, born of strength, for questions that no one has the courage for;

the courage for the forbidden; predestination for the labyrinth. The experience of seven solitudes. New ears for new music. New eyes for what is most distant. A new conscience for truths that have until now remained unheard. And the will to economize in the grand manner—to hold together his strength, his enthusiasm... Reverence for self; love of self; absolute freedom of self... ..

Very well, then! of that sort only are my readers, my true readers, my readers foreordained: of what account are the rest? ... " [10] Preface to the Anti-Christ

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C - Eternal Recurrence, by Bill Chapko

APPENDIX C

ETERNAL RECURRENCE: THE WORLD LOVES YOU SO MUCH IT REPEATS YOU FOREVER

by Bill Chapko

This essay presents a new view of eternal recurrence, expanding on Nietzsche's fundamental idea. It focuses on personal existential recurrence. It is a call to wake up from the social dream.

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What is Eternal Recurrence? (Also Called "Eternal Return")

"This life, as you now live it, and have lived it, you must live it once more, and also innumerable times; and there will be nothing new in it, but every pain and every joy and every thought and every sigh, and everything unspeakably small and great in your life must come to you again, and all in the same series and sequence - even this spider and this moonlight among the trees, and even this moment, and I myself. The eternal hourglass of existence will ever be turned over and over again, and you with it ... "

From Nietzsche's book, 'The Gay Science', Section 341

Waking Up from the Social Dream

About 40,000 years ago, during what is called the human 'Upper Paleolithic Revolution', our predictive capacities developed to the point where we saw our inevitable death. A tiger jumping at us out of the bushes was not necessary to scare the hell out of us. Our minds did it, and we mobilized to act. The result - 40 millennia of social fantasies. Tribal religions, spirits, afterworlds, legends, taboos, good and evils, social mores of conduct, superstitions ... many of them delightful and moving but mostly lots of nervous low-level entertainment, social worries and bickering, see-saws of belief and doubt, all marinated in continuous mind chatter. In the last two millennia we have become more organized, more global, more cluttered in our social fantasies: nations, bibles, "history", "knowledge", astrology, universities, literature, science, religions and ideologies. It's time to realize the silliness of these fake worlds which are "bigger than us", which give "meaning" to our "small lives", where we in some way continue after death. We don't live on in heaven or hell or in God's lap or in a new body. We don't live on in our

reputation or in our small contribution to science or scholarship or knowledge. We don't live on in the memories of those who knew us or in an invention or idea named after us or a book we wrote. We don't live on in our good works or being a good citizen or "making the world a little better" or living a morally good life.

We are not different from animals, only they're more awake while we spend most of our time head-dancing in our big frontal lobes.

The thought of eternal recurrence is a means for us to wake up.

How Long Until We Return ?

A very, very, very long time.

How many years? We need a big number. A billion is 1000000000, a 1 with 9 zeros after it. A googol is a number with 100 zeros after the 1. A googolplex is a number with a googol amount of zeros after the 1. Too small. The mathematicians invented the "Graham number" which the Guinness World Records listed as the "World Champion largest number". It is too large to be written in scientific notation because even the digits in the exponent would exceed the number of atoms in the observable universe. Well, even this is much, much, much too small a number of years. We're not talking about shuffling a deck of cards or the sand pebbles of a beach. We're talking about shuffling the position and motion of every atom in the universe. However, eventually there is an incredibly large finite number of years when "the music box repeats it's tune".

This is a long time to wait. To handle the wait the universe gives us the "cheerful magic of death".

The Cheerful Magic of Death

To confront the multiple Graham number of years for the return, the cheerful magic of death provides that

there is no waiting

The moment after you die you "wake up" as the baby you were.

But when the music box plays the tune again - Is it still you?

Is it You that Returns or another Person Exactly Like You ?

It is you.

Luckily, you are not separated from the universe. You are not a "ghost in a machine". The ghost would die forever and the machine would come back. You not only have a deep connection, at every instant, with your body, the earth and it's universe. Every instant you are your body, this earth, it's universe and nothing else.

When the exact same universe returns, you're there.

