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Beyond Good and Evil

Friedrich Nietzsche

Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future

Faithful translation

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Friedrich Nietzsche

Beyond Good and Evil

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Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future.

Preface.

Supposing that truth is a woman —, what then? is the suspicion not well founded that all philosophers, insofar as they were dogmatists, understood women badly? that the gruesome earnestness, the clumsy importunity with which they have hitherto been wont to approach truth, were inept and unseemly means for winning over precisely a woman? What is certain is that she has not let herself be won: — and every kind of dogmatism stands today with a dejected and disheartened air. If it stands at all! For there are mockers who maintain that it has fallen, that all dogmatism lies on the ground, nay more, that all dogmatism lies at its last gasp. Speaking in earnest, there are good grounds for the hope that all dogmatizing in philosophy, however solemn, however final and conclusive it may have made itself out to be, may nonetheless have been only a noble childishness and beginner's fumbling; and the time is perhaps very near when it will be grasped again and again what has actually sufficed to furnish the foundation stone for such sublime and unconditional philosophers' edifices as the dogmatists have hitherto erected, — some popular superstition from time immemorial (such as the soul-superstition, which, as the superstition of the subject and of the ego, has not ceased even today to make mischief), some play on words perhaps, a seduction on the part of grammar, or an audacious generalization from very narrow, very personal, very human-all-too-human facts. The philosophy of the dogmatists was, let us hope, only a promise across millennia: as astrology was in still earlier times, in whose service perhaps more labour, money, acuity, patience have been expended than for any real science hitherto: — to it and to its "supra-terrestrial"

claims we owe the grand style of architecture in Asia and Egypt. It seems that all great things, in order to inscribe themselves with eternal demands upon the heart of mankind, must first wander across the earth as monstrous and fear-inspiring grimaces: such a grimace was dogmatic philosophy, for instance the Vedanta doctrine in Asia, Platonism in Europe. Let us not be ungrateful towards it, however certainly it must also be conceded that the worst, most protracted and most dangerous of all errors hitherto has been a dogmatist's error, namely Plato's invention of pure spirit and of the good in itself. But now that it has been overcome, now that Europe breathes freely again after this nightmare and may at least enjoy a healthier — sleep, we, whose task is wakefulness itself, are the heirs of all the strength which the struggle against this error has bred up. To speak of spirit and of the good as Plato did meant, to be sure, standing truth on its head and denying the perspectival itself, the fundamental condition of all life; indeed one may, as a physician, ask: "whence such a disease in the fairest growth of antiquity, in Plato? did the wicked Socrates corrupt him after all? was Socrates the corrupter of youth after all? and did he deserve his hemlock?" — But the struggle against Plato, or, to put it more intelligibly and for the "people", the struggle against the Christian-ecclesiastical pressure of millennia — for Christianity is Platonism for the "people" — has created in Europe a magnificent tension of the spirit such as has never yet existed on earth: with a bow so tensed one can now shoot at the most distant targets. To be sure, European man feels this tension as a state of distress; and twice already the attempt has been made in grand style to unbend the bow, once through Jesuitism, the second time through democratic enlightenment: — which, with the help of freedom of the press and newspaper-reading, might indeed bring it about that the spirit no longer so readily feels itself to be in "distress"! (The Germans invented gunpowder — all respect to them! but they made up for it again — they invented the press.) But we, who are neither Jesuits, nor democrats,

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

Sils-Maria,

Upper Engadine, in June 1885.

Part One:

On the Prejudices of Philosophers.

1.

The will to truth, which will yet seduce us into many a hazard, that famous truthfulness of which all philosophers hitherto have spoken with reverence: what questions this will to truth has already laid before us! What strange, wicked, questionable questions! That is already a long story, — and yet it seems as though it has scarcely just begun? What wonder if we at last grow mistrustful for once, lose patience, turn round impatiently? That we, for our part, learn from this Sphinx how to question too? Who is it, really, that puts questions to us here? What in us really wants "to truth"? — Indeed, we came to a long halt before the question of the cause of this will, — until at last we stopped altogether before a still more fundamental question. We asked about the value of this will. Suppose we want truth: why not rather untruth? And uncertainty? Even ignorance? — The problem of the value of truth stepped up before us, — or was it we who stepped up before the problem? Which of us is Oedipus here? Which the Sphinx? It is a rendezvous, so it seems, of questions and question marks. — And would one believe that it finally seems to us as if the problem had never yet been posed until now, — as if it were seen by us for the first time, fixed in our eye, ventured? For there is a hazard in it, and perhaps there is none greater.

2.

"How could anything arise out of its opposite? Truth out of error, for instance? Or the will to truth out of the will to deception? Or the

selfless deed out of self-interest? Or the pure, sunlike gaze of the sage out of covetousness? Such an origin is impossible; whoever dreams of it is a fool, indeed worse; the things of highest value must have another origin, one of their own, — out of this transitory, seductive, deceptive, paltry world, out of this tangle of delusion and desire they cannot be derived! Rather in the womb of Being, in the imperishable, in the hidden God, in the 'thing in itself' — there must their ground lie, and nowhere else!" — This manner of judging constitutes the typical prejudice by which the metaphysicians of all ages can be recognized; this kind of valuation stands in the background of all their logical procedures; out of this "faith" of theirs they strive for their "knowing", for something that is at the end solemnly christened "the truth". The fundamental faith of the metaphysicians is the faith in the opposition of values. It has not occurred even to the most cautious among them to doubt here at the very threshold, where it was surely most needful: even when they had vowed to themselves "de omnibus dubitandum". For one may doubt, first, whether there are any opposites at all, and second, whether those popular valuations and opposites of value upon which the metaphysicians have pressed their seal are not perhaps merely foreground valuations, merely provisional perspectives, perhaps moreover from out of some corner, perhaps from below looking up, frog-perspectives as it were, to borrow an expression familiar to painters? For all the value that may belong to the true, the truthful, the selfless: it might be possible that a higher and more fundamental value for all life would have to be ascribed to appearance, to the will to deception, to self-interest and desire. It might even be possible that what constitutes the value of those good and revered things consists precisely in their being insidiously related, knotted, crocheted together with those wicked, seemingly opposite things, perhaps even one with them in essence. Perhaps! — But who is willing to concern himself with such dangerous perhapses! For that one must await the arrival of a new species of philosophers, such as have some

other, reversed taste and inclination than those hitherto, — philosophers of the dangerous perhaps in every sense. — And speaking in all seriousness: I see such new philosophers coming up.

3.

Having kept a close enough eye on the philosophers, reading between their lines and watching their fingers, for long enough, I say to myself: one must still reckon the greatest part of conscious thinking among the instinctive activities, and even in the case of philosophical thinking; one must learn anew here, as one has learned anew in regard to heredity and the "innate". Just as little as the act of birth comes into consideration in the whole process and progress of heredity: just so little is "consciousness" in any decisive sense opposed to the instinctive, — most of a philosopher's conscious thinking is secretly guided by his instincts and forced into definite channels. Behind all logic too, and its seeming sovereignty of movement, there stand valuations, or to speak more plainly, physiological demands for the preservation of a definite kind of life. For example, that the definite is worth more than the indefinite, appearance worth less than "truth": such valuations, for all their regulative importance for us, might nonetheless be merely foreground valuations, a definite kind of niaiserie, such as may be needed precisely for the preservation of beings such as we are. Supposing, that is, that it is not precisely man who is the "measure of things".....

4.

The falseness of a judgment is for us not yet an objection to a judgment; it is here, perhaps, that our new language sounds strangest. The question is to what extent it is life-furthering, life-preserving, species-preserving, perhaps even species-breeding; and we are fundamentally inclined to maintain that the falsest judgments (to which the

synthetic judgments a priori belong) are the most indispensable to us, that without admitting the logical fictions, without measuring reality against the purely invented world of the unconditioned, the self-identical, without a constant falsification of the world by means of number, man could not live, — that renouncing false judgments would be a renouncing of life, a negation of life. To concede untruth as a condition of life: that means, to be sure, resisting the accustomed feelings of value in a dangerous manner; and a philosophy that dares this places itself, by that alone, beyond good and evil.

5.

What provokes one to look at all philosophers half mistrustfully, half mockingly, is not that one discovers again and again how innocent they are — how often and how easily they blunder and go astray, in short their childishness and childlikeness — but that they do not deal honestly enough: while all of them raise a great and virtuous clamour as soon as the problem of truthfulness is touched upon even from afar. They all pose as if they had discovered and arrived at their real opinions through the self-development of a cold, pure, divinely unconcerned dialectic (as distinct from mystics of every rank, who are more honest than they and more oafish — these speak of "inspiration" —): whereas at bottom a preconceived proposition, a notion, a "suggestion", for the most part a desire of the heart made abstract and sifted through, is defended by them with reasons sought out after the fact: — they are all of them advocates who do not wish to be called so, and indeed for the most part even wily pleaders for their prejudices, which they christen "truths" — and very far from the courage of the conscience that admits this, precisely this, to itself, very far from the good taste of the courage that also gives this to be understood, whether to warn an enemy or a friend, or out of high spirits and to mock itself. The Tartuffery of old Kant, as stiff as it is prim, with

which he lures us onto the dialectical byways that lead, or more correctly mislead, to his "categorical imperative" — this spectacle makes us fastidious ones smile, we who find no small amusement in keeping an eye on the subtle tricks of old moralists and moral preachers. Or, worse still, that hocus-pocus of mathematical form with which Spinoza armoured and masked his philosophy — "the love of his wisdom", in the end, to interpret the word rightly and fairly — as if in bronze, in order thereby to intimidate from the outset the courage of any assailant who might dare to cast a glance at this invincible maiden and Pallas Athena: — how much personal timidity and vulnerability this masquerade of a sick hermit betrays!

6.

It has gradually become clear to me what every great philosophy up till now has been: namely the self-confession of its author and a kind of involuntary and unnoticed mémoires; likewise, that the moral (or immoral) intentions in every philosophy constituted the real germ of life from which the whole plant has each time grown. Indeed, to explain how the most remote metaphysical assertions of a philosopher actually came about, one does well (and wisely) always to ask first: what morality is it (is he —) aiming at? Accordingly I do not believe that a "drive to knowledge" is the father of philosophy, but rather that another drive, here as elsewhere, has merely made use of knowledge (and misknowledge!) as of a tool. But whoever considers the fundamental drives of man with a view to how far they may have played their game precisely here as inspiring genii (or demons and goblins —) will find that they have all practised philosophy at one time or another, — and that each one of them would all too gladly present itself as the ultimate purpose of existence and as the rightful master of all the other drives. For every drive is tyrannical: and as such it attempts to philosophize. — To be sure: among scholars, the truly sci-

entific men, things may be different — "better", if you like —, there may really be something like a drive to knowledge there, some small independent clockwork which, well wound up, works away bravely without the scholar's remaining drives as a whole being essentially involved. The real "interests" of the scholar therefore usually lie somewhere else entirely, say in his family or in earning money or in politics; indeed it is almost a matter of indifference whether his little machine is placed at this or that spot in science, and whether the "promising" young worker makes of himself a good philologist or a mushroom expert or a chemist: — it does not characterize him that he becomes this or that. In the philosopher, conversely, there is absolutely nothing impersonal; and above all his morality bears decided and decisive testimony to who he is — that is to say, in what order of rank the innermost drives of his nature stand in relation to one another.

7.

How malicious philosophers can be! I know of nothing more venomous than the joke Epicurus permitted himself against Plato and the Platonists: he called them Dionysiokolakes. Literally and in the foreground this means "flatterers of Dionysius", that is, tyrants' hangers-on and lickspittles; but on top of all this it also means to say "they are all actors, there is nothing genuine about them" (for Dionysokolax was a popular term for an actor). And the latter is really the malice that Epicurus shot off against Plato: he was vexed by the grandiose manner, the putting-oneself-on-stage, at which Plato and his pupils were so adept, — at which Epicurus was not adept! he, the old schoolmaster from Samos, who sat hidden away in his little garden at Athens and wrote three hundred books, who knows? perhaps out of rage and ambition against Plato? — It took a hundred years for Greece

to find out who this garden god Epicurus had been. — Did it find out? —

8.

In every philosophy there is a point where the philosopher's "conviction" steps onto the stage: or, to say it in the language of an ancient mystery:

adventavit asinus pulcher et fortissimus.

9.

You wish to live "according to nature"? O you noble Stoics, what a swindle of words! Imagine a being such as nature is, wasteful beyond measure, indifferent beyond measure, without purposes and considerations, without mercy and justice, fruitful and barren and uncertain all at once, imagine indifference itself as power — how could you live according to this indifference? Living — is that not precisely a wanting-to-be-other than this nature is? Is living not valuing, preferring, being unjust, being limited, wanting to be different? And supposing your imperative "live according to nature" meant at bottom as much as "live according to life" — how could you then not do so? Why make a principle out of what you yourselves are and must be? — In truth things stand quite otherwise: while you pretend rapturously to read the canon of your law out of nature, you want something the reverse, you strange actors and self-deceivers! Your pride wants to prescribe and incorporate your morality, your ideal into nature, even into nature; you demand that it be nature "according to the Stoa", and would like to make all existence exist only after your own image — as a monstrous eternal glorification and generalization of Stoicism! With all your love of truth you compel yourselves so long, so persistently, so hypnotically rigidly to see nature falsely, namely Stoically, that you

are no longer able to see it otherwise, — and some abysmal arrogance finally inspires in you the madhouse hope that, because you know how to tyrannize yourselves — Stoicism is self-tyranny —, nature too lets itself be tyrannized: is not the Stoic a piece of nature? But this is an old, eternal story: what happened back then with the Stoics still happens today, as soon as a philosophy begins to believe in itself. It always creates the world in its own image, it cannot do otherwise; philosophy is this tyrannical drive itself, the most spiritual will to power, to the "creation of the world", to the causa prima.

10.

The zeal and the subtlety, I might even say: the cunning, with which people everywhere in Europe today close in upon the problem "of the real and the apparent world" gives one food for thought and cause to listen; and whoever hears in the background here only a "will to truth" and nothing further certainly does not enjoy the sharpest of ears. In particular and rare cases such a will to truth may really be involved, some extravagant and adventurous courage, a metaphysician's ambition to hold a lost post, which in the end still prefers a handful of "certainty" to a whole cartload of beautiful possibilities; there may even be puritanical fanatics of conscience who would rather lay themselves down to die on a sure nothing than on an uncertain something. But this is nihilism and the symptom of a despairing soul weary unto death: however brave the gestures of such a virtue may appear. With the stronger, more vital thinkers, those still thirsting for life, matters seem to stand otherwise: in that they take sides against appearance and already pronounce the word "perspectival" with arrogance, in that they rate the credibility of their own body roughly as low as the credibility of the visual evidence which says "the earth stands still", and thus, apparently in good humour, let slip from their hands the surest possession (for what does one now believe in more surely than one's

body?) who knows whether at bottom they do not want to win back something that was once possessed still more surely, something of the old estate of the faith of yesteryear, perhaps "the immortal soul", perhaps "the old God", in short, ideas on which one could live better, that is, more vigorously and more cheerfully, than on "modern ideas"? There is mistrust of these modern ideas in it, there is disbelief in everything that has been built yesterday and today; there is perhaps a slight weariness and scorn mixed in, which can no longer endure the bric-à-brac of concepts of the most diverse origin that so-called positivism brings to market today, a disgust of the more fastidious taste at the fairground motleyness and raggedness of all these reality-philosophasters, in whom nothing is new and genuine except this motleyness. In this, it seems to me, one ought to grant these sceptical antirealists and knowledge-microscopists of today that they are right: their instinct, which drives them away from modern reality, is unrefuted, - what do their retrograde byways matter to us! What is essential about them is not that they want to go "back": but that they want to get - away. A little more strength, flight, courage, artistry, and they would want to go out, - and not back! -

11.

It seems to me that people everywhere are now at pains to divert attention from the actual influence Kant exerted on German philosophy and, in particular, to slip cleverly past the value he granted himself. Kant was first and foremost proud of his table of categories; with this table in his hands he said: "this is the most difficult thing that could ever be undertaken on behalf of metaphysics". - Do let us understand this "could be"! He was proud of having discovered in man a new faculty, the faculty for synthetic judgments a priori. Suppose that he deceived himself in this: yet the development and rapid flowering of German philosophy hangs on this pride and on the rivalry of all the

younger men to discover something still prouder, if possible - and in any case "new faculties"! - But let us reflect: it is high time. How are synthetic judgments a priori possible? Kant asked himself, - and what did he really answer? By virtue of a faculty: but unfortunately not in three words, but so circumstantially, so venerably, and with such an expenditure of German profundity and flourish that people failed to hear the merry niaiserie allemande lurking in such an answer. People were even beside themselves over this new faculty, and the jubilation reached its height when Kant went on to discover a moral faculty in man as well: - for back then the Germans were still moral, and not yet in the least "real-political". - There came the honeymoon of German philosophy; all the young theologians of the Tübingen seminary went straight off into the bushes, - all were searching for "faculties". And what did they not find - in that innocent, rich, still youthful age of the German spirit, into which Romanticism, the malicious fairy, blew and sang, back when one could not yet tell "finding" and "inventing" apart! Above all a faculty for the "supersensible": Schelling christened it intellectual intuition and thereby met the most heartfelt cravings of his Germans, whose cravings were at bottom pious. One can do this whole exuberant and enthusiastic movement, which was youth, however boldly it disguised itself in grey and senile concepts, no greater injustice than to take it seriously, let alone treat it with moral indignation; enough, people grew older, - the dream vanished. There came a time when people rubbed their foreheads: they are rubbing them still today. People had been dreaming: first and foremost - old Kant. "By virtue of a faculty" - he had said, or at least meant. But is that - an answer? An explanation? Or is it not rather merely a repetition of the question? How, then, does opium induce sleep? "By virtue of a faculty", namely the virtus dormitiva - replies that doctor in Molière,

quia est in eo virtus dormitiva, cujus est natura sensus assoupire.

But answers of that kind belong in comedy, and it is high time at last to replace the Kantian question "How are synthetic judgments a priori possible?" with another question: "why is belief in such judgments necessary?" - that is, to grasp that for the purpose of preserving beings of our kind such judgments must be believed to be true; for which reason they might, of course, still be false judgments! Or, to put it more plainly, coarsely and thoroughly: 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, to be sure, belief in their truth is necessary, as a foreground belief and visual evidence belonging to the perspective-optics of life. - And finally, to recall the enormous effect that "German philosophy" - one understands, I hope, its claim to quotation marks? - has exerted throughout Europe, let no one doubt that a certain virtus dormitiva had a part in it: people were delighted, among noble idlers, the virtuous, mystics, artists, three-quarter Christians and political obscurantists of all nations, to have, thanks to German philosophy, an antidote to the still overpowering sensualism that flowed over from the previous century into this one, in short -"sensus assoupire".....

12.

As for materialistic atomism: it belongs among the best-refuted things there are; and perhaps no one among the learned in Europe today is still so unlearned as to attach any serious significance to it beyond its convenient use for hand and household (namely as an abbreviation of the means of expression) - thanks above all to that Pole Boscovich, who, together with the Pole Copernicus, has been the greatest and most victorious opponent of ocular evidence so far. For while Copernicus persuaded us to believe, against all the senses, that the earth does not stand fast, Boscovich taught us to abjure belief in the last thing of the earth that "stood fast," belief in "substance," in

"matter," in the earth-residue and particle-atom: it was the greatest triumph over the senses that has so far been won on earth. - But one must go still further and also declare war - a merciless war to the knife - on the "atomistic need," which still leads a dangerous afterlife in regions where no one suspects it, like that more famous "metaphysical need": - one must first of all also make an end of that other and more fateful atomism which Christianity has taught best and longest, the atomism of the soul. Let it be permitted to designate by this word that belief which takes the soul to be something indestructible, eternal, indivisible, a monad, an atomon: this belief ought to be expelled from science! Between ourselves, it is not at all necessary in doing so to get rid of "the soul" itself and to renounce one of the oldest and most venerable hypotheses: as tends to happen through the clumsiness of the naturalists, who scarcely touch "the soul" before they lose it. But the way stands open to new versions and refinements of the soul-hypothesis: and concepts such as "mortal soul" and "soul as multiplicity of the subject" and "soul as social structure of the drives and affects" want henceforth to have civic rights in science. In putting an end to the superstition that until now has grown rampant around the idea of the soul with an almost tropical luxuriance, the new psychologist has, to be sure, thrust himself out, as it were, into a new desolation and a new mistrust - it may be that the older psychologists had a more comfortable and merrier time of it -: but in the end he knows that precisely thereby he is also condemned to invention - and, who knows? perhaps to discovery. -

13.

Physiologists should think twice before positing the drive of self-preservation as the cardinal drive of an organic being. Above all, a living thing wants to discharge its strength - life itself is will to power -: self-preservation is only one of the indirect and most frequent con-

sequences of this. - In short, here as everywhere, beware of superfluous teleological principles! - such as the drive of self-preservation is (we owe it to Spinoza's inconsistency -). For so method commands, which must essentially be economy of principles.

14.

It is perhaps just dawning on five or six minds that physics too is only an interpretation and arrangement of the world (to suit us! if I may say so) and not an explanation of the world: but insofar as it rests on belief in the senses, it passes for more, and must for a long while yet pass for more, namely for an explanation. It has eyes and fingers on its side, it has ocular evidence and palpability on its side: this has an enchanting, persuading, convincing effect on an age with fundamentally plebeian tastes, - after all, it follows instinctively the canon of truth of eternally popular sensualism. What is clear, what is "explained"? Only that which can be seen and touched, - every problem must be pursued that far. Conversely: precisely in resistance to what is obvious to the senses lay the magic of the Platonic way of thinking, which was a noble way of thinking, - perhaps among men who enjoyed even stronger and more demanding senses than our contemporaries possess, but who knew how to find a higher triumph in remaining master over these senses: and this by means of pale, cold, grey nets of concepts which they threw over the motley whirl of the senses - the rabble of the senses, as Plato said. There was a different kind of enjoyment in this overpowering of the world and interpretation of the world after the manner of Plato than the one offered us by the physicists of today, and likewise by the Darwinists and anti-theologians among the physiological workers, with their principle of the "least possible force" and the greatest possible stupidity. "Where man has nothing more to see and to grasp, there he has nothing more to seek" - that is certainly a different imperative from the Platonic one, but it

may nonetheless be just the right imperative for a robust, laborious race of machinists and bridge-builders of the future, who have nothing but coarse work to get done.

15.

In order to pursue physiology with a good conscience, one must insist that the sense organs are not appearances in the sense of idealistic philosophy: as such they could not, after all, be causes! Sensualism, therefore, at least as a regulative hypothesis, not to say as a heuristic principle. - What? and others even say that the external world is the work of our organs? But then our body, as a piece of this external world, would be the work of our organs! But then our organs themselves would be - the work of our organs! This, it seems to me, is a thorough reductio ad absurdum: granted that the concept causa sui is something thoroughly absurd. Consequently the external world is not the work of our organs -?

16.

There are still harmless self-observers who believe that there are "immediate certainties," for example "I think," or, as was Schopenhauer's superstition, "I will": as though here knowing got hold of its object pure and naked, as "thing in itself," and no falsification took place either on the side of the subject or on the side of the object. But that "immediate certainty," just like "absolute knowledge" and "thing in itself," contains a contradictio in adjecto, I shall repeat a hundred times: one ought at last to free oneself from the seduction of words! Let the people believe that knowing is a knowing-to-the-end; the philosopher must say to himself: "when I dissect the process expressed in the proposition 'I think,' I obtain a series of audacious assertions whose grounding is difficult, perhaps impossible, - for example, that it is I who think, that there must be something at all

that thinks, that thinking is an activity and effect on the part of a being thought of as a cause, that there is an 'I,' finally, that it is already established what is to be designated by thinking, - that I know what thinking is. For if I had not already decided this within myself, by what standard should I measure that what is just now happening is not perhaps 'willing' or 'feeling'? Enough: that 'I think' presupposes that I compare my momentary state with other states that I know in myself, in order thus to establish what it is: on account of this referring back to 'knowledge' from elsewhere it has for me in any case no immediate 'certainty.'" - In place of that "immediate certainty" in which the people may believe in the given case, the philosopher thus gets into his hands a series of questions of metaphysics, true questions of conscience for the intellect, which run: "Whence do I take the concept of thinking? Why do I believe in cause and effect? What gives me the right to speak of an I, and even of an I as cause, and finally of an I as cause of thoughts?" Whoever, appealing to a kind of intuition of knowledge, ventures to answer those metaphysical questions at once, as he does who says: "I think, and know that this at least is true, actual, certain" - will find a philosopher today ready with a smile and two question marks. "My dear sir," the philosopher will perhaps give him to understand, "it is improbable that you are not mistaken: but why insist on truth at all?" -

17.

As for the superstition of the logicians: I shall not tire of underlining again and again a small, brief fact which these superstitious people are loath to concede, - namely, that a thought comes when "it" wills, and not when "I" will; so that it is a falsification of the facts of the matter to say: the subject "I" is the condition of the predicate "think." It thinks: but that this "it" is precisely that old, famous "I" is, to put it mildly, only an assumption, an assertion, above all no "immediate cer-

tainty." In the end, even with this "it thinks" too much has been done: even this "it" contains an interpretation of the process and does not belong to the process itself. One infers here according to grammatical habit: "Thinking is an activity, to every activity belongs one who is active, consequently -". Following roughly the same scheme, the older atomism sought, besides the "force" that acts, that little lump of matter in which it resides, out of which it acts, the atom; more rigorous minds finally learned to get along without this "earthly residue," and perhaps one day people, logicians included, will also grow accustomed to getting along without that little "it" (into which the honest old I has evaporated).

18.

It is truly not the least charm of a theory that it is refutable: precisely by this it attracts subtler minds. It seems that the hundred-times-refuted theory of "free will" owes its persistence to this charm alone -: again and again someone comes along and feels himself strong enough to refute it.

19.

Philosophers are accustomed to speak of the will as though it were the best-known thing in the world; indeed Schopenhauer gave us to understand that the will alone is truly known to us, known wholly and entirely, known without deduction or addition. But it seems to me again and again that in this case too Schopenhauer only did what philosophers are simply accustomed to do: that he took over a popular prejudice and exaggerated it. Willing seems to me above all something complicated, something that is a unity only as a word, — and it is precisely in the one word that the popular prejudice lurks, which has gained the mastery over the ever slight caution of philosophers. Let us then for once be more cautious, let us be "unphilosophical" —,

let us say: in every act of willing there is, first, a plurality of feelings, namely the feeling of the state away from which, the feeling of the state towards which, the feeling of this "away" and "towards" itself, and then also an accompanying muscular feeling which, even without our setting "arms and legs" in motion, begins its play through a kind of habit as soon as we "will". Just as feeling, and indeed many kinds of feeling, must be recognized as an ingredient of the will, so, secondly, must thinking also: in every act of will there is a commanding thought; — and let no one believe that this thought can be separated from the "willing", as though will would then still remain over! Thirdly, the will is not merely a complex of feeling and thinking, but above all an affect as well: and specifically that affect of command. What is called "freedom of the will" is essentially the affect of superiority with regard to him who must obey: "I am free, 'he' must obey" — this consciousness lurks in every will, and likewise that tension of attention, that straight gaze which fixes exclusively upon one thing, that unconditional valuation "now this and nothing else is needful", that inner certainty that obedience will follow, and whatever else belongs to the state of the one who commands. A man who wills —, commands a something within himself that obeys, or that he believes obeys. But now let us observe what is the strangest thing about the will, — about this so manifold thing for which the people have only one word: inasmuch as in the given case we are at the same time those who command and those who obey, and as those who obey know the feelings of compulsion, urging, pressure, resistance, motion, which usually begin immediately after the act of will; inasmuch as, on the other hand, we are in the habit of setting ourselves above this duality, of deceiving ourselves past it, by means of the synthetic concept "I", a whole chain of erroneous conclusions, and consequently of false valuations of the will itself, has attached itself to willing, — in such a way that the one who wills believes in good faith that willing suffices for action. Because in the great majority of cases there has

been willing only where the effect of the command, hence obedience, hence the action, could also be expected, the appearance has translated itself into the feeling, as though there were here a necessity of effect; in short, the one who wills believes, with a fair degree of certainty, that will and action are somehow one —, he ascribes the success, the carrying out of the willing, to the will itself, and in doing so enjoys an increase of that feeling of power which all success brings with it. "Freedom of the will" — that is the word for that manifold state of pleasure of the one who wills, who commands and at the same time posits himself as one with the executor, — who as such shares in the enjoyment of the triumph over resistances, but judges within himself that it is his will itself which really overcomes the resistances. In this way the one who wills adds the feelings of pleasure of the executing, successful instruments, the serviceable "under-wills" or under-souls — for our body is indeed only a social structure of many souls — to his feeling of pleasure as the one who commands. L'effet c'est moi: what happens here is what happens in every well-constructed and happy commonwealth, namely that the ruling class identifies itself with the successes of the commonwealth. In all willing it is absolutely a matter of commanding and obeying, on the basis, as has been said, of a social structure of many "souls": for which reason a philosopher should claim the right to include willing as such within the sphere of morality: morality, that is, understood as the doctrine of the relations of dominion under which the phenomenon "life" arises. —

20.

That the individual philosophical concepts are nothing arbitrary, nothing growing up each for itself, but grow up in relation and kinship with one another; that, however suddenly and capriciously they may seem to emerge in the history of thought, they nonetheless be-

long just as much to a system as all the members of the fauna of a continent: this betrays itself in the end also in how surely the most diverse philosophers again and again fill out a certain basic scheme of possible philosophies. Under an invisible spell they always run anew once more the same orbit: however independent of one another they may feel themselves to be with their critical or systematic will, something in them leads them, something drives them one after another in a definite order, namely that innate systematism and kinship of concepts. Their thinking is in fact far less a discovering than a recognizing, a remembering, a return and homecoming to a remote, primeval, common household of the soul, out of which those concepts once grew: — philosophizing is to that extent a kind of atavism of the highest rank. The strange family resemblance of all Indian, Greek and German philosophizing is explained simply enough. Precisely where there is linguistic kinship, it is quite unavoidable that, thanks to the common philosophy of grammar — I mean thanks to the unconscious dominion and guidance of the same grammatical functions — everything lies prepared from the outset for a similar development and sequence of philosophical systems: just as the way to certain other possibilities of interpreting the world appears as though barred. Philosophers of the Ural-Altaic linguistic domain (in which the concept of the subject is least developed) will in all probability look "into the world" differently and be found on other paths than Indo-Germans or Muslims: the spell of certain grammatical functions is ultimately the spell of physiological value judgments and conditions of race. — So much by way of rejecting Locke's superficiality with regard to the origin of ideas.

21.

The causa sui is the best self-contradiction that has ever yet been thought up, a kind of logical rape and perversion of nature: but the

extravagant pride of man has brought it about that he entangles himself deeply and terribly in precisely this nonsense. The longing for "freedom of the will", in that metaphysical superlative sense which unfortunately still reigns in the heads of the half-educated, the longing to bear oneself the entire and ultimate responsibility for one's actions and to relieve God, world, ancestors, chance, society of it, is in fact nothing less than to be that very causa sui and, with a more than Münchhausen-like audacity, to pull oneself by the hair out of the swamp of nothingness into existence. Supposing someone thus gets behind the boorish simplicity of this famous concept "free will" and strikes it from his head, then I beg him now to carry his "enlightenment" one step further and to strike from his head the reversal of that non-concept "free will" as well: I mean the "unfree will", which amounts to a misuse of cause and effect. One should not wrongly reify "cause" and "effect", as the natural scientists do (and whoever, like them, naturalizes in his thinking today -) in accordance with the prevailing mechanistic doltishness, which has the cause press and push until it "effects"; one should use "cause" and "effect" only as pure concepts, that is to say as conventional fictions for the purpose of designation, of communication, not of explanation. In the "in-itself" there is nothing of "causal connections", of "necessity", of "psychological unfreedom"; there "the effect" does not follow "upon the cause", there no "law" rules. It is we alone who have invented causes, succession, reciprocity, relativity, compulsion, number, law, freedom, ground, purpose; and when we read this sign-world into things as something "in itself", when we mix it into them, we act once more as we have always acted, namely mythologically. The "unfree will" is mythology: in real life it is only a matter of strong and weak wills. - It is almost always already a symptom of what is lacking in himself when a thinker senses in every "causal linkage" and "psychological necessity" something of compulsion, need, having-to-follow, pressure, unfreedom: it is telling to feel precisely so, - the person betrays

himself. And in general, if I have observed rightly, the "unfreedom of the will" is taken up as a problem from two wholly opposite sides, but always in a deeply personal manner: the one sort will at no price let go of their "responsibility", their faith in themselves, their personal right to their merit (the vain races belong here -); the other sort, on the contrary, want to be responsible for nothing, to be guilty of nothing, and demand, out of an inward self-contempt, to be able to shift the burden of themselves somewhere else. These latter, when they write books, are wont today to take up the cause of criminals; a kind of socialist pity is their most pleasing disguise. And indeed, the fatalism of the weak-willed embellishes itself astonishingly when it knows how to introduce itself as "la religion de la souffrance humaine": that is its "good taste".

22.

Forgive me, as an old philologist who cannot desist from the malice of putting his finger on bad arts of interpretation - but that "conformity of nature to law" of which you physicists speak so proudly, as though - - exists only thanks to your interpretation and bad "philology", - it is no matter of fact, no "text", but rather only a naively humanitarian adjustment and distortion of meaning with which you amply accommodate the democratic instincts of the modern soul! "Everywhere equality before the law, - nature is no different and no better off in this than we are": a charming ulterior motive, in which once more the rabble's hostility toward everything privileged and sovereign, and likewise a second and subtler atheism, lie disguised. "Ni dieu, ni maître" - that is what you want too: and therefore "long live the law of nature"! - is it not so? But, as I said, that is interpretation, not text; and someone might come along who, with the opposite intention and art of interpretation, could read out of the same nature, and with regard to the same phenomena, precisely the tyrannically ruthless and

inexorable enforcement of claims to power, - an interpreter who would set before your eyes the exceptionlessness and unconditionality in all "will to power" in such a way that almost every word, and even the word "tyranny", would in the end seem unusable or already a weakening and softening metaphor - as too human; and who nonetheless ended by asserting the same of this world as you assert, namely that it has a "necessary" and "calculable" course, but not because laws rule in it, but because laws are absolutely lacking, and every power draws its ultimate consequence at every moment. Supposing that this too is only interpretation - and you will be eager enough to object as much? - well, so much the better. -

23.