Do I have a Choice, a Chance, to Make Each Return a Little Different ? A Little Better ?

No choice, no chance, no different, no better ... (and no worse).

Each time you return it's exactly the same you. If there were the slightest infinitesimal difference, the butterfly effect would not only radically change your entire life and the future course of human history but radically change the whole future of the universe such that at the incredibly large number of years after which you are supposed to return, you wouldn't be there since the universe would be radically different.

That's how well connected you are to the universe.

If We Are Exactly the Same Each Time, What About Free Will ?

Nietzsche attacked the idea of free will repeatedly and mercilessly: "'free will' ... the foulest of all theologians' artifices ... has been invented essentially for the purpose of punishment, that is, because one wanted to impute guilt... . we immoralists are trying with all our strength to take the concept of guilt and the concept of punishment out of the world again." "The Twilight of the Idols" Part 5 Section 7, 'The Error of Free Will'

If we deny the religious moralist his sado-masochistic pleasure tool, is there any other use for this idea? Probably not.

University philosophers have long played entertaining mind games trying to prove free will true or false, but it was not much more than entertainment.

Any "what-if" statement applied to the past is absolutely silly. The butterfly-effect is not an observation but a mathematical aspect of complex systems, and "complex systems" encompasses everything in the universe outside of billiard tables and chemistry-lab test-tubes. It says that any one little "what if this were different" radically changes whatever follows. If I had not gotten that parking ticket in 1972, all four of my children would never have existed.

Seeing everything in your past as fate is wise. It's very close to having no regrets and no resentments.

Seeing your evolving present actions as fate is also wise. Experience, emotion and intelligence flow more smoothly, genuinely and gracefully. You're not plagued by sputtering "decisions". It's much easier to ride your spirit.

Seeing your future as fate is hardest and wisest of all. Decidophobia (fear of decisions), feeling that choosing one person or path over another will be letting the experience of that other person or path die forever, seeing and being paralyzed by this abyss-fantasy, is a comic situation. What makes you think you have such god-like powers to see and "save a world"? Life is awareness, experience and feelings, all with a spirit and flow of their own, obeying the iron laws of yin and yang, up and down. You can never know what that person or path would have been for you

and certainly it would not have been all "wonderfulness".

Can I Remember Previous Recurrences?

No. That's silly.

Rare, random, playful, uncontrollable psychic glimpses of the future or déjà vu feelings might be possible, but they would come from the world you are living in now, not some cosmic memory that spans a multiple graham number of years.

Thank goodness we don't remember, for it would rob life of its freshness, excitement and surprise.

Waking up - Making the World Appear.

Animals dream and probably day-dream but most of the time, assuming they haven't been made neurotic by contact with humans, they are awake, the world appears before them and becomes the center stage of their lives. Humans live in an opposite manner. The center stage is their social fantasies while they flitting-ly and mechanically check in and act upon the world around them. Ancient Eastern wisdom is full of hopes and techniques for quieting the mind, for enlightenment, satori and awakening. But we are all still mesmerized and fooled by man's 40,000 year old project of avoiding personal death through projecting our "selves" into social dreams, moralities, hopes, projects, plans, legends, good and evils.

In believing in personal eternal recurrence, that our life is completely solid, repeating itself forever, the "self" becomes unimportant. This "self" is always what you imagine what others imagine what you are. All this social imagining becomes silly to you. You're left with the world that appears before you.

Eternal Recurrence and the Will to Laughter

Awareness is the world's mystical experience.

Nietzsche thought that the basic "stuff" of the world was not atoms or love or survival or God but the "will to power". I accept power as the best candidate, but I propose a complimentary yin-yang partner. I call it the "will to laughter" (or just "laughter" if "power" is its partner) and it is intimately involved with Eternal Recurrence. It is the world's delight and happiness in its own useless dance, the eternal laughable folly of power, the lightness of awareness, the freedom of not wanting or having to make the world better.

We humans waste life on a neurotic, futile, social fantasy flight from our personal death. We have lost the majestic awareness that animals have for their world. What we consider most powerful, our "consciousness" or "mind", this chatterbox mish-mosh of awareness, thought, head-dancing and fantasy-world, is a clown, forever laughable.

We haven't even come close to seeing or accepting the first basic truth of our modern situation, that technology is life's way of making a species weaker. Every time we get in a car instead of walking or running or dancing ... every time we cover symptoms with drugs or play it safe with shotgun antibiotic consumption ... every time we apply university categories or theories to our local situation instead of waking up to look at it ... every time we substitute the fake drama of movies and TV for the drama and play of those close to us ... every day we live in those artificial, sterile, controllable, laboratory-like boxes called houses, offices and stores ... - ... our bodies get a little weaker, a little stupider. Human pretensions of power are an amazingly huge source of laughter. After many generations of this behaviour the human body will become extremely weak and fragile. We will have squandered the 2 billion year strength that our bodies have accumulated without technology. It may be time for life to invent something new.

The greatest power in the universe, truly infinite, is the 'butterfly effect'. Whether you wave your hand towards the right or the left will totally change the faces of every person on earth 500 years from now and into eternity. Here infinite power meets infinite laughter - for this power is infinitely useless.

Is There a Proof of Eternal Recurrence?

Not empirically. There is no outside observer to take and compare notes during the double multiple Graham-years wait until two returns

had passed. God, who might volunteer for the job, is too busy trying to prove that he exists.

Nietzsche made a couple of logical attempts at proofs in his notes, but he was never so convinced of them as to publish them.

My "proof" is "experiential". It comes from the sense and feeling of the non-neurotic solidity of existence, of awareness. It is indicated in the following paradox:

If death is real, why are we so calm? If death is not real, why are we so nervous?

There is a yin-yang dynamic going on here. The abyss, the personal extinction that would last forever, if it were true, would be too devastating and paralyzing psychologically. Yes, death is very real. In a near car accident the adrenaline rush of our body tells us it's very real. But the extinction that our predictive minds first saw 40,000 years ago, is not eternal. Yes, a very, very, very big number of years, but not eternal. The world as it is now returns. Everything we are aware of, every wandering moment of awareness is not fleeting but eternal, repeating itself eternally and us with it. The world loves you so much it repeats you forever.

In the end a rock solid proof of eternal recurrence is elusive, but this is the case for all "knowledge", theories and philosophies. The only solid rock certainty, put forward by Descartes, "I think, therefore I am" is almost true but not quite. Thinking is the most ghostly of activities and is always neurotically trying to make itself fixed and lasting, always chasing the belief, "this thought will survive my death". Despite its wandering nature, awareness is the most solid of rocks. "I am aware of the sky, I am aware of that tree, I am aware of thinking, therefore I exist." You may be wrong about the words sky, tree or thinking but you are sure about being aware of something, about being aware. "I am aware, therefore I exist". Awareness and existence are the same.

What might be more important to ask than a "proof" of the theory of eternal recurrence is ... what is the value of this theory? Is it a gateway to a "new health"? My answer: It's the only "projection-mind-game" with the possibility of waking up, of happily and playfully dissolving itself to allow the possibility of localizing yourself in your immediate world, to allow what Fritz Perls so elegantly expressed as "losing your mind, and coming to your senses".

Does Eternal Recurrence Imply a New Morality?

Not as I see it.

You could say eternal recurrence implies a new "natural morality" which is close to "animal morality". "Animal morality" ?! The incongruity of "animal" and "morality" seen together reveals the scam. The incongruity says, "animals die but we don't". It's better to just dump the word.

Without morality, are we free to do anything we want ? No, there are always consequences. You can't walk through walls. You can't step on toes of others without them getting mad. You can't threaten someone without him defending himself in one way or another. But this isn't morality, it's intelligence.

What eternal recurrence does imply is a new "health", which follows from an awakening from the social dream to the world around us. This world around us of course includes our body, which contains all the "dos and don'ts" that animals have, a passion to defend itself and its family, a great wisdom and intelligence, a "will to power" and a "will to laughter".

At its center, morality implies cheating life of its death. The moral head dance can provide great low-level entertainment but it will forever miss the sparkling, crystalline, raw vitality of existence.