All psychology hitherto has remained stuck on moral prejudices and fears: it has not ventured into the depths. To grasp it as morphology and the doctrine of the development of the will to power, as I grasp it - this no one has yet so much as touched upon even in his thoughts: insofar, that is, as it is permitted to recognize in what has been written hitherto a symptom of what has hitherto been kept silent. The power of moral prejudices has penetrated deep into the most spiritual world, the world seemingly coldest and most free of presuppositions - and, as goes without saying, harmfully, inhibitingly, blindingly, distortingly. A genuine physio-psychology has to struggle with unconscious resistances in the heart of the investigator, it has "the heart" against it: even a doctrine of the mutual conditionality of the "good" and the "wicked" drives causes, as a subtler immorality, distress and aversion to a still strong and hearty conscience, - still more a doctrine of the derivability of all good drives from the wicked ones. But supposing someone even takes the affects of hatred, envy, covetousness, lust for domination as life-conditioning affects, as something which must be present, fundamentally and essentially, in the total economy

of life, and consequently must be heightened still further if life is to be heightened still further, - he suffers from such a bent of his judgment as from seasickness. And yet even this hypothesis is far from being the most painful and strangest in this immense, almost still new realm of dangerous knowledge: - and there are in fact a hundred good reasons why everyone should keep away from it who - can! On the other hand: once one has been driven here with one's ship, well! come on! now set your teeth firmly! open your eyes! keep a firm hand on the helm! - we sail straight over morality, we crush, we perhaps grind down our own remnant of morality in the process, as we make and dare our voyage thither, - but what do we matter! Never yet has a deeper world of insight opened itself to daring travellers and adventurers: and the psychologist who thus "makes sacrifices" - it is not the sacrifizio dell'intelletto, on the contrary! - will at the least be entitled to demand in return that psychology be once again recognized as queen of the sciences, for whose service and preparation the other sciences exist. For psychology is now once again the path to the fundamental problems.

Second Part:

The Free Spirit.

24.

O sancta simplicitas! In what a strange simplification and falsification man lives! One can never cease to marvel once one has fitted one's eyes for this marvel! How we have made everything around us bright and free and easy and simple! how we knew to give our senses a free pass for everything superficial, our thinking a godlike craving for wanton leaps and false conclusions! - how we have understood from the very beginning how to preserve our ignorance, in order to enjoy an almost inconceivable freedom, carelessness, incaution, heartiness, cheerfulness of life, in order to enjoy life! And only on this now firm and granite foundation of ignorance has science hitherto been permitted to rise, the will to knowledge on the foundation of a far more powerful will, the will to not-knowing, to the uncertain, to the untrue! Not as its opposite, but - as its refinement! For even if language, here as elsewhere, cannot get beyond its clumsiness and goes on speaking of opposites where there are only degrees and manifold subtleties of gradation; even if likewise the ingrained Tartuffery of morality, which now belongs to our insurmountable "flesh and blood", twists the very words in the mouths of us knowers: here and there we grasp it and laugh at how precisely the best science seeks most of all to hold us fast in this simplified, thoroughly artificial, suitably invented, suitably falsified world, how it unwillingly-willingly loves error, because it, the living thing, - loves life!

25.

After so cheerful an opening, a serious word would not wish to go unheard: it is addressed to the most serious. Take care, you philosophers and friends of knowledge, and beware of martyrdom! Of suffering "for the sake of truth"! Even of defending yourselves! It spoils all the innocence and fine neutrality of your conscience, it makes you stiff-necked against objections and red rags, it stupefies, brutalizes and turns you into bulls, when in the struggle with danger, slander, suspicion, expulsion and still coarser consequences of enmity, you finally even have to play yourselves up as defenders of truth on earth: - as though "the truth" were so harmless and clumsy a person that she needed defenders! and you of all people, you knights of the most sorrowful countenance, my good sirs, loafers on street corners and cobweb-spinners of the spirit! In the end you know well enough that it must not matter whether you in particular are proved right, likewise that no philosopher has ever yet been proved right, and that a more praiseworthy truthfulness may lie in every little question mark that you place after your pet phrases and favourite doctrines (and occasionally after yourselves) than in all the solemn gestures and trump cards played before accusers and courts of law! Rather step aside! Flee into concealment! And have your mask and subtlety, so that you may be mistaken for others! Or feared a little! And do not forget the garden for me, the garden with golden latticework! And have people around you who are like a garden, - or like music over waters, at the hour of evening, when the day is already becoming a memory: - choose the good solitude, the free, wanton, light solitude, which also gives you the right to remain good yourselves in some sense! How poisonous, how cunning, how bad every long war makes one that cannot be waged with open force! How personal a long fear makes one, a long watchfulness for enemies, for possible enemies! These outcasts of society, these long-persecuted, sorely hunted ones, - the forced

hermits too, the Spinozas or Giordano Brunos - always end by becoming, even if under the most spiritual masquerade, and perhaps without themselves knowing it, refined vengeance-seekers and poison-brewers (just dig up for once the foundation of Spinoza's ethics and theology!) - not to speak at all of the oafishness of moral indignation, which in a philosopher is the infallible sign that his philosophical humour has run away from him. The martyrdom of the philosopher, his "sacrifice for the truth", forces out into the light whatever of the agitator and the actor was lodged in him; and supposing that one has hitherto watched him only with an artistic curiosity, then with regard to many a philosopher the dangerous wish may indeed be understandable to see him for once in his degeneration too (degenerated into a "martyr", into a stage- and platform-bawler). Only that, with such a wish, one must be clear about what one will in any case get to see: - only a satyr play, only an afterpiece farce, only the continual proof that the long, real tragedy is over: supposing that every philosophy was, in its genesis, a long tragedy. -

26.

Every select human being instinctively strives for his citadel and his secrecy, where he is redeemed from the crowd, the many, the great majority, where he may forget the rule "man", being its exception: - excepting the one case, that he is pushed straight toward this rule by a still stronger instinct, as one who seeks knowledge in the great and exceptional sense. Whoever, in dealings with men, does not now and then shimmer in all the colours of distress, green and grey with disgust, weariness, sympathy, gloom, isolation, is certainly no man of higher taste; but supposing he does not take all this burden and displeasure upon himself voluntarily, supposing he evades it forever and remains, as I said, hidden quietly and proudly in his citadel, well then, one thing is certain: he is not made, 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 I, the exception!" - and would go down, and above all "in". The study of the average man, long, serious, and to this end much disguise, self-overcoming, familiarity, bad company - all company is bad company except that with one's equals -: this constitutes a necessary part of the life history of every philosopher, perhaps the most unpleasant, most foul-smelling part, the one richest in disappointments. But if he is lucky, as befits a fortunate child of knowledge, he will encounter real shorteners and lighteners of his task, - I mean so-called cynics, that is, those who simply recognize the animal, the commonness, the "rule" in themselves, and in addition still have that degree of spirituality and itch that they must talk about themselves and their like before witnesses: - sometimes they even wallow in books as on their own dung. Cynicism is the only form in which base souls brush against what honesty is; and the higher man must open his ears to every cynicism, coarser and finer, and congratulate himself each time the shameless buffoon or the scientific satyr speaks up right in front of him. There are even cases where enchantment mingles with the disgust: namely where, by a whim of nature, genius is bound to such an indiscreet billy goat and ape, as in the Abbé Galiani, the deepest, most sharp-sighted and perhaps also filthiest man of his century - he was far deeper than Voltaire and consequently also a good deal more silent. It happens more frequently, as indicated, that the scientific head is set upon an ape's body, a fine exceptional understanding upon a base soul, - among physicians and moral physiologists in particular no rare occurrence. And wherever anyone speaks of man without bitterness, rather quite innocuously, as of a belly with two kinds of needs and a head with one; wherever someone always sees, seeks and wants to see only hunger, sexual desire and vanity, as if these were the actual and only mainsprings of human actions; in short, wherever one speaks "badly" of man - and not even wickedly -,

there the lover of knowledge should listen subtly and diligently, he should in general have his ears wherever there is talk without indignation. For the indignant man, and whoever forever tears and lacerates himself with his own teeth (or, as a substitute, the world, or God, or society), may indeed, morally reckoned, stand higher than the laughing and self-satisfied satyr, but in every other sense he is the more ordinary, more indifferent, less instructive case. And no one lies as much as the indignant man. -

27.

It is hard to be understood: especially when one thinks and lives gangasrotogati, among nothing but people who think and live otherwise, namely kurmagati or at best "after the gait of the frog", mandeikagati - am I not doing everything precisely to be hard to understand myself? - and one ought to be heartily grateful even for the good will toward some subtlety of interpretation. But as for "the good friends", who are always too comfortable and, precisely as friends, believe they have a right to comfort: one does well to grant them from the outset a playground and romping-place for misunderstanding: - then one still has something to laugh at; - or to get rid of them altogether, these good friends, - and laugh too!

28.

What translates worst from one language into another is the tempo of its style: which has its ground in the character of the race, or, speaking more physiologically, in the average tempo of its "metabolism". There are honestly intended translations that are almost falsifications, as involuntary vulgarizations of the original, merely because its brave and merry tempo could not be translated along with it, the tempo that leaps over, helps one over, everything dangerous in things and words. The German is almost incapable of presto in his language:

hence, as one may fairly conclude, also of many of the most delightful and daring nuances of free, free-spirited thought. Just as the buffo and the satyr are foreign to him, in body and conscience, so Aristophanes and Petronius are untranslatable for him. Everything ponderous, viscous, solemnly clumsy, all long-winded and boring genres of style are developed among the Germans in superabundant variety, - forgive me the fact that even Goethe's prose, in its mixture of stiffness and daintiness, is no exception, being a mirror image of the "good old time" to which it belongs, and an expression of German taste at a time when there still was a "German taste": which was a rococo taste, in moribus et artibus. Lessing is an exception, thanks to his actor's nature, which understood much and was versed in much: he who was not for nothing the translator of Bayle and liked to take refuge in the vicinity of Diderot and Voltaire, and still more gladly among the Roman writers of comedy: - Lessing loved free-spiritedness in tempo too, flight out of Germany. But how could the German language, even in the prose of a Lessing, imitate the tempo of Machiavelli, who in his principe lets one breathe the dry fine air of Florence and cannot help presenting the most serious matter in an unruly allegrissimo: perhaps not without a malicious artist's sense of the contrast he is daring, - thoughts, long, heavy, hard, dangerous, and a tempo of the gallop and of the very best, most wanton humour. Who, finally, would dare a German translation of Petronius, who, more than any great musician hitherto, was the master of presto, in inventions, notions, words: - what do all the swamps of the sick, wicked world matter in the end, even of the "old world", when one has, like him, the feet of a wind, the rush and breath, the liberating scorn of a wind that makes everything healthy by making everything run! And as for Aristophanes, that transfiguring, complementary spirit for whose sake one forgives all of Hellenism for having existed, supposing one has grasped in all its depth what all there needs forgiveness, needs transfiguration: - I know of nothing that has made me dream more about Plato's conceal-

ment and Sphinx nature than that happily preserved petit fait: that under the pillow of his deathbed there was found no "Bible", nothing Egyptian, Pythagorean, Platonic, - but Aristophanes. How could even a Plato have endured life - a Greek life, to which he said No, - without an Aristophanes! -

29.

To be independent is the affair of the very few: — it is a prerogative of the strong. And whoever attempts it, even with the best right to it, but without being compelled to, thereby proves that he is probably not only strong but daring to the point of recklessness. He enters 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 sees with his own eyes how and where he goes astray, grows solitary, and is torn piecemeal by some cave-Minotaur of conscience. Supposing such a one perishes, it happens so far from the understanding of men that they neither feel it nor feel with it: — and he can no longer go back! he can no longer go back even to the pity of men! — —

30.

Our highest insights must — and should! — sound like follies, in certain circumstances like crimes, when they come without permission to the ears of those who are not made and predestined for them. The exoteric and the esoteric, as philosophers formerly distinguished them, among the Indians as among the Greeks, Persians and Muslims, in short everywhere that men believed in an order of rank and not in equality and equal rights, — these differ from one another not so much in that the exoteric stands outside and sees, appraises, measures, judges from without, not from within: what is more essential is that he sees things from below upward, — whereas the esoteric sees them from above downward! There are heights of the soul from

which even tragedy ceases to have a tragic effect; and, taking all the woe of the world together, who would dare to decide whether the sight of it must necessarily seduce and compel us precisely to pity, and thus to a doubling of the woe?... What serves the higher kind of men as nourishment or refreshment must be almost poison to a very different and lesser kind. The virtues of the common man would perhaps signify vices and weaknesses in a philosopher; it might be possible that a man of lofty nature, supposing he degenerated and perished, would only thereby come into possession of qualities on account of which it would become necessary to venerate him henceforth as a saint in the lower world into which he had sunk. There are books which have an inverse value for soul and health, according as the lower soul, the lower vital force, or else the higher and more powerful makes use of them: in the first case they are dangerous, crumbling, dissolving books; in the other, heralds' calls challenging the bravest to their bravery. Books for everyone are always foul-smelling books: the smell of small people clings to them. Where the people eat and drink, even where they worship, there it usually stinks. One should not go into churches if one wishes to breathe pure air. — —

31.

In youthful years one still venerates and despises without that art of nuance which constitutes the best gain of life, and one must rightly pay dearly for having thus assailed men and things with Yes and No. Everything is so arranged that the worst of all tastes, the taste for the unconditional, is cruelly fooled and abused, until a man learns to put a little art into his feelings and rather to venture the experiment even with the artificial: as the true artists of life do. The wrathful and reverent quality peculiar to youth seems to give itself no rest until it has falsified men and things to suit itself, so that it can vent itself upon them: — youth is in itself already something falsifying and de-

ceitful. Later, when the young soul, tormented by sheer disappointments, at last turns suspiciously back against itself, still hot and wild even in its suspicion and its pangs of conscience: how it rages at itself now, how impatiently it tears itself apart, how it takes revenge for its long self-delusion, as if it had been a wilful blindness! In this transition one punishes oneself by mistrusting one's feeling; one tortures one's enthusiasm with doubt; indeed, one feels even a good conscience to be a danger, as it were a self-veiling and a weariness of the subtler honesty; and above all, one takes sides, takes sides on principle against "youth". — A decade later: and one comprehends that all this too was still — youth!

32.

Throughout the longest period of human history — it is called the prehistoric period — the value or disvalue of an action was derived from its consequences: the action in itself was as little taken into account as its origin; rather, much as in China even today a distinction or a disgrace reaches back from the child to the parents, so it was the retroactive force of success or failure that led men to think well or ill of an action. Let us call this period the pre-moral period of mankind: the imperative "know thyself!" was then still unknown. In the last ten millennia, on the other hand, men have come step by step, over some large regions of the earth, so far as to let not the consequences but the origin of the action decide its value: a great event as a whole, a considerable refinement of vision and of standard, the unconscious after-effect of the dominion 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 a reversal of perspective! And surely a reversal achieved only after long struggles and vacillations! To be sure: a fateful new superstition, a

peculiar narrowness of interpretation came to dominance precisely thereby: the origin of an action was interpreted in the most definite sense as origin from an intention; men became united in the belief that the value of an action lay in the value of its intention. The intention as the whole origin and prehistory of an action: under this prejudice there has been moral praising, blaming, judging, and philosophizing on earth almost up to the most recent times. — But should we not today have arrived at the necessity of once more resolving upon a reversal and fundamental displacement of values, thanks to a renewed self-reflection and deepening of man, — should we not stand at the threshold of a period which, negatively, would first have to be designated as the extra-moral: today, when at least among us immoralists the suspicion is stirring that the decisive value of an action lies precisely in what is non-intentional in it, and that all its intentionality, all that can be seen, known, made "conscious" of it, still belongs to its surface and skin, — which, like every skin, betrays something but conceals still more? In short, we believe that the intention is only a sign and symptom that first requires interpretation, and moreover a sign that means too many things and consequently, taken by itself alone, almost nothing, — that morality in the sense hitherto, that is, the morality of intentions, has been a prejudice, a precipitancy, perhaps something provisional, a thing perhaps of the rank of astrology and alchemy, but in any case something that must be overcome. The overcoming of morality, in a certain sense even the self-overcoming of morality: let that be the name for that long secret labour which has been reserved for the subtlest and most honest, and also the most malicious, consciences of today, as living touchstones of the soul. —

33.

There is no help for it: the feelings of devotion, of self-sacrifice for one's neighbour, the whole morality of self-renunciation must be mer-

cilessly called to account and brought to trial: just as must the aesthetics of "disinterested contemplation", under which the emasculation of art today seeks, seductively enough, to create a good conscience for itself. There is far too much magic and sugar in those feelings of "for others", of "not for me", for one not to need to become doubly mistrustful here and to ask: "are they not perhaps — seductions?" — That they please — him who has them, and him who enjoys their fruits, and even the mere spectator — this yields as yet no argument in their favour, but rather summons us precisely to caution. Let us be cautious, then!

34.

Whatever standpoint of philosophy one may take up today: seen from every position, the erroneousness of the world in which we believe we live is the surest and firmest thing our eye can still lay hold of: — we find reasons upon reasons for it, which would like to lure us into conjectures about a deceptive principle in the "essence of things". But whoever makes our thinking itself, that is, "the spirit", responsible for the falseness of the world — an honourable way out, taken by every conscious or unconscious advocatus dei —: whoever takes this world, together with space, time, form, motion, as falsely inferred: such a one would at least have good cause finally to learn mistrust of all thinking itself: has it not played upon us the very greatest of pranks hitherto? and what guarantee would there be that it would not go on doing what it has always done? In all seriousness: there is something touching and awe-inspiring in the innocence of thinkers, which permits them even today to plant themselves before consciousness with the request that it give them honest answers: for example, whether it is "real", and why it actually keeps the external world so resolutely at arm's length, and whatever other questions of the kind there may be. The belief in "immediate certainties" is a moral naïveté which does us

philosophers honour: but — we are, after all, not supposed to be "merely moral" men! Morality apart, that belief is a stupidity which does us little honour! Though in bourgeois life ever-ready mistrust may count as a sign of "bad character" and consequently belong among the imprudences: here among ourselves, beyond the bourgeois world and its Yeas and Nays — what should prevent us from being imprudent and saying: the philosopher has by now a right to "bad character", as the being that has hitherto always been the best fooled on earth — he has today the duty to mistrust, to squint most maliciously out of every abyss of suspicion. — Forgive me the jest of this gloomy grimace and turn of phrase: for I myself have long since learned to think differently, to esteem differently, about deceiving and being deceived, and I keep at least a few jabs in the ribs ready for the blind fury with which philosophers resist being deceived. Why not? It is no more than a moral prejudice that truth is worth more than appearance; it is even the worst-proven assumption there is in the world. Let us at least admit this much to ourselves: there would be no life at all if not on the basis of perspectival valuations and apparentnesses; and if, with the virtuous enthusiasm and clumsiness of many a philosopher, one wished to abolish the "apparent world" altogether, well, supposing you could do that — then at least nothing of your "truth" would be left over either! Indeed, what forces us at all to the assumption that there is an essential opposition of "true" and "false"? Is it not enough to assume degrees of apparentness and, as it were, lighter and darker shadows and overall tones of appearance — different valeurs, to speak the language of painters? Why might the world that concerns us — not be a fiction? And to whoever asks: "but does not a fiction require an author?" — might one not reply roundly: Why? Does this "require" not perhaps itself belong to the fiction? Is it not permitted, by now, to be a little ironical towards the subject, as towards predicate and object? Might the philosopher not rise above

faith in grammar? All respect to governesses: but would it not be time for philosophy to renounce the faith of governesses? —

35.

O Voltaire! O humanity! O idiocy! There is something peculiar about "truth", about the search for truth; and if man goes about it all too humanly — "il ne cherche le vrai que pour faire le bien" — I wager he finds nothing!

36.

Supposing that nothing else is "given" as real except our world of desires and passions, that we can descend or ascend to no other "reality" than precisely the reality of our drives — for thinking is only a relation of these drives to one another —: is it not permitted to make the attempt and to ask the question whether this given does not suffice to understand, on the basis of its own kind, the so-called mechanistic (or "material") world as well? I mean not as a deception, an "appearance", a "representation" (in the Berkeleyan and Schopenhauerian sense), but as of the same rank of reality as our affect itself — as a more primitive form of the world of affects, in which everything still lies enclosed in mighty unity which then branches off and takes shape in the organic process (and also, as is only fair, grows tender and weakens —), as a kind of life of the drives in which all organic functions, with self-regulation, assimilation, nourishment, excretion, metabolism, are still synthetically bound up with one another — as a pre-form of life? — In the end it is not merely permitted to make this attempt: it is commanded by the conscience of method. Not to assume several kinds of causality so long as the attempt to make do with a single one has not been pushed to its utmost limit (— to the point of nonsense, if I may say so): that is a morality of method which one may not evade today; — it follows "from its definition", as a math-

ematician would say. The question in the end is whether we really recognize the will as effective, whether we believe in the causality of the will: if we do — and at bottom our belief in this is precisely our belief in causality itself — then we must make the attempt to posit the causality of the will hypothetically as the only one. "Will" can of course act only upon "will" — and not upon "matter" (not upon "nerves", for example —): enough, one must venture the hypothesis whether, wherever "effects" are recognized, will is not acting upon will — and whether all mechanical occurrence, insofar as a force is active in it, is not precisely force of will, effect of will. — Supposing, finally, that one succeeded in explaining our entire life of the drives as the development and ramification of One basic form of the will — namely, of the will to power, as is my proposition —; supposing that one could trace all organic functions back to this will to power and also find in it the solution to the problem of procreation and nourishment — it is One problem — then one would thereby have gained the right to define all effective force unambiguously as: will to power. The world seen from within, the world determined and designated according to its "intelligible character" — it would be precisely "will to power" and nothing besides. —

37.

"What? Does that not mean, in popular parlance: God is refuted, but not the devil —?" On the contrary! On the contrary, my friends! And, the devil take it, who forces you to speak in popular parlance! —

38.

As it went, most recently, in all the brightness of more modern times, with the French Revolution, that gruesome and, judged at close range, superfluous farce, into which, however, the noble and enthusiastic spectators of all Europe interpreted from afar their own indignations

and raptures, so long and so passionately that the text vanished beneath the interpretation: so a noble posterity might once more misunderstand the whole past and thereby perhaps for the first time make the sight of it bearable. - Or rather: has this not already happened? were we not ourselves - this "noble posterity"? And is it not precisely now, insofar as we grasp this, - over and done with?

39.

No one will so easily hold a doctrine to be true merely because it makes people happy or makes them virtuous: excepting perhaps the lovely "idealists," who rave about the Good, the True, the Beautiful and let all kinds of gaudy, clumsy and good-natured desirabilities swim about pell-mell in their pond. Happiness and virtue are no arguments. But people gladly forget, even among level-headed spirits, that making unhappy and making evil are just as little counter-arguments. Something might be true even though it were harmful and dangerous in the highest degree; indeed it might even belong to the fundamental constitution of existence that one should perish from full knowledge of it, - so that the strength of a spirit would be measured by how much of the "truth" it could just barely endure, or, more plainly, to what degree it would need it thinned out, veiled, sweetened, dulled, falsified. But there is no doubt that for the discovery of certain parts of the truth the evil and the unhappy are more favoured and have a greater probability of success; not to speak of the evil who are happy, - a species about which the moralists keep silent. Perhaps hardness and cunning furnish more favourable conditions for the emergence of the strong, independent spirit and philosopher than that gentle, delicate, yielding good-naturedness and art of taking things lightly which one prizes in a scholar, and rightly prizes. Provided, first of all, that one does not narrow the concept "philosopher" to the philosopher who writes books - or even puts his philosophy into books! - A last trait

for the portrait of the free-spirited philosopher is contributed by Stendhal, which for the sake of German taste I will not omit to underline: - for it runs counter to German taste. "Pour être bon philosophe," says this last great psychologist, "il faut être sec, clair, sans illusion. Un banquier, qui a fait fortune, a une partie du caractère requis pour faire des découvertes en philosophie, c'est-'á-dire pour voir clair dans ce qui est."

40.

Everything that is deep loves the mask; the very deepest things even have a hatred of image and likeness. Should not the opposite alone be the proper disguise in which the shame of a god would go about? A questionable question: it would be strange if some mystic had not already ventured something of the sort within himself. There are occurrences of so delicate a kind that one does well to bury them under some coarseness and make them unrecognizable; there are deeds of love and of an extravagant magnanimity after which nothing is more advisable than to take a stick and give the eyewitness a sound thrashing: thereby one clouds his memory. Many a one knows how to cloud and maltreat his own memory, in order at least to have his revenge on this sole accomplice: - shame is inventive. It is not the worst things of which one is most grievously ashamed: it is not only guile behind a mask, - there is so much goodness in cunning. I could imagine that a man who had something precious and vulnerable to hide would roll through life coarse and round like an old green, heavily hooped wine cask: the delicacy of his shame wills it so. A man who has depth in his shame meets his destinies and delicate decisions, too, on paths which few ever reach, and of whose existence his nearest and most intimate may not know: his mortal danger hides itself from their eyes, and so too does his regained security of life. Such a hidden one, who from instinct uses speech for silence and concealment and is inexhaustible

in evading communication, wants and furthers it that a mask of him should wander in his stead through the hearts and heads of his friends; and supposing he does not want it, his eyes will one day be opened to the fact that there is a mask of him there nonetheless, - and that it is well so. Every deep spirit needs a mask: more still, around every deep spirit a mask is continually growing, thanks to the constantly false, that is to say shallow, interpretation of every word, every step, every sign of life he gives. -

41.

One must give oneself one's own tests that one is destined for independence and for command; and this at the right time. One should not avoid one's tests, though they may be the most dangerous game one can play, and in the end only tests that are taken before ourselves as witnesses and before no other judge. Not to cling to a person: be it the most beloved, - every person is a prison, a nook as well. Not to cling to a fatherland: be it the most suffering and most in need of help, - it is already less hard to unbind one's heart from a victorious fatherland. Not to cling to a pity: even were it for higher men into whose rare torment and helplessness some chance has let us look. Not to cling to a science: though it lure one with the most precious finds, seemingly saved up precisely for us. Not to cling to one's own detachment, to that voluptuous remoteness and strangeness of the bird that flies ever farther into the heights in order to see ever more below it: - the danger of the one who flies. Not to cling to our own virtues and become as a whole the victim of some single part of us, for example of our "hospitality": as is the danger of dangers for high-natured and rich souls, who deal with themselves prodigally, almost indifferently, and push the virtue of liberality to the point of vice. One must know how to preserve oneself: the strongest test of independence.

42.

A new species of philosophers is coming up: I venture to christen them with a name not without danger. As I divine them, as they let themselves be divined - for it belongs to their nature to wish to remain riddles in some respect -, these philosophers of the future might have a right, perhaps also a wrong, to be designated as attempters. This name itself is in the end only an attempt, and, if you will, a temptation.

43.

Are they new friends of "truth", these coming philosophers? Probably enough: for all philosophers hitherto have loved their truths. But they will certainly not be dogmatists. It must go against their pride, and against their taste too, that their truth should be a truth for everyone besides: which has hitherto been the secret wish and hidden meaning of all dogmatic endeavours. "My judgment is my judgment: no one else has an easy right to it" - such a philosopher of the future will perhaps say. One must put away from oneself the bad taste of wishing to agree with many. "Good" is no longer good when one's neighbour takes it into his mouth. And how could there ever be a "common good"! The word contradicts itself: what can be common has always but little value. In the end it must be as it is and always was: great things remain for the great, abysses for the deep, delicacies and shudders for the subtle, and, all in all and in brief, everything rare for the rare. -

44.

Need I still say expressly, after all this, that they too will be free, very free spirits, these philosophers of the future - as surely as they will not be merely free spirits, but something more, higher, greater and

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thoroughly different, which does not wish to be misjudged and mistaken for something else? But in saying this I feel almost as much towards them as towards ourselves, we who are their heralds and forerunners, we free spirits! - the obligation to blow away together an old, stupid prejudice and misunderstanding of us, which all too long, like a fog, has made the concept "free spirit" opaque. In all the countries of Europe, and in America too, there is now something that abuses this name, a very narrow, confined, chained-up kind of spirits who want roughly the opposite of what lies in our intentions and instincts - not to speak of the fact that, with regard to those new philosophers who are coming up, they must be all the more closed windows and bolted doors. They belong, briefly and badly, among the levellers, these falsely so-called "free spirits" - as eloquent and scribbling-fingered slaves of democratic taste and its "modern ideas": all of them men without solitude, without a solitude of their own, clumsy good fellows to whom neither courage nor respectable manners should be denied, only that they are, precisely, unfree and laughably superficial, above all in their fundamental inclination to see in the forms of the old society that has existed hitherto roughly the cause of all human misery and failure: whereby truth happily comes to stand on its head! What they would strive for with all their strength is the universal green-pasture happiness of the herd, with security, safety, comfort, ease of life for everyone; their two most abundantly sung songs and doctrines are called "equality of rights" and "sympathy for all that suffers" - and suffering itself is taken by them as something that must be abolished. We opposite ones, who have opened an eye and a conscience for the question where and how the plant "man" has hitherto grown most vigorously to a height, believe that this has happened every time under the opposite conditions, that for this the dangerousness of his situation first had to grow to the monstrous, his power of invention and dissimulation (his "spirit" -) had to develop under long pressure and constraint into subtlety and daring, his will to life had to

be intensified into an unconditional will to power: - we believe that hardness, violence, slavery, danger in the street and in the heart, concealment, stoicism, the art of temptation and devilry of every kind, that everything evil, terrible, tyrannical, predatory and serpentine in man serves the elevation of the species "man" as well as its opposite does: - indeed we do not even say enough when we say only this much, and in any case we find ourselves, with our speaking and our silence at this point, at the other end of all modern ideology and herd desirability: as its antipodes perhaps? What wonder that we "free spirits" are not exactly the most communicative of spirits? that we do not wish to betray in every respect from what a spirit can make itself free and whither it may then perhaps be driven? And as for what is meant by the dangerous formula "beyond good and evil", with which we at least guard ourselves against being mistaken for others: we are something other than "libres-penseurs", "liberi pensatori", "free-thinkers" and whatever all these good advocates of "modern ideas" like to call themselves. At home in many countries of the spirit, or at least having been guests there; having slipped away again and again from the musty, pleasant corners into which predilection and prejudice, youth, descent, the chance of men and books, or even the weariness of wandering seemed to have banished us; full of malice against the lures of dependence that lie hidden in honours, or money, or offices, or enthusiasms of the senses; grateful even to distress and to illness rich in changes, because it always freed us from some rule and its "prejudice", grateful to God, devil, sheep and worm in us, curious to the point of vice, investigators to the point of cruelty, with unhesitating fingers for the ungraspable, with teeth and stomachs for the most indigestible, ready for every craft that demands acuteness and acute senses, ready for every venture, thanks to a surplus of "free will", with fore-souls and back-souls into whose ultimate intentions no one easily sees, with foregrounds and backgrounds to whose end no foot may run, hidden ones under the cloaks of light, conquerors, though we

look like heirs and squanderers, arrangers and collectors from morning till evening, misers of our riches and our crammed drawers, thrifty in learning and forgetting, inventive in schemata, sometimes proud of tables of categories, sometimes pedants, sometimes night owls of work even in broad daylight; yes, when need be, even scarecrows - and today there is need: inasmuch, namely, as we are the born, sworn, jealous friends of solitude, of our own deepest, most midnightly, most middaily solitude: - such a kind of men are we, we free spirits! and perhaps you too are something of this, you who are coming? you new philosophers? -

Part Three:

The Religious Nature.

45.

The human soul and its limits, the range of inner human experience attained thus far, the heights, depths and distances of these experiences, the whole history of the soul up to now and its as yet undrunk possibilities: this is the predestined hunting ground for a born psychologist and lover of the "great hunt." But how often must he say to himself in despair: "one alone! alas, only one alone! and this great forest, this primeval forest!" And so he wishes for a few hundred beaters and fine learned bloodhounds that he could drive into the history of the human soul, there to round up his game. In vain: again and again he finds out, thoroughly and bitterly, how hard it is to find helpers and hounds for all the things that most excite his curiosity. The trouble with sending scholars into new and dangerous hunting grounds, where courage, prudence and subtlety in every sense are needed, lies in this: that they cease to be of use precisely where the "great hunt," but also the great danger, begins: - precisely there they lose their keen eye and their keen nose. To divine and establish, for example, what sort of history the problem of knowledge and conscience has had so far in the soul of the homines religiosi, one would perhaps have to be oneself as deep, as wounded, as monstrous as was Pascal's intellectual conscience: and even then one would still need that outspread heaven of bright, malicious spirituality which could survey from above this swarm of dangerous and painful experiences, order it, force it into formulas. - But who would do me this service! But who would have time to wait for such servants! - they evidently grow too rarely, they are at all times so improbable! In the end one

must do everything oneself in order to know a few things oneself: that is to say, one has much to do! - But a curiosity of my kind remains, after all, the most agreeable of all vices, - pardon me! I meant to say: the love of truth has its reward in heaven, and already on earth. -

46.

Faith, such as earliest Christianity demanded and not seldom attained, in the midst of a sceptical and southerly free-spirited world that had behind it and within it a centuries-long struggle of philosophical schools, add to this the education in tolerance which the imperium Romanum provided, - this faith is not that guileless and gruff subject's faith with which, say, a Luther or a Cromwell or some other northern barbarian of the spirit clung to their God and their Christianity; much rather it is that faith of Pascal's, which in a dreadful way resembles a continual suicide of reason, - of a tough, long-lived, wormlike reason that cannot be killed all at once and with a single blow. The Christian faith is from the beginning sacrifice: sacrifice of all freedom, all pride, all self-assurance of the spirit; at the same time enslavement and self-mockery, self-mutilation. There is cruelty and religious Phoenicianism in this faith, which is expected of a worn-down, manifold and much-pampered conscience: its presupposition is that the subjugation of the spirit hurts indescribably, that the whole past and habit of such a spirit resists the absurdissimum in the guise of which "faith" confronts it. Modern men, with their dullness toward all Christian nomenclature, no longer feel the gruesome superlative that lay, for an ancient taste, in the paradox of the formula "God on the cross." Never and nowhere until now has there been an equal boldness in reversal, anything so dreadful, questioning and questionable as this formula: it promised a revaluation of all ancient values. - It is the Orient, the deep Orient, it is the Oriental slave who in this way took revenge on Rome and its noble and frivolous toler-

ance, on the Roman "catholicism" of faith: - and it was always not faith but freedom from faith, that half-Stoic and smiling unconcern with the seriousness of faith, that outraged the slaves in their masters, against their masters. "Enlightenment" outrages: for the slave wants the unconditional, he understands only what is tyrannical, in morality too, he loves as he hates, without nuance, to the depths, to the point of pain, to the point of sickness, - his much hidden suffering rebels against the noble taste that seems to deny suffering. Scepticism toward suffering, at bottom merely an attitude of aristocratic morality, had not the least share, too, in the origin of the last great slave revolt, which began with the French Revolution.

47.

Wherever on earth the religious neurosis has appeared until now, we find it linked with three dangerous dietary prescriptions: solitude, fasting and sexual abstinence, - yet without its being possible to decide with certainty what is cause here and what effect, and whether any relation of cause and effect is present here at all. This last doubt is justified by the fact that among its most regular symptoms, among savage as among tame peoples, is also the most sudden and extravagant voluptuousness, which then, just as suddenly, turns into penitential convulsions and the denial of world and will: both perhaps interpretable as masked epilepsy? But nowhere should one more refrain from interpretations: around no type has such an abundance of nonsense and superstition grown up until now, none seems to have interested men, even philosophers, more, - it would be time here precisely to grow a little cold, to learn caution, better still: to look away, to go away. - Even in the background of the most recent philosophy, Schopenhauer's, there stands, almost as the problem in itself, this gruesome question mark of religious crisis and awakening. How is denial of the will possible? how is the saint possible? - this really

seems to have been the question with which Schopenhauer became a philosopher and began. And so it was a genuinely Schopenhauerian consequence that his most convinced adherent (perhaps also his last, as far as Germany is concerned -), namely Richard Wagner, brought his own life's work to its conclusion precisely here and at the very end presented that dreadful and eternal type on the stage as Kundry, type vécu, in the flesh and to the life; at the same time as the alienists of almost every country in Europe had occasion to study it at close range, wherever the religious neurosis - or, as I call it, "the religious nature" - made its latest epidemic outbreak and parade as the "Salvation Army." - But if one asks oneself what it actually was in the whole phenomenon of the saint that has been so unrestrainedly interesting to men of every kind and age, philosophers included: it is beyond all doubt the appearance of the miraculous that clings to it, namely of the immediate succession of opposites, of states of the soul valued as morally opposed: here, it was believed, one could grasp with one's hands how a "bad man" became all at once a "saint," a good man. Psychology up to now suffered shipwreck at this point: might this not have happened chiefly because it had placed itself under the dominion of morality, because it itself believed in moral oppositions of value, and saw, read, interpreted these oppositions into the text and the facts? - What? The "miracle" merely an error of interpretation? A lack of philology? -

48.