Is Eternal Recurrence the "Greatest Weight"?

It doesn't seem heavy to me.

Section 341 of the Gay Science is called "The Greatest Weight" and it contains Nietzsche's best description of eternal recurrence. The first half of this section is above, at the beginning of this essay. The second half goes on as follows:

"Would you not throw yourself down and gnash your teeth, and curse the demon who so spoke? Or have you once experienced a tremendous moment in which you would answer him: "You are a god, and never did I hear anything so divine." If that thought acquired power over you as you are, it would transform you, and perhaps crush you; the question with regard to each and every thing: "Do you want this once more, and

also for innumerable times?" would lie as the greatest weight upon your actions. Or, how well disposed would you have to become to yourself and to life, so as to long for nothing more fervently than this ultimate eternal confirmation and seal?"

This "greatest weight" that Nietzsche mentions as one possible reaction does not refer directly to eternal recurrence itself but to paralyzing "decisions". This is the weight of morality intruding itself again. Let's have, let's repeat the "good stuff", only joy or happiness or clever thoughts or "good works" rather than having, repeating fear or suffering or stupid thoughts or "evil" deeds. But making our life truly "better" (not just looking better) is eternally problematic and not so simple. The universe is playing a joke on us.

Let's take joy as an example. True deep thunderous joy, not the posed joy seen on faces in advertising or "positive thinking", is always preceded by its yin-yang partner, by a period, long or short, of fear. The patient receiving a lab report ruling out cancer, the successful flight from a war zone, victory in battle, getting a good mark on a final exam in college, the landing of a good job ... all these joys are preceded by fear of one sort or another - the more fear, the deeper the joy. Smaller joys are surrounded by smaller fears. So trying to fill your life with joy (and the other good things) is a stage for comedy. Life is both giving us it's greatest imperatives (the essence of pain is to run away from it) and joking with us ... but we don't get the joke.

No, the paralyzing weight of decision is the moral game revisited: "will this save me from death?". Forget it. Ride your spirit instead.

The Iron Law of Yin-Yang

There is no isolated happiness or suffering, only a happiness-suffering flow back and forth. Happiness is the release from suffering. Suffering is the loss of happiness. There would be no happiness without suffering. There would be no suffering without happiness. The flow is uncontrollable and uncanny. This same yin-yang applies to every human and non-human aspect of the universe: good-evil, joy-fear, peace-struggle, knowledge-ignorance, wave-particle, subject-object, energy-matter, power-laughter, light-darkness, ad infinitum. Yin-yang makes the world dance.

Human progress has been and will always be ... perfectly zero. The more knowledge universities accumulate, the more possibilities there are for ignorance, for being mesmerised by their structured categories, ideas and theories instead of looking at a situation as an intelligent organism. The more comfort and security is made by a generation with memories of hard or dangerous times, the more their children will be rebellious and look for thrills. The more toys technology spits out the more nervous boredom we have. The more entertaining our living in videoland is, the more our bodies know it's flat, lifeless and unreal. America's historical mission is to prove that you can't make the world better.

We need not pity or envy any being in the universe, past or future. The newly hatched turtle with the strength of his body and instincts racing happily across the sand towards the sea only to be killed and eaten by a seagull is no less fortunate than the life of a Nobel prize winner whose hard work to get it drove his wife crazy and made her divorce him. Both lives have their share of happiness and suffering and repeat themselves continuously for eternity. I'm not sure which life is more boring.

"No progress? Effort will not make the world better or happier or more just? We might as well do nothing." Go ahead, do nothing ... until you get bored and your body tells you to do something exciting and forget about the idea of yin-yang. Doing only nothing is just another impossible attempt to get out of the flow of yin-yang. The universe is laughing.

Will the Thought of Eternal Recurrence Bring You or Humanity to a Higher Level?

No. With Nietzsche (Ecce Homo, Preface, Section 2), I don't believe in "ideals" which bring us to any "higher level". Effort towards an ideal is a comic activity. There is no hierarchy of levels of happiness-suffering, only near-infinite colors of happiness-suffering. Your spirit, which changes you effortlessly, will determine if and how the thought of eternal recurrence will affect you.