It seems that their Catholicism belongs far more inwardly to the Latin races than the whole of Christianity in general belongs to us Northerners: and that consequently unbelief in Catholic countries signifies something quite different from what it does in Protestant ones - namely, a kind of rebellion against the spirit of the race, whereas with us it is rather a return to the spirit (or anti-spirit -) of the race. We

Northerners are undoubtedly descended from barbarian races, also with regard to our gift for religion: we are poorly gifted for it. One may except the Celts, who for that reason also furnished the best soil for receiving the Christian infection in the North: - in France the Christian ideal came into full bloom, so far as the pale sun of the North has permitted. How strangely pious, to our taste, are even these latest French skeptics, insofar as there is some Celtic blood in their descent! How Catholic, how un-German Auguste Comte's sociology smells to us, with its Roman logic of the instincts! How Jesuitical that amiable and clever cicerone of Port-Royal, Sainte-Beuve, for all his hostility to the Jesuits! And Ernest Renan above all: how inaccessible to us Northerners sounds the language of such a Renan, in whom at every moment some nothing of religious tension throws off its balance his soul, voluptuous in a refined sense and comfortably bedding itself down! Just repeat these beautiful sentences after him, - and what malice and high spirits at once stir in answer within our probably less beautiful and harder, that is to say more German, soul! -"disons donc hardiment que la religion est un produit de l'homme normal, que l'homme est le plus dans le vrai quand il est le plus religieux et le plus assuré d'une destinée infinie.... C'est quand il est bon qu'il veut que la vertu corresponde à un ordre éternel, c'est quand il contemple les choses d'une manière désintéressée qu'il trouve la mort révoltante et absurde. Comment ne pas supposer que c'est dans ces moments-là, que l'homme voit le mieux?...." These sentences are so utterly antipodal to my ears and habits that, when I came upon them, my first fury wrote beside them "la niaiserie religieuse par excellence!" - until my last fury even grew fond of them, these sentences with their truth stood on its head! It is so gracious, so distinguishing, to have one's own antipodes!

49.

What is astonishing about the religiosity of the ancient Greeks is the unbridled abundance of gratitude that streams from it: - it is a very noble kind of man that stands thus before nature and before life! - Later, when the rabble gains the upper hand in Greece, fear overgrows religion too; and Christianity was preparing itself.-

50.

The passion for God: there are peasantlike, trusting and importunate kinds, like Luther's, - the whole of Protestantism lacks the southern delicatezza. There is an Oriental being-beside-oneself in it, as in a slave undeservedly pardoned or elevated, for example in Augustine, who in an offensive manner lacks all nobility of gesture and desire. There is womanly tenderness and covetousness in it, which presses shamefacedly and unknowingly toward a unio mystica et physica: as in Madame de Guyon. In many cases it appears, strangely enough, as the disguise of the puberty of a girl or youth; here and there even as the hysteria of an old maid, also as her last ambition: - the Church has more than once already canonized the woman in such a case.

51.

Hitherto the most powerful men have always still bowed reverently before the saint, as before the riddle of self-conquest and deliberate final renunciation: why did they bow? They divined in him - and as it were behind the question mark of his frail and pitiful appearance - the superior force that wished to test itself in such a conquest, the strength of will in which they recognized again their own strength and lordly delight and knew how to honor it: they honored something in themselves when they honored the saint. Added to this, the sight of the saint inspired in them a suspicion: such a monstrosity of nega-

tion, of anti-nature, will not have been desired for nothing, so they said and asked themselves. Is there perhaps a reason for it, some very great danger, about which the ascetic, thanks to his secret comforters and visitors, might be better informed? Enough, the mighty of the world learned a new fear before him, they divined a new power, a strange, as yet unconquered enemy: - it was the "will to power" that compelled them to halt before the saint. They had to question him - -

52.

In the Jewish "Old Testament", the book of divine justice, there are men, things and speeches in so grand a style that Greek and Indian literature has nothing to set beside it. One stands with terror and reverence before these tremendous remnants of what man once was, and in doing so will have one's sad thoughts about ancient Asia and its little jutting peninsula Europe, which would by all means like to signify, as against Asia, the "progress of man". To be sure: whoever is himself only a thin, tame domestic animal and knows only the needs of a domestic animal (like our educated people of today, the Christians of "educated" Christianity included -), he has no cause either to marvel or, still less, to grieve amid those ruins - the taste for the Old Testament is a touchstone with regard to "great" and "small" -: perhaps he will still find the New Testament, the book of grace, rather more after his own heart (there is much in it of the real tender, musty odor of devotees and petty souls). To have glued this New Testament, a kind of rococo of taste in every respect, together with the Old Testament into one book, as the "Bible", as "the book in itself": that is perhaps the greatest audacity and "sin against the spirit" that literary Europe has on its conscience.

53.

Why atheism today? - "The father" in God has been thoroughly refuted; likewise "the judge", "the rewarder". Likewise his "free will": he does not hear, - and if he heard, he would still not know how to help. The worst of it is: he seems incapable of communicating himself clearly: is he unclear? - This is what I have found out, as causes for the decline of European theism, from many sorts of conversations, asking, listening; it seems to me that, though the religious instinct is indeed growing mightily, - it rejects precisely theistic satisfaction with profound mistrust.

54.

What, then, at bottom, is the whole of more recent philosophy doing? Since Descartes — and indeed more out of defiance against him than on the strength of his precedent — an assassination attempt has been made, on the part of all philosophers, upon the old concept of the soul, under the guise of a critique of the concepts of subject and predicate — that is to say: an assassination attempt upon the fundamental presupposition of Christian doctrine. More recent philosophy, as an epistemological skepticism, is, covertly or openly, anti-Christian: although, to say it for subtler ears, by no means anti-religious. For formerly one believed in "the soul" as one believed in grammar and in the grammatical subject: one said, "I" is condition, "think" is predicate and conditioned — thinking is an activity for which a subject must be thought of as cause. Then one tried, with an admirable tenacity and cunning, whether one might not get out of this net — whether perhaps the reverse might not be true: "think" the condition, "I" the conditioned; "I" thus only a synthesis which is made by thinking itself. Kant wanted at bottom to prove that, starting from the subject, the subject could not be proved — nor could the object: the possibility of an apparent existence of the subject, that is, of "the soul", may not

always have been foreign to him, that thought which, as Vedanta philosophy, has already once been present on earth, and with tremendous power.

55.

There is a great ladder of religious cruelty, with many rungs; but three of them are the most important. Once men sacrificed human beings to their god, perhaps precisely those whom they loved best — to this belong the firstling sacrifices of all prehistoric religions, to this also the sacrifice of the Emperor Tiberius in the Mithras grotto on the isle of Capri, that most gruesome of all Roman anachronisms. Then, in the moral epoch of mankind, men sacrificed to their god the strongest instincts they possessed, their "nature"; this festive joy gleams in the cruel gaze of the ascetic, the enraptured "anti-natural". Finally: what was still left to sacrifice? Did one not at last have to sacrifice everything comforting, holy, healing, all hope, all faith in hidden harmony, in future blisses and justices? did one not have to sacrifice God himself and, out of cruelty against oneself, worship the stone, stupidity, gravity, fate, nothingness? To sacrifice God for nothingness — this paradoxical mystery of the ultimate cruelty was reserved for the generation that is just now coming up: all of us already know something of it. —

56.

Whoever, like me, has long striven, with some enigmatic craving, to think pessimism through to its depths and to redeem it from the half-Christian, half-German narrowness and simplicity in which it has latterly presented itself to this century, namely in the form of the Schopenhauerian philosophy; whoever has really once looked, with an Asiatic and supra-Asiatic eye, into and down into the most world-denying of all possible modes of thought — beyond good and evil, and

no longer, like Buddha and Schopenhauer, under the spell and delusion of morality — has perhaps by that very act, without really wanting to, opened his eyes to the opposite ideal: to the ideal of the most high-spirited, most alive and most world-affirming man, who has not only come to terms with and learned to bear what was and is, but wants to have it again, just as it was and is, out into all eternity, insatiably calling da capo, not only to himself but to the whole play and spectacle, and not only to a spectacle, but at bottom to Him who has need of precisely this spectacle — and makes it needful: because he ever again has need of himself — and makes himself needful — — What? And this would not be — circulus vitiosus deus?

57.

With the strength of his spiritual sight and insight, distance, and as it were space, grows around man: his world becomes deeper, ever new stars, ever new riddles and images come into his view. Perhaps everything on which the eye of the spirit has exercised its acuteness and profundity was merely an occasion for its exercise, a matter of play, something for children and childish heads. Perhaps the most solemn concepts, over which the most has been fought and suffered, the concepts "God" and "sin", will one day seem to us no more important than a child's toy and a child's pain seem to an old man — and perhaps "the old man" will then have need once more of another toy and another pain — still child enough, an eternal child!

58.

Has it indeed been observed to what extent a genuinely religious life (both its favourite microscopic labour of self-examination and that tender composure which calls itself "prayer" and is a constant readiness for the "coming of God") requires outward idleness or half-idleness, I mean idleness with a good conscience, idleness of long stand-

ing, by blood, to which the aristocratic feeling is not wholly foreign that work dishonours, - that is, makes soul and body common? And that consequently the modern, noisy, time-buying, self-proud, stupidly proud industriousness, more than anything else, educates and prepares precisely for "unbelief"? Among those who, for example, now live apart from religion in Germany, I find men of many kinds and lineages of "freethinking", but above all a majority of those in whom industriousness, from generation to generation, has dissolved the religious instincts: so that they no longer know at all what religions are good for, and merely register, as it were, their existence in the world with a kind of dull astonishment. They feel themselves amply claimed already, these good people, whether by their business or by their pleasures, not to speak of the "fatherland" and the newspapers and "the duties of the family": it seems they have no time at all left over for religion, especially as it remains unclear to them whether it concerns a new business or a new pleasure, - for it is impossible, they tell themselves, that one goes to church merely to spoil one's good mood. They are no enemies of religious customs; should participation in such customs be demanded in certain cases, say on the part of the state, they do what is demanded, as one does so many things -, with a patient and modest seriousness and without much curiosity or discomfort: - they simply live too much apart and outside to find even a For and Against in such matters necessary within themselves. To these indifferent ones belong today the majority of German Protestants of the middle classes, especially in the industrious great centres of trade and commerce; likewise the majority of industrious scholars and the whole university appurtenance (theologians excepted, whose existence and possibility there gives the psychologist ever more and ever subtler riddles to guess). Pious or even merely churchly people seldom form any idea of how much good will, one might say wilful will, is now required for a German scholar to take the problem of religion seriously; from his whole trade (and, as I said, from the

craftsmanlike industriousness to which his modern conscience obliges him) he inclines toward a superior, almost kindly cheerfulness toward religion, with which a slight disdain is at times mixed, directed against the "uncleanliness" of spirit which he presupposes wherever one still professes oneself of the church. Only with the help of history (thus not from his personal experience) does the scholar succeed in bringing himself to a reverent seriousness and a certain shy consideration toward religions; but even when he has raised his feeling as far as gratitude toward them, he has not in his own person come a single step closer to what still exists as church or piety: perhaps the reverse. The practical indifference toward religious things into which he was born and raised tends in him to sublimate itself into a caution and cleanliness that shuns contact with religious men and things; and it may be precisely the depth of his tolerance and humanity that bids him evade the subtle predicament which tolerating itself brings with it. - Every age has its own divine kind of naïveté, for whose invention other ages may envy it: - and how much naïveté, venerable, childlike and boundlessly clumsy naïveté lies in this scholar's belief in his superiority, in the good conscience of his tolerance, in the unsuspecting simple certainty with which his instinct treats the religious man as an inferior and lower type, beyond, above and past which he himself has grown, - he, the little presumptuous dwarf and rabble-man, the diligent-nimble head- and hand-worker of "ideas", of "modern ideas"!

59.

Whoever has looked deeply into the world surely guesses what wisdom lies in the fact that men are superficial. It is their preserving instinct that teaches them to be fleeting, light and false. Here and there one finds a passionate and exaggerated worship of "pure forms", among philosophers as among artists: let no one doubt that whoever

needs the cult of the surface in this way has at some time made an unhappy reach beneath it. Perhaps there is even an order of rank with regard to these burnt children, the born artists, who find the enjoyment of life only in the intention of falsifying its image (as if in a protracted revenge on life -): one could gauge the degree to which life has been spoiled for them by how far they wish to see its image falsified, thinned out, made otherworldly, deified, - one could count the homines religiosi among the artists, as their highest rank. It is the deep, suspicious fear of an incurable pessimism that compels whole millennia to bite fast with their teeth into a religious interpretation of existence: the fear of that instinct which divines that one might get hold of the truth too soon, before man has become strong enough, hard enough, artist enough.... Piety, the "life in God", regarded with this eye, would then appear as the subtlest and final offspring of the fear of truth, as artist's worship and intoxication before the most consistent of all falsifications, as the will to the reversal of truth, to untruth at any price. Perhaps there has until now been no stronger means of beautifying man himself than precisely piety: through it man can become so much art, surface, play of colours, goodness, that one no longer suffers at the sight of him. -

60.

To love man for God's sake - that has so far been the noblest and most remote feeling attained among men. That love of man without some sanctifying ulterior purpose is one more stupidity and brutishness, that the inclination to this love of man must first receive its measure, its refinement, its grain of salt and speck of ambergris from a higher inclination: - whoever the man was who first felt and "experienced" this, however much his tongue may have stumbled as it tried to express such a delicacy, let him remain holy and venerable to us for all

time, as the man who has so far flown highest and gone astray most beautifully!

61.

The philosopher as we understand him, we free spirits, as the man of the most comprehensive responsibility, who has the conscience for the collective development of man: this philosopher will make use of religions for his work of breeding and education, just as he will make use of the political and economic conditions of the day. The selecting, breeding influence, that is to say, always the destructive as much as the creative and shaping influence which can be exercised with the help of religions, is manifold and various according to the sort of men who are placed under their spell and protection. For the strong, the independent, those prepared and predestined to command, in whom the reason and art of a governing race become incarnate, religion is one more means of overcoming resistances, of being able to rule: as a bond that binds rulers and subjects together and betrays and delivers over to the former the consciences of the latter, their hidden and innermost part, which would gladly withdraw itself from obedience; and should individual natures of such noble descent, through high spirituality, incline towards a more withdrawn and contemplative life and reserve for themselves only the most refined kind of ruling (over chosen disciples or brethren of an order), then religion can itself be used as a means of securing quiet from the noise and toil of cruder governing, and purity from the necessary filth of all politics-making. Thus, for example, the Brahmins understood it: with the help of a religious organization they gave themselves the power to appoint kings for the people, while they themselves kept and felt themselves apart and outside, as men of higher and more than kingly tasks. Meanwhile religion also gives to a portion of the ruled guidance and opportunity to prepare themselves for future ruling and commanding, namely

those slowly ascending classes and estates in which, through fortunate marriage customs, the strength and delight of the will, the will to self-mastery, is ever on the rise: - to them religion offers impulses and temptations enough to walk the paths to higher spirituality, to try out the feelings of great self-overcoming, of silence and of solitude: - asceticism and puritanism are almost indispensable means of education and ennoblement when a race wishes to become master over its origin in the rabble and works its way up towards future rule. To ordinary men, finally, the great majority, who exist for service and for the general utility and may exist only insofar as they do so, religion gives an inestimable contentment with their situation and kind, manifold peace of heart, an ennobling of obedience, one more happiness and sorrow shared with their equals, and something of transfiguration and beautification, something of justification of the whole everyday, the whole lowliness, the whole half-animal poverty of their soul. Religion and the religious significance of life lay sunshine upon such ever-tormented men and make even their own sight bearable to them; it works as an Epicurean philosophy is wont to work upon sufferers of a higher rank, refreshing, refining, as it were making use of suffering, at last even hallowing and justifying. Perhaps nothing in Christianity and Buddhism is so venerable as their art of teaching even the lowest to place themselves through piety in a higher apparent order of things, and thereby to hold fast within themselves their contentment with the real order, within which they live hard enough, - and precisely this hardness is needful!

62.

In the end, to be sure, in order also to draw up the grim counter-reckoning against such religions and to bring their uncanny dangerousness to light: - it is always paid for dearly and terribly when religions hold sway not as means of breeding and education in the hand of the

philosopher, but of their own accord and sovereignly, when they themselves wish to be final ends and not means alongside other means. Among men, as among every other species of animal, there is a surplus of the failed, the sick, the degenerating, the infirm, of those who necessarily suffer; the successful cases are, among men too, always the exception, and indeed, in view of the fact that man is the as yet undetermined animal, the rare exception. But worse still: the higher the type of man that a man represents, the more the improbability that he will turn out well increases: the accidental, the law of nonsense in the whole economy of mankind, shows itself most terribly in its destructive effect upon the higher men, whose conditions of life are subtle, manifold and difficult to calculate. How, then, do the two greatest religions named above conduct themselves toward this surplus of failed cases? They seek to preserve, to hold fast in life whatever can in any way be held, indeed they take sides with them on principle, as religions for sufferers; they grant that all those are in the right who suffer from life as from a sickness, and they would like to bring it about that every other feeling about life should count as false and become impossible. However highly one may rate this sparing and preserving care, inasmuch as, alongside all the others, it is and was bestowed also upon the highest type of man, hitherto almost always the most suffering type as well: in the overall reckoning, the religions that have existed hitherto, namely the sovereign ones, belong among the chief causes that have kept the type "man" fixed at a lower level, - they preserved too much of what ought to have perished. We have inestimable things to thank them for; and who is rich enough in gratitude not to become poor before all that the "spiritual men" of Christianity, for example, have hitherto done for Europe! And yet, when they gave comfort to the suffering, courage to the oppressed and despairing, a staff and support to the dependent, and lured the inwardly shattered and those grown wild away from society into monasteries and penitentiaries of the soul: what else did they

have to do in order to work, with a good conscience and on principle in this fashion, at the preservation of everything sick and suffering, which is to say, in deed and in truth, at the deterioration of the European race? Stand all valuations on their head - that is what they had to do! And break the strong, sickly o'er the great hopes, cast suspicion on happiness in beauty, bend everything self-glorious, manly, conquering, domineering, all the instincts that belong to the highest and best-constituted type "man", into uncertainty, distress of conscience, self-destruction, indeed invert the whole love of the earthly and of dominion over the earth into hatred of the earth and the earthly - this is the task the Church set itself and had to set itself, until at last, in its estimation, "unworldliness", "unsensuousness" and "higher man" fused together into a single feeling. Supposing one were able to survey the strangely painful and equally coarse and subtle comedy of European Christianity with the mocking and uninvolved eye of an Epicurean god, I believe one would never come to the end of one's astonishment and laughter: does it not seem, then, that a single will ruled over Europe for eighteen centuries, the will to make of man a sublime monstrosity? But whoever approached, with the opposite needs, no longer Epicurean but with some divine hammer in his hand, this almost wilful degeneration and stunting of man that the Christian European is (Pascal, for example), would he not have to cry out with fury, with pity, with horror: "Oh you dolts, you presumptuous, pitying dolts, what have you done here! Was that a work for your hands! How you have botched and bungled my most beautiful stone! What did you presume to do!" - I meant to say: Christianity has hitherto been the most fateful kind of self-presumption. Men not high and hard enough to be permitted to shape man as artists; men not strong and far-sighted enough to let, with a sublime self-mastery, the foreground law of thousandfold failure and perishing hold sway; men not noble enough to see the abysmally different order of rank and chasm of rank between man and man: - such men, with their "equal

before God", have hitherto held sway over the destiny of Europe, until at last a diminished, almost ridiculous species, a herd animal, something good-natured, sickly and mediocre has been bred, the European of today....

Fourth Part:

Maxims and Interludes.

63.

Whoever is a teacher from the ground up takes all things seriously only in relation to his pupils, - even himself.

64.

"Knowledge for its own sake" - that is the last snare that morality lays: with it one becomes entangled in morality completely once more.

65.

The allure of knowledge would be slight if there were not so much shame to overcome on the way to it.

65 a.

One is most dishonest toward one's God: he is not allowed to sin!

66.

The inclination to demean oneself, to let oneself be robbed, lied to and exploited, could be the shame of a god among men.

67.

Love of One is a barbarism: for it is practised at the expense of all others. Love of God as well.

68.

"I did that," says my memory. I cannot have done that - says my pride, and remains inexorable. At last - memory yields.

69.

One has watched life poorly if one has not also seen the hand that, in a considerate fashion - kills.

70.

If one has character, one also has one's typical experience, which recurs again and again.

71.

The sage as astronomer. - As long as you still feel the stars as something "above you," you still lack the gaze of one who knows.

72.

It is not the strength but the duration of lofty feeling that makes lofty men.

73.

Whoever attains his ideal by that very fact goes beyond it.

73 a.

Many a peacock hides his peacock's tail from all eyes - and calls it his pride.

74.

A man of genius is unbearable unless he possesses at least two further things besides: gratitude and cleanliness.

75.

The degree and kind of a person's sexuality reaches up into the very topmost summit of his spirit.

76.

In peaceful circumstances the warlike man falls upon himself.

77.

With one's principles one seeks to tyrannize one's habits, or justify them, or honour them, or abuse them, or conceal them: - two men with the same principles probably want something fundamentally different with them.

78.

Whoever despises himself still, all the while, respects himself as a despiser.

79.

A soul that knows itself loved but does not itself love betrays its sediment: - its lowest rises to the top.

80.

A thing that is cleared up ceases to concern us. - What did that god mean who counselled: "know thyself"! Did it perhaps mean: "cease to

concern yourself! become objective!" - And Socrates? - And the "man of science"? -

81.

It is dreadful to die of thirst at sea. Must you then salt your truth so heavily that it no longer even - quenches thirst?

82.

"Pity for all" - would be harshness and tyranny toward you, my good neighbour! -

83.

Instinct. - When the house is on fire, one forgets even one's dinner. - Yes: but one makes up for it afterwards on the ashes.

84.

Woman learns to hate in the same measure as she - unlearns how to charm.

85.

The same affects in man and woman are nonetheless different in tempo: that is why man and woman never cease to misunderstand each other.

86.

Behind all their personal vanity, women themselves still always harbour their impersonal contempt - for "woman".

87.

Bound heart, free spirit. - If one binds one's heart hard and takes it captive, one can allow one's spirit many liberties: I have said this once before. But people do not believe me, assuming they do not already know it.....

88.

One begins to mistrust very clever persons when they become embarrassed.

89.

Dreadful experiences make one wonder whether he who experiences them is not himself something dreadful.

90.

Heavy, melancholy people become lighter precisely through what makes others heavy, through hatred and love, and for a time come up to their surface.

91.

So cold, so icy, that one burns one's fingers on him! Every hand that touches him recoils in fright! - And precisely for that reason some take him to be red-hot.

92.

Who has not at some time sacrificed - himself for the sake of his good reputation? -

93.

In affability there is nothing of hatred for men, but for that very reason all too much contempt for men.

94.

A man's maturity: that means having rediscovered the seriousness one had as a child, at play.

95.

To be ashamed of one's immorality: that is a step on the staircase at whose end one is ashamed of one's morality as well.

96.

One should part from life as Odysseus parted from Nausicaa, - more in blessing than in love.

97.

What? A great man? I always see only the actor of his own ideal.

98.

When one trains one's conscience, it kisses us even as it bites.

99.

The disappointed one speaks. - "I listened for an echo, and I heard only praise -"

100.

Before ourselves we all pretend to be simpler than we are: in this way we rest from our fellow men.

101. Today a man of knowledge might easily feel himself to be God become animal.

102.

Discovering that one's love is returned ought really to sober the lover about the beloved. "What? it is modest enough to love even you? Or stupid enough? Or - or -"

103.

The danger in happiness. - "Now everything turns out for the best for me, from now on I love every fate: - who has a mind to be my fate?"

104.

Not their love of mankind but the impotence of their love of mankind prevents the Christians of today from - burning us.

105.

To the free spirit, to the "devotee of knowledge" - the pia fraus goes even more against his taste (against his "piety") than the impia fraus. Hence his profound incomprehension of the Church, as belongs to the type "free spirit" - as his unfreedom.

106.

By means of music the passions enjoy themselves.

107.

Once the decision has been made, to close one's ear even to the best counter-argument: sign of a strong character. Hence an occasional will to stupidity.

108.

There are no moral phenomena at all, but only a moral interpretation of phenomena.....

109.

Often enough the criminal is not equal to his deed: he belittles and slanders it.

110.

The advocates of a criminal are seldom artists enough to turn the beautiful terribleness of the deed to the advantage of its doer.

111.

Our vanity is hardest to wound precisely when our pride has just been wounded.

112.

Whoever feels himself predestined to beholding and not to believing finds all believers too noisy and importunate: he fends them off.

113.

"You want to win him over? Then act embarrassed before him -"

114.

The enormous expectation regarding sexual love, and the shame in this expectation, spoils all perspectives for women from the very outset.

115.

Where neither love nor hatred is in play, woman plays a mediocre game.

116.

The great epochs of our life lie where we gain the courage to rechristen our evil as our best.

117.

The will to overcome an affect is ultimately, after all, only the will of another affect, or of several others.

118.

There is an innocence of admiration: he has it to whom it has not yet occurred that he too might someday be admired.

119.

Disgust at filth can be so great that it prevents us from cleansing ourselves, - from "justifying" ourselves.

120.

Sensuality often hurries the growth of love, so that the root remains weak and is easily torn out.

121.

It is a subtlety that God learned Greek when he wanted to become an author - and that he did not learn it better.

122.

To rejoice in praise is, with many, merely a courtesy of the heart - and the very opposite of a vanity of the spirit.

123.

Concubinage too has been corrupted: - by marriage.

124.

Whoever still exults at the stake triumphs not over pain but over feeling no pain where he expected it. A parable.

125.

When we have to change our minds about someone, we hold the inconvenience he thereby causes us harshly against him.

126.

A people is nature's roundabout way of arriving at six or seven great men. — Yes: and then of getting round them.

127.

For all proper women, science goes against their shame. They feel as though one wished thereby to peer under their skin — worse still! under their dress and finery.

128.

The more abstract the truth you wish to teach, the more you must still seduce the senses toward it.

129.

The devil has the widest perspectives on God, and that is why he keeps himself so far from him: — the devil, that is, as the oldest friend of knowledge.

130.

What someone is begins to betray itself when his talent flags — when he ceases to show what he can do. Talent too is an adornment; an adornment too is a hiding place.

131.

The sexes deceive themselves about each other: this comes from their honoring and loving, at bottom, only themselves (or their own ideal, to put it more pleasingly —). Thus man wants woman peaceable — but woman is precisely, in her essence, unpeaceable, like the cat, however well she has practised the semblance of peace.

132.

One is punished best for one's virtues.

133.

He who cannot find the way to his ideal lives more frivolously and more impudently than the man without an ideal.

134.

From the senses alone comes all credibility, all good conscience, all the visible evidence of truth.

135.

Pharisaism is not a degeneration in the good man: a good portion of it is rather the condition of all being-good.

136.

The one seeks a midwife for his thoughts, the other someone whom he can help: thus a good conversation comes about.

137.

In dealings with scholars and artists one easily miscalculates in the opposite direction: behind a remarkable scholar one not infrequently finds a mediocre human being, and behind a mediocre artist, quite often even — a very remarkable human being.

138.

We do the same waking as dreaming: we first invent and make up the person with whom we have dealings — and promptly forget that we did so.

139.

In revenge and in love woman is more barbarous than man.

140.

Counsel as riddle. — "Lest the cord should come apart, — bite upon it, for a start."

141.

The belly is the reason why man does not so easily take himself for a god.

142.

The chastest saying I have ever heard: "Dans le véritable amour c'est l'âme, qui enveloppe le corps."

143.

Whatever we do best, our vanity would like to have counted precisely as that which comes hardest to us. On the origin of many a morality.

144.

When a woman has scholarly inclinations, there is usually something not in order with her sexuality. Barrenness alone predisposes to a certain masculinity of taste; for man is, by your leave, "the barren animal".

145.

Comparing man and woman as a whole, one may say: woman would not have the genius for adornment if she did not have the instinct for the second role.

146.

Whoever battles with monsters had better take care that he does not in the process become a monster himself. And when you look long into an abyss, the abyss looks into you as well.

147.

From old Florentine novellas, and moreover — from life: buona femmina e mala femmina vuol bastone. Sacchetti Nov. 86.

148.

To seduce one's neighbor into a good opinion and afterwards to believe devoutly in this opinion of one's neighbor: who can match women in this art? —

149.

What an age perceives as evil is usually an untimely after-echo of what was once perceived as good — the atavism of an older ideal.

150.

Around the hero everything turns into tragedy, around the demigod everything into satyr play; and around God everything turns into — what? perhaps into "world"? —

151.

To have a talent is not enough: one must also have your permission for it — eh? my friends?

152.

"Where the tree of knowledge stands, there is always paradise": so speak the oldest and the youngest serpents.

153.

Whatever is done out of love always takes place beyond good and evil.

154.

Objection, the sidestep, cheerful mistrust, the delight in mockery are signs of health: everything unconditional belongs to pathology.

155.

The sense for the tragic waxes and wanes with sensuality.

156.

Madness is something rare in individuals — but in groups, parties, peoples, ages, it is the rule.

157.

The thought of suicide is a powerful comfort: with it one gets safely through many a bad night.

158.

To our strongest drive, the tyrant in us, not only our reason submits but our conscience as well.

159.

One must repay, good and ill alike: but why precisely to the person who did us good or ill?

160.

One no longer loves one's knowledge enough once one communicates it.

161.

Poets are shameless toward their experiences: they exploit them.

162.

"Our neighbor is not the man next door, but the man next door to him" — so thinks every people.

163.

Love brings to light the lofty and hidden qualities of a lover — what is rare and exceptional in him: to that extent it easily deceives as to what is the rule in him.

164.

Jesus said to his Jews: "The law was for servants — love God as I love him, as his son! What is morality to us sons of God!" —

165.

In view of every party. — A shepherd always needs a bellwether besides — or else he must now and then be a wether himself.

166.

One may well lie with one's mouth; but with the face one pulls while doing so, one still tells the truth.

167.

In hard men tenderness is a matter of shame — and something precious.

168.

Christianity gave Eros poison to drink: — he did not die of it, to be sure, but degenerated, into vice.

169.

Talking much about oneself can also be a means of hiding oneself.

170.

There is more importunity in praise than in blame.

171.

Pity in a man of knowledge seems almost laughable, like delicate hands on a Cyclops.

172.

Out of love of mankind one sometimes embraces just anybody (because one cannot embrace everybody): but this is precisely what one must not betray to that anybody.....

173.

One does not hate so long as one still holds in low esteem, but only when one esteems as equal or higher.

174.

You utilitarians, you too love everything utile only as a vehicle for your inclinations — you too really find the clatter of its wheels unbearable?

175.

In the end one loves one's desire, and not what is desired.

176.

The vanity of others goes against our taste only when it goes against our vanity.

177.

About what "truthfulness" is, perhaps no one has yet been truthful enough.

178.

Clever people are not believed when it comes to their follies: what a forfeiture of human rights!

179.

The consequences of our actions seize us by the scruff of the neck, quite indifferent to the fact that we have in the meantime "reformed".

180.

There is an innocence in lying which is the sign of good faith in a cause.

181.

It is inhuman to bless where one is being cursed.

182.

The familiarity of a superior embitters, because it may not be returned. —

183.

"Not that you lied to me, but that I no longer believe you — that is what has shaken me." —

184.

There is an exuberance of kindness that looks like malice.

185.

"I don't like him." — Why? — "I am no match for him." — Has any man ever answered so?

Fifth Part:

On the Natural History of Morals.

186.

Moral feeling in Europe is now just as fine, late, manifold, irritable, refined, as the "science of morals" belonging to it is still young, beginnerish, clumsy and coarse-fingered: - an attractive contrast, which at times becomes visible and incarnate in the very person of a moralist. Even the term "science of morals" is, in respect of what it designates, far too arrogant and contrary to good taste: which is always wont to be a foretaste for the more modest words. One ought, in all strictness, to admit to oneself what is still needed here for a long time to come, what alone is justified for the present: namely the collection of material, the conceptual grasp and arrangement of an immense realm of delicate feelings of value and distinctions of value, which live, grow, beget and perish, - and, perhaps, attempts to make vivid the recurring and more frequent formations of this living crystallization, - as preparation for a typology of morals. To be sure: hitherto one has not been so modest. The philosophers, one and all, demanded of themselves, with a stiff seriousness that provokes laughter, something very much higher, more pretentious, more solemn, as soon as they concerned themselves with morals as a science: they wanted the grounding of morals, - and every philosopher hitherto has believed he had grounded morals; morality itself, however, was regarded as "given". How far from their clumsy pride lay that task of description, seemingly insignificant and left to dust and mould, although for it even the finest hands and senses could hardly be fine enough! Precisely because the moral philosophers knew the moral facta only crudely, in an arbitrary extract or as a chance abridgement, say as the

morality of their surroundings, their class, their church, their spirit of the age, their climate and region of the earth, - precisely because they were poorly informed about peoples, ages, pasts, and were themselves little eager to know, they never caught sight of the real problems of morals at all: - which all emerge only from a comparison of many moralities. In all "science of morals" hitherto, strange as it may sound, the problem of morality itself was still lacking: what was lacking was any suspicion that there was something problematic here. What the philosophers called "the grounding of morals" and demanded of themselves was, seen in the right light, only a learned form of good faith in the prevailing morality, a new means of its expression, thus a state of affairs itself within a particular morality, indeed even, in the last analysis, a kind of denial that this morality might be conceived as a problem: - and in any case the opposite of an examination, dissection, questioning, vivisection of precisely this faith. Listen, for example, with what almost venerable innocence even Schopenhauer still presents his own task, and draw your conclusions about the scientific character of a "science" whose latest masters still talk like children and little old women: - "the principle," he says (p. 136 of the Basic Problems of Morality), "the fundamental proposition on whose content all ethicists are really agreed; neminem laede, immo omnes, quantum potes, juva - that is really the proposition which all teachers of morals strive to ground.... the real foundation of ethics, which has been sought for millennia like the philosopher's stone." - The difficulty of grounding the proposition cited may indeed be great - as is well known, Schopenhauer too did not succeed in it -; and whoever has once felt thoroughly how insipidly false and sentimental this proposition is, in a world whose essence is will to power -, may let himself be reminded that Schopenhauer, although a pessimist, actually - played the flute.... Daily, after dinner: read his biographer on the matter. And, asked in passing: a pessimist, a denier of God and the world, who halts before morality, - who says Yes to morality and plays

the flute, to laede-neminem morality: what? is that really - a pessimist?

187.

Quite apart from the value of such assertions as "there is a categorical imperative in us", one can still always ask: what does such an assertion say about the one who asserts it? There are moralities which are meant to justify their author before others; other moralities are meant to calm him and make him content with himself; with others he wants to nail himself to the cross and humble himself; with others he wants to wreak revenge, with others to hide himself, with others to transfigure himself and set himself beyond, into the heights and the distance; this morality serves its author in order to forget, that one in order to make himself or something about himself forgotten; many a moralist would like to exercise power and creative caprice upon mankind; many another, perhaps Kant in particular, gives one to understand with his morality: "what is worthy of respect in me is that I can obey, - and with you it shall be no different than with me!" - in short, moralities too are only a sign language of the affects.

188.

Every morality is, in contrast to laisser aller, a piece of tyranny against "nature", and against "reason" too: but that is as yet no objection to it, unless one were again to decree, from the standpoint of some morality or other, that every kind of tyranny and unreason is impermissible. What is essential and inestimable in every morality is that it is a long compulsion: to understand Stoicism or Port-Royal or Puritanism, one may recall the compulsion under which every language has hitherto attained strength and freedom — the metrical compulsion, the tyranny of rhyme and rhythm. How much trouble the poets and orators of every people have given themselves! — not excepting some

prose writers of today, in whose ear there dwells an inexorable conscience — "for the sake of a folly", as utilitarian dolts say, who think themselves clever in saying so — "out of submissiveness to arbitrary laws", as the anarchists say, who fancy themselves "free" thereby, even free-spirited. The curious fact, however, is that everything there is or has been on earth of freedom, subtlety, boldness, dance and masterly assurance, whether in thinking itself, or in governing, or in speaking and persuading, in the arts just as in ethics, has developed only by virtue of the "tyranny of such arbitrary laws"; and in all seriousness, the probability is not slight that precisely this is "nature" and "natural" — and not that laisser aller! Every artist knows how far from the feeling of letting himself go his "most natural" state is, the free ordering, placing, disposing, shaping in the moments of "inspiration" — and how strictly and subtly he obeys, precisely then, thousandfold laws which mock all formulation in concepts precisely on account of their hardness and definiteness (even the firmest concept has, compared with them, something floating, manifold, ambiguous about it —). What is essential, "in heaven and on earth", as it seems, is, to say it once more, that there be obedience, long and in one direction: from this there always comes and has come in the long run something for whose sake it is worth living on earth, for example virtue, art, music, dance, reason, spirituality — something transfiguring, refined, mad and divine. The long unfreedom of the spirit, the mistrustful compulsion in the communicability of thoughts, the discipline which the thinker imposed upon himself to think within an ecclesiastical and courtly guideline or under Aristotelian presuppositions, the long spiritual will to interpret everything that happens according to a Christian scheme and to rediscover and justify the Christian God even in every accident — all this violence, arbitrariness, hardness, dreadfulness, anti-rationality has proved to be the means by which strength, ruthless curiosity and subtle agility were bred into the European spirit: granted that in the process an irreplaceable amount of force and spirit

likewise had to be crushed, stifled and ruined (for here as everywhere "nature" shows herself as she is, in all her prodigal and indifferent magnificence, which is outrageous, but noble). That for millennia European thinkers thought only in order to prove something — today, conversely, every thinker who "wants to prove something" is suspect to us —, that it was always already settled for them what was to come out as the result of their most rigorous reflection, rather as with Asiatic astrology of old, or as still today with the harmless Christian-moral interpretation of one's immediate personal experiences "to the glory of God" and "for the salvation of the soul": — this tyranny, this arbitrariness, this rigorous and grandiose stupidity has educated the spirit; slavery is, as it seems, in the cruder and in the subtler sense, the indispensable means of spiritual discipline and breeding as well. One may regard every morality in this light: it is the "nature" in it which teaches hatred of laisser aller, of all too great freedom, and implants the need for limited horizons, for the nearest tasks — which teaches the narrowing of perspective, and thus in a certain sense stupidity, as a condition of life and growth. "Thou shalt obey, someone or other, and for a long time: otherwise thou shalt perish and lose the last respect for thyself" — this seems to me to be the moral imperative of nature, which is, to be sure, neither "categorical", as old Kant demanded of it (hence the "otherwise" —), nor addressed to the individual (what does she care for the individual!), but rather to peoples, races, ages, estates, above all, however, to the whole animal "man", to man.

189.

The industrious races find it a great hardship to endure idleness: it was a masterstroke of the English instinct to hallow and to bore the Sunday to such a degree that the Englishman unwittingly grows hungry again for his week- and working-day: — as a kind of cleverly

devised, cleverly interpolated fast, such as is also abundantly to be observed in the ancient world (though, as is only fair among southern peoples, not precisely with regard to work —). There must be fasts of many kinds; and wherever powerful drives and habits hold sway, the lawgivers have to see to it that intercalary days are inserted, on which such a drive is put in chains and learns once again to hunger. Seen from a higher vantage, whole generations and ages, when they appear afflicted with some moral fanaticism or other, seem to be such interpolated periods of compulsion and fasting, during which a drive learns to cower and prostrate itself, but also to purify and sharpen itself; certain philosophical sects too (for example the Stoa in the midst of Hellenistic culture and its air, grown lascivious and overladen with aphrodisiac scents) permit an interpretation of this kind. — Herewith a hint is also given toward explaining that paradox: why it was precisely in the most Christian period of Europe, and in general only under the pressure of Christian value judgments, that the sexual drive sublimated itself into love (amour-passion).

190.

There is something in Plato's morality which does not really belong to Plato but is merely to be found in his philosophy, one might say, in spite of Plato: namely Socratism, for which he was really too noble. "No one wants to do himself harm, therefore all that is bad happens involuntarily. For the bad man inflicts harm upon himself: this he would not do if he knew that the bad is bad. Accordingly the bad man is bad only through an error; if one takes his error from him, one necessarily makes him — good." — This manner of reasoning smells of the rabble, which sees in bad action only the unpleasant consequences and really judges "it is stupid to act badly"; while it takes "good" to be identical with "useful and pleasant" without further ado. In the case of every utilitarianism in morality one may guess this

same origin from the outset and follow one's nose: one will seldom go astray. — Plato did everything to interpret something subtle and noble into his teacher's proposition, above all himself —, he, the most audacious of all interpreters, who took the whole Socrates only as a popular theme and folk song from the street, in order to vary it into the infinite and the impossible: namely into all his own masks and multiplicities. Speaking in jest, and Homerically at that: what is the Platonic Socrates, after all, if not prósthe Pláton opithén te Pláton mésse te Chímaira.

191.

The old theological problem of "faith" and "knowledge" - or, more plainly, of instinct and reason - that is, the question whether, with regard to the valuation of things, instinct deserves more authority than rationality, which wants things to be valued and acted upon according to reasons, according to a "Why?", that is, according to purposiveness and utility, - this is still that old moral problem as it first appeared in the person of Socrates and had divided spirits long before Christianity. Socrates himself, to be sure, with the taste of his talent - that of a superior dialectician - had at first taken the side of reason; and in truth, what did he do his whole life long but laugh at the awkward incapacity of his noble Athenians, who were men of instinct like all noble men and could never give adequate account of the reasons for their actions? In the end, however, quietly and secretly, he laughed at himself too: he found in himself, before his subtler conscience and self-examination, the same difficulty and incapacity. But why, he persuaded himself, should one therefore free oneself from the instincts! One must help them, and reason too, to their rights, - one must follow the instincts, but persuade reason to assist them with good reasons. This was the real falseness of that great, mysterious ironist; he brought his conscience to the point of contenting itself

with a kind of self-outwitting: at bottom he had seen through the irrational in moral judgment. - Plato, more innocent in such matters and without the craftiness of the plebeian, wanted to prove to himself, with the expenditure of all his strength - the greatest strength any philosopher has so far had to expend! - that reason and instinct of their own accord move toward one goal, toward the good, toward "God"; and since Plato all theologians and philosophers have been on the same track, - that is to say, in matters of morality it is instinct, or as the Christians call it, "faith", or as I call it, "the herd", that has so far triumphed. Unless one must except Descartes, the father of rationalism (and consequently grandfather of the Revolution), who granted authority to reason alone: but reason is only an instrument, and Descartes was superficial.

192.

Whoever has traced the history of a single science finds in its development a clue to the understanding of the oldest and commonest processes of all "knowing and cognizing": there as here, the premature hypotheses, the fabrications, the good stupid will to "believe", the lack of mistrust and patience are developed first, - our senses learn late, and never learn entirely, to be subtle, faithful, cautious organs of knowledge. It comes easier to our eye, on a given occasion, to reproduce an image it has often produced before than to retain within itself what is divergent and new in an impression: the latter requires more strength, more "morality". To hear something new is painful and difficult for the ear; foreign music we hear badly. Involuntarily, when hearing another language, we try to mould the sounds we hear into words that sound more familiar and homely to us: thus, for example, the German of old made the word Armbrust out of the arcubalista he heard. The new finds our senses, too, hostile and reluctant; and in general, even in the "simplest" processes of sensation the affects hold

sway, such as fear, love, hatred, including the passive affects of laziness. - Just as little as a reader today reads off all the individual words (let alone syllables) of a page - rather, out of twenty words he picks about five at random and "guesses" the meaning that presumably belongs to these five words -, just as little do we see a tree exactly and completely, with respect to leaves, branches, colour, shape; it is so very much easier for us to fantasize an approximation of a tree. Even in the midst of the strangest experiences we still do the same: we invent the greater part of the experience and can scarcely be compelled not to watch some process as "inventors". All this means: we are, from the ground up, from time immemorial - accustomed to lying. Or, to put it more virtuously and hypocritically, in short, more agreeably: one is much more of an artist than one knows. - In a lively conversation I often see the face of the person with whom I am speaking, according to the thought he expresses or which I believe I have called forth in him, so clearly and so finely defined before me that this degree of clarity far exceeds the power of my eyesight: - the subtlety of the play of muscles and of the expression of the eyes must therefore have been invented and added by me. Probably the person made quite a different face, or none at all.

193.

Quidquid luce fuit, tenebris agit: but the reverse as well. What we experience in dreams, provided that we experience it often, belongs in the end just as much to the total household of our soul as anything "actually" experienced: by virtue of it we are richer or poorer, have one need more or less, and finally, in broad bright daylight, and even in the most cheerful moments of our waking spirit, we are led about a little by the habits of our dreams. Suppose that someone has often flown in his dreams and at last, as soon as he dreams, becomes conscious of a power and art of flying as his privilege, and also as his very

own enviable happiness: such a one, who believes he can realize every kind of curve and angle with the lightest impulse, who knows the feeling of a certain divine levity, an "upward" without tension and constraint, a "downward" without condescension and abasement - without heaviness! - how should the man of such dream experiences and dream habits not finally find the word "happiness" differently coloured and defined for his waking day as well! how should he not - long for happiness differently? "Soaring", as it is described by poets, must seem to him, compared with that "flying", already too earth-bound, too muscular, too violent, already too "heavy".

194.

The diversity of men shows itself not only in the diversity of their tables of goods, that is, in the fact that they consider different goods worth striving for and also disagree with one another about the more and less of value, about the order of rank of the goods they commonly recognize: - it shows itself still more in what counts for them as truly having and possessing a good. In regard to a woman, for example, the more modest man already takes control over her body and sexual gratification as a sufficient and satisfying sign of having, of possessing; another, with his more suspicious and more demanding thirst for possession, sees the "question mark", the merely apparent quality of such a having, and wants subtler proofs, above all in order to know 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 so does she count for him as "possessed". A third, however, has not even here reached the end of his mistrust and his wanting-to-have; he asks himself whether the woman, when she gives up everything for him, is not perhaps doing so for a phantom of him: he wants first to be known thoroughly, indeed abysmally well, in order to be able to be loved at all; he dares to let himself be found out -. Only then does he feel his beloved fully

in his possession, when she no longer deceives herself about him, when she loves him just as much for his devilry and hidden insatiability as for his goodness, patience and spirituality. One man would like to possess a people: and all the higher arts of a Cagliostro and a Catiline suit him for this purpose. Another, with a subtler thirst for possession, says to himself "one may not deceive where one wants to possess" -; he is irritated and impatient at the thought that a mask of himself rules over the heart of the people: "so I must let myself be known and, first of all, know myself!" Among helpful and charitable people one almost regularly finds that clumsy cunning which first fashions to suit itself the one who is to be helped: as if, for example, he "deserved" help, longed precisely for their help, and would show himself deeply grateful, devoted and submissive to them for all help, - with these fancies they dispose of the needy as of a piece of property, just as it is from a desire for property in general that they are charitable and helpful people. One finds them jealous if one crosses them or forestalls them in helping. Parents involuntarily make of the child something resembling themselves - they call that "education" -; no mother doubts at the bottom of her heart that in the child she has borne herself a piece of property, no father disputes his own right to subject it to his concepts and valuations. Indeed, formerly it seemed fair to fathers to dispose at their discretion over the life and death of the newborn (as among the ancient Germans). And like the father, so even now the teacher, the class, the priest, the prince see in every new human being an unhesitating opportunity for new possession. From which it follows.....

195.

The Jews - a people "born for slavery", as Tacitus and the whole ancient world say, "the chosen people among the peoples", as they themselves say and believe - the Jews brought about that miracle of a

reversal of values thanks to which life on earth received a new and dangerous charm for a couple of millennia: - their prophets fused "rich", "godless", "evil", "violent", "sensual" into one and for the first time minted the word "world" as a word of shame. In this reversal of values (to which belongs the use of the word for "poor" as a synonym for "holy" and "friend") lies the significance of the Jewish people: with them begins the slave revolt in morality.

196.

There are countless dark bodies to be inferred beside the sun, - such as we shall never see. That is, between ourselves, a parable; and a moral psychologist reads the whole writing of the stars only as a language of parables and signs, with which much can be kept silent.

197.

One misunderstands the beast of prey and the man of prey (Cesare Borgia, for example) thoroughly, one misunderstands "nature", so long as one still looks for something "morbid" at the bottom of these healthiest of all tropical monsters and growths, or even for a "hell" innate in them -: as almost all moralists have done hitherto. It seems that there is among moralists a hatred of the primeval forest and of the tropics? And that the "tropical man" must be discredited at any price, whether as the sickness and degeneration of man, or as his own hell and self-torment? But why? In favour of the "temperate zones"? In favour of temperate men? Of the "moral"? Of the mediocre? - This for the chapter "Morality as Timidity". -

198.

All these moralities that address themselves to the individual person, for the sake of his "happiness", as they say, - what are they but recom-

mendations of conduct in proportion to the degree of danger in which the individual person lives with himself; recipes against his passions, his good and bad inclinations, insofar as these have the will to power and would like to play the master; little and great prudences and artifices, reeking of the nook-and-corner smell of old household remedies and old wives' wisdom; all of them baroque and unreasonable in form - because they address themselves to "all", because they generalize where one may not generalize -, all of them speaking unconditionally, taking themselves unconditionally, all of them seasoned not merely with one grain of salt, but rather tolerable only, and at times even seductive, when they learn to smell overspiced and dangerous, above all "of the other world": all this is, measured intellectually, worth little and is far from being "science", let alone "wisdom", but rather, said once more and said three times, prudence, prudence, prudence, mixed with stupidity, stupidity, stupidity, - whether it be that indifference and statue-like coldness toward the heated folly of the affects which the Stoics advised and prescribed as a cure; or that no-more-laughing and no-more-weeping of Spinoza, his so naively advocated destruction of the affects through their analysis and vivisection; or that lowering of the affects to a harmless mean at which they may be satisfied, the Aristotelianism of morality; even morality as enjoyment of the affects in a deliberate thinning and spiritualization through the symbolism of art, perhaps as music, or as love of God and of man for God's sake - for in religion the passions once more have rights of citizenship, provided that; finally even that obliging and wanton surrender to the affects, as Hafiz and Goethe taught it, that bold dropping of the reins, that spiritual-bodily licentia morum in the exceptional case of wise old owls and drunkards, with whom there is "little danger any longer". This too for the chapter "Morality as Timidity".

199.

Inasmuch as at all times, for as long as there have been human beings, there have also been human herds (kinship groups, communities, tribes, peoples, states, churches), and always a great many who obey in proportion to the small number who command, - in view, then, of the fact that obedience has hitherto been practised and bred best and longest among men, one may fairly presuppose that on average everyone now has an innate need for it, as a kind of formal conscience which commands: "thou shalt do something unconditionally, refrain from something unconditionally", in short, "thou shalt". This need seeks to sate itself and to fill its form with a content; in doing so it grabs, according to its strength, impatience and tension, with little discrimination, like a coarse appetite, and accepts whatever is shouted into its ear by any commander at all - parents, teachers, laws, class prejudices, public opinions. The strange narrowness of human development, its hesitancy, its tediousness, its frequent backsliding and turning in circles, rests on the fact that the herd instinct of obedience is inherited best, and at the expense of the art of commanding. If one imagines this instinct advancing to its ultimate excesses, then in the end commanders and independent men are simply lacking; or they suffer inwardly from a bad conscience and find it necessary first to deceive themselves before they can command: namely, as if they too were only obeying. This condition actually exists in Europe today: I call it the moral hypocrisy of those who command. They know no other way to protect themselves from their bad conscience than by posing as executors of older or higher commands (of their ancestors, of the constitution, of justice, of the laws, or even of God), or by borrowing herd maxims from the herd's way of thinking, for example as "first servants of their people" or as "instruments of the common weal". On the other hand, the herd man in Europe today gives himself the air of being the only permitted kind of man, and glorifies those qualities of

his by virtue of which he is tame, peaceable and useful to the herd as the truly human virtues: namely public spirit, benevolence, consideration, industriousness, moderation, modesty, indulgence, pity. But for those cases where one believes one cannot dispense with the leader and bellwether, attempt upon attempt is made today to replace the commanders by adding together clever herd men: this is the origin, for example, of all representative constitutions. What a blessing, what a deliverance from a pressure that is becoming unbearable, the appearance of one who commands unconditionally is, in spite of everything, for these herd-animal Europeans - of this the effect produced by the appearance of Napoleon gave the last great testimony: - the history of Napoleon's effect is almost the history of the higher happiness that this whole century attained in its most valuable men and moments.

200.

The man of an age of dissolution, which throws the races together, who as such carries in his body the inheritance of a manifold descent, that is to say, opposing and often not merely opposing drives and standards of value which fight with one another and seldom give each other rest, - such a man of late cultures and refracted lights will on average be a weaker man: his most fundamental desire is that the war which he is should at last come to an end; happiness appears to him, in accordance with a soothing (for example Epicurean or Christian) medicine and way of thinking, chiefly as the happiness of resting, of being undisturbed, of satiety, of final unity, as the "Sabbath of Sabbaths", to speak with the holy rhetor Augustine, who was himself such a man. - But if the opposition and war in such a nature act rather as one more stimulus and tickle to life -, and if, on the other hand, besides its powerful and irreconcilable drives, genuine mastery and subtlety in waging war with itself, that is, self-control, self-outwitting,

have also been inherited and bred into it: then there arise those enchanting incomprehensible and unfathomable ones, those enigmatic men predestined for victory and seduction, whose most beautiful expression is Alcibiades and Caesar (- to whom I should gladly add that first European after my taste, the Hohenstaufen Frederick the Second), and among artists perhaps Leonardo da Vinci. They appear in precisely the same ages in which that weaker type, with its longing for rest, steps into the foreground: - both types belong together and spring from the same causes.

201.

So long as the utility that reigns in moral judgments of value is solely the utility of the herd, so long as one's gaze is turned only toward the preservation of the community, and the immoral is sought precisely and exclusively in what seems dangerous to the community's survival: so long can there be no "morality of love of one's neighbour." Granted that even there a constant small exercise of consideration, pity, fairness, gentleness, mutual assistance is already to be found; granted that even in this state of society all those drives are already active which later are designated by honourable names as "virtues" and in the end almost coincide with the concept "morality": in that period they do not yet belong at all to the realm of moral valuations - they are still extra-moral. A compassionate act, for example, was called neither good nor evil, neither moral nor immoral, in the best Roman age; and even if it was praised, a kind of grudging disdain was still perfectly compatible with this praise, namely as soon as it was set beside any act that served the advancement of the whole, of the res publica. In the end "love of one's neighbour" is always something secondary, partly conventional and arbitrarily apparent, in relation to fear of one's neighbour. Once the fabric of society as a whole seems established and secured against external dangers, it is this fear of one's

neighbour that again creates new perspectives of moral valuation. Certain strong and dangerous drives, such as the love of enterprise, foolhardiness, vengefulness, craftiness, rapacity, lust for dominion, which until then, in the sense of the common good, had not only to be honoured - under other names, naturally, than those just chosen - but to be raised up and bred (because in the danger of the whole one constantly needed them against the enemies of the whole), are now felt to be doubly strong in their dangerousness - now, when the outlets for them are lacking - and step by step they are branded as immoral and abandoned to slander. Now the opposite drives and inclinations come into moral honour; the herd instinct, step by step, draws its conclusion. How much or how little danger to the community, danger to equality, lies in an opinion, in a condition and affect, in a will, in a talent - that is now the moral perspective: here too fear is once again the mother of morality. By the highest and strongest drives, when, breaking out passionately, they drive the individual far beyond and above the average and the lowlands of the herd conscience, the self-confidence of the community is destroyed, its faith in itself, its backbone, as it were, is broken: consequently it is precisely these drives that one will do best to brand and slander. High, independent spirituality, the will to stand alone, even great reason are felt to be a danger; everything that raises the individual above the herd and makes his neighbour afraid is henceforth called evil; the fair, modest, self-subordinating, equalizing disposition, the mediocrity of desires, attains moral names and honours. Finally, under very peaceful conditions, there is less and less occasion and necessity to train one's feelings to severity and hardness; and now every severity, even in justice, begins to disturb consciences; a high and hard nobility and self-responsibility almost gives offence and awakens mistrust; "the lamb," and still more "the sheep," gains in respect. There is a point of morbid mellowing and over-tenderness in the history of society at which it takes the side even of the one who harms it, the criminal,

and does so seriously and honestly. Punishing: that seems to it somehow unfair - what is certain is that the notion of "punishment" and of "being obliged to punish" pains it, makes it afraid. "Is it not enough to render him harmless? Why punish as well? Punishing is itself terrible!" - with this question herd morality, the morality of timidity, draws its ultimate consequence. Supposing one could abolish danger altogether, the reason for fearing, then one would have abolished this morality along with it: it would no longer be necessary, it would no longer consider itself necessary! - Whoever examines the conscience of today's European will always have to pull out of a thousand moral folds and hiding places the same imperative, the imperative of herd timidity: "we want that some day there should be nothing more to fear!" Some day - the will and the way to that is everywhere in Europe today called "progress."

202.

Let us say it at once once more, what we have already said a hundred times: for ears today are not well-disposed toward such truths — toward our truths. We know well enough how insulting it sounds when anyone reckons man, unpainted and without metaphor, among the animals at all; but it will almost be counted against us as a guilt that, precisely with regard to the men of "modern ideas", we constantly use the expressions "herd", "herd instincts" and the like. What help is there for it! We cannot do otherwise: for precisely here lies our new insight. We found that in all its principal moral judgments Europe has become unanimous, including the lands where Europe's influence holds sway: plainly one knows in Europe what Socrates believed he did not know, and what that famous old serpent once promised to teach — one "knows" today what good and evil are. Now it must sound harsh and fall ill upon the ear when we insist again and again: what here believes it knows, what here glorifies itself with its

praise and blame and calls itself good, is the instinct of the herd animal man: which has come, and is coming ever more, to breakthrough, to preponderance, to dominance over other instincts, in accordance with the growing physiological approximation and assimilation of which it is the symptom. Morality in Europe today is herd-animal morality: — thus, as we understand things, only one kind of human morality, beside which, before which, after which many others, above all higher moralities, are possible or ought to be. But against such a "possibility", against such an "ought", this morality defends itself with all its strength: it says stubbornly and inexorably "I am morality itself, and nothing besides is morality!" — indeed, with the help of a religion which complied with and flattered the most sublime herd-animal desires, it has come to this, that we find an ever more visible expression of this morality even in political and social institutions: the democratic movement takes up the inheritance of the Christian one. But that its tempo is still much too slow and sleepy for the more impatient, for the sick and addicted of the said instinct, is attested by the ever more frenzied howling, the ever more undisguised baring of teeth of the anarchist dogs who now roam the streets of European culture: seemingly in opposition to the peaceably industrious democrats and ideologues of revolution, still more to the doltish philosophasters and brotherhood-enthusiasts who call themselves socialists and want the "free society", but in truth one with them all in their thorough and instinctive hostility toward every form of society other than that of the autonomous herd (going so far as to reject even the concepts "master" and "servant" — ni dieu ni maître runs a socialist formula —); one in their tenacious resistance to every special claim, every special right and privilege (which means, in the last analysis, against every right: for when all are equal, no one needs "rights" any longer —); one in their mistrust of punitive justice (as though it were a violation of the weaker, an injustice against the necessary consequence of all earlier society —); but equally one in the

religion of pity, in fellow-feeling, so far as anything feels, lives, suffers (down to the animal, up to "God": — the extravagance of a pity for "God" belongs to a democratic age —); one, all of them, in the cry and impatience of pity, in mortal hatred of suffering in general, in the almost feminine incapacity to remain a spectator of it, to let suffer; one in the involuntary gloom and softening under whose spell Europe seems threatened by a new Buddhism; one in the faith in the morality of shared pity, as though it were morality in itself, the height, the attained height of man, the sole hope of the future, the consolation of those now living, the great absolution of all guilt of former times: — one, all of them, in the faith in the community as the redeemer, in the herd, that is, in themselves.....

203.

We, who are of another faith -, we, to whom the democratic movement counts not merely as a form of decay of political organization, but as a form of decay, namely of diminishment, of man, as his mediocritization and the debasement of his value: where must we reach with our hopes? - Toward new philosophers, there remains no choice; toward spirits strong and original enough to give the impulses to opposite valuations and to revalue, to reverse "eternal values"; toward forerunners, toward men of the future, who in the present tie the constraint and the knot that forces the will of millennia onto new paths. To teach man the future of man as his will, as dependent on a human will, and to prepare great ventures and collective attempts of discipline and breeding, so as thereby to put an end to that gruesome dominion of nonsense and chance which has hitherto been called "history" - the nonsense of the "greatest number" is only its latest form -: for that, at some time or other, a new kind of philosophers and commanders will be needed, beside whose image everything that has existed on earth by way of hidden, fearsome and benevolent spirits might

look pale and dwarfed. It is the image of such leaders that hovers before our eyes: - may I say it aloud, you free spirits? The circumstances which one would have partly to create, partly to exploit for their coming into being; the probable paths and trials by virtue of which a soul would grow up to such a height and power as to feel the compulsion to these tasks; a revaluation of values under whose new pressure and hammer a conscience would be steeled, a heart transformed into bronze, so that it might bear the weight of such a responsibility; on the other hand the necessity of such leaders, the terrifying danger that they might fail to appear or turn out badly and degenerate - these are our real cares and gloomy shadows, you know it, you free spirits? these are the heavy distant thoughts and thunderstorms that pass across the sky of our life. There are few pains so sharp as once to have seen, divined, felt along with how an extraordinary man strayed from his path and degenerated: but he who has the rare eye for the collective danger that "man" himself degenerates, he who, like us, has recognized the monstrous fortuitousness that has hitherto played its game with regard to the future of man - a game in which no hand, and not even a "finger of God", took part! - he who divines the doom that lies hidden in the idiotic guilelessness and blissful trustfulness of "modern ideas", still more in the whole Christian-European morality: he suffers from an anxiety with which no other can be compared, - for he grasps with a single glance all that could yet be bred out of man, given a favourable accumulation and intensification of forces and tasks, he knows with all the knowing of his conscience how man is still unexhausted for the greatest possibilities, and how often already the type man has stood before mysterious decisions and new paths: - he knows still better, from his most painful memory, on what wretched things a becoming being of the highest rank has hitherto usually shattered, broken off, sunk down, become wretched. The collective degeneration of man, down to what today appears to the socialist dolts and flatheads as their "man of the future", -

as their ideal! - this degeneration and diminishment of man into the perfect herd animal (or, as they say, into the man of the "free society"), this brutalization of man into the dwarf animal of equal rights and claims is possible, there is no doubt of it! He who has once thought this possibility through to the end knows one disgust more than other men, - and perhaps also a new task!....

Part Six:

We Scholars.

204.

At the risk that moralizing may here too turn out to be what it always was — namely, an undaunted montrer ses plaies, as Balzac has it — I should like to venture to oppose an unseemly and harmful shift in rank which today threatens to establish itself between science and philosophy, quite unnoticed and as if with the best of consciences. I mean that one must have a right, on the strength of one's own experience — experience, it seems to me, always means bad experience? — to have a say in so lofty a question of rank: so as not to speak like the blind of colour, or like women and artists against science ("oh, this wicked science!" sigh their instinct and their shame, "it always gets to the bottom of things!" —). The declaration of independence of the man of science, his emancipation from philosophy, is one of the subtler after-effects of the democratic order and disorder: the self-glorification and self-exaltation of the scholar stands today everywhere in full bloom and in its finest springtime — by which it is not yet meant to be said that in this case self-praise smells sweet. "Free from all masters!" — so the rabble instinct wills it here too; and now that science has, with the happiest success, fended off theology, whose "handmaid" it was for too long, it is bent, in full wantonness and folly, on laying down laws for philosophy and for once playing the "master" itself — what am I saying! playing the philosopher. My memory — the memory of a man of science, by your leave! — teems with naïvetés of arrogance that I have heard about philosophy and philosophers from young natural scientists and old physicians (not to speak of the most cultivated and most conceited of all scholars, the

philologists and schoolmasters, who are both by profession —). Now it was the specialist and street-corner loiterer who instinctively resisted all synthetic tasks and abilities whatever; now the industrious labourer who had caught a whiff of otium and of the noble luxuriance in the philosopher's household of the soul, and felt himself thereby wronged and diminished. Now it was that colour-blindness of the utilitarian man who sees in philosophy nothing but a series of refuted systems and an extravagant expenditure which "benefits" no one. Now there sprang forth the fear of disguised mysticism and of a redrawing of the boundaries of knowing; now the contempt for individual philosophers, which had involuntarily generalized itself into contempt for philosophy. Most frequently of all, finally, I found among young scholars, behind the arrogant disdain for philosophy, the bad after-effect of a philosopher himself, to whom they had indeed on the whole renounced obedience, without however having stepped out from the spell of his disparaging valuations of other philosophers: — with the result of an overall ill-humour towards all philosophy. (Such, for example, seems to me to be the after-effect of Schopenhauer on the most recent Germany: — with his unintelligent rage against Hegel he has succeeded in breaking the whole last generation of Germans out of their connection with German culture, which culture, all things well considered, was a height and divinatory subtlety of the historical sense: but Schopenhauer himself was, precisely at this point, poor to the point of genius, unreceptive, un-German.) Reckoned on the whole and in the large, it may above all have been the human, all-too-human, in short the paltriness of the more recent philosophers themselves that has most thoroughly impaired reverence for philosophy and opened the gates to the rabble instinct. Let us but admit to ourselves to what degree our modern world lacks the whole species of a Heraclitus, a Plato, an Empedocles, and whatever else all these royal and magnificent hermits of the spirit were called; and with how good a right, in the face of such representatives of philosophy as, thanks to

fashion, are today just as much on top as they are utterly down — in Germany, for example, the two lions of Berlin, the anarchist Eugen Dühring and the amalgamist Eduard von Hartmann — a worthy man of science may feel himself of a better kind and descent. It is in particular the sight of those hotchpotch philosophers who call themselves "philosophers of reality" or "positivists" that is capable of casting a dangerous mistrust into the soul of a young, ambitious scholar: at best these are themselves scholars and specialists, one can grasp it with one's hands! — they are all of them overcome men, brought back under the dominion of science, who at some time or other wanted more of themselves without having a right to this "more" and its responsibility — and who now, respectable, wrathful, vengeful, represent in word and deed unbelief in the master-task and masterliness of philosophy. In the end: how could it be otherwise! Science flourishes today and has its good conscience written plainly all over its face, while that to which the whole of recent philosophy has gradually sunk, this remnant of philosophy today, arouses mistrust and ill-humour, if not mockery and pity, against itself. Philosophy reduced to "theory of knowledge", in fact no more than a timid epochism and doctrine of abstinence: a philosophy that never gets beyond the threshold and painstakingly denies itself the right to enter — that is philosophy in its last throes, an end, an agony, something that arouses pity. How could such a philosophy — rule!

205.

The dangers to the philosopher's development are today in truth so manifold that one might doubt whether this fruit can still ripen at all. The extent and the tower-building of the sciences has grown to something monstrous, and with it also the likelihood that the philosopher grows weary even as a learner, or lets himself be held fast somewhere and "specialized": so that he never reaches his height at all, namely

the height for overview, for looking around, for looking down. Or he gets up there too late, when his best time and strength are already past; or damaged, coarsened, degenerated, so that his gaze, his overall judgement of value, means little any more. It is precisely the subtlety of his intellectual conscience that perhaps makes him hesitate and linger on the way; he fears the seduction to dilettantism, to becoming a thousand-footed and thousand-feelered creature, he knows too well that one who has lost reverence for himself no longer commands, no longer leads, even as a knower: unless he should wish to become a great actor, a philosophical Cagliostro and pied piper of spirits, in short a seducer. This is in the end a question of taste: if it were not itself a question of conscience. Added to this, to double the philosopher's difficulty once again, is the fact that he demands of himself a judgement, a Yes or No, not about the sciences but about life and the value of life — that he learns only reluctantly to believe that he has a right or even a duty to this judgement, and must seek his way to that right and that belief only out of the most comprehensive — perhaps the most disturbing, most destructive — experiences, and often hesitating, doubting, falling silent. Indeed, the crowd has long confused and misjudged the philosopher, whether with the man of science and ideal scholar, or with the religiously elevated, desensualized, "deworldlied" enthusiast and drunkard of God; and if today one even hears someone praised for living "wisely" or "like a philosopher", it means hardly more than "prudently and apart". Wisdom: to the rabble this seems a kind of flight, a means and trick for getting oneself well out of a wicked game; but the genuine philosopher — so it seems to us, my friends? — lives "unphilosophically" and "unwisely", above all imprudently, and feels the burden and the duty of a hundred attempts and temptations of life: — he risks himself constantly, he plays the wicked game.....

206.