There are higher types of human beings, the non-neurotic types, but they appear by uncontrollable fate, not choice and effort. In fact, ideal, choice and effort together are the symptoms of neurosis.

Nietzsche's hints at eugenics were a major blunder. Humans are just too stupid to use eugenics to create a higher species. Following their

"ideals", they would probably sterilize everyone with an SAT math score lower than 700, not realizing that concept manipulation is one of the most useless forms of intelligence. They would slice out the "gene for aggression" so we would be all peaceful and cooperative and orderly and dull. "Making the world better" is full of laughs.

No Ideals? Does This Mean We Value Nothing?

We constantly bring value into the world, every moment, by every act or non-act we make. Life is a dance of giving value. Placing value is the joy of life, is life itself. But this happens only on a local, immediate level, in awareness-space, never on fantasies called eternal "values", "ideas" and "ideals". When someone speaks up at a political or religious meeting, it is to stimulate or hearten those real people at that meeting. Most of the time he does it with fantasies of one kind or another, but it's the excitement in those bodies which produces his own excitement. The fact that the magic of ideals come and go, that we argue over them, that different cultures and sub-cultures have opposite ideals, shows they are not "eternal" and never will be. There is forever a dance between belief and non-belief and there's no way of not dancing. The eternal "will to laughter" is shining through.

Equal Happiness-Suffering for All? Couldn't This Be Used by Oppressors to Justify Oppression?

Yes. But they'd have to hide the philosophy from the oppressed. "Riding your spirit" could include a powerful, sustained dose of rebellion.

What is the Compensating Yin-Yang Partner of the Misery of Dying?

The completion of dying is immediately followed by that magnificent surge of life, joy and power which is the embryo-baby-child.

Loved Ones

All my life I have loved periods and moments of sadness. It seemed to me to be a noble emotion, both hurtful and sweet. However, I'm not quite sure where it fits in the belief of eternal personal recurrence ... because ... you never really say "goodbye" to your loved ones, you say, "see you in 30 years" or just "see you soon".

Perhaps animals are right. They never cry. Their periods of mourning seem very short or not there at all.

Waking Up to Your Children

Morals are silly and poisonous. You will not "save" your children in any way. Your "responsibilities" to them are physical protection (food and basic shelter), making their childhood childlike (90% of which is leaving them alone) and enjoying their company as much as your spirit can (since you will be spending eternity with them). Until the rest of your neighbors and fellow citizens give up their religious and/or self-realization moral crusades (which may be never) you'll also have to gently protect them from your neighbors.

Social and moral pretensions dissolve and you are left watching these wonder-ous, miraculous beings. If there is an ounce of play left in your spirit you can interact with these play-teachers and you're in the best heaven that life can give.

Eternal Recurrence Gives You Courage.

The life you live continues uninterrupted for eternity, repeating itself. Knowing this, a long life does not seem so important as it used to be. Your body naturally strives for a full and fruitful life. However the higher spirit of your body knows that whether you live 40 or 80 or 20 or even 5 years, it is not too important. You can take risks.

Becoming a Spiritual Adventurer

Awareness is the world's mystical experience. Give the world a thrill. Become a spiritual adventurer.

All the wasted energy of trying to make believe you continue after death evaporates. The world appears. Adventures can begin. Of course your world contains numerous people who will not like anyone exposing, mocking or even ignoring their social fantasies. You still play the social games - only they're not important anymore. Those close to you, family and friends, probably won't understand. It doesn't matter. They are more real and more lovely to look at than ever. You respond as you always have, but without the fear, without the edge. Laughter is always very close ... but unseen.

Urges to preach "The New Awareness" to yourself or others give you a hearty laugh. It is as self-contradictory as a Zen koan.

Nietzsche's "love of fate", "that one wants nothing to be different, not forward, not backward, not in all eternity" becomes more real to you.

There's no one to save, no one to bring to self-realization, no one even to awaken. Either you're destined to have the thought of eternal recurrence hit you or you're not.

What kind of adventures will you have? No one can tell you. It's in your spirit and only you can ride your spirit.

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Author Profile

THE END

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