In relation to a genius, that is to say to a being which either begets or gives birth, both words taken in their fullest compass -, the scholar, the scientific average man, always has something of the old maid about him: for, like her, he has no understanding of the two most valuable functions of man. Indeed, to both of them, the scholars and the old maids, one concedes respectability, as if by way of compensation - in these cases one underlines the respectability - and one feels, in being compelled to this concession, the same admixture of vexation. Let us look more closely: what is the scientific man? First of all an ignoble kind of man, with the virtues of an ignoble, that is to say of a not ruling, not authoritative and also not self-sufficient kind of man: he has industriousness, patient fitting into rank and file, evenness and moderation in ability and in need, he has the instinct for his own kind and for what his own kind requires, for example that bit of independence and green pasture without which there is no quiet for work, that claim to honour and recognition (which first and foremost presupposes knowability, being recognisable -), that sunshine of a good name, that constant sealing of his worth and his usefulness, by means of which the inner mistrust, the ground in the heart of all dependent men and herd animals, must again and again be overcome. The scholar has, as is only fair, also the diseases and bad habits of an ignoble kind: he is rich in petty envy and has a lynx's eye for what is low in those natures to whose heights he cannot climb. He is trusting, yet only like one who lets himself go but does not let himself flow; and precisely before the man of the great stream he stands all the colder and more reserved, - his eye is then like a smooth, unwilling lake on which no rapture, no sympathy ripples any longer. The worst and most dangerous thing of which a scholar is capable comes to him from the instinct of mediocrity of his kind: from that Jesuitism of mediocrity which instinctively works at the annihilation of the un-

common man and seeks to break every bent bow or - better still! - to unbend it. To unbend, that is, with consideration, with a sparing hand of course -, to unbend with trusting pity: that is the real art of Jesuitism, which has always known how to introduce itself as the religion of pity. -

207.

However gratefully one may go to meet the objective spirit - and who has not at some time been sick to death of everything subjective and its accursed ipsissimosity! - in the end one must also learn caution with regard to one's gratitude and put a stop to the exaggeration with which the de-selfing and depersonalisation of the spirit has lately been celebrated, as it were, as an end in itself, as redemption and transfiguration: as is wont to happen especially within the pessimist school, which for its part also has good reasons for paying the highest honours to "disinterested knowing". The objective man, who no longer curses and scolds like the pessimist, the ideal scholar, in whom the scientific instinct, after a thousandfold total and partial failure, for once comes to bloom and blossom out, is certainly one of the most precious instruments there are: but he belongs in the hand of one who is mightier. He is only an instrument, let us say: he is a mirror, - he is no "end in himself". The objective man is in fact a mirror: accustomed to submission before everything that wants to be known, without any other pleasure than that which knowing, "mirroring", affords, - he waits until something comes, and then spreads himself out tenderly, so that even light footsteps and the slipping-past of ghostly beings may not be lost upon his surface and skin. Whatever of "person" still remains in him seems to him accidental, often arbitrary, still more often disturbing: so completely has he become for himself a passage and reflection of alien forms and events. He recollects "himself" with effort, not seldom wrongly; he easily mistakes himself, he errs

with regard to his own needs and here alone is he unrefined and careless. Perhaps he is tormented by his health or by the pettiness and stuffy air of wife and friend, or by the lack of companions and company, - indeed, he forces himself to reflect upon his torment: in vain! Already his thought wanders off, to the more general case, and tomorrow he knows as little as he knew yesterday how he is to be helped. He has lost seriousness for himself, also time: he is cheerful, not for lack of distress, but for lack of fingers and handles with which to grasp his distress. His habitual obligingness toward every thing and experience, the sunny and unselfconscious hospitality with which he accepts everything that comes his way, his kind of inconsiderate benevolence, of dangerous unconcern about Yes and No: alas, there are cases enough where he must pay for these virtues of his! - and as a man in general he becomes all too easily the caput mortuum of these virtues. If one wants love and hate from him, I mean love and hate as God, woman and animal understand them -: he will do what he can and give what he can. But one should not be surprised if it is not much, - if precisely there he shows himself spurious, fragile, questionable and rotten. His love is willed, his hate artificial and rather un tour de force, a little vanity and exaggeration. He is genuine, after all, only in so far as he may be objective: only in his cheerful totalism is he still "nature" and "natural". His mirroring soul, eternally smoothing itself, no longer knows how to affirm, no longer how to deny; he does not command; nor does he destroy. "Je ne méprise presque rien" - he says with Leibniz: let one not overhear and underestimate the presque! Nor is he a model man; he goes ahead of no one, nor behind; he places himself altogether too far off to have any reason to take sides between good and evil. If he has for so long been confused with the philosopher, with the Caesarian breeder and man of violence of culture: then he has been given far too high honours and what is most essential in him has been overlooked, - he is an instrument, something of a slave, though certainly the most sublime kind of slave, but

in himself nothing, - presque rien! The objective man is an instrument, a precious, easily injured and clouded measuring instrument and mirroring work of art, which one ought to spare and honour; but he is no goal, no outcome and upsurge, no complementary man in whom the rest of existence justifies itself, no conclusion - and still less a beginning, a begetting and first cause, nothing robust, powerful, self-reliant that wants to be master: rather only a delicate, blown-out, fine, mobile mould-pot which must first wait for some content and substance in order to "shape itself" accordingly, - as a rule a man without substance and content, a "selfless" man. Consequently also nothing for women, in parenthesi. -

208.

When a philosopher today gives it to be understood that he is no skeptic — I hope this has been heard in the portrait of the objective spirit just given? — then all the world hears it with displeasure; people look at him thereupon with some timidity, they would like to ask so much, to ask... indeed, among fearful listeners, of whom there are now multitudes, he is from then on called dangerous. It is to them as though, in his rejection of skepticism, they heard from afar some evil, menacing noise, as though somewhere a new explosive were being tried out, a dynamite of the spirit, perhaps a newly discovered Russian nihiline, a pessimism bonae voluntatis that does not merely say No, will No, but — dreadful to think! — does No. Against this kind of "good will" — a will to the actual, deed-wrought negation of life — there is today, by common acknowledgment, no better sleeping draught and sedative than skepticism, the soft, sweet, lulling poppy skepticism; and Hamlet himself is today prescribed by the physicians of the age against the "spirit" and its rumbling beneath the ground. "Are not all our ears already full of evil noises? says the skeptic, as a friend of quiet and almost as a kind of security police: this subter-

ranean No is terrible! Be still at last, you pessimistic moles!" For the skeptic, this tender creature, takes fright all too easily; his conscience is schooled to flinch at every No, indeed even at a resolute, hard Yes, and to feel something like a bite. Yes! and No! — that goes against his morality; on the contrary, he loves to make a feast for his virtue with noble abstention, as when he says with Montaigne: "what do I know?" Or with Socrates: "I know that I know nothing." Or: "here I do not trust myself, here no door stands open to me." Or: "supposing it did stand open, why go in straight away!" Or: "what use are all hasty hypotheses? Making no hypotheses at all might well belong to good taste. Must you absolutely straighten at once whatever is crooked? Absolutely stuff every hole with some kind of oakum? Is there not time for that? Has time not time? Oh you devils of fellows, can you not wait at all? The uncertain too has its charms, the Sphinx too is a Circe, and Circe too was a philosopher." — Thus a skeptic consoles himself; and it is true that he stands in need of some consolation. For skepticism is the most spiritual expression of a certain manifold physiological condition which in common speech is called nervous debility and sickliness; it arises every time races or classes long separated from one another are crossed in a decisive and sudden manner. In the new generation, which has, as it were, inherited different measures and values in its blood, all is unrest, disturbance, doubt, experiment; the best forces have an inhibiting effect, the virtues themselves do not allow one another to grow and become strong, in body and soul there is a lack of equilibrium, of center of gravity, of perpendicular assurance. But what becomes most deeply sick and degenerates in such hybrids is the will: they no longer know at all independence in decision, the brave feeling of pleasure in willing — they doubt the "freedom of the will" even in their dreams. Our Europe of today, the scene of a senselessly sudden experiment in radical mixing of classes and consequently of races, is therefore skeptical in all its heights and depths, now with that mobile skepticism which springs

impatiently and lasciviously from one branch to another, now gloomy like a cloud overladen with question marks — and often sick of its will unto death! Paralysis of the will: where does one not find this cripple sitting today! And often dressed up besides! How seductively dressed up! There are the most splendid garments of pomp and lies for this disease; and that, for example, most of what today places itself in the shop windows as "objectivity," "scientificness," "l'art pour l'art," "pure will-free knowing" is merely dressed-up skepticism and paralysis of the will — for this diagnosis of the European sickness I will vouch. — The sickness of the will is unevenly spread over Europe: it shows itself greatest and most manifold where culture has been at home the longest; it disappears in the measure that "the barbarian" still — or again — asserts his rights beneath the loose-hanging garment of Western education. In present-day France, accordingly, as one can just as easily infer as grasp with one's hands, the will is most gravely sick; and France, which has always had a masterly skill at turning even the fateful turns of its spirit into something charming and seductive, today truly displays its cultural preponderance over Europe as the school and showplace of all the spells of skepticism. The strength to will, and indeed to will a will for a long time, is somewhat stronger already in Germany, and again stronger in the German north than in the German middle; considerably stronger in England, Spain and Corsica, bound in the one to phlegm, in the others to hard skulls — not to speak of Italy, which is too young to know yet what it wants, and which must first prove whether it can will — but strongest and most astonishing of all in that tremendous intermediate empire where Europe, as it were, flows back into Asia, in Russia. There the strength to will has long been laid aside and stored up, there the will — uncertain whether as will of negation or of affirmation — waits menacingly to be discharged, to borrow their favorite word from the physicists of today. It may well require not only Indian wars and entanglements in Asia for Europe to be relieved of its

greatest danger, but internal upheavals, the shattering of the empire into small bodies, and above all the introduction of parliamentary imbecility, together with the obligation for everyone to read his newspaper at breakfast. I do not say this as one who wishes it: the opposite would rather be after my heart — I mean such an increase in the menace of Russia that Europe would have to resolve to become equally menacing, namely, to acquire One will, by means of a new caste ruling over Europe, a long, terrible will of its own, which could set itself goals across millennia: — so that at last the long-spun comedy of its petty-statism and likewise its dynastic as well as democratic many-willing might come to an end. The time for petty politics is past: the very next century brings the struggle for dominion over the earth — the compulsion to great politics.

209.

To what extent the new warlike age into which we Europeans have evidently entered may perhaps also favour the development of another and stronger kind of skepticism, on that I should like for the present to express myself only through a parable, which the friends of German history will surely understand. That unscrupulous enthusiast for handsome, tall-grown grenadiers who, as King of Prussia, gave existence to a military and skeptical genius - and thereby, at bottom, to that new type of German which has just now come up victorious - the questionable, mad father of Frederick the Great, had in One point the very grip and lucky claw of genius himself: he knew what was lacking in Germany at that time, and which lack was a hundred times more alarming and more urgent than, say, the lack of culture and social form - his aversion to the young Frederick came from the anxiety of a deep instinct. Men were lacking; and he suspected, to his bitterest chagrin, that his own son was not man enough. In this he deceived himself: but who in his place would not have deceived himself? He

saw his son fallen prey to atheism, to esprit, to the pleasure-loving levity of witty Frenchmen: - he saw in the background the great bloodsucker, the spider skepticism, he suspected the incurable misery of a heart that is no longer hard enough for evil or for good, of a broken will that no longer commands, can no longer command. But meanwhile there grew up in his son that more dangerous and harder new kind of skepticism - who knows how much favoured precisely by the father's hatred and by the icy melancholy of a will made solitary? - the skepticism of daring manliness, which is most closely akin to the genius for war and conquest and which made its first entry into Germany in the figure of the great Frederick. This skepticism despises and nevertheless seizes; it undermines and takes possession; it does not believe, but it does not lose itself in doing so; it gives the spirit dangerous freedom, but it keeps the heart strict; it is the German form of skepticism, which, as a continued Fridericianism heightened into the most spiritual, has for a good while brought Europe under the dominion of the German spirit and its critical and historical mistrust. Thanks to the invincibly strong and tough manly character of the great German philologists and critics of history (who, rightly regarded, were all of them also artists of destruction and dissolution), there gradually became established, in spite of all romanticism in music and philosophy, a new concept of the German spirit, in which the inclination towards manly skepticism stood out decisively: whether, for example, as fearlessness of gaze, as courage and hardness of the dissecting hand, as tough will to dangerous voyages of discovery, to spiritualized North Pole expeditions beneath desolate and dangerous skies. There may be good reasons for it when warm-blooded and superficial humanitarians cross themselves precisely before this spirit: cet esprit fataliste, ironique, méphistophélique, Michelet calls it, not without a shudder. But if one wishes to feel how distinguishing this fear of the "man" in the German spirit is, the spirit through which Europe was awakened from its "dogmatic slumber", let one recall the

former concept which had to be overcome by it - and how it is not too long ago that a mannish woman could dare, in unbridled presumption, to commend the Germans to the sympathy of Europe as gentle, good-hearted, weak-willed and poetical dolts. Let one at last understand deeply enough Napoleon's astonishment when he came to see Goethe: it betrays what had been thought for centuries under the "German spirit". "Voilà un homme!" - that was to say: Why, that is a man! And I had expected only a German! - -

210.

Supposing, then, that something in the image of the philosophers of the future gives cause to guess whether they may not perhaps, in the sense last indicated, have to be skeptics, this would still designate only a something about them - and not they themselves. With equal right they might let themselves be called critics; and they will certainly be men of experiments. By the name with which I dared to baptize them, I have already expressly underlined attempting and the delight in attempting: was this done because, as critics in body and soul, they love to make use of experiment in a new, perhaps wider, perhaps more dangerous sense? Must they, in their passion for knowledge, go further with daring and painful attempts than the soft-hearted and pampered taste of a democratic century can approve? - There is no doubt: these coming ones will least of all be able to dispense with those serious and not unscrupulous qualities which set the critic apart from the skeptic, I mean the certainty of standards of value, the conscious handling of a unity of method, shrewd courage, the standing-alone and being-able-to-answer-for-oneself; indeed, they admit to themselves a delight in saying No and in dissecting, and a certain level-headed cruelty that knows how to guide the knife surely and finely, even when the heart bleeds. They will be harder (and perhaps not always only against themselves) than humane people might

wish, they will not have dealings with "truth" so that it may "please" them or "elevate" and "inspire" them: - rather, their faith will be slight that truth in particular brings such amusements for the feelings with it. They will smile, these severe spirits, if someone said in their presence: "that thought elevates me: how could it not be true?" Or: "that work enchants me: how could it not be beautiful?" Or: "that artist enlarges me: how could he not be great?" - they have perhaps not merely a smile but a genuine disgust ready for everything of this enthusiastic, idealistic, feminine, hermaphroditic sort, and whoever knew how to follow them into the secret chambers of their hearts would scarcely find there the intention of reconciling "Christian feelings" with "antique taste" and perhaps even with "modern parliamentarianism" (as such conciliatoriness is said to occur even among philosophers in our very uncertain, consequently very conciliatory century). Critical discipline and every habituation that leads to cleanliness and severity in matters of the spirit, these philosophers of the future will not only demand of themselves: they might even display them as their kind of ornament - nevertheless they do not on that account wish to be called critics. It seems to them no small disgrace inflicted on philosophy when one decrees, as is so gladly done today: "Philosophy itself is criticism and critical science - and nothing whatever besides!" This valuation of philosophy may enjoy the applause of all the positivists of France and Germany (- and it is possible that it would even have flattered the heart and taste of Kant: let one recall the titles of his principal works -): our new philosophers will nevertheless say: critics are instruments of the philosopher and, precisely for that reason, as instruments, are far from being philosophers themselves! Even the great Chinaman of Königsberg was only a great critic. -

211.

I insist that people finally stop confusing the philosophical laborers, and scientific men in general, with philosophers, — that precisely here one give strictly "to each his own," and not too much to the former, not far too little to the latter. It may be necessary for the education of the genuine philosopher that he himself has once stood on all those steps on which his servants, the scientific laborers of philosophy, remain standing, — must remain standing; he himself must perhaps have been critic and skeptic and dogmatist and historian and, besides, poet and collector and traveler and riddle-solver and moralist and seer and "free spirit" and almost everything, in order to run through the whole circuit of human values and value-feelings and to be able to gaze with many kinds of eyes and consciences, from the height into every distance, from the depth into every height, from the corner into every expanse. But all this is only a precondition of his task: this task itself wants something else, — it demands that he create values. Those philosophical laborers after the noble model of Kant and Hegel have to establish some great body of valuations — that is to say, former positings of value, creations of value, which have become dominant and are for a time called "truths" — and to press them into formulas, whether in the realm of the logical or the political (moral) or the artistic. It is incumbent upon these researchers to make everything that has hitherto happened and been esteemed easy to survey, easy to think over, comprehensible, manageable, to abbreviate everything long, even "time" itself, and to overpower the entire past: an enormous and wonderful task, in whose service every refined pride, every tenacious will can surely find satisfaction. The genuine philosophers, however, are commanders and legislators: they say "thus it shall be!", they first determine the Whither? and the Wherefore? of man, and in doing so dispose of the preliminary labor of all philosophical laborers, of all overpowerers of the past, — they reach

for the future with a creative hand, and everything that is and was becomes for them a means, an instrument, a hammer. Their "knowing" is creating, their creating is a legislation, their will to truth is — will to power. — Are there such philosophers today? Have there already been such philosophers? Must there not be such philosophers?....

212.

It seems to me more and more that the philosopher, being of necessity a man of tomorrow and the day after tomorrow, has at all times found himself, and had to find himself, in contradiction with his today: his enemy was each time the ideal of today. Hitherto all these extraordinary furtherers of man whom one calls philosophers, and who rarely felt themselves to be friends of wisdom but rather disagreeable fools and dangerous question marks —, have found their task, their hard, unwanted, inescapable task, but finally the greatness of their task, in being the bad conscience of their age. By applying the knife vivisectionally to the very breast of the virtues of the age, they betrayed what was their own secret: to know of a new greatness of man, of a new untrodden path to his enlargement. Each time they uncovered how much hypocrisy, comfort, letting-oneself-go and letting-oneself-fall, how much falsehood lay hidden beneath the most honored type of their contemporary morality, how much virtue had outlived itself; each time they said: "we must go there, out there, where you today are least at home." Facing a world of "modern ideas," which would like to banish everyone into a corner and a "specialty," a philosopher, if there could be philosophers today, would be compelled to place the greatness of man, the concept "greatness," precisely in his comprehensiveness and manifoldness, in his wholeness in the many: he would even determine value and rank according to how much and how many kinds of things one could bear and take upon oneself, how

far one could extend one's responsibility. Today the taste of the age and the virtue of the age weaken and thin the will; nothing is so much in keeping with the age as weakness of will: therefore, in the ideal of the philosopher, precisely strength of will, hardness and the capacity for long resolutions must belong to the concept "greatness"; with just as good a right as the opposite doctrine and the ideal of a dull, renouncing, humble, selfless humanity was suited to an opposite age, one which, like the sixteenth century, suffered from its dammed-up energy of will and from the wildest waters and storm-floods of selfishness. In the time of Socrates, among men of nothing but wearied instinct, among conservative old Athenians who let themselves go — "toward happiness," as they said, toward pleasure, as they did — and who all the while still took into their mouths the old pompous words to which their lives had long since given them no right, irony was perhaps necessary for greatness of soul, that Socratic malicious assurance of the old physician and man of the rabble, 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!" Today, conversely, when in Europe the herd animal alone attains to honors and dispenses honors, when "equality of rights" could all too easily turn into equality in wrong: I mean into a common war against everything rare, strange, privileged, against the higher man, the higher soul, the higher duty, the higher responsibility, the creative fullness of power and masterliness — today being noble, wanting to be for oneself, being able to be different, standing alone and having to live by one's own hand belong to the concept "greatness"; and the philosopher will betray something of his own ideal when he lays down: "he shall be the greatest who can be the most solitary, the most concealed, the most deviating, the man beyond good and evil, the master of his virtues, he who is superabundant in will; precisely this shall be called greatness: being capable of being

as manifold as whole, as wide as full." And to ask once more: is greatness — possible today?

213.

What a philosopher is, that is hard to learn, because it cannot be taught: one must "know" it, from experience, - or one should have the pride not to know it. But that nowadays all the world talks of things about which it can have no experience holds most of all, and worst of all, of the philosopher and of philosophical states: - the very fewest know them, are permitted to know them, and all popular opinions about them are false. Thus, for example, that genuinely philosophical coexistence of a bold, exuberant spirituality that runs presto and a dialectical rigour and necessity that makes no false step is unknown to most thinkers and scholars from their own experience, and therefore, should anyone wish to speak of it in their presence, unbelievable. They imagine every necessity as a need, as a painful having-to-follow and being-compelled; and thinking itself they regard as something slow, hesitant, almost as a toil and often enough as "worthy of the sweat of the noble" - but not at all as something light, divine and most closely akin to dancing, to high spirits! "To think" and to take a matter "seriously", to take it "heavily" - for them these belong together: that alone is how they have "experienced" it -. Artists may already have a finer scent here: they who know only too well that precisely when they no longer do anything "arbitrarily" and do everything of necessity, their feeling of freedom, subtlety, full power, of creative positing, disposing, shaping reaches its height, - in short, that necessity and "freedom of the will" then become one in them. There is, in the end, an order of rank of states of the soul, to which the order of rank of problems corresponds; and the highest problems mercilessly thrust back everyone who dares approach them without being predestined for their solution by the height and power of his spirituality.

What does it help if nimble everyday minds or clumsy, worthy mechanics and empiricists, as so often happens today, press with their plebeian ambition into their vicinity and, as it were, into this "court of courts"! But coarse feet may never tread upon such carpets: provision has already been made for that in the primal law of things; the doors remain closed to these intruders, though they may knock their heads against them and knock them to pieces! For every high world one must be born; or to put it more plainly, one must be bred for it: one has a right to philosophy - taking the word in its grand sense - only thanks to one's descent; the ancestors, the "blood", decide here too. Many generations must have prepared the way for the coming into being of the philosopher; every one of his virtues must have been singly acquired, tended, inherited, incorporated, and not only the bold, light, delicate step and course of his thoughts, but above all the readiness for great responsibilities, the loftiness of commanding glances and downward glances, the feeling of being set apart from the crowd and its duties and virtues, the affable protecting and defending of whatever is misunderstood and slandered, be it god, be it devil, the delight and practice in the great justice, the art of commanding, the breadth of the will, the slow eye that seldom admires, seldom looks upward, seldom loves....

Seventh Part:

Our Virtues.

214.

Our virtues? — It is probable that we too still have our virtues, although in all fairness they will not be those true-hearted and four-square virtues for whose sake we hold our grandfathers in honour, but also hold them a little at arm's length. We Europeans of the day after tomorrow, we firstlings of the twentieth century — with all our dangerous curiosity, our multiplicity and art of disguise, our mellowed and, as it were, sweetened cruelty in spirit and senses — we shall presumably, if we should have virtues, have only such as have learned to get along best with our most secret and most heartfelt inclinations, with our most ardent needs: well then, let us for once look for them in our labyrinths! — where, as is well known, so many a thing loses itself, so many a thing goes altogether lost. And is there anything more beautiful than searching for one's own virtues? Does this not almost mean already: believing in one's own virtue? But this "believing in one's virtue" — is this not at bottom the same thing that was formerly called one's "good conscience," that venerable long-tailed pigtail of a concept which our grandfathers hung behind their heads, and often enough behind their understanding too? It seems, accordingly, that however little we may otherwise fancy ourselves old-fashioned and grandfatherly-respectable, in one thing we are nevertheless the worthy grandsons of these grandfathers, we last Europeans with a good conscience: we too still wear their pigtail. — Ah! If you only knew how soon, how very soon already — things will be different!.....

215.

As in the realm of the stars there are sometimes two suns that determine the orbit of one planet, as in certain cases suns of different colour shine around a single planet, now with red light, now with green light, and then again striking it at the same time and flooding it with many colours: so we modern men, thanks to the complicated mechanics of our "starry heaven," are determined by different moralities; our actions shine alternately in different colours, they are seldom unambiguous — and there are cases enough in which we perform many-coloured actions.

216.

To love one's enemies? I believe that has been well learned: it happens today a thousandfold, in small things and in great; indeed, at times something higher and more sublime already happens — we learn to despise when we love, and precisely when we love best: — but all this unconsciously, without noise, without pomp, with that shame and concealment of goodness which forbids the mouth the solemn word and the virtue-formula. Morality as attitude — goes against our taste today. This too is progress: just as it was the progress of our fathers that religion as attitude finally went against their taste, including hostility and Voltairean bitterness against religion (and all that formerly belonged to the gesture-language of the free spirit). It is the music in our conscience, the dance in our spirit, to which all Puritan litany, all moral sermonizing and philistine respectability will not chime.

217.

Beware of those who set great store by being credited with moral tact and subtlety in moral discrimination! They never forgive us once they

have blundered before us (or even against us) — they inevitably become our instinctive slanderers and detractors, even if they still remain our "friends." — Blessed are the forgetful: for they "get over" even their stupidities.

218.

The psychologists of France — and where else are there still psychologists today? — have still not exhausted their bitter and manifold pleasure in the bêtise bourgeoise, just as if — enough, they betray something thereby. Flaubert, for example, the worthy burgher of Rouen, in the end saw, heard and tasted nothing else any more: it was his kind of self-torment and subtler cruelty. Now I recommend, for a change — for it is growing tedious — another thing to delight in: that is the unconscious cunning with which all good, fat, worthy spirits of mediocrity comport themselves toward higher spirits and their tasks, that subtle, crocheted, Jesuitical cunning which is a thousand times subtler than the understanding and taste of this middle class in its best moments — subtler even than the understanding of its victims —: as yet another proof that "instinct" is, of all the kinds of intelligence hitherto discovered, the most intelligent. In short, study, you psychologists, the philosophy of the "rule" in its struggle with the "exception": there you have a spectacle good enough for gods and divine malice! Or, still more plainly: practise vivisection on the "good man," on the "homo bonae voluntatis" — on yourselves!

219.

Moral judging and condemning is the favourite revenge of the spiritually limited upon those who are less so, also a kind of compensation for having been poorly endowed by nature, finally an opportunity to acquire spirit and become subtle: — malice spiritualizes. In the depths of their hearts it does them good that there is a standard

before which even those heaped with the goods and privileges of the spirit stand equal to them: — they fight for the "equality of all before God" and almost need belief in God for that purpose alone. Among them are the most vigorous opponents of atheism. Whoever said to them "a lofty spirituality is beyond all comparison with any worthiness and respectability of a merely moral man" would drive them into a frenzy: — I shall take care not to do it. Rather I should like to flatter them with my proposition that a lofty spirituality itself exists only as the ultimate offspring of moral qualities; that it is a synthesis of all those states which are attributed to "merely moral" men, after they have been acquired one by one through long discipline and practice, perhaps over whole chains of generations; that lofty spirituality is precisely the spiritualization of justice and of that kindly severity which knows itself charged with upholding the order of rank in the world, among things themselves — and not only among men.

220.

Amid the now so popular praise of the "disinterested," one must, perhaps not without some danger, bring to consciousness what it is that the people actually take an interest in, and what in general the things are about which the common man cares thoroughly and deeply: the educated included, even the scholars, and, unless everything deceives, almost the philosophers too. The fact that emerges is that by far the most of what interests and excites subtler and more fastidious tastes, every higher nature, seems to the average man altogether "uninteresting": — if he nevertheless notices a devotion to it, he calls it "désintéressé" and wonders how it is possible to act "disinterestedly." There have been philosophers who knew how to lend this popular astonishment a seductive and mystical, otherworldly expression (— perhaps because they did not know the higher nature from experience?) — instead of setting forth the naked and heartily cheap truth that the

"disinterested" action is a very interesting and interested action, provided that..... "And love?" — What! Even an action done out of love is supposed to be "unegoistic"? But you blockheads —! "And the praise of the self-sacrificing?" — But whoever has really made sacrifices knows that he wanted and received something for it — perhaps something of himself for something of himself — that he gave up here in order to have more there, perhaps in order to be more at all, or at least to feel himself as "more." But this is a realm of questions and answers in which a more fastidious spirit does not like to linger: so badly does truth here already need to stifle her yawns when she has to answer. In the end she is a woman: one should not do her violence.

221.

It happens, said a moralistic pedant and stickler for trifles, that I honor and distinguish an unselfish man: not, however, because he is unselfish, but because he seems to me to have a right to benefit another man at his own expense. Enough: the question is always who he is and who the other is. In one who was destined and made for commanding, for example, self-denial and modest stepping back would be not a virtue but the squandering of a virtue: so it seems to me. Every unegoistic morality that takes itself as unconditional and addresses itself to everyone sins not only against taste: it is an incitement to sins of omission, one more seduction under the mask of philanthropy - and precisely a seduction and injury of the higher, the rarer, the privileged. One must compel moralities to bow first of all before the order of rank, one must press their presumption upon their conscience, - until at last they come to a clear understanding with one another that it is immoral to say: "what is right for one is fair for the other." - So my moralistic pedant and bonhomme: did he perhaps deserve to be laughed at when he thus exhorted moralities to morality? But one should not be too much in the right if one wants to have the

laughers on one's side; a little grain of wrong even belongs to good taste.

222.

Wherever pity is preached today - and, if one listens rightly, no other religion is preached any longer now - let the psychologist open his ears: through all the vanity, through all the noise that is peculiar to these preachers (as to all preachers), he will hear a hoarse, groaning, genuine sound of self-contempt. It belongs to that darkening and uglifying of Europe which has now been growing for a century (and whose first symptoms are already documented in a thoughtful letter of Galiani's to Madame d'Epinay): if it is not its cause! The man of "modern ideas", this proud ape, is unrestrainedly dissatisfied with himself: this much is certain. He suffers: and his vanity wants him only to "suffer with".....

223.

The European hybrid man - a tolerably ugly plebeian, all in all - absolutely needs a costume: he has need of history as the storeroom of costumes. To be sure, he notices in the process that none of them really fits his body, - he changes and changes. Let one look at the nineteenth century with regard to these rapid preferences and changes of stylistic masquerades; also at the moments of despair over the fact that "nothing suits" us -. Useless to parade oneself as romantic or classical or Christian or Florentine or baroque or "national", in moribus et artibus: "it does not become us"! But the "spirit", especially the "historical spirit", sees its advantage even in this despair: again and again a new piece of the past and of foreign lands is tried out, put on, taken off, packed away, above all studied: - we are the first studied age in puncto "costumes", I mean of moralities, articles of faith, artistic tastes and religions, prepared as no time has yet been for

the carnival in the grand style, for the most spiritual carnival laughter and high spirits, for the transcendental height of the highest nonsense and the Aristophanic mockery of the world. Perhaps it is precisely here that we shall yet discover the realm of our invention, that realm where we too can still be original, perhaps as parodists of world history and God's buffoons, - perhaps, even if nothing else of today has a future, precisely our laughter may yet have a future!

224.

The historical sense (or the capacity to guess quickly the order of rank of the valuations by which a people, a society, a human being has lived, the "divinatory instinct" for the relations among these valuations, for the relation of the authority of values to the authority of the forces at work): this historical sense, to which we Europeans lay claim as our peculiarity, has come to us in the train of the enchanting and mad semi-barbarism into which Europe has been plunged through the democratic mingling of classes and races, - only the nineteenth century knows this sense, as its sixth sense. Thanks to that mixture, the past of every form and way of life, of cultures that formerly lay hard beside one another, on top of one another, streams out into us "modern souls"; our instincts now run back everywhere, we ourselves are a kind of chaos -: in the end "the spirit", as has been said, perceives its advantage in this. Through our semi-barbarism in body and desire we have secret accesses everywhere, such as a noble age never possessed, above all the accesses to the labyrinth of unfinished cultures and to every semi-barbarism that has ever existed on earth; and insofar as the most considerable part of human culture hitherto has been precisely semi-barbarism, "historical sense" means almost the sense and instinct for everything, the taste and tongue for everything: whereby it at once proves itself to be an ignoble sense. We enjoy Homer again, for example: perhaps it is our happiest advantage

that we know how to savour Homer, whom the men of a noble culture (say the French of the seventeenth century, like Saint-Evremond, who reproaches him for his esprit vaste, and even their last echo, Voltaire) do not and did not so easily know how to appropriate, - whom they scarcely permitted themselves to enjoy. The very definite Yes and No of their palate, their readily prompted disgust, their hesitant reserve with regard to everything foreign, their dread of the tastelessness even of lively curiosity, and in general that ill will of every noble and self-sufficient culture to admit to itself a new craving, a dissatisfaction with what is its own, an admiration for what is foreign: all this sets and disposes them unfavourably even toward the best things in the world that are not their property or could not become their prey, - and no sense is more incomprehensible to such men than precisely the historical sense and its submissive plebeian curiosity. It is no different with Shakespeare, that astonishing Spanish-Moorish-Saxon synthesis of tastes, over whom an ancient Athenian of Aeschylus's circle of friends would have laughed or fumed himself half to death: but we - we accept precisely this wild motleyness, this jumble of the most delicate, the coarsest and the most artificial, with a secret familiarity and cordiality; we enjoy him as the refinement of art reserved precisely for us, and in doing so let ourselves be as little disturbed by the repulsive fumes and the proximity of the English rabble in which Shakespeare's art and taste live as we might be, say, on the Chiaja of Naples: where we go our way with all our senses, enchanted and willing, however much the sewers of the rabble quarters may be in the air. We men of the "historical sense": as such we have our virtues, that is not to be disputed, - we are unpretentious, selfless, modest, brave, full of self-overcoming, full of devotion, very grateful, very patient, very accommodating: - with all that, we are perhaps not very "tasteful". Let us finally confess it to ourselves: what is hardest for us men of the "historical sense" to grasp, to feel, to taste after, to love after, what finds us at bottom prejudiced and almost

hostile, is precisely the perfect and ultimately ripe in every culture and art, what is truly noble in works and in men, their moment of smooth sea and halcyon self-sufficiency, the golden and cold that all things display which have perfected themselves. Perhaps our great virtue of the historical sense stands in necessary opposition to good taste, at least to the very best taste, and we are able to recreate within ourselves only poorly, only hesitantly, only under compulsion precisely those small, brief and highest strokes of fortune and transfigurations of human life as they flash up here and there now and then: those moments and marvels when a great force stood still of its own accord before the measureless and unbounded -, when an abundance of subtle delight was enjoyed in sudden restraint and petrifaction, in standing firm and taking a firm stand upon ground still trembling. Measure is foreign to us, let us confess it to ourselves; our itch is precisely the itch of the infinite, the unmeasured. Like the rider on a steed snorting forward, we let the reins fall before the infinite, we modern men, we semi-barbarians - and are in our bliss only there where we are also most - in danger.

225.

Whether hedonism, whether pessimism, whether utilitarianism, whether eudaemonism: all these modes of thought, which measure the value of things by pleasure and pain, that is, by accompanying states and incidentals, are foreground modes of thought and naiveties, upon which anyone who is conscious of formative powers and an artist's conscience will look down not without mockery, nor without pity. Pity for you! that, to be sure, is not pity as you mean it: it is not pity for social "distress", for "society" and its sick and unfortunate, for the vicious and those broken from the beginning, as they lie on the ground all around us; still less is it pity for grumbling, oppressed, rebellious slave strata who strive for dominion - they call it "freedom".

Our pity is a higher, more far-sighted pity: - we see how man makes himself smaller, how you make him smaller! - and there are moments when we watch precisely your pity with an indescribable anxiety, when we defend ourselves against this pity -, when we find your seriousness more dangerous than any frivolity. You want, if possible - and there is no madder "if possible" - to abolish suffering; and we? - it seems precisely that we would rather have it higher and worse than it ever was! Well-being as you understand it - that is no goal, that seems to us an end! A condition that soon makes man ridiculous and contemptible, - that makes one wish for his downfall! The discipline of suffering, of great suffering - do you not know that only this discipline has created all the elevations of man hitherto? That tension of the soul in misfortune which breeds its strength, its shudders at the sight of great ruin, its inventiveness and bravery in bearing, enduring, interpreting, exploiting misfortune, and whatever depth, secret, mask, spirit, cunning, greatness has ever been bestowed upon it: - was it not bestowed upon it under suffering, under the discipline of great suffering? In man creature and creator are united: in man there is matter, fragment, excess, clay, filth, nonsense, chaos; but in man there is also creator, sculptor, hammer-hardness, spectator-divinity and seventh day: - do you understand this contrast? And that your pity is meant for the "creature in man", for what must be formed, broken, forged, torn, burnt, made to glow, refined, - for what must necessarily suffer and is meant to suffer? And our pity - do you not grasp for whom our reversed pity is meant when it defends itself against your pity as against the worst of all pamperings and weaknesses? - Pity, then, against pity! - But, to say it once more, there are higher problems than all problems of pleasure and pain and pity; and every philosophy that amounts only to these is a naivety. -

226.

We immoralists! — This world that concerns us, in which we have to fear and to love, this almost invisible, inaudible world of subtle commanding, subtle obeying, a world of the "almost" in every respect, ticklish, insidious, prickly, tender: yes, it is well defended against clumsy spectators and familiar curiosity! We are spun into a strict net and shirt of duties and cannot get out of it — in this very sense we are "men of duty," we too! At times, it is true, we may well dance in our "chains" and between our "swords"; more often, it is no less true, we gnash our teeth under them and are impatient at all the secret harshness of our fate. But do what we will: the dolts and the evidence of the eyes say against us, "these are men without duty" — we always have the dolts and the evidence of the eyes against us!

227.

Honesty — supposing that this is our virtue, from which we cannot get free, we free spirits — well then, we will work at it with all our malice and love and not grow weary of "perfecting" ourselves in our virtue, the only one left to us: may its radiance one day linger like a gilded, blue, mocking evening light over this ageing culture and its dull, gloomy earnestness! And if, nevertheless, our honesty should one day grow weary and sigh and stretch its limbs and find us too hard and wish to have it better, easier, more tender, like an agreeable vice: let us remain hard, we last Stoics! and let us send to its aid whatever devilry we have in us — our disgust at the clumsy and approximate, our "nitimur in vetitum," our adventurer's courage, our shrewd and spoiled curiosity, our subtlest, most disguised, most spiritual will to power and world-overcoming, which roves and swarms covetously around all the realms of the future — let us come to the aid of our "god" with all our "devils"! It is probable that on this account we shall be misjudged and mistaken for others: what does it

matter! People will say: "their 'honesty' — that is their devilry, and nothing more!" What does it matter! And even if they were right! Have not all gods hitherto been such devils grown holy and rebaptized? And what, in the end, do we know of ourselves? And what the spirit that leads us wants to be called? (It is a matter of names.) And how many spirits we harbour? Our honesty, we free spirits — let us see to it that it does not become our vanity, our finery and pomp, our limit, our stupidity! Every virtue inclines toward stupidity, every stupidity toward virtue; "stupid to the point of holiness," they say in Russia — let us see to it that out of honesty we do not in the end become saints and bores! Is life not a hundred times too short to be — bored in it? One would have to believe in eternal life in order to....

228.

May I be forgiven the discovery that all moral philosophy hitherto has been boring and belonged among the soporifics — and that nothing has impaired "virtue" more in my eyes than this boringness of its advocates; by which I would not yet wish to have failed to recognize their general usefulness. Much depends on as few people as possible thinking about morality — consequently a very great deal depends on morality not somehow becoming interesting one day! But have no fear! Things stand today as they always stood: I see no one in Europe who has (or gives) any notion that thinking about morality could be pursued in a dangerous, insidious, seductive manner — that there could be fatality in it! Consider, for example, the indefatigable, inevitable English utilitarians, how clumsily and honourably they walk along in Bentham's footsteps, walk hither, walk thither (a Homeric simile says it more plainly), just as he himself already walked in the footsteps of the honourable Helvétius (no, that was no dangerous man, this Helvétius!). Not a new thought, nothing of a subtler turn or folding of an old thought, not even a real history of what was thought

before: an impossible literature on the whole, unless one knows how to leaven it for oneself with some malice. For into these moralists too (whom one must read entirely with ulterior thoughts, if one must read them —) that old English vice has crept which is called cant and is moral Tartuffery, this time hidden under the new form of scientific method; nor is there any lack of secret warding-off of the pangs of conscience from which a race of former Puritans will in all fairness suffer in all its scientific occupation with morality. (Is a moralist not the opposite of a Puritan? That is, as a thinker who takes morality as questionable, as worthy of a question mark, in short as a problem? Should moralizing not be — immoral?) In the end they all want English morality to be proved right: inasmuch as precisely thereby humanity, or the "general utility," or "the happiness of the greatest number," no! the happiness of England is best served; they would like with all their might to prove to themselves that the striving after English happiness, I mean after comfort and fashion (and, in the highest place, a seat in Parliament), is at the same time the right path of virtue, indeed that whatever virtue there has been in the world hitherto has consisted precisely in such striving. Not one of all these ponderous herd animals with uneasy consciences (who undertake to plead the cause of egoism as the cause of the general welfare —) wants to know or smell anything of the fact that the "general welfare" is no ideal, no goal, no concept graspable in any way, but merely an emetic — that what is fair for one cannot by any means be fair for another, that the demand for one morality for all is detrimental precisely to the higher men, in short, that there is an order of rank between man and man, and consequently also between morality and morality. They are a modest and thoroughly mediocre kind of man, these utilitarian Englishmen, and, as was said: insofar as they are boring, one cannot think highly enough of their utility. One ought even to encourage them: as has been attempted, in part, with the following rhymes.

Hail to you, brave barrow-pushers, Ever "the longer, the dearer," Ever stiffer in head and knee, Uninspired, unamusing, Indestructibly mediocre, Sans génie et sans esprit!

229.

In those late ages which may be proud of their humaneness there remains so much fear, so much superstition of fear before the "wild cruel beast", the mastering of which constitutes the very pride of those more humane ages, that even palpable truths remain unspoken for centuries, as if by agreement, because they have the appearance of helping that wild, at last mortified beast back to life. I perhaps venture something when I let such a truth slip from me: let others capture it again and give it so much "milk of pious sentiment" to drink that it lies still 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, so that such immodest fat errors as, for instance, have been fattened up by ancient and modern philosophers in regard to tragedy no longer stroll about virtuously and boldly. Almost everything we call "higher culture" is based upon the spiritualization and deepening of cruelty - this is my proposition; that "wild beast" has not been mortified at all, it lives, it flourishes, it has merely - become divine. What constitutes the painful voluptuousness of tragedy is cruelty; what has an agreeable effect in so-called tragic pity, indeed at bottom in everything sublime up to the highest and most delicate shudders of metaphysics, receives its sweetness solely from the admixed ingredient of cruelty. What the Roman in the arena, the Christian in the raptures of the Cross, the Spaniard in the face of the stake or the bullfight, the Japanese of today who throngs to the tragedy, the Parisian suburban worker who has a homesickness for bloody revolutions, the Wagnerienne who, with her will unhinged, "lets" Tristan and Isolde "wash over her" - what all these enjoy and strive with mysteri-

ous ardour to drink into themselves are the spiced potions of the great Circe "Cruelty". Here, to be sure, one must chase away the oafish psychology of former times, which knew only to teach of cruelty that it arose at the sight of another's suffering: there is an abundant, superabundant enjoyment also in one's own suffering, in making oneself suffer, - and wherever man lets himself be persuaded to self-denial in the religious sense, or to self-mutilation, as among Phoenicians and ascetics, or in general to desensualization, disincarnation, contrition, to the Puritan spasm of penance, to vivisection of conscience and to the Pascalian sacrifizio dell'intelletto, there he is secretly lured and pushed forward by his cruelty, by those dangerous shudders of cruelty turned against oneself. Finally, let one consider that even the man of knowledge, in compelling his spirit to know against the inclination of the spirit and often enough against the wishes of his heart as well - that is, to say No where he would like to affirm, love, adore -, holds sway as an artist and transfigurer of cruelty; already every taking of things deeply and thoroughly is a violation, a will to inflict pain upon the fundamental will of the spirit, which ceaselessly wants to go toward appearance and toward surfaces, - already in every will to know there is a drop of cruelty.

230.

Perhaps it will not be understood straightaway what I have said here of a "fundamental will of the spirit": allow me an explanation. - That commanding something which the people call "the spirit" wants to be master in itself and around itself and to feel itself master: it has the will from multiplicity to simplicity, a binding, taming, domineering and truly masterful will. Its needs and capacities are in this the same as those the physiologists set forth for everything that lives, grows and multiplies. The power of the spirit to appropriate what is foreign reveals itself in a strong inclination to assimilate the new to the old,

to simplify the manifold, to overlook or push away what is wholly contradictory: just as it arbitrarily underlines more strongly, emphasizes, and falsifies to suit itself certain traits and lines in what is foreign, in every piece of "external world". Its intention in this is the incorporation of new "experiences", the ranging of new things under old rows, - growth, then; more precisely still, the feeling of growth, the feeling of increased power. This same will is served by an apparently opposite drive of the spirit, a suddenly erupting resolve for ignorance, for arbitrary closing-off, a shutting of its windows, an inner saying No to this thing or that, a not-letting-come-near, a kind of state of defence against much that is knowable, a contentment with the dark, with the enclosing horizon, a saying Yes to and approving of ignorance: all of which is necessary according to the degree of its appropriating power, its "digestive power", to speak in an image - and indeed "the spirit" resembles a stomach more than anything else. Likewise there belongs here the occasional will of the spirit to let itself be deceived, perhaps with a wanton inkling that things are not so and so, that one merely lets them count as so and so, a delight in all uncertainty and ambiguity, an exultant self-enjoyment in the arbitrary narrowness and secrecy of a nook, in the all-too-near, in the foreground, in the enlarged, the diminished, the displaced, the beautified, a self-enjoyment in the arbitrariness of all these expressions of power. Finally there belongs here that not unquestionable readiness of the spirit to deceive other spirits and to dissemble before them, that constant pressure and urging of a creating, shaping, changeable power: in this the spirit enjoys the multiplicity of its masks and its cunning, it enjoys too the feeling of its security therein, - it is precisely through its Protean arts that it is best defended and hidden! - Against this will to appearance, to simplification, to the mask, to the cloak, in short to the surface - for every surface is a cloak - there works that sublime inclination of the man of knowledge who takes and wants to take things deeply, manifoldly, thoroughly: as a kind of

cruelty of the intellectual conscience and taste, which every courageous thinker will acknowledge in himself, provided that, as is fitting, he has hardened and sharpened his eye for himself long enough and is accustomed to strict discipline, and to strict words as well. He will say "there is something cruel in the inclination of my spirit": - let the virtuous and amiable try to talk him out of it! In truth, it would sound more courteous if, instead of cruelty, one were to say of us, whisper of us, praise in us, perhaps an "extravagant honesty", - us free, very free spirits: - and perhaps that is really how our - posthumous fame will one day sound? Meanwhile - for there is time enough till then - we ourselves would probably be the least inclined to deck ourselves out in such moral word-tinsel and word-fringes: our whole work hitherto spoils for us precisely this taste and its sprightly luxuriance. They are beautiful, glittering, jingling, festive words: honesty, love of truth, love of wisdom, sacrifice for knowledge, heroism of the truthful, - there is something about them that makes one's pride swell. But we hermits and marmots, we long ago persuaded ourselves, in all the secrecy of a hermit's conscience, that this dignified verbal pomp too belongs to the old false finery, frippery and gold-dust of unconscious human vanity, and that beneath such flattering colour and overpainting too the terrible basic text homo natura must once more be recognized. To translate man back into nature, namely; to become master over the many vain and enthusiastic interpretations and secondary meanings which have hitherto been scrawled and painted over that eternal basic text homo natura; to bring it about that man henceforth stands before man as he already stands today, hardened in the discipline of science, before the rest of nature, with unafraid Oedipus-eyes and stopped-up Odysseus-ears, deaf to the lures of old metaphysical bird-catchers who have piped to him all too long: "you are more! you are higher! you are of another origin!" - that may be a strange and mad task, but it is a task - who would deny it! Why did we choose it, this mad task? Or, to ask it differently: "why

knowledge at all?" - Everyone will ask us that. And we, pressed in this fashion, we who have already asked ourselves the same a hundred times, we found and find no better answer....

231.

Learning transforms us, it does what all nourishment does, which also does not merely "preserve" -: as the physiologist knows. But at the bottom of us, right "down there", there is admittedly something unteachable, a granite of spiritual fate, of predetermined decision and answer to predetermined, selected questions. In every cardinal problem an unchangeable "this is I" speaks; about man and woman, for example, a thinker cannot relearn, but only learn to the end, - only discover to the end what is "settled" in him on the matter. Early on one finds certain solutions to problems which inspire strong faith precisely in us; perhaps one henceforth calls them one's "convictions". Later - one sees in them only footprints toward self-knowledge, signposts to the problem that we are, - more correctly, to the great stupidity that we are, to our spiritual fate, to the unteachable right "down there". - After this abundant courtesy, such as I have just committed toward myself, I shall perhaps sooner be permitted to speak out a few truths about "woman as such": supposing that it is now known from the outset how very much they are merely - my truths. -

232.

Woman wants to become independent: and to that end she is beginning to enlighten men about "woman in herself" — this belongs among the worst advances in the general uglification of Europe. For what must these clumsy attempts at female scientificality and self-exposure not bring to light! Woman has so much reason for shame; in woman there is so much that is pedantic, superficial, schoolmistressy, petty-presumptuous, petty-unbridled and petty-immodest concealed

— only study her dealings with children! — which has fundamentally been best held back and tamed hitherto by fear of man. Woe, once the "eternally tedious in woman" — she is rich in it! — is permitted to venture forth! once she begins thoroughly and on principle to unlearn her cleverness and her art, the art of grace, of play, of chasing away cares, of lightening and taking lightly, once she unlearns her fine aptitude for agreeable desires! Already female voices are being raised which, by holy Aristophanes! inspire terror; there are threats, with medical explicitness, of what woman first and last wants from man. Is it not in the worst of taste when woman sets about becoming scientific in this fashion? Hitherto, fortunately, enlightening was men's affair, men's gift — one remained "among ourselves" with it; and in the end, with all that women write about "woman", one may reserve a good deal of mistrust as to whether woman really wants enlightenment about herself — and can want it. If a woman is not seeking a new adornment for herself in this — I do think adorning oneself belongs to the Eternal-Feminine? — well then, she wants to inspire fear of herself: — perhaps she wants dominion by it. But she does not want truth: what does woman care for truth! From the very beginning nothing has been more alien, more repugnant, more hostile to woman than truth — her great art is the lie, her highest concern is appearance and beauty. Let us confess it, we men: we honour and love precisely this art and this instinct in woman: we who have a hard time of it and gladly, for our relief, keep company with beings under whose hands, glances and tender follies our seriousness, our gravity and depth appear to us almost like a folly. Finally I put the question: has any woman herself ever yet conceded depth to a woman's head, justice to a woman's heart? And is it not true that, taken on the whole, "woman" has hitherto been most despised by woman herself — and not at all by us? — We men wish that woman should not go on compromising herself through enlightenment: just as it was man's care and consideration for woman when the Church decreed: mulier taceat in ecclesia!

It was to woman's benefit when Napoleon gave the all-too-eloquent Madame de Staël to understand: mulier taceat in politicis! — and I think that he is a true friend of women who today calls out to them: mulier taceat de muliere!

233.

It betrays a corruption of the instincts — quite apart from the fact that it betrays bad taste — when a woman appeals precisely to Madame Roland or Madame de Staël or Monsieur George Sand, as though something were thereby proved in favour of "woman in herself". Among men, the ones named are the three comical women in themselves — nothing more! — and precisely the best involuntary counter-arguments against emancipation and female self-glorification.

234.

Stupidity in the kitchen; woman as cook; the gruesome thoughtlessness with which the nourishment of the family and of the master of the house is seen to! Woman does not understand what food means: and wants to be cook! If woman were a thinking creature, then surely, as cook for millennia, she would have had to discover the greatest physiological facts, and likewise to take the art of healing into her possession! Through bad cooks — through the complete absence of reason in the kitchen, the development of man has been delayed longest, impaired worst: even today things stand little better. A discourse for young ladies of good schooling.

235.

There are turns and throws of the spirit, there are sentences, a small handful of words, in which a whole culture, a whole society suddenly crystallizes. Among these belongs that occasional word of Madame de

Lambert to her son: "mon ami, ne vous permettez jamais que de folies, qui vous feront grand plaisir": — incidentally the most motherly and wisest word ever addressed to a son.

236.

What Dante and Goethe believed about woman — the former when he sang "ella guardava suso, ed io in lei", the latter when he translated it "the Eternal-Feminine draws us upward" —: I do not doubt that every nobler woman will resist this belief, for she believes precisely that of the Eternal-Masculine...

237.

Seven Little Women's Sayings.

How the longest tedium flies when a man comes crawling to our eyes!

Age, alas! and science too lend weak virtue strength anew.

Black attire and reticence suit each woman — who has sense.

Whom do I thank when luck is mine? God! — and my dressmaker fine.

Young: a flower-bedecked cave-nest. Old: a dragon rushes forth from its rest.

Noble name, a leg that's fine, man besides: oh were *he* mine!

Speech that's short, with meaning long — slippery ice for the she-ass's throng!

237.

Women have hitherto been treated by men like birds that have strayed down to them from some height or other: as something finer, more

vulnerable, wilder, stranger, sweeter, more soulful — but as something one must lock up so that it does not fly away.

238.

To blunder over the fundamental problem of "man and woman", to deny here the most abysmal antagonism and the necessity of an eternally hostile tension, to dream here perhaps of equal rights, equal education, equal claims and obligations: that is a typical sign of shallow-headedness, and a thinker who has proved shallow at this dangerous spot — shallow in instinct! — may be regarded as altogether suspect, more than that, as betrayed, as exposed: probably he will be too "short" for all the fundamental questions of life, of future life too, and will be unable to get down into any depth. A man, on the other hand, who has depth, in his spirit as in his desires, and also that depth of benevolence which is capable of severity and hardness and is easily confused with them, can only ever think of woman in oriental fashion: he must conceive of woman as possession, as property that can be locked away, as something predestined for service and fulfilling itself in it — he must base himself here on the tremendous reason of Asia, on Asia's superiority of instinct: as the Greeks formerly did, those best heirs and pupils of Asia, who, as is well known, from Homer to the times of Pericles, with increasing culture and amplitude of strength, became step by step stricter towards woman as well, in short more oriental. How necessary, how logical, how even humanly desirable this was: let each reflect on it for himself!

239.

The weaker sex has in no age been treated with such respect on the part of men as in our age – this belongs to the democratic inclination and basic taste, just as does irreverence toward old age –: what wonder that this respect is at once abused again? One wants more,

one learns to demand, one finally finds that tribute of respect almost offensive already, one would prefer competition for rights, indeed quite properly the fight itself: enough, woman is losing shame. Let us add at once that she is also losing taste. She is unlearning to fear man: but the woman who "unlearns fear" surrenders her most womanly instincts. That woman ventures forth when what inspires fear in man – let us say more precisely, when the man in man – is no longer willed and bred up, is fair enough, and comprehensible enough; what is harder to comprehend is that precisely thereby – woman degenerates. This is happening today: let us not deceive ourselves about it! Wherever the industrial spirit has triumphed over the military and aristocratic spirit, woman now strives for the economic and legal independence of a clerk: "woman as clerk" stands at the gate of the modern society now taking shape. While she thus seizes new rights, aspires to become "master," and inscribes the "progress" of woman on her flags and pennants, the opposite is being accomplished with terrible clarity: woman is going backward. Since the French Revolution the influence of woman in Europe has grown smaller in the same measure as she has increased in rights and claims; and the "emancipation of woman," insofar as it is demanded and furthered by women themselves (and not only by masculine shallowpates), thus turns out to be a curious symptom of the increasing weakening and blunting of the most womanly instincts of all. There is stupidity in this movement, an almost masculine stupidity, of which a well-turned-out woman – who is always a clever woman – would have to be thoroughly ashamed. To lose the scent for the ground on which one most surely comes to victory; to neglect practice in one's own proper art of arms; to let oneself go before man, perhaps even "to the point of a book," where formerly one kept oneself in discipline and in fine, cunning humility; to work against man's faith in a fundamentally different ideal veiled within woman, in some Eternal- and Necessary-Feminine, with virtuous audacity; emphatically and garrulously to talk man out

of the idea that woman must be kept, cared for, protected, spared like a more delicate, strangely wild and often pleasant domestic animal; the clumsy and indignant gathering together of everything slavish and serflike that the position of woman in the previous order of society has had and still has (as if slavery were a counterargument and not rather a condition of every higher culture, of every elevation of culture): – what does all this mean, if not a crumbling of the feminine instincts, a de-feminizing? To be sure, there are enough idiotic friends of women and corrupters of woman among the learned asses of the male sex who advise woman to de-feminize herself in this way and to imitate all the stupidities from which "man" in Europe, European "manliness," is sick – who would like to bring woman down to the level of "general education," perhaps even to reading newspapers and talking politics. Here and there one even wants to make free spirits and literati out of women: as if a woman without piety were not, to a profound and godless man, something utterly repugnant or ridiculous –; almost everywhere one ruins their nerves with the most morbid and dangerous of all kinds of music (our newest German music) and makes them daily more hysterical and more unfit for their first and last vocation, that of bearing robust children. One wants in general to "cultivate" them still more and, as they say, to make the "weaker sex" strong through culture: as if history did not teach as emphatically as possible that the "cultivation" of man and his weakening – namely the weakening, splintering, sickening of the strength of will – have always gone hand in hand, and that the most powerful and influential women of the world (most recently the mother of Napoleon) owed their power and their ascendancy over men precisely to their strength of will – and not to schoolmasters! What inspires respect and often enough fear in woman is her nature, which is "more natural" than that of man, her genuine, predatory, cunning suppleness, her tiger's claw beneath the glove, her naïveté in egoism, her ineducability and inner wildness, the incomprehensible, vast, roaming quality of her desires

and virtues..... What, for all the fear, arouses pity for this dangerous and beautiful cat "woman" is that she appears more suffering, more vulnerable, more in need of love and more condemned to disappointment than any other animal. Fear and pity: with these feelings man has hitherto stood before woman, always with one foot already in tragedy, which tears apart as it enraptures –. What? And this is now supposed to come to an end? And the disenchantment of woman is under way? The boring-ization of woman is slowly creeping up? Oh Europe! Europe! We know the horned animal that was always the most attractive to you, from which danger threatens you again and again! Your old fable could once more become "history" – once more a monstrous stupidity could become master over you and carry you off! And no god hidden beneath it, no! only an "idea," a "modern idea"!.....

Part Eight:

Peoples and Fatherlands.

240.

I heard, once again for the first time — Richard Wagner's overture to the Meistersinger: this is a magnificent, overladen, heavy and late art, which has the pride to presuppose, for its understanding, two centuries of music as still alive: — it does the Germans honour that such a pride did not miscalculate! What saps and strengths, what seasons and climes are not mingled here! It strikes us now as antique, now as strange, tart and over-young; it is just as arbitrary as it is pompously traditional; it is not seldom roguish, still more often coarse and crude — it has fire and courage and at the same time the slack, sallow skin of fruits that ripen too late. It streams broad and full: and suddenly a moment of inexplicable hesitation, as it were a gap that springs open between cause and effect, a pressure that makes us dream, almost a nightmare —, but already the old stream of contentment spreads and widens again, of the most manifold contentment, of old and new happiness, very much including the artist's happiness in himself, which he has no wish to conceal, his astonished, happy awareness of the mastery of the means he employs here, new, newly acquired, untried means of art, as he seems to betray to us. All in all, no beauty, no south, nothing of the fine southern brightness of the sky, nothing of grace, no dance, scarcely a will to logic; even a certain clumsiness, which is underlined besides, as though the artist wished to tell us: "it belongs to my intention"; a cumbersome garb, something arbitrarily barbaric and solemn, a flutter of learned and venerable preciosities and laces; something German, in the best and worst sense of the word, something manifold, formless and inexhaustible in the German

manner; a certain German potency and overfullness of soul which has no fear of hiding beneath the refinements of decay — which perhaps only feels most at ease there; a true, genuine emblem of the German soul, which is at once young and superannuated, over-mellow and still over-rich in future. This kind of music best expresses what I think of the Germans: they are of the day before yesterday and of the day after tomorrow — they have as yet no today.

241.

We "good Europeans": we too have hours when we permit ourselves a hearty fatherlandishness, a plunge and relapse into old loves and narrownesses — I have just given a sample of it —, hours of national effervescence, of patriotic oppressions and all manner of other antiquated floods of feeling. Duller spirits than we are may take longer periods to finish with what, in our case, is confined to hours and plays itself out in hours: some in half a year, others in half a lifetime, according to the speed and strength with which they digest and "change their matter". Indeed, I could imagine dull, hesitant races which, even in our swift Europe, would need half a century to overcome such atavistic attacks of fatherlandishness and clinging to the soil, and to return to reason, that is to say, to "good Europeanism". And while I digress upon this possibility, it befalls me to become the ear-witness of a conversation between two old "patriots" — both of them evidently heard badly and therefore spoke all the louder. "He thinks and knows as much of philosophy as a peasant or a fraternity student," said the one, "he is still innocent. But what does that matter today! It is the age of the masses: they lie on their bellies before everything massive. And so too in politicis. A statesman who piles up for them a new Tower of Babel, some monster of empire and power, they call 'great': — what does it matter that we more cautious and reserved ones do not yet, for the time being, abandon the old belief

that it is the great thought alone that gives greatness to a deed or a cause. Suppose a statesman were to bring his people into the position of having henceforth to pursue 'great politics', for which it is by nature ill-equipped and ill-prepared: so that it would need to sacrifice its old and secure virtues for the sake of a new and doubtful mediocrity — suppose a statesman were to condemn his people to 'politicking' altogether, whereas that people had hitherto had better things to do and to think, and in the depths of its soul could not rid itself of a cautious disgust at the restlessness, emptiness and noisy quarrel-devilry of the peoples that truly politick: — suppose such a statesman were to goad the slumbering passions and cravings of his people, to make a stain for it out of its former timidity and pleasure in standing aside, a guilt out of its foreign-mindedness and secret infinity, to devalue its most heartfelt inclinations, to turn its conscience inside out, to make its spirit narrow, its taste 'national' — what! a statesman who did all this, for which his people would have to do penance into all the future, if it has a future, such a statesman would be great?" "Undoubtedly!" the other old patriot answered him vehemently, "otherwise he could not have done it! It was mad, perhaps, to want such a thing? But perhaps everything great was at the beginning only mad!" — "Abuse of words!" cried his interlocutor in reply, "— strong! strong! strong and mad! Not great!" — The old men had evidently grown heated as they thus shouted their "truths" in each other's faces; but I, in my happiness and beyond, considered how soon a stronger one will become master over the strong; and also that for the spiritual shallowing of one people there is a compensation, namely through the deepening of another. —

242.

Whether one now calls it "civilization" or "humanization" or "progress", that in which the distinction of Europeans is now sought; whether one calls it simply, without praise or blame, by a political

formula, the democratic movement of Europe: behind all the moral and political foregrounds to which such formulas point, an immense physiological process is taking place, one that is ever more coming into flux, - the process of Europeans growing alike, their increasing detachment from the conditions under which races bound by climate and by class arise, their growing independence of every definite milieu that would like, for centuries, to inscribe itself with the same demands upon soul and body, - and thus the slow emergence of an essentially supra-national and nomadic kind of man, who, physiologically speaking, possesses as his typical distinction a maximum of the art and power of adaptation. This process of the European in the making, which may be retarded in tempo by great relapses, but perhaps precisely thereby gains and grows in vehemence and depth - the Sturm und Drang of "national feeling" that still rages now belongs here, as does the anarchism just now coming up -: this process will probably lead to results upon which its naive promoters and panegyrists, the apostles of "modern ideas", would least wish to reckon. The same new conditions under which, on average, a levelling and mediocritizing of man will develop - a useful, industrious, variously serviceable and handy herd animal man -, are in the highest degree apt to give rise to exceptional men of the most dangerous and most attractive quality. For while that power of adaptation, which keeps trying out ever-changing conditions and begins a new labour with every generation, almost with every decade, makes the powerfulness of the type quite impossible; while the overall impression of such future Europeans will probably be that of manifold, garrulous, weak-willed and exceedingly employable workers who need a master, one who commands, as they need their daily bread; while, therefore, the democratization of Europe leads to the production of a type prepared for slavery in the subtlest sense: in the single and exceptional case the strong man will have to turn out stronger and richer than he has perhaps ever turned out before, - thanks to the unprejudiced nature of

his schooling, thanks to the immense manifoldness of practice, art and mask. I meant to say: the democratization of Europe is at the same time an involuntary arrangement for the breeding of tyrants, - the word understood in every sense, including the most spiritual.

243.

I hear with pleasure that our sun is engaged in rapid motion toward the constellation of Hercules: and I hope that man on this earth will do as the sun does in this. And we in the lead, we good Europeans! -

244.

There was a time when people were accustomed to call the Germans "deep" by way of distinction: now that the most successful type of the new Germanism hungers after quite other honours and perhaps misses "dash" in everything that has depth, the doubt is almost timely and patriotic whether we did not formerly deceive ourselves with that praise: in short, whether German depth is not at bottom something different and worse — and something which, thank God, we are on the point of successfully getting rid of. Let us therefore make the attempt to relearn our view of German depth: nothing more is needed for it than a little vivisection of the German soul. — The German soul is above all manifold, of diverse origin, more put together and piled one upon another than actually built: that lies in its descent. A German who would make so bold as to assert "two souls, alas! dwell within my breast" would do grievous violence to the truth, or more correctly, would fall short of the truth by a good many souls. As a people of the most monstrous mixing and stirring together of races, perhaps even with a preponderance of the pre-Aryan element, as the "people of the middle" in every sense, the Germans are more incomprehensible, more comprehensive, more full of contradictions, more unknown, more incalculable, more surprising, even more frightening

than other peoples are to themselves: — they slip away from definition and are thereby already the despair of the French. It is characteristic of the Germans that among them the question "what is German?" never dies out. Kotzebue certainly knew his Germans well enough: "We are recognized," they cheered him, — but Sand too believed he knew them. Jean Paul knew what he was doing when he declared himself wrathfully against Fichte's mendacious but patriotic flatteries and exaggerations, — but it is probable that Goethe thought otherwise about the Germans than Jean Paul did, even if he agreed with him in regard to Fichte. What did Goethe really think about the Germans? — But about many things around him he never spoke clearly and all his life he was master of the subtle silence: — probably he had good reasons for it. What is certain is that it was not "the Wars of Liberation" that made him look up more joyfully, any more than the French Revolution, — the event for whose sake he rethought his Faust, indeed the whole problem "man," was the appearance of Napoleon. There are sayings of Goethe's in which, as though from abroad, he passes judgement with an impatient harshness on that which the Germans count as their pride: the famous German Gemüt he once defines as "indulgence toward the weaknesses of others and of oneself." Is he wrong in this? — it is characteristic of the Germans that one is seldom entirely wrong about them. The German soul has passages and connecting passages within it, there are caves in it, hiding places, dungeons; its disorder has much of the charm of the mysterious; the German is master of the secret paths to chaos. And as every thing loves its likeness, so the German loves the clouds and everything that is unclear, becoming, twilit, damp and veiled: the uncertain, the unformed, the self-shifting, the growing of every kind he feels as "deep." The German himself is not, he becomes, he "develops." "Development" is therefore the truly German find and stroke in the great realm of philosophical formulas: — a ruling concept which, in league with German beer and German music, is labouring to Germanize all of Europe. Foreigners

stand astonished and attracted before the riddles which the contradictory nature at the bottom of the German soul sets them (which Hegel brought into a system and Richard Wagner finally even set to music). "Good-natured and spiteful" — such a juxtaposition, absurd with regard to any other people, is unfortunately justified all too often in Germany: just live for a while among Swabians! The ponderousness of the German scholar, his social insipidity, gets along frighteningly well with an inward tightrope-dancing and nimble boldness before which all the gods have already learned to fear. If one wants the "German soul" demonstrated ad oculos, one need only look into German taste, into German arts and customs: what boorish indifference to "taste"! How the noblest and the basest stand there side by side! How disorderly and rich is this whole household of the soul! The German drags at his soul; he drags at everything he experiences. He digests his experiences badly, he is never "done" with them; German depth is often only a heavy, hesitant "digestion." And just as all the chronically sick, all dyspeptics, have a bent for the comfortable, so the German loves "openness" and "uprightness": how comfortable it is to be open and upright! — It is perhaps today the most dangerous and happiest disguise the German knows how to wear, this trusting, obliging, cards-on-the-table quality of German honesty: it is his real Mephistophelean art, with it he can "still go far"! The German lets himself go, gazes meanwhile with faithful blue empty German eyes — and at once foreigners mistake him for his dressing gown! — I meant to say: let "German depth" be what it will, — just between ourselves, may we perhaps permit ourselves to laugh at it? — we do well to keep holding its appearance and good name in honour henceforth too, and not to sell off our old reputation as the people of depth too cheaply for Prussian "dash" and Berlin wit and sand. It is clever for a people to have itself taken, to let itself be taken, for deep, for clumsy, for good-natured, for honest, for unclever: it might even — be deep! Finally: one should do honour to one's name, — it is not for nothing that one

is called the "tiusche" people, the Täusche-people, the people that deceives...

245.

The "good old" days are gone; in Mozart they sang themselves out: - how fortunate we are that his rococo still speaks to us, that his "good society", his tender enthusiasm, his childlike delight in the Chinese and the curlicued, his courtesy of the heart, his longing for the dainty, the amorous, the dancing, the tearfully blissful, his faith in the South may still appeal to some remnant within us! Alas, some day it will all be over! - but who may doubt that it will be over even sooner with the understanding and relishing of Beethoven! - who was, after all, only the closing strain of a transition and rupture of style, and not, like Mozart, the closing strain of a great European taste that had lasted for centuries. Beethoven is the intervening event between an old, crumbling soul that is perpetually breaking apart and a future, over-young soul that is perpetually arriving; upon his music lies that twilight of eternal losing and eternal extravagant hoping, - the same light in which Europe lay bathed when it had dreamed with Rousseau, when it had danced around the Revolution's tree of liberty and at last had all but worshipped before Napoleon. But how quickly this very feeling is fading now, how hard it already is today even to know of this feeling, - how strange the language of those Rousseaus, Schillers, Shelleys, Byrons sounds to our ear, in whom together the same destiny of Europe found its way into words that knew how to sing in Beethoven! - Whatever German music came afterwards belongs to Romanticism, that is, to a movement which, reckoned historically, was even briefer, even more fleeting, even more superficial than that great interlude, that transition of Europe from Rousseau to Napoleon and to the rise of democracy. Weber: but what are Freischütz and Oberon to us today! Or Marschner's Hans Heiling and Vampyr! Or even Wagner's

Tannhäuser! That is music whose sound has died away, even if it is not yet forgotten. All this music of Romanticism, moreover, was not noble enough, not music enough, to hold its ground anywhere other than in the theatre and before the crowd; it was from the outset music of the second rank, which counted for little among real musicians. It was otherwise with Felix Mendelssohn, that halcyon master, who for the sake of his lighter, purer, happier soul was quickly revered and just as quickly forgotten: as the beautiful incident of German music. But as for Robert Schumann, who took things seriously and from the beginning was also taken seriously - he is the last to have founded a school -: is it not regarded among us today as a stroke of luck, as a sigh of relief, as a liberation, that this very Schumannesque Romanticism has been overcome? Schumann, fleeing into the "Saxon Switzerland" of his soul, half Wertherian, half Jean-Paulian by nature, certainly not Beethovenian! certainly not Byronic! - his Manfred music is a blunder and a misunderstanding to the point of injustice -, Schumann with his taste, which was at bottom a small taste (namely a dangerous propensity, doubly dangerous among Germans, for quiet lyricism and drunkenness of feeling), forever stepping aside, shyly withdrawing and retiring, a noble weakling who wallowed in nothing but anonymous bliss and woe, a kind of girl and noli me tangere from the very start: this Schumann was already merely a German event in music, no longer a European one, as Beethoven was, as, to a still more comprehensive degree, Mozart had been, - with him German music was threatened by its greatest danger, that of losing its voice for the soul of Europe and sinking down into a mere fatherlandishness. -

246.

- What torture books written in German are for one who has the third ear! How reluctantly he stands beside the slowly revolving swamp of sounds without sound, of rhythms without dance, which among Ger-

mans is called a "book"! And then the German who reads books! How lazily, how grudgingly, how badly he reads! How many Germans know, and demand of themselves to know, that there is art in every good sentence, - art that wants to be divined, insofar as the sentence wants to be understood! A misunderstanding about its tempo, for example: and the sentence itself is misunderstood! That one must not be in doubt about the rhythmically decisive syllables, that one feels the breaking of an all-too-strict symmetry as intended and as a charm, that one lends a fine and patient ear to every staccato, every rubato, that one divines the meaning in the sequence of the vowels and diphthongs, and how delicately and richly they can colour and recolour themselves in their succession: who among book-reading Germans is willing enough to acknowledge such duties and demands, and to listen for so much art and intention in language? In the end one simply "has no ear for it": and so the strongest contrasts of style go unheard, and the subtlest artistry is squandered as if upon the deaf. - These were my thoughts when I noticed how clumsily and unsuspectingly two masters in the art of prose were confused with one another: one from whom the words drip down hesitantly and coldly, as from the ceiling of a damp cave - he counts on their muffled sound and echo - and another who handles his language like a supple rapier and feels, from his arm down to his toes, the dangerous bliss of the quivering, over-sharp blade that wants to bite, to hiss, to cut. -

247.

How little German style has to do with sound and with the ears is shown by the fact that precisely our good musicians write badly. The German does not read aloud, not for the ear, but merely with the eyes: he has put his ears away in the drawer while doing so. The man of antiquity, when he read - which happened seldom enough - read something aloud to himself, and indeed in a loud voice; people were sur-

prised when someone read quietly, and secretly asked themselves about the reasons. In a loud voice: that is to say, with all the swellings, inflections, sudden shifts of tone and changes of tempo in which the ancient public world took its delight. In those days the laws of written style were the same as those of spoken style; and the laws of the latter depended partly on the astonishing cultivation, the refined requirements of the ear and larynx, partly on the strength, endurance and power of the ancient lung. A period is, in the sense of the ancients, above all a physiological whole, inasmuch as it is held together by a single breath. Such periods as occur in Demosthenes, in Cicero, swelling twice and sinking twice and all within a single breath: these are delights for the men of antiquity, who knew from their own schooling how to appreciate the virtue in them, the rarity and difficulty in the delivery of such a period: - we have really no right to the grand period, we moderns, we short of breath in every sense! For these ancients were, one and all, themselves dilettantes in speech, consequently connoisseurs, consequently critics, - and thereby they drove their orators to the utmost; in the same way as in the last century, when all Italian men and women knew how to sing, vocal virtuosity (and with it the art of melody too -) reached its height among them. In Germany, however, there was (until quite recent times, when a kind of platform eloquence stirs its young wings, shyly and clumsily enough) really only one kind of public and roughly artful speech: that delivered from the pulpit. The preacher alone in Germany knew what a syllable, what a word weighs, in what way a sentence strikes, leaps, plunges, runs, runs out; he alone had a conscience in his ears, often enough a bad conscience: for there is no lack of reasons why proficiency in speech should be attained by a German, of all people, rarely, almost always too late. The masterpiece of German prose is therefore, fittingly, the masterpiece of its greatest preacher: the Bible has so far been the best German book. Compared with Luther's Bible, almost everything else is merely "literature" - a thing that did not grow in

Germany and therefore also did not grow, and does not grow, into German hearts: as the Bible has done.

248.

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

249.

Every people has its own Tartuffery, and calls it its virtues. - The best that one is, one does not know, - cannot know.

250.

What Europe owes to the Jews? - Many things, good and bad, and above all one thing that is at once of the best and of the worst: the grand style in morality, the terribleness and majesty of infinite demands, of infinite meanings, the whole romanticism and sublimity of moral questionabilities - and consequently precisely the most at-

tractive, most insidious and most choice part of those plays of colour and seductions to life in whose afterglow the sky of our European culture, its evening sky, now glows, - perhaps glows itself out. We artists among the spectators and philosophers are for this - grateful to the Jews.

251.

One must put up with it when a people that suffers, that wants to suffer, from national nervous fever and political ambition finds all manner of clouds and disturbances passing over its spirit, in short, little fits of stupefaction: for example, among the Germans of today, now the anti-French stupidity, now the anti-Jewish, now the anti-Polish, now the Christian-romantic, now the Wagnerian, now the Teutonic, now the Prussian (just look at those poor historians, those Sybels and Treitschkes, and their thickly bandaged heads -), and whatever else they may all be called, these little befoggings of the German spirit and conscience. May I be forgiven if I too, during a brief and daring sojourn in very infected territory, did not remain wholly spared by the disease and, like all the world, already began to have thoughts about things that are none of my concern: the first sign of political infection. For example, about the Jews: listen. - I have not yet met a German who was well disposed toward the Jews; and however unconditional the rejection of actual anti-Semitism may be on the part of all the cautious and the political, this caution and policy is nevertheless not directed against the species of feeling itself, but only against its dangerous immoderation, in particular against the tasteless and shameful expression of this immoderate feeling, - about this one must not deceive oneself. That Germany has amply enough Jews, that the German stomach, the German blood has trouble (and will long have trouble) coping with even this quantum of "Jew" - as the Italian, the Frenchman, the Englishman have coped, by virtue of a more vigor-

ous digestion -: that is the clear pronouncement and language of a general instinct to which one must listen, according to which one must act. "Let no more new Jews in! And close the gates especially toward the East (toward Austria too)!" - thus commands the instinct of a people whose type is still weak and undetermined, so that it could easily be blurred, easily extinguished by a stronger race. The Jews, however, are without any doubt the strongest, toughest and purest race now living in Europe; they know how to prevail even under the worst conditions (better even than under favourable ones), by means of certain virtues that people today would like to stamp as vices, - thanks, above all, to a resolute faith that need not be ashamed before "modern ideas"; they change, when they change, only ever in the way the Russian empire makes its conquests, - as an empire that has time and is not of yesterday -: namely according to the principle "as slowly as possible!" A thinker who has the future of Europe on his conscience will, in all the designs he makes within himself concerning this future, reckon with the Jews as with the Russians, as the surest and most probable factors for the present in the great game and struggle of forces. What is called a "nation" in Europe today, and is really more a res facta than nata (indeed at times looks confusingly like a res ficta et picta -), is in any case something becoming, young, easily shifted, not yet a race, let alone such an aere perennius as the Jewish type is: these "nations" ought really to guard themselves carefully against every hot-headed rivalry and hostility! That the Jews, if they wanted - or if they were forced to it, as the anti-Semites seem to want -, could even now have the preponderance, indeed quite literally the mastery over Europe, is certain; that they are not working and planning toward it is equally so. For the time being they want and wish rather, even with a certain importunity, to be absorbed and assimilated into Europe, by Europe; they thirst to be at last settled somewhere, permitted, respected, and to put an end to the nomadic life, to the "Wandering Jew" -; and one ought to take good note of this

inclination and urge (which perhaps itself already expresses a softening of the Jewish instincts) and meet it halfway: for which purpose it might perhaps be useful and fair to expel the anti-Semitic loudmouths from the country. Meet it halfway with all caution, with selection; roughly as the English nobility does. It is obvious that the stronger and already more firmly stamped types of the new Germanism could most safely of all enter into relations with them, for example the noble officer from the Mark: it would be of manifold interest to see whether to the hereditary art of commanding and obeying - in both of which the land in question is classic today - the genius of money and of patience (and above all some spirit and spirituality, which is amply lacking in the place in question -) could not be added, bred in. But here it is fitting to break off my cheerful Germanomania and festive oration: for I am already touching on my seriousness, on the "European problem" as I understand it, on the breeding of a new caste that is to rule over Europe. -

252.

They are no philosophical race - these English: Bacon signifies an attack on the philosophical spirit as such, Hobbes, Hume and Locke a debasement and devaluation of the concept "philosopher" for more than a century. It was against Hume that Kant rose and raised himself; it was Locke of whom Schelling could say: "je méprise Locke"; in the struggle against the English-mechanistic doltification of the world Hegel and Schopenhauer (with Goethe) were of one mind, those two hostile brother-geniuses in philosophy who strove apart toward the opposite poles of the German spirit and in doing so wronged each other as only brothers wrong each other. - What is lacking in England and has always been lacking, that half-actor and rhetorician knew well enough, the tasteless muddlehead Carlyle, who sought to hide beneath passionate grimaces what he knew about himself: namely what

was lacking in Carlyle - real power of spirituality, real depth of spiritual vision, in short, philosophy. - It is characteristic of such an unphilosophical race that it holds strictly to Christianity: it needs its discipline for "moralization" and humanization. The Englishman, gloomier, more sensual, stronger in will and more brutal than the German - is for that very reason, as the baser of the two, also more pious than the German: he simply needs Christianity more. To finer nostrils even this English Christianity still has a genuinely English odour of spleen and alcoholic excess, against which it is for good reasons employed as a remedy, - the finer poison, that is, against the coarser: a finer poisoning is indeed already a step forward among clumsy peoples, a step toward spiritualization. English clumsiness and peasant earnestness are most tolerably disguised by Christian gesture-language and by praying and psalm-singing, more correctly: interpreted and reinterpreted; and for that cattle of drunkards and debauchees who formerly learned to grunt morally under the sway of Methodism and more recently again as the "Salvation Army," a spasm of penitence may really be the relatively highest achievement of "humanity" to which it can be raised: that much may fairly be conceded. But what offends even in the most humane Englishman is his lack of music, to speak in a figure (and without a figure -): he has in the movements of his soul and his body no measure and dance, indeed not even the desire for measure and dance, for "music." Listen to him speak; watch the most beautiful Englishwomen walk - in no land on earth are there more beautiful doves and swans, - finally: listen to them sing! But I ask too much.....

253.

There are truths that are best recognized by mediocre minds, because they are most suited to them; there are truths that possess charms and seductive powers only for mediocre spirits — — one is pushed up

against this perhaps disagreeable proposition precisely now, since the spirit of respectable but mediocre Englishmen — I name Darwin, John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer — is beginning to gain the ascendancy in the middle region of European taste. Indeed, who would doubt the usefulness of such spirits holding sway for a time? It would be an error to consider precisely the highly constituted spirits, those that fly off apart, as especially skilled at establishing, collecting and forcing into conclusions many small common facts: — rather, as exceptions, they are from the outset in no favourable position with regard to the "rules". After all, they have more to do than merely to know — namely, to be something new, to signify something new, to represent new values! The gulf between knowing and being able is perhaps greater, and also uncannier, than one thinks: the one who is able in the grand style, the creator, will possibly have to be an ignorant one, — while on the other hand, for scientific discoveries of the Darwinian kind, a certain narrowness, aridity and industrious carefulness, in short, something English, may not be a bad disposition. — Finally, let us not forget that the English, with their profound averageness, have already once caused a general depression of the European spirit: that which is called "modern ideas" or "the ideas of the eighteenth century" or even "French ideas" — that, then, against which the German spirit rose up in profound disgust — was of English origin, there is no doubt about it. The French were only the apes and actors of these ideas, also their best soldiers, and likewise, alas, their first and most thorough victims: for through the damnable Anglomania of "modern ideas" the âme française has finally become so thin and emaciated that today one recalls its sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, its profound passionate strength, its inventive nobility, almost with disbelief. But one must hold fast to this proposition of historical fairness with one's teeth and defend it against the moment and against appearances: European noblesse — of feeling, of taste, of manners, in short, taking the word in every high sense — is

France's work and invention; European commonness, the plebeianism of modern ideas — England's. —

254.

Even now France is still the seat of the most spiritual and refined culture of Europe and the high school of taste: but one must know how to find this "France of taste". Whoever belongs to it keeps himself well hidden: — it may be a small number in whom it lives and breathes, and perhaps, at that, people who do not stand on the sturdiest legs, partly fatalists, the gloomy, the sick, partly the pampered and the artificial, such as have the ambition to conceal themselves. One thing is common to all of them: they stop their ears against the raving stupidity and the noisy jabbering of the democratic bourgeois. Indeed, a stupefied and coarsened France today wallows in the foreground, — recently, at the funeral of Victor Hugo, it celebrated a veritable orgy of tastelessness and at the same time of self-admiration. Something else, too, is common to them: a good will to defend themselves against spiritual Germanization — and an even better incapacity to do so! Perhaps Schopenhauer has already become more at home and more native in this France of the spirit, which is also a France of pessimism, than he ever was in Germany; not to speak of Heinrich Heine, who long ago passed into the flesh and blood of the subtler and more demanding lyric poets of Paris, or of Hegel, who today, in the form of Taine — that is, of the foremost living historian — exercises an almost tyrannical influence. But as regards Richard Wagner: the more French music learns to shape itself according to the real needs of the âme moderne, the more it will "Wagnerize", that one may predict, — it is doing so enough already! There are nevertheless three things which even today the French can still point to with pride as their inheritance and their own, and as an unlost mark of an ancient cultural superiority over Europe, in spite of all voluntary or involuntary Germanization

and rabble-ization of taste: first, the capacity for artistic passions, for devotion to "form", for which the phrase l'art pour l'art, along with a thousand others, was invented: — such a thing has not been lacking in France for three centuries and, thanks to reverence for the "small number", has again and again made possible a kind of chamber music of literature which one would seek in vain in the rest of Europe —. The second thing on which the French can found a superiority over Europe is their old, manifold moralistic culture, which brings it about that on average, even among petty romanciers of the newspapers and chance boulevardiers de Paris, one finds a psychological sensitivity and curiosity of which, for example, in Germany one has no conception (let alone the thing itself!). For this the Germans lack a couple of centuries of moralistic work, which, as I said, France did not spare itself; whoever calls the Germans "naive" on that account makes a praise for them out of a deficiency. (As the antithesis of German inexperience and innocence in voluptate psychologica, which is not too distantly related to the tediousness of German social intercourse, — and as the most successful expression of a genuinely French curiosity and inventiveness for this realm of delicate shudders, Henri Beyle may be counted, that remarkable anticipating and forerunning man, who ran with a Napoleonic tempo through his Europe, through several centuries of the European soul, as a tracker and discoverer of this soul: — it took two generations to catch up with him in any way, to guess afterwards some of the riddles that tormented and enraptured him, this strange Epicurean and question-mark man, who was France's last great psychologist —). There is yet a third claim to superiority: in the nature of the French there is given a half-successful synthesis of the North and the South, which makes them comprehend many things and bids them do other things that an Englishman will never comprehend; their temperament, periodically turned toward the South and away from it, in which from time to time the Provençal and Ligurian blood foams over, preserves them from the dreadful northern

grey-in-grey and the sunless conceptual ghostliness and anaemia, — our German sickness of taste, against whose excess blood and iron, that is to say, "grand politics", has at present been prescribed with great resolution (in accordance with a dangerous art of healing which teaches me to wait and wait, but as yet not to hope —). Even now there is still in France a foreknowledge and an accommodation for those rarer and rarely satisfied men who are too comprehensive to find their satisfaction in any fatherland-mongering and who know how to love the South in the North, the North in the South, — for the born Midlanders, the "good Europeans". — For them Bizet made music, that last genius who saw a new beauty and seduction, — who discovered a piece of the South in music.

255.

Toward German music I consider caution of many kinds to be called for. Suppose someone loves the south as I love it, as a great school of convalescence, in the most spiritual and the most sensual things, as an unbridled fullness of sun and transfiguration by sun, spreading itself over an existence that is its own master and believes in itself: well, such a one will learn to be somewhat on his guard against German music, because, in corrupting his taste back again, it corrupts his health back again along with it. Such a southerner, not by descent but by faith, must, if he dreams of the future of music, also dream of a redemption of music from the north, and have in his ears the prelude to a deeper, mightier, perhaps more evil and more mysterious music, a supra-German music that does not die away, yellow, fade before the sight of the blue voluptuous sea and the brightness of the Mediterranean sky, as all German music does; a supra-European music that keeps its rights even before the brown sunsets of the desert, whose soul is akin to the palm tree and knows how to be at home and to roam among great, beautiful, solitary beasts of prey..... I could

imagine a music whose rarest magic would consist in this, that it knew nothing any longer of good and evil, except that perhaps some sailor's homesickness, some golden shadows and tender weaknesses might run across it here and there: an art that would see, from a great distance, the colours of a sinking moral world, one grown almost unintelligible, fleeing to it for refuge, and that would be hospitable and deep enough to receive such late fugitives. -

256.

Thanks to the morbid estrangement which the lunacy of nationality has laid, and still lays, between the peoples of Europe, thanks likewise to the politicians of the short view and the quick hand, who are on top today with its help and have no inkling how far the disuniting politics they pursue can necessarily be only an entr'acte politics, - thanks to all this and to much that is quite unutterable today, the most unequivocal signs are now overlooked, or arbitrarily and mendaciously reinterpreted, in which it is declared that Europe wants to become one. In all the deeper and more comprehensive men of this century, the real general direction of the mysterious labour of their souls was to prepare the way to that new synthesis and, by way of attempt, to anticipate the European of the future: only with their foregrounds, or in weaker hours, say in old age, did they belong to the "fatherlands", - they were only resting from themselves when they became "patriots". I am thinking of men like Napoleon, Goethe, Beethoven, Stendhal, Heinrich Heine, Schopenhauer: let it not be held against me if I count Richard Wagner among them too, about whom one must not let oneself be misled by his own misunderstandings, - geniuses of his kind seldom have the right to understand themselves. Still less, to be sure, by the unmannerly noise with which people in France now bar themselves against Richard Wagner and fend him off: - the fact nonetheless remains that the French late Romanticism of

the forties and Richard Wagner belong together in the closest and most intimate way. They are related in all the heights and depths of their needs, fundamentally related: it is Europe, the one Europe, whose soul presses and longs outward, upward through their manifold and tempestuous art - whither? into a new light? toward a new sun? But who would wish to state precisely what all these masters of new means of language did not know how to state clearly? What is certain is that the same storm and stress tormented them, that they sought in the same way, these last great seekers! All of them dominated by literature right up to their eyes and ears - the first artists with a culture of world literature - most of them even writers themselves, poets, mediators and mixers of the arts and the senses (Wagner belongs as a musician among the painters, as a poet among the musicians, as an artist in general among the actors); all of them fanatics of expression "at any price" - I single out Delacroix, Wagner's next of kin -, all of them great discoverers in the realm of the sublime, also of the ugly and the gruesome, still greater discoverers in effect, in display, in the art of the shop window, all of them talents far beyond their genius -, virtuosos through and through, with uncanny access to everything that seduces, lures, compels, overthrows, born enemies of logic and of straight lines, covetous of the foreign, the exotic, the monstrous, the crooked, the self-contradictory; as men, Tantaluses of the will, plebeians who had risen, who knew themselves incapable, in life and in creation, of a noble tempo, of a lento, - think of Balzac, for example - unbridled workers, almost self-destroyers through work; antinomians and rebels in morals, ambitious and insatiable men without balance and enjoyment; all of them finally breaking and sinking down at the Christian cross (and that rightly and justly: for which of them would have been deep and original enough for a philosophy of the Antichrist? -) on the whole an audaciously daring, splendidly violent, high-flying and high-uplifting kind of higher men, who first had to teach their century - and it is the century of the crowd! - the concept

"higher man" Let the German friends of Richard Wagner take counsel with themselves as to whether there is anything purely German in Wagnerian art, or whether its very distinction is not precisely that it comes from supra-German sources and impulses: in which connection it should not be underestimated how indispensable Paris in particular was to the development of his type, Paris, toward which the depth of his instincts bade him long at the most decisive time, and how the whole manner of his appearance, of his self-apostolate, could only be perfected in sight of the French socialist model. Perhaps, on a subtler comparison, one will find, to the honour of Richard Wagner's German nature, that he carried everything further, more strongly, more audaciously, more harshly, higher than a Frenchman of the nineteenth century could carry it, - thanks to the circumstance that we Germans still stand closer to barbarism than the French -; perhaps even the most remarkable thing Richard Wagner created is inaccessible, beyond empathy, inimitable to the whole so late Latin race, for ever and not merely for today: the figure of Siegfried, that very free man, who may in fact be far too free, too hard, too cheerful, too healthy, too anti-Catholic for the taste of old and mellowed peoples of culture. He may even have been a sin against Romanticism, this anti-Romance Siegfried: well, Wagner amply atoned for this sin in his old and gloomy days, when - anticipating a taste that has since become politics - he began, with the religious vehemence peculiar to him, if not to walk the road to Rome, then at least to preach it. - So that I may not be misunderstood with these last words, I will call to my aid a few vigorous rhymes, which will betray even to less subtle ears what I want, - what I want against the "late Wagner" and his Parsifal music.

- Is this still German? -

From German heart came this sultry screeching? And German-bodied, this self-unfleshing? German, this priestly spreading of the hands, This incense-scented titillation of the senses? And German, this halt-

ing, plunging, reeling, This uncertain ding-dong-dangling? This nun-ogling, Ave-bell-tinkling, This whole falsely rapturous heaven-out-heavening?

- Is That still German? -

Consider! You still stand at the gate: - For what you hear is Rome, - Rome's faith without words!

Ninth Part:

What Is Noble?

257.

Every elevation of the type "man" has hitherto been the work of an aristocratic society - and so it will always be again: of a society, that is, which believes in a long ladder of order of rank and difference of worth between man and man, and which needs slavery in some sense or other. Without the pathos of distance, such as grows out of the ingrained difference between the estates, out of the ruling caste's constant looking-out and looking-down upon subjects and instruments, and out of its equally constant practice in obeying and commanding, in keeping down and keeping at a distance, that other, more mysterious pathos could not grow at all, that longing for an ever new widening of distance within the soul itself, the development of ever higher, rarer, more remote, more far-stretched, more comprehensive states, in short, precisely the elevation of the type "man", the continual "self-overcoming of man", to take a moral formula in a supra-moral sense. To be sure: one must not yield to any humanitarian illusions about the history of the origin of an aristocratic society (that is, of the precondition of that elevation of the type "man" -): the truth is hard. Let us tell ourselves without sparing how every higher culture on earth has hitherto begun! 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 lusts for power, threw themselves upon weaker, more civilized, more peaceful races, perhaps trading or cattle-raising ones, or upon old, mellowed cultures in which the last vital force was just then flickering out in brilliant fireworks of spirit and corruption. The noble caste was in the beginning always the barbarian

caste: its superiority lay not first of all in physical strength, but in strength of soul - they were the more whole men (which at every stage also means as much as "the more whole beasts").

258.

Corruption, as the expression of the fact that anarchy threatens within the instincts and that the foundation of the affects which is called "life" has been shaken: corruption is something fundamentally different according to the form of life in which it shows itself. When, for example, an aristocracy such as that of France at the beginning of the Revolution throws away its privileges with a sublime disgust and sacrifices itself to an excess of its moral feeling, this is corruption: - it was really only the closing act of that corruption, lasting for centuries, by virtue of which it had step by step surrendered its lordly prerogatives and lowered itself to a function of the monarchy (in the end even to its ornament and showpiece). The essential thing in a good and healthy aristocracy, however, is that it does not feel itself to be a function (whether of the monarchy or of the commonwealth), but rather as their meaning and highest justification - that it therefore accepts with a good conscience the sacrifice of a vast number of men who, for its sake, must be pressed down and reduced to incomplete men, to slaves, to instruments. Its fundamental faith must be precisely that society must not exist for society's sake, but only as a substructure and scaffolding upon which a select kind of being is able to raise itself up to its higher task and in general to a higher existence: comparable to those sun-craving climbing plants on Java - they are called Sipo Matador - which clasp an oak tree with their arms so long and so often that at last, high above it but supported by it, they can unfold their crown in the open light and display their happiness. -

259.

To refrain mutually from injury, from violence, from exploitation, to place one's own will on a par with that of the other: this may in a certain crude sense become good manners between individuals, when the conditions for it are given (namely, their actual similarity in quantities of strength and measures of value, and their belonging together within one body). But as soon as one wished to take this principle further, and possibly even as the fundamental principle of society, it would immediately reveal itself for what it is: as a will to the denial of life, as a principle of dissolution and decay. Here one must think radically down to the ground and ward off all sentimental feebleness: life itself is essentially appropriation, injury, overpowering of what is alien and weaker, suppression, hardness, imposition of one's own forms, incorporation and at the least, at the mildest, exploitation - but why should one always use precisely those words on which a slanderous intent has been stamped from time immemorial? Even that body within which, as was assumed before, individuals treat one another as equals - this happens in every healthy aristocracy - must itself, if it is a living and not a dying body, do to other bodies all that the individuals within it refrain from doing to one another: it will have to be the will to power incarnate, it will want to grow, to reach out around itself, to draw to itself, to gain ascendancy - not out of any morality or immorality, but because it lives, and because life simply is will to power. On no point, however, is the common consciousness of Europeans more reluctant to be instructed than here; people now rave everywhere, even under scientific disguises, about coming states of society from which "the exploitative character" is to be absent: - that sounds in my ears as if someone promised to invent a life that would refrain from all organic functions. "Exploitation" does not belong to a corrupt or imperfect and primitive society: it belongs to the essence of what lives, as a fundamental organic function; it is a

consequence of the real will to power, which is precisely the will of life. - Granted that as a theory this is an innovation - as a reality it is the primordial fact of all history: let us be at least that honest with ourselves! -

260.

On a wandering through the many finer and coarser moralities which have hitherto ruled on earth or still rule, I found certain traits regularly recurring together and bound up with one another: until at last two basic types revealed themselves to me, and one basic difference leapt out. There is master morality and slave morality; - I add at once that in all higher and more mixed cultures attempts at mediating between the two moralities also come to light, still more often their confusion and mutual misunderstanding, indeed at times their hard juxtaposition - even in the same human being, within a single soul. The moral distinctions of value arose either among a ruling kind, which became conscious, with a feeling of well-being, of its difference from the ruled, - or among the ruled, the slaves and dependents of every degree. In the first case, when it is the rulers who determine the concept "good", it is the exalted, proud states of the soul that are felt as what distinguishes and what determines the order of rank. The noble human being separates from himself those beings in whom the opposite of such elevated, proud states finds expression: he despises them. Let it be noted at once that in this first kind of morality the opposition "good" and "bad" means as much as "noble" and "contemptible": - the opposition "good" and "evil" is of another origin. Despised is the coward, the anxious one, the petty one, the one who thinks in terms of narrow utility; likewise the mistrustful one with his unfree glance, the self-abasing one, the dog-like kind of human being who lets himself be maltreated, the begging flatterer, above all the liar: - it is a fundamental belief of all aristocrats that the common people are

given to lying. "We truthful ones" - thus the nobility in ancient Greece called themselves. It is obvious that moral designations of value were everywhere first applied to human beings and only derivatively and late to actions: which is why it is a grave blunder when historians of morality start from questions such as "why has the compassionate action been praised?" The noble kind of human being feels itself to be value-determining, it has no need to be approved of, it judges "what is harmful to me is harmful in itself", it knows itself to be that which first of all confers honour upon things, it is value-creating. Everything it knows in itself it honours: such a morality is self-glorification. In the foreground stands the feeling of fullness, of power that would overflow, the happiness of high tension, the consciousness of a wealth that would like to give and bestow: - the noble human being, too, helps the unfortunate, but not, or almost not, out of pity, rather from an urge begotten by the superabundance of power. The noble human being honours in himself the powerful one, also him who has power over himself, who knows how to speak and how to keep silent, who with delight practises severity and hardness against himself and has reverence for all that is severe and hard. "Wotan placed a hard heart in my breast" it says in an old Scandinavian saga: thus it is rightly composed out of the soul of a proud Viking. Such a kind of human being is proud precisely of not being made for pity: which is why the hero of the saga adds in warning, "he whose heart is not hard already when young, his heart will never be hard". Noble and brave ones who think thus are farthest removed from that morality which sees the mark of the moral precisely in pity or in acting for others or in désintéressement; faith in oneself, pride in oneself, a fundamental hostility and irony towards "selflessness" belongs just as definitely to noble morality as does a slight disdain and caution in the face of fellow-feelings and the "warm heart". - It is the powerful who know how to honour, it is their art, their realm of invention. Deep reverence for age and for tradition - all law rests upon this double reverence -,

the faith and prejudice in favour of ancestors and to the disfavour of those to come are typical of the morality of the powerful; and when, conversely, the men of "modern ideas" believe almost instinctively in "progress" and "the future" and are more and more lacking in respect for age, this alone sufficiently betrays the ignoble origin of these "ideas". Most of all, however, a morality of the rulers is alien and painful to present-day taste in the severity of its principle that one has duties only towards one's equals; that towards beings of lower rank, towards everything foreign, one may act as one sees fit or "as the heart desires", and in any case "beyond good and evil" -: here pity and the like may belong. The capacity and the duty for long gratitude and long revenge - both only among one's equals -, subtlety in requital, a refinement of the concept in friendship, a certain necessity of having enemies (as drainage ditches, as it were, for the affects of envy, quarrelsomeness, arrogance, - at bottom, in order to be able to be good friends): all these are typical marks of noble morality, which, as has been intimated, is not the morality of "modern ideas" and is therefore hard to feel one's way into today, hard too to dig up and uncover. - It is otherwise with the second type of morality, slave morality. Suppose that the violated, the oppressed, the suffering, the unfree, those uncertain of themselves and the weary should moralize: what will be the common element in their moral valuations? Probably a pessimistic suspicion of the whole situation of man will find expression, perhaps a condemnation of man together with his situation. The slave's eye is unfavourable to the virtues of the powerful: he has scepticism and mistrust, he has a subtlety of mistrust towards everything "good" that is honoured there -, he would like to persuade himself that even happiness there is not genuine. Conversely, those qualities are drawn forth and flooded with light which serve to ease existence for the suffering: here pity, the obliging helpful hand, the warm heart, patience, industry, humility, friendliness come into honour -, for here these are the most useful qualities and almost the only means of en-

during the pressure of existence. Slave morality is essentially a morality of utility. Here is the hearth for the origin of that famous opposition "good" and "evil": - into evil is felt power and dangerousness, a certain fearfulness, subtlety and strength that does not allow contempt to arise. According to slave morality, then, the "evil" one arouses fear; according to master morality it is precisely the "good" one who arouses and wishes to arouse fear, while the "bad" human being is felt to be the contemptible one. The opposition comes to its peak when, in keeping with the consequence of slave morality, a breath of disdain finally clings even to the "good" of this morality - it may be light and benevolent -, because within the slave's way of thinking the good one must in any case be the harmless human being: he is good-natured, easy to deceive, a little stupid perhaps, un bonhomme. Wherever slave morality gains the upper hand, language shows a tendency to bring the words "good" and "stupid" closer to each other. - One last basic difference: the longing for freedom, the instinct for happiness and the subtleties of the feeling of freedom belong just as necessarily to slave morality and slave morals as art and enthusiasm in reverence, in devotion are the regular symptom of an aristocratic way of thinking and valuing. - From this it can readily be understood why love as passion - it is our European speciality - must be of altogether noble descent: as is well known, its invention belongs to the Provençal knight-poets, those splendid inventive human beings of the "gai saber" (gay science), to whom Europe owes so much and almost itself. -

261.

Among the things that are perhaps hardest for a noble man to comprehend is vanity: he will be tempted to deny it even where another kind of man thinks he can grasp it with both hands. The problem for him is to imagine beings who seek to arouse a good opinion of them-

selves which they themselves do not hold of themselves - and thus also do not "deserve" -, and who nevertheless afterwards believe in this good opinion themselves. This strikes him as, on the one half, so tasteless and so lacking in reverence for oneself, and, on the other half, so baroquely irrational, that he would gladly regard vanity as an exception and doubts it in most of the cases where it is spoken of. He will say, for example: "I may be mistaken about my worth and yet on the other hand demand that my worth be acknowledged by others precisely as I assess it, - but that is not vanity (rather conceit or, in the more frequent cases, that which is called `humility`, or `modesty`)." Or again: "I can rejoice in the good opinion of others for many reasons, perhaps because I honour and love them and take delight in each of their joys, perhaps also because their good opinion endorses and strengthens in me the belief in my own good opinion, perhaps because the good opinion of others, even in cases where I do not share it, is nonetheless of use to me or promises use, - but all that is not vanity." The noble man must first compel himself, especially with the help of history, to picture the fact that, since time immemorial, in all somehow dependent strata of the people the common man was only what he was reckoned to be: - not at all accustomed to setting values himself, he also ascribed to himself no other value than his masters ascribed to him (it is the true right of masters to create values). It may be understood as the consequence of a tremendous atavism that the ordinary man even now still always waits first for an opinion about himself and then instinctively submits to it: but by no means merely to a "good" opinion, but also to a bad and unjust one (think, for example, of the greater part of the self-appraisals and self-under-appraisals which devout women learn from their father confessors, and which in general the devout Christian learns from his Church). Now in fact, in keeping with the slow ascent of the democratic order of things (and its cause, the intermingling of the blood of masters and slaves), the originally noble and rare urge to ascribe a value to oneself

on one's own account and to "think well" of oneself will be more and more encouraged and spread: but at all times it has against it an older, broader and more thoroughly incorporated propensity, - and in the phenomenon of "vanity" this older propensity becomes master over the younger. The vain man rejoices in every good opinion he hears of himself (quite apart from all considerations of its usefulness, and equally regardless of true and false), just as he suffers from every bad opinion: for he submits to both, he feels himself subject to them, out of that oldest instinct of submission which breaks out in him. - It is "the slave" in the blood of the vain man, a remnant of the slave's craftiness - and how much "slave" still lingers on in woman, for example! - which seeks to seduce others into good opinions of him; it is likewise the slave who afterwards immediately prostrates himself before these opinions, as though he had not called them forth. - And to say it once more: vanity is an atavism.

262.

A species comes into being, a type grows fixed and strong, under long struggle with essentially constant unfavourable conditions. Conversely, one knows from the experience of breeders that species which are granted superabundant nourishment and, in general, a surplus of protection and care, soon tend most strongly toward variation of the type and are rich in marvels and monstrosities (in monstrous vices too). Now let us look for once at an aristocratic commonwealth, say an ancient Greek polis or Venice, as an arrangement, whether voluntary or involuntary, for the purpose of breeding: here are men gathered together and thrown upon themselves who want to make their kind prevail, mostly because they must prevail or else run the terrible risk of being exterminated. Here that favour, that superabundance, that protection under which variation is fostered are lacking; the species needs itself as a species, as something that can prevail and

make itself lasting at all precisely by virtue of its hardness, uniformity, simplicity of form, in constant struggle with its neighbours or with the oppressed who are in revolt or threaten revolt. The most manifold experience teaches it to which qualities above all it owes the fact that, in defiance of all gods and men, it is still here, that it has always been victorious: these qualities it calls virtues, these virtues alone it breeds to greatness. It does so with hardness, indeed it wills hardness; every aristocratic morality is intolerant, in the education of youth, in the disposal of women, in marriage customs, in the relations of old and young, in the penal laws (which take into view only those who deviate): - it counts intolerance itself among the virtues, under the name of "justice". A type with few but very strong traits, a species of stern, warlike, shrewdly taciturn men, closed and reserved (and as such possessed of the finest feeling for the charms and nuances of society), is in this way fixed beyond the change of generations; constant struggle with ever the same unfavourable conditions is, as has been said, the cause of a type becoming fixed and hard. At last, however, a fortunate state of affairs arises one day, the enormous tension slackens; perhaps there are no more enemies among the neighbours, and the means of life, even of the enjoyment of life, are present in superabundance. At a single stroke the bond and constraint of the old discipline is torn: it no longer feels itself necessary, a condition of existence, - if it wished to persist, it could do so only as a form of luxury, as an archaizing taste. Variation, whether as deviation (into the higher, finer, rarer) or as degeneration and monstrosity, is suddenly upon the stage in the greatest abundance and splendour; the individual dares to be individual and to stand apart. At these turning points of history there appear side by side, and often mutually entangled and ensnared, a magnificent, manifold, jungle-like growing up and striving upward, a kind of tropical tempo in the rivalry of growth, and a tremendous perishing and self-destruction, thanks to the egoisms savagely turned against one another and, as it were, exploding, which wrestle with

one another "for sun and light" and no longer know how to draw any limit, any restraint, any forbearance from the morality hitherto. It was this very morality that had heaped up strength to such a monstrous degree, that had bent the bow in so threatening a manner - - now it is, now it is becoming "outlived". The dangerous and uncanny point has been reached where the greater, more manifold, more comprehensive life lives on beyond the old morality; the "individual" stands there, compelled to give himself his own laws, to devise his own arts and wiles of self-preservation, self-elevation, self-redemption. Nothing but new whys, nothing but new wherewithals, no more common formulas, misunderstanding and contempt in league with one another, decay, corruption and the loftiest desires gruesomely knotted together, the genius of the race overflowing from all the horns of plenty of good and ill, a fateful simultaneity of spring and autumn, full of new charms and veils proper to young, still unexhausted, still unwearied corruption. Once again danger is here, the mother of morality, the great danger, this time transposed into the individual, into one's neighbour and friend, into the street, into one's own child, into one's own heart, into all that is most one's own and most secret in wish and will: what will the moral philosophers who come up at this time now have to preach? They discover, these sharp observers and loiterers on street corners, that the end is fast approaching, that everything around them is corrupting and corrupts, that nothing will stand until the day after tomorrow, with the exception of one kind of man, the incurably mediocre. The mediocre alone have the prospect of continuing, of propagating themselves, - they are the men of the future, the sole survivors; "be like them! become mediocre!" is henceforth the only morality that still has meaning, that still finds ears. - But it is hard to preach, this morality of mediocrity! - for it may never admit what it is and what it wants! it must speak of measure and dignity and duty and love of one's neighbour, - it will be hard put to it to conceal its irony! -

263.

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 that allows one to guess at noble descent and habits. The refinement, goodness and loftiness of a soul are put dangerously to the test when something passes it by that is of the first rank but is not yet guarded by the shudders of authority against importunate grasping and clumsiness: something that goes its way unmarked, undiscovered, tempting, perhaps arbitrarily veiled and disguised, like a living touchstone. Whoever has as his task and practice the searching-out of souls will make use of precisely this art in manifold forms, in order to establish the ultimate worth of a soul, the immovable, innate order of rank to which it belongs: he will put it to the test with respect to its instinct of reverence. Différence engendre haine: the baseness of many a nature suddenly spurts forth like dirty water when some sacred vessel, some precious thing from locked shrines, some book bearing the marks of a great destiny is carried past; and on the other hand there is an involuntary falling silent, a hesitation of the eye, a stilling of all gestures, in which it is expressed that a soul feels the nearness of what is most worthy of veneration. The way in which, on the whole, reverence for the Bible has so far been maintained in Europe is perhaps the best piece of discipline and refinement of manners that Europe owes to Christianity: such books of depth and of ultimate significance require for their protection a tyranny of authority coming from without, in order to gain those millennia of duration which are necessary to exhaust them and to fathom them. Much has been achieved when the great mass (the shallow and the quick-bowelled of every kind) has at last had bred into it the feeling that it may not touch everything; that there are sacred experiences before which it must take off its shoes and keep away its unclean hand, — it is almost its highest elevation to humanity. Conversely, in the so-

called educated, the believers in "modern ideas", perhaps nothing is so nauseating as their lack of shame, the easy insolence of eye and hand with which they touch, lick and finger everything; and it is possible that today among the people, among the lower people, especially among peasants, there is still more relative nobility of taste and tact of reverence to be found than among the newspaper-reading demimonde of the spirit, the educated.

264.

What a man's forebears liked best and did most constantly cannot be wiped from his soul: whether they were, say, diligent savers and appurtenances of a writing desk and a cash box, modest and bourgeois in their desires, modest also in their virtues; or whether they lived accustomed to commanding from morning till night, fond of rough pleasures and beside them perhaps of still rougher duties and responsibilities; or whether, finally, at some point they sacrificed old privileges of birth and possession in order to live wholly for their faith — their "God" — as men of an inexorable and delicate conscience which blushes at every compromise. It is quite impossible that a man should not have the qualities and preferences of his parents and ancestors in his body, whatever appearances may say to the contrary. This is the problem of race. Supposing one knows something of the parents, an inference about the child is permitted: some repugnant intemperance, some petty envy lurking in corners, a clumsy self-justification — as these three together have at all times constituted the genuine rabble type — something of this sort must pass to the child as surely as corrupted blood; and with the help of the best upbringing and education one will succeed only in deceiving about such an inheritance. — And what else do upbringing and education want today! In our very popular, that is to say rabble-like, age, "upbringing" and "education" must essentially be the art of deceiving — of deceiving

away one's origins, the inherited rabble in body and soul. An educator who today preached truthfulness above all and constantly cried out to his pupils "be true! be natural! show yourselves as you are!" — even such a virtuous and guileless ass would after some time learn to reach for that furca of Horace, in order naturam expellere: with what success? "Rabble" usque recurret. —

265.

At the risk of displeasing innocent ears, I set it down: egoism belongs to the essence of the noble soul, I mean that immovable faith that to a being such as "we are" other beings must by nature be subject and have to sacrifice themselves to it. The noble soul accepts this fact of its egoism without any question mark, and also without any feeling of harshness, constraint, caprice in it, rather as something that may be grounded in the primal law of things: - were it to seek a name for it, it would say "it is justice itself". It concedes to itself, under circumstances that at first make it hesitate, that there are others with equal rights; as soon as it is clear about this question of rank, it moves among these equals and equal-righted ones with the same assurance in shame and delicate reverence that it has in its intercourse with itself, - in accordance with an innate celestial mechanics that all the stars understand. It is one more piece of its egoism, this subtlety and self-restraint in its intercourse with its equals - every star is such an egoist -: it honours itself in them and in the rights that it cedes to them, it does not doubt that the exchange of honours and rights, as the essence of all intercourse, likewise belongs to the natural state of things. The noble soul gives as it takes, out of the passionate and irritable instinct of requital that lies at its foundation. The concept "grace" has, inter pares, no meaning and no fragrance; there may be a sublime way of letting gifts from above, as it were, rain down upon one, and of drinking them up thirstily like drops: but for this art and

gesture the noble soul has no aptitude. Its egoism hinders it here: it does not like to look "up" at all, - but either ahead, horizontally and slowly, or down: - it knows itself to be on high.-

266.

"One can truly esteem only him who does not *seek* himself". - Goethe to Councillor Schlosser.

267.

There is a proverb among the Chinese which mothers teach even to their children: siao-sin "make your heart small!" This is the real fundamental tendency in late civilizations: I do not doubt that an ancient Greek, too, would first of all recognize in us Europeans of today the self-diminishment, - by that alone we would go "against his taste". -

268.

What, in the end, is commonness? - Words are sound-signs for concepts; concepts, however, are more or less definite image-signs for sensations that often recur and come together, for groups of sensations. It is not yet enough, in order to understand one another, that one uses the same words: one must also use the same words for the same species of inner experiences, one must in the end have one's experience in common with one another. That is why the people of one nation understand one another better than those belonging to different nations, even when they make use of the same language; or rather, when people have lived together for a long time under similar conditions (of climate, of soil, of danger, of needs, of work), there arises from this something that "understands itself", a nation. In all souls an equal number of often-recurring experiences has gained the upper hand over those that come more rarely: on the basis of these one un-

derstands one another, quickly and ever more quickly - the history of language is the history of a process of abbreviation -; on the basis of this quick understanding one binds oneself together, closely and ever more closely. The greater the danger, the greater is the need to agree quickly and easily about what is necessary; not to misunderstand one another in danger, that is what human beings simply cannot do without in their intercourse. Even in every friendship or love affair one makes this test: nothing of the kind endures as soon as one discovers that one of the two, with the same words, feels, means, scents, wishes, fears differently from the other. (The fear of the "eternal misunderstanding": that is the benevolent genius that so often keeps persons of different sex from hasty unions to which senses and heart counsel them - and not some Schopenhauerian "genius of the species" -!) Which groups of sensations within a soul awaken most quickly, seize the word, give the command, that decides the entire order of rank of its values, that ultimately determines its table of goods. A man's valuations betray something of the structure of his soul, and of where it sees its conditions of life, its real need. Supposing now that need has from time immemorial brought close to one another only such people as could indicate, with similar signs, similar needs, similar experiences, then it follows on the whole that the easy communicability of need, that is to say, in the final analysis, the experiencing of merely average and common experiences, must have been the most powerful of all the powers that have hitherto disposed of man. The more similar, the more ordinary people were and are always at an advantage; the more select, subtler, stranger, harder to understand easily remain alone, succumb, in their isolation, to accidents, and seldom propagate themselves. One must call upon tremendous counterforces in order to cross this natural, all-too-natural progressus in simile, the continued development of man into the similar, the ordinary, the average, the herd-like - into the common! -

269.

The more a psychologist — a born, an inevitable psychologist and diviner of souls — turns toward the more select cases and human beings, the greater becomes his danger of suffocating from pity: he needs hardness and cheerfulness, more than any other man. For the corruption, the ruin of higher men, of souls of a stranger kind, is the rule: it is dreadful always to have such a rule before one's eyes. The manifold torment of the psychologist who has discovered this ruin, who discovers this entire inner "hopelessness" of the higher man, this eternal "Too late!" in every sense, first once and then almost always again, throughout the whole of history — may perhaps one day become the cause of his turning with bitterness against his own lot and making an attempt at self-destruction — of his himself "going to ruin." In almost every psychologist one will perceive a telltale inclination toward and delight in the company of everyday and well-ordered people: this betrays that he always needs a cure, that he needs a kind of flight and forgetting, away from what his insights and incisions, what his "craft" has laid upon his conscience. Fear of his memory is peculiar to him. Before the judgments of others he is easily struck dumb: he listens with an unmoved face as people revere, admire, love, transfigure where he has seen — or he conceals even his silence by expressly agreeing with some foreground opinion. Perhaps the paradox of his situation goes so far into the gruesome that the crowd, the educated, the enthusiasts, precisely where he has learned great pity alongside great contempt, learn on their part great reverence — reverence for "great men" and prodigies, for whose sake one blesses and holds in honour the fatherland, the earth, the dignity of mankind, oneself, to whom one points the young, toward whom one rears them.... And who knows whether in all great cases hitherto just the same thing did not happen: that the crowd 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 is disguised in his creations, to the point of being unrecognizable; the "work," that of the artist, of the philosopher, first invents the one who created it, who is supposed to have created it; "great men," as they are revered, are petty bad poems composed after the fact; in the world of historical values counterfeiting reigns. These great poets, for example, these Byrons, Mussets, Poes, Leopardis, Kleists, Gogols — just as they are, as perhaps they must be: men of the moment, enthusiastic, sensual, childish, frivolous and sudden in mistrust and trust; with souls in which some fracture must usually be concealed; often taking revenge with their works for an inner defilement, often seeking with their soarings oblivion from an all too faithful memory, often strayed into the mire 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, perhaps — often struggling with a long disgust, with a recurring spectre of unbelief that makes them cold and compels them to languish for gloria and to devour "faith in themselves" from the hands of intoxicated flatterers: — what a torment these great artists and higher men in general are for him who has once divined them! It is so comprehensible that precisely from woman — who is clairvoyant in the world of suffering and, unfortunately, also eager to help and to save far beyond her powers — they so easily receive those outbursts of boundless, most devoted pity which the crowd, above all the revering crowd, does not understand and heaps with inquisitive and self-satisfied interpretations. This pity regularly deceives itself about its strength; woman would like to believe that love can do everything — it is her real faith. Alas, he who knows the heart divines how poor, stupid, helpless, presumptuous, blundering, more apt to destroy than to save even the best and deepest love is! — It is possible that beneath the holy fable and disguise of Jesus' life there lies hidden one of the most painful cases of the martyrdom of knowing about love: the

martyrdom of the most innocent and most craving heart, which never had enough of any human love, which demanded love, being loved, and nothing besides, with hardness, with madness, with terrible outbursts against those who refused it love; the story of a poor one unsated and insatiable in love, who had to invent hell in order to send there those who would not love him — and who at last, having become knowing about human love, had to invent a god who is wholly love, wholly ability to love — who takes pity on human love because it is so very wretched, so ignorant! He who feels thus, he who knows about love in this way — seeks death. — But why dwell on such painful things? Assuming that one need not. —

270.

The spiritual haughtiness and disgust of every man who has suffered deeply — how deeply men can suffer almost determines the order of rank — his shuddering certainty, with which he is wholly saturated and coloured, that by virtue of his suffering he knows more than the cleverest and wisest can know, that he has been familiar with and once "at home" in many distant, dreadful worlds of which "you know nothing!"..... this spiritual, silent haughtiness of the sufferer, this pride of the elect of knowledge, of the "initiate," of the almost sacrificed, finds all forms of disguise necessary to protect itself against contact with obtrusive and pitying hands, and in general against everything that is not its equal in pain. Deep suffering makes noble; it separates. One of the subtlest forms of disguise is Epicureanism and a certain henceforth ostentatious bravery of taste which takes suffering lightly and puts itself on guard against everything sorrowful and deep. There are "cheerful men" who make use of cheerfulness because on its account they are misunderstood: — they want to be misunderstood. There are "scientific men" who make use of science because it gives a cheerful appearance, and because scientific manner suggests that a

man is superficial: — they want to seduce one into a false conclusion. There are free insolent spirits who would like to conceal and deny that they are broken, proud, incurable hearts; and sometimes folly itself is the mask for an unhappy, all too certain knowledge. — From which it follows that it belongs to a more refined humanity to have reverence "for the mask" and not to practise psychology and curiosity in the wrong place.

271.

What separates two men most deeply is a different sense and degree of cleanliness. What use is all decency and mutual usefulness, what use is all good will toward one another: in the end it remains the same — they "cannot stand each other's smell!" The highest instinct of cleanliness places the one afflicted with it in the strangest and most dangerous isolation, as a saint: for precisely this is holiness — the highest spiritualization of the said instinct. Some shared knowledge of an indescribable fullness in the happiness of the bath, some ardour and thirst which perpetually drives the soul out of night into morning and out of the murky, out of "gloom," into the bright, the gleaming, the deep, the fine —: just as much as such a propensity distinguishes — it is a noble propensity — it also separates. — The pity of the saint is pity for the filth of the human, all too human. And there are degrees and heights where pity itself is felt by him as defilement, as filth.....

272.

Signs of nobility: never to think of degrading our duties into duties for everyone; not to want to hand over one's own responsibility, not to want to share it; to count one's privileges and their exercise among one's duties.

273.

A man who strives after great things regards everyone he meets on his path either as a means or as a delay and hindrance - or as a temporary resting-bed. His peculiar, high-bred kindness toward his fellow men becomes possible only once he is at his height and rules. Impatience, and his awareness of being condemned until then always to comedy - for even war is a comedy and conceals, as every means conceals the end -, spoils all company for him: this kind of man knows solitude and what is most poisonous in it.

274.

The problem of those who wait. - Strokes of luck and much that is incalculable are needed for a higher man, in whom the solution of a problem lies sleeping, still to come to action at the right time - "to break out," as one might say. On average it does not happen, and in every corner of the earth there sit those who wait, who hardly know to what extent they are waiting, still less that they are waiting in vain. Sometimes, too, the wake-up call comes too late, that chance which gives the "permission" to act, - at a time when the best youth and strength for action have already been used up by sitting still; and how many a man, just as he "leapt up," found with horror that his limbs had gone to sleep and his spirit had already grown too heavy! "It is too late" - he said to himself, having lost faith in himself and henceforth useless for ever. - Might it be that, in the realm of genius, the "Raphael without hands," the phrase understood in the widest sense, is perhaps not the exception but the rule? - Genius is perhaps not so rare at all: but the five hundred hands it needs to tyrannize the kairós, "the right time" - to seize chance by the forelock!

275.

Whoever does not want to see what is high in a man looks all the more sharply at what is low and foreground in him - and thereby betrays himself.

276.

In every kind of injury and loss the lower and coarser soul is better off than the nobler: the dangers of the latter must be greater; the probability that it will come to grief and perish is, given the manifoldness of its conditions of life, even enormous. - In a lizard a finger that was lost grows back: not so in man. -

277.

- Bad enough! The old story again! When one has finished building one's house, one notices that one has unawares learned something in the process which one absolutely ought to have known before one - began to build. The eternal tiresome "Too late!" - The melancholy of everything finished!.....

278.

- Wanderer, who are you? I see you going your way, without scorn, without love, with unfathomable eyes; damp and sad like a plummet that has come back to the light unsatisfied from every depth - what was it seeking down there? -, with a breast that does not sigh, with a lip that hides its disgust, with a hand that now grasps only slowly: who are you? what have you done? Rest here: this place is hospitable to everyone, - refresh yourself! And whoever you may be: what pleases you now? What serves you for refreshment? Only name it: whatever I have I offer you! - "For refreshment? For refreshment? Oh

you inquisitive one, what are you saying! But give me, I beg you - -" What? What? say it! - "One mask more! A second mask!".....

279.

Men of deep sadness betray themselves when they are happy: they have a way of grasping happiness as though they wanted to crush and smother it, out of jealousy, - alas, they know too well that it will run away from them!

280.

"Bad! Bad! What? is he not going - backward?" - Yes! But you understand him poorly if you complain about it. He goes backward as everyone does who means to make a great leap. - -

281.

- "Will anyone believe me? but I demand that I be believed: I have always thought only poorly of myself, about myself, only in quite rare cases, only under compulsion, always without desire for `the matter at hand`, ready to digress from `Me`, always without faith in the result, thanks to an invincible mistrust of the possibility of self-knowledge, which has led me so far as to sense a contradictio in adjecto even in the concept `immediate knowledge` that the theorists permit themselves: - this whole fact is almost the most certain thing I know about myself. There must be a kind of aversion in me to believing anything definite about myself. - Is there perhaps a riddle hidden in this? Probably; but fortunately none for my own teeth. - Perhaps it betrays the species to which I belong? - But not to me: which is welcome enough to me myself."

282.

"But what has happened to you?" - "I do not know," he said hesitantly; "perhaps the Harpies have flown over my table." - It sometimes happens nowadays that a mild, moderate, reserved man suddenly goes into a frenzy, smashes the plates, overturns the table, shrieks, raves, insults all the world - and finally goes aside, ashamed, furious with himself, - where to? what for? To starve apart? To choke on his memory? - Whoever has the cravings of a high, discriminating soul and only seldom finds his table laid, his food prepared, will be in great danger at all times: but today the danger is extraordinary. Thrown into a noisy and rabble-like age, with which he does not care to eat from one dish, he can easily perish of hunger and thirst, or, should he nevertheless finally "help himself" - of sudden disgust. - We have probably all sat at tables where we did not belong; and precisely the most spiritual among us, who are hardest to nourish, know that dangerous dyspepsia which arises from a sudden insight and disillusionment about our fare and our table-neighbours, - the after-dinner disgust.

283.

It is a subtle and at the same time noble self-control, supposing one wishes to praise at all, always to praise only where one does not agree: - in the other case one would after all be praising oneself, which goes against good taste - admittedly a self-control that offers a pretty occasion and provocation for being constantly misunderstood. In order to be permitted this genuine luxury of taste and morality, one must not live among blockheads of the spirit, but rather among people whose misunderstandings and blunders still amuse by their subtlety, - or one will have to pay dearly for it! - "He praises me: therefore he agrees with me" - this asinine inference spoils half our

lives for us hermits, for it brings the asses into our neighbourhood and friendship.

284.

To live with an enormous and proud composure; always beyond -. To have and not to have one's affects, one's for and against, at will, to condescend to them, for hours; to seat oneself on them as on horses, often as on asses: - for one must know how to make use of their stupidity as well as of their fire. To preserve one's three hundred foregrounds; also the dark glasses: for there are cases when no one may look into our eyes, still less into our "grounds." And to choose for company that roguish and cheerful vice, courtesy. And to remain master of one's four virtues, of courage, insight, sympathy, solitude. For solitude is a virtue with us, as a sublime bent and urge for cleanliness, which divines how unavoidably unclean things must be when man touches man - "in society." Every community makes one, somehow, somewhere, sometime - "common."

285.

The greatest events and thoughts — but the greatest thoughts are the greatest events — are the last to be comprehended: the generations that are contemporary with them do not experience such events — they live past them. Something happens here as in the realm of the stars. The light of the farthest stars is the last to reach men; and until it has arrived, man denies that there are — stars there. "How many centuries does a spirit need in order to be comprehended?" — that too is a standard of measure; with it, too, one creates an order of rank and an etiquette such as are needful: for spirit and for star. —

286.

"Here the view is free, the spirit exalted." — But there is a reverse kind of man, who is also on the heights and also has a free view — but looks down.

287.

— What is noble? What does the word "noble" still mean to us today? By what does the noble man betray himself, by what is he recognized, beneath this heavy, overcast sky of the beginning rule of the rabble, through which everything becomes opaque and leaden? — It is not his actions that prove him — actions are always ambiguous, always unfathomable —; nor is it his "works." Among artists and scholars today one finds enough of those who betray through their works how a deep craving for the noble drives them on: but precisely this need for the noble is fundamentally different from the needs of the noble soul itself, and is in fact the eloquent and dangerous mark of its lack. It is not the works, it is the faith that decides here, that establishes the order of rank here — to take up an old religious formula again in a new and deeper sense: some fundamental certainty which a noble soul has about itself, something that cannot be sought, cannot be found, and perhaps cannot be lost either. — The noble soul has reverence for itself. —

288.

There are men who have spirit in an unavoidable way; they may twist and turn as they please and hold their hands before their treacherous eyes (— as if the hand were no traitor! —): in the end it always comes out that they have something they are hiding, namely spirit. One of the subtlest means of deceiving, at least for as long as possible, and of successfully pretending to be stupider than one is — which in com-

mon life is often as desirable as an umbrella — is called enthusiasm: adding what belongs to it, for example virtue. For as Galiani says, who ought to have known —: vertu est enthousiasme.

289.

In the writings of a hermit one always hears something too of the echo of the wilderness, something of the whispering tone and the shy glancing-about of solitude; out of his strongest words, out of his very cry, there still sounds a new and more dangerous kind of silence, of concealment. Whoever has sat together with his soul, year in, year out, by day and by night, alone, in intimate quarrel and dialogue, whoever in his cave — it may be a labyrinth, but also a gold mine — has become a cave bear or a treasure seeker or a treasure guardian and dragon: his very concepts at last acquire a peculiar twilight colour, a smell as much of the depths as of mould, something incommunicable and reluctant that blows coldly upon every passer-by. The hermit does not believe that a philosopher — supposing that a philosopher was always first of all a hermit — ever expressed his real and final opinions in books: does one not write books precisely in order to conceal what one keeps hidden within oneself? — indeed, he will doubt whether a philosopher could have "final and real" opinions at all, whether behind every cave in him there does not lie, must not lie, a still deeper cave — a more extensive, stranger, richer world beyond a surface, an abyss behind every ground, beneath every "grounding." Every philosophy is a foreground philosophy — that is a hermit's judgment: "there is something arbitrary in the fact that he stopped here, looked back, looked around, that he dug no deeper here and laid aside his spade — there is also something suspicious in it." Every philosophy also conceals a philosophy; every opinion is also a hiding place, every word also a mask.

290.

Every deep thinker fears being understood more than being misunderstood. From the latter his vanity perhaps suffers; but from the former his heart, his sympathy, which always says: "ah, why would you too have it as hard as I?"

291.

Man, a manifold, mendacious, artificial and opaque animal, uncanny to the other animals less through strength than through cunning and shrewdness, invented the good conscience in order for once to enjoy his soul as simple; and the whole of morality is a bold, long forgery, by virtue of which any enjoyment at all in beholding the soul becomes possible. From this point of view much more perhaps belongs within the concept "art" than is commonly believed.

292.

A philosopher: that is a man who constantly experiences, sees, hears, suspects, hopes, dreams extraordinary things; who is struck by his own thoughts as if from outside, as if from above and below, as by his own kind of events and lightning bolts; who is perhaps himself a thunderstorm pregnant with new lightnings; a fateful man, around whom there is always rumbling and growling and gaping and uncanny goings-on. A philosopher: alas, a being who often runs away from himself, often is afraid of himself — but is too curious not always to come back to himself.....

293.

A man who says: "this pleases me, this I take as my own and will protect and defend against everyone"; a man who can lead a cause, carry through a resolve, keep faith with a thought, hold fast to a woman,

punish and cast down an audacious one; a man who has his wrath and his sword, and to whom the weak, the suffering, the oppressed, even the animals gladly fall and by nature belong, in short a man who is by nature master, - when such a man has pity, well! that pity has value! But what does the pity of those who suffer matter! Or of those who even preach pity! There is today almost everywhere in Europe a morbid sensitivity and irritability to pain, likewise a repulsive incontinence in complaining, an effeminacy that would like to dress itself up with religion and philosophical bric-a-brac into something higher, - there is a regular cult of suffering. The unmanliness of what in such circles of enthusiasts is christened "pity" is, as I believe, always the first thing to leap to the eye. - One must banish this newest kind of bad taste vigorously and thoroughly; and I wish, finally, that people would lay the good amulet "gai saber" about their heart and neck against it, - "gay science", to make it plain to the Germans.

294.

The Olympian vice. - In defiance of that philosopher who, as a genuine Englishman, sought to give laughter a bad name among all thinking minds - "laughter is a grievous infirmity of human nature, which every thinking mind will strive to overcome" (Hobbes) -, I would even permit myself an order of rank of philosophers according to the rank of their laughter - right up to those who are capable of golden laughter. And supposing that gods too philosophize, to which conclusion many an inference has already driven me -, then I do not doubt that in doing so they also know how to laugh in a superhuman and new way - and at the expense of all serious things! Gods are fond of mockery: it seems they cannot refrain from laughter even at holy rites.

295.

The genius of the heart, such as that great hidden one possesses, the tempter god and born pied piper of consciences, whose voice knows how to descend into the underworld of every soul, who says not a word, casts not a glance, in which there does not lie some consideration and fold of enticement, to whose mastery it belongs that he knows how to seem - and not that which he is, but that which to those who follow him is one more compulsion to press ever closer to him, to follow him ever more inwardly and thoroughly: - the genius of the heart, which makes everything loud and self-satisfied fall silent and teaches it to listen, which smooths rough souls and gives them a new longing to taste, - to lie still like a mirror, that the deep sky may mirror itself in them -; the genius of the heart, which teaches the clumsy and too hasty hand to hesitate and to grasp more delicately; which divines the hidden and forgotten treasure, the drop of goodness and sweet spirituality beneath thick and murky ice, and is a divining rod for every grain of gold that lay long buried in the prison of much mud and sand; the genius of the heart, from whose touch everyone goes away richer, not favoured and surprised, not as though gladdened and oppressed by another's goods, but richer in himself, newer to himself than before, broken open, blown upon and sounded out by a thawing wind, more uncertain perhaps, more tender, more fragile, more broken, but full of hopes that as yet have no name, full of new will and flowing, full of new unwillingness and flowing back..... but what am I doing, my friends? Of whom am I speaking to you? Have I so far forgotten myself that I have not even told you his name? unless you have already guessed for yourselves who this questionable spirit and god is that wishes to be praised in such a fashion. For as it fares with everyone who from childhood on has always been on the road and abroad, so many a strange and not undangerous spirit has crossed my path too, but above all the one of whom I was just

speaking, and he again and again, none less, namely, than the god Dionysus, that great ambiguous one and tempter god, to whom I once, as you know, in all secrecy and reverence offered my firstlings - as the last, it seems to me, who has offered him a sacrifice: for I found no one who would have understood what I was doing then. Meanwhile I have learned much, all too much more 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 might I not at last begin to give you, my friends, a little taste, so far as I am permitted, of this philosophy? In a low voice, as is fitting: for it concerns many a secret, new, strange, wondrous, uncanny thing. Even that Dionysus is a philosopher, and that therefore gods too philosophize, seems to me a novelty which is not without its snares and which might perhaps arouse mistrust precisely among philosophers, - among you, my friends, it has less against it, unless it comes too late and not at the right hour: for, as I have been told, you are reluctant nowadays to believe in God and gods. Perhaps, too, I shall have to go further in the frankness of my tale than is always agreeable to the strict habits of your ears? Certainly the god in question went further in such dialogues, very much further, and was always many paces ahead of me.... indeed, were it permitted to bestow on him, after human custom, fine solemn names of pomp and virtue, I should have to make much praise of his courage as investigator and discoverer, of his daring honesty, truthfulness and love of wisdom. But such a god knows not what to do with all this venerable lumber and pomp. "Keep that, he would say, for yourself and your kind and whoever else has need of it! I - have no reason to cover my nakedness!" - One guesses: this kind of divinity and philosopher is perhaps lacking in shame? - Thus he once said: "under certain circumstances I love man - and in saying so he alluded to Ariadne, who was present -: man is to me a pleasant, brave, inventive animal that has not his like on earth, he still finds his way in every labyrinth. I am well disposed towards him: I often reflect on how I

might bring him still further forward and make him stronger, more evil and more profound than he is." - "Stronger, more evil and more profound?" I asked, startled. "Yes, he said once more, stronger, more evil and more profound; also more beautiful" - and with that the tempter god smiled his halcyon smile, as though he had just paid an enchanting compliment. Here one sees at the same time: it is not only shame that this divinity lacks -; and there are in general good grounds for supposing that in some respects the gods all together could go to school with us men. We men are - more human...

296.

Alas, what are you after all, you my written and painted thoughts! It is not long ago that you were still so colourful, young and malicious, so full of thorns and secret spices that you made me sneeze and laugh — and now? Already you have shed your novelty, and some of you, I fear, are ready to become truths: so immortal do they already look, so heartbreakingly upright, so tedious! And was it ever otherwise? What things is it, then, that we copy down and paint, we mandarins with the Chinese brush, we immortalizers of things that let themselves be written — what alone are we able to paint? Alas, only ever that which is just about to wilt and is beginning to lose its scent! Alas, only ever storms that are passing and spent, and yellow, late feelings! Alas, only ever birds that have flown themselves weary and astray and now let themselves be caught by hand — by our hand! We immortalize what cannot live and fly much longer, weary and crumbling things alone! And it is only your afternoon, you my written and painted thoughts, for which alone I have colours, many colours perhaps, many motley tendernesses and fifty yellows and browns and greens and reds: — but no one will guess from them how you looked in your morning, you sudden sparks and wonders of my solitude, you my old beloved — — wicked thoughts!

From High Mountains.

Aftersong.

O noon of life! O solemn time of day! O summer garden! Restless joy in standing, peering, waiting: — For friends I wait, prepared by night and day, Where are you, friends? Come! It's time! It's time!

Was it not for you the glacier's grey Today is decked with roses? The brook seeks you, and longingly wind and cloud Press and thrust higher today into the blue, To peer for you from the farthest bird's-eye view.

On the highest heights my table was laid for you — Who dwells so near The stars, who near the abyss's most dreadful distances? My realm — what realm has ever stretched out farther? And my honey — who has tasted it?....

— There you *are*, friends! — Alas, but is it not *I* To whom you meant to come? You hesitate, you marvel — ah, would that you rather raged! I — am no longer I? Exchanged hand, step, face? And what I am to you, my friends — am I not that?

Have I become another? And a stranger to myself? Sprung free of myself? A wrestler who too often overpowered himself? Too often braced himself against his own strength, Wounded and hindered by his own victory?

I sought where the wind blows sharpest? I learned to dwell Where no one dwells, in desolate polar-bear zones, Unlearned man and God, curse and prayer? Became a ghost that walks across the glaciers?

— You old friends! See! Now you look pale, Full of love and dread! No, go! Do not be angry! Here — *you* could not make your home: Here between the farthest realm of ice and rock — Here one must be a hunter, and like the chamois.

A *wicked* hunter I became! — See how steeply Drawn is my bow! The strongest it was who drew so hard a draw——: But woe now! Dangerous is *this* arrow, As is *no* arrow, — away from here! For your own good!.....

You turn away? — O heart, you have borne enough, Your hope stayed strong: Keep your doors open to *new* friends! Let the old ones go! Let memory go! If once you were young, now — you are young the better way!

What ever bound us, the band of one hope, — Who still reads the signs That love once wrote in it, the faded ones? I liken it to parchment that the hand *shrinks* to touch, — like it, gone brown, gone burnt.

No longer friends, they are — what shall I call it? — Mere ghosts of friends! That still knocks, it may be, at night on heart and window, That looks at me and says: "but we *were* friends, were we not?"— O withered word, that once smelled like roses!

O yearning of youth, that misunderstood itself! Those whom *I* yearned for, Whom I imagined akin to me, changed as I changed, That they grew *old* has banished them away: Only one who changes stays akin to me.

O noon of life! O second time of youth! O summer garden! Restless joy in standing, peering, waiting! For friends I wait, prepared by night and day, For *new* friends! Come! It's time! It's time!

This song is done, — the sweet cry of longing Died in the mouth: A sorcerer did it, the friend at the right hour, The noon-friend — no! do not ask who it may be — At noon it was, that one became two...

Now we celebrate, sure of victory together, The feast of feasts: Friend *Zarathustra* came, the guest of guests! Now the world laughs, the dreadful curtain tore, The wedding came for light and darkness...

